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Painting by Howard Pyle

Illustration for "The Mysterious Chest"

OLD JACOB VAN KLEEK HAD NEVER FAVORED OUR HERO'S SUIT

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

for December
1908.

The Mysterious Chest, By Howard Pyle.

*Being a true and temperate narrative
of the extraordinary adventures that be-
fell several citizens of the Town of New
York on the eve of Christmas day in
the year of grace 1793*

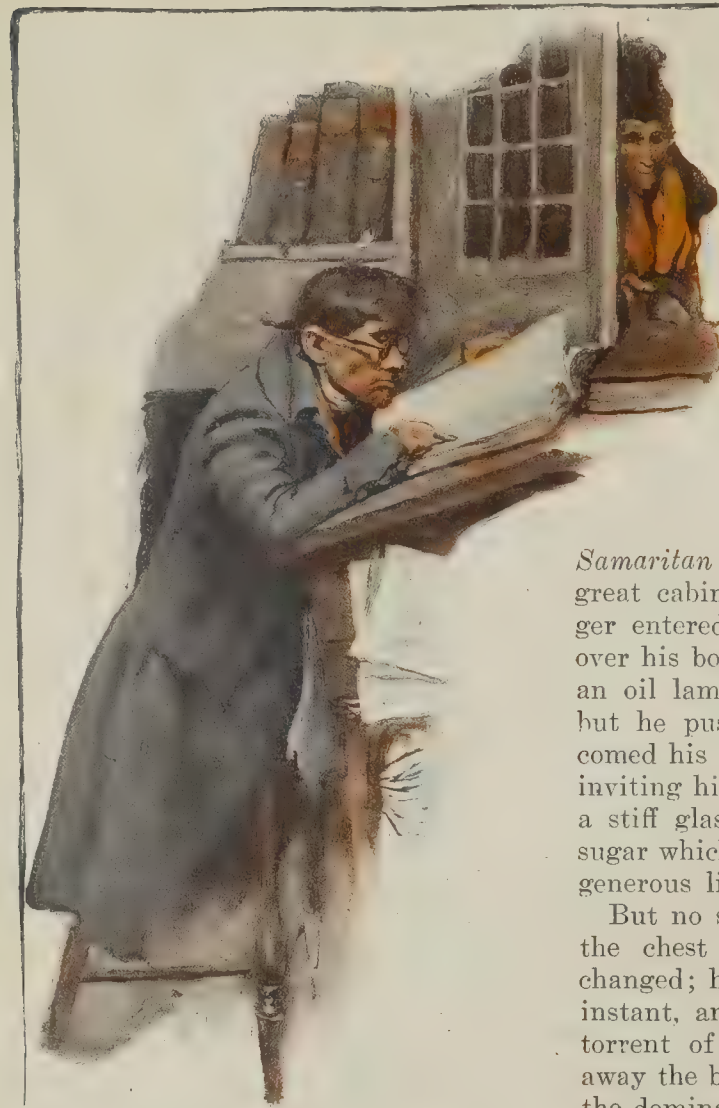
IN WHICH THE MYSTERIOUS CHEST IS
CLAIMED BY AN OWNER

UPON the 24th of December in the year 1793 the ship *Good Samaritan*, newly arrived from Brest in France with a cargo of sundries consigned to Mr. Aminadab Peck, Merchant, of the Town of New York, was warped into the dock adjoining the counting-house of that worthy citizen at the foot of Broad Street.

Upon the same day, and at about three o'clock in the afternoon, there being then a fine drift of snow spitting forth from a chill and leaden sky and it being unusually dusk for the time of day, there entered into the private office of the worthy merchant a stranger of a very singular and unusual appearance.

For the visitor, having disembarrassed himself of his muffler and opened his overcoat, exhibited a lean, cadaverous face with sunken eyes that shone very bright and alert beneath their overhanging brows, a head covered thickly over with a close crop of very black hair, a pair of extremely large ears standing out like wings upon either side of his head, and the thinnest person our merchant had ever beheld in all of his life.





THE SKELETONLIKE STRANGER ENTERED

Meantime the stranger was speaking, the merchant had been examining the papers that had been delivered to him. They were in all ways perfectly clear and explicit, and there was no possible reason to doubt that the chest was certainly the property of the applicant. Accordingly he wrote an order to Captain Coffin to deliver the shipment, and having taken a receipt for the same the business was closed.

Captain Coffin of the *Good Samaritan* was sitting at a table in the great cabin when the skeletonlike stranger entered. He was very busy looking over his books and papers by the light of an oil lamp slung from the deck above, but he pushed his work aside and welcomed his visitor with gruff good nature, inviting him to join him in partaking of a stiff glass of the rum, hot water, and sugar which he himself was enjoying with generous liberality.

"Sir, I see you do not know me," quoth the stranger. "But I have here a letter from your no doubt valued correspondents, MM. Valadon et Cie, of Paris, France, that will soon make us better acquainted. I am the owner (as you will discover by this note) of a certain cedar chest which is at this moment in the cabin of the *Good Samaritan* and under the very particular care of Captain Coffin. It is addressed to me under the name of 'Remo,' and it is further countersigned by a certain emblem which consists of two adjacent circles pierced by an arrow. Now I must, my good sir, have that chest immediately, for unless I can have it opened before eight o'clock to-morrow morning I shall regard it as being one of the great misfortunes of my life."

But no sooner did he hear mention of the chest than his whole countenance changed; his good nature vanished in an instant, and he broke forth into such a torrent of execration as nearly to take away the breath of his hearer. He called the dominant powers of Heaven and Hell to witness that the sooner he was quit of the chest the better he would like it. He declared that ever since it had come into the ship it had brought with it nothing but ill luck and disaster. It had, he said, been sent aboard the vessel upon a Friday, and hardly had it been stowed in the cabin when a storm began to brew that followed the *Good Samaritan* with great violence for above a week. In the pitching of the ship the chest had broken loose from its moorings and had dashed into a locker across the cabin, smashing in not only the locker itself, but three cases of prime hollands as well. Mr. Meigs, the third mate, in his efforts to catch the chest and lash it fast again, had had his shins so badly lacerated that he had been laid up for ten days or more. Three other storms of a like unusual sort had caught them upon this misfortunate voyage, and in each storm

the chest had again broken loose from its moorings, always executing some disaster ere it was lashed fast again. From all these, and from various other circumstances which he particularized, the captain declared that it was his belief that the chest was certainly haunted.

"Haunted, did they say!" cried out the owner of the chest. "You would certainly say it was haunted if you could but see what is in it!"

These words were uttered with such a singular meaning that the captain was struck of a sudden very serious. "Well," said he, "I don't ask to see what is in it and I don't want to. But the sooner you get it out of my ship, the better I shall be pleased."

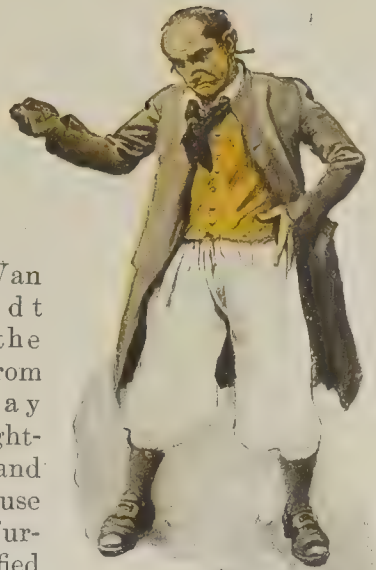
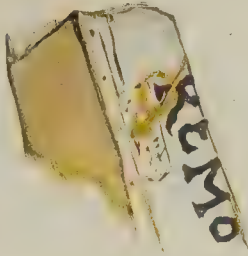
"And so shall I!" says the stranger, "and there we are of a like mind the one with the other."

THE MYSTERIOUS CHEST BEGINS ITS PEREGRINATIONS

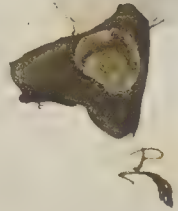
But now the question arose as to how the chest was to be taken away. For at that hour there was not a single soul about the dock except a watchman with a wooden leg. At this juncture the captain called to mind that the ship's carpenter was still aboard, completing some preparations for the opening of the hatches upon the morrow. He opined that if that worthy were paid well enough for his pains he would see to it that the chest was conveyed to its destination.

Accordingly, the carpenter was summoned, and after a great deal of contention a bargain was struck, at which the carpenter agreed to convey the chest to its destination upon the payment of a dollar down in hand and another dollar to be given when the box was safely delivered.

As the carpenter could no more read English than Greek or Sanscrit, he had to commit to memory both the name of the consignee and his address. In a little while, however, he had thoroughly mastered the fact that the name of the owner of the chest was Jedediah Stout; that the chest itself was to be delivered at a certain



house on Van Cortlandt Street, the second from Broadway upon the right-hand side, and that the house might be further identified by the fact that it was painted white and had green shutters.



It was six o'clock and dark as pitch when the carpenter of the *Good Samaritan* with four stout fellows to help him

got the chest out of the cabin and started it upon that terrific journey which brought such panic and terror into three quiet households. The snow was falling faster than ever, and the carpenter led the procession with a lanthorn to light the way through the obscurity. The chest itself was of the size and shape and very nearly of the weight of a loaded coffin, so that the cortège had much the appearance of a small funeral as it wended its way through the dark and deserted shed of the dock and so to the street beyond.

All went well until the bearers and their guide had reached the corner of Beaver Street and had come under the light of a lamp that overhung the doorway of a dram shop. Then, exactly at this place, the ill luck that seemed to have pursued the chest from the beginning of its peregrinations overtook those who now carried it. For one of the bearers happening to set his foot upon a sheet of ice hidden by two or three inches of snow, he slipped, and was precipitated

IT WAS HIS BELIEF THAT THE CHEST WAS CERTAINLY HAUNTED



SWINGING HIS LANTHORN AND FOLLOWED BY HIS LABORING ASSISTANTS

violently forward. As his foothold slid away from beneath him he dropped his end of the chest, and as he fell his stomach struck so violently against the corner of the box that the breath was driven entirely out of his body, so that he could neither swear nor make any outcry whatever.

At first, terrified by his silence, the others of the party thought that the fellow had been fatally hurt; but he presently so far recovered himself that he was able to express, though in a feeble voice, his eternal condemnation of the sheet of ice that had caused his fall, of the chest, of its owner, and of everything concerning it. Nor would he consent to go a single step farther until he had been refreshed at the bar of the dram shop in front of which the late accident had overtaken him, and into which his companions now supported him with a ready alacrity.

Now the carpenter of the *Good Samaritan* had an excessive liking for strong waters. In the present instance he discovered the rum of the "Shovel and Tongs," as the pothouse was called, to be so uncommonly excellent that he could deny neither himself nor his fellows repeated libations of the same, made very stiff and hot. As a consequence, when the party left the rum shop and plunged once more into the snowy night, our carpenter found that he was not only not at all sure where Van Cort-

landt Street was, but that he did not very greatly care.

Nevertheless, directed by a certain vague and obscure sense of duty, he plodded forward, swinging his lanthorn and followed by his laboring assistants, until, after a considerable while, he came to a broad highway crossed by another street which he opined must be the corner of Broadway and Van Cortlandt Street.

The bearers of the chest demurred that the one street was not Van Cortlandt Street at all, and that the other was not Broadway. But the carpenter was very positive that if these were not the streets to which he had been directed, they ought to be. He was further reassured in his conclusions by the extraordinary coincidence that there was a second house upon the right-hand side of the way, just as the owner of the chest had told him there would be; and though the house to which he called attention was a red-brick building, not a white house, such as his employer had described, it did not appear to him that the color could be a matter of importance, since one house was as good as another any day of the week. Moreover, the house upon which he had fixed as the proper destination of the chest had shutters which he opined might be green if seen by daylight.

All this being settled to his entire satisfaction, the carpenter ascended the stoop of the house he had chosen and

beat a thunderous tattoo with the knocker upon the door.

HOW THE REVEREND EBENEZER DOOLITTLE RECEIVED AN UNEXPECTED CHRISTMAS BOX

The Rev. Ebenezer Doolittle was a shy and retiring man of an anæmic constitution and very subject to colds in damp weather. He had married a buxom and stirring wife, who shared neither his shyness and timidity nor his feeble health, but who was of a robustious build both mentally and physically. Indeed, it was a wonder to many of their friends how the reverend gentleman ever plucked up courage to pay his addresses to so bustling a lady. That he must have done so, however, was evident in itself, since she was now the companion of his bed and board.

Upon the particular evening of which this history has to deal our worthy divine was sitting in his study composing the latter sections of an extremely long and, to him, very interesting sermon of thanksgiving, which he proposed to deliver upon the morrow. From a mood of profound analytical thought he was suddenly aroused by the tremendous detonations of the knocker beaten violently upon the front door.

Immediately after this he heard his wife pass along the hallway, then he heard her open the door, and then a man's voice, very gruff and hoarse, saying something concerning a certain chest or box.

Then there came the sound of shuffling and scuffling as of the feet of men carrying a burden, and then the thump as of a heavy weight deposited upon the floor of the entry.

By this time the reverend gentleman's curiosity had led him to quit his easy chair and his sermon, and he was now standing at the door, which he held ajar.

From where he stood he could hear that a loud altercation of voices was sounding in the hall below, and from the interlocation he could gather that a case or box of some sort had been brought thither by mistake; that his wife insisted that it should be taken away again, and that the chief of the bearers (who appeared to be in a condition of partial inebriety) protested that it belonged to

the gentleman of the house, and that he, the bearer, had been promised a dollar for bringing it thither.

The lady assured the speaker that he was drunk, and that she would not give him a copper, and that she desired that the chest should be taken immediately away to the place where it belonged. To this the other voice responded with great exuberance of manner, calling upon his Maker to condemn him if he would move from the spot till he had got the dollar that had been promised him. Upon this the lady's voice rose to a sudden shrill and vituperative violence, and so vehement was her denunciation that her opponents were fairly beaten down before



THE REVEREND EBENEZER DOOLITTLE



"D'YE SEE WHAT THE WRETCHES HAVE LEFT?"

the tempest of her words; for our good divine could distinctly hear the sound of shuffling feet, followed by the banging of the door as it was clapped to behind the departing intruders.

Then succeeded a dead and ominous silence, broken only once by the violent concussion of a brickbat, which the carpenter had kicked out of the snow and had hurled against the front door as a parting salute ere he betook himself back to the pothouse where he had so enjoyed

himself a short while since, and where he subsequently spent with inebriate generosity all that was left of the dollar that he had received at the beginning of his night's adventures.

THE TERRIFIC EXPERIENCE OF THE REVEREND EBENEZER DOOLITTLE IN CONNECTION WITH THE MYSTERIOUS CHEST

After tranquillity had fallen upon the house so lately the scene of so much noise and uproar, the Rev. Ebenezer became aware that his wife was calling upon him to come down and see what it was that had been left in the hallway.

Descending from his sanctum in reply to this demand, the reverend gentleman discovered a long coffinlike chest standing in the very midst of the floor and illuminated by a candle which his lady held in her hand.

"D'ye see," said she, "what the drunken wretches have left here?"

The reverend gentleman examined the box very carefully for a while, and finally, having reached a conclusion, opined that it must have been left there by mistake. To this the lady replied with considerable acerbity that she could have guessed that without being prompted. The Rev. Ebenezer then suggested that maybe the true owner of the chest could be discovered by means of the address upon the box, whereupon she replied that if he could make anything of the name on the lid he was a great deal more intelligent than she.

Upon this the reverend gentleman shook his head, for there was no other inscription than the one word "Remo," and a few unintelligible words in a foreign language. A surcharge representing two coadjacent circles pierced by an arrow conveyed no significance whatsoever to him.

He then suggested that if they should open the box they might learn from its contents where it belonged, and to this the lady acceded with great alacrity, her assent being stimulated by an absorbing curiosity to see what was in the box.

So a screw-driver was fetched and the parson set to work to remove the lid, his labors being illuminated by the candle which his wife held for him. In a little while the last screw was withdrawn, the lid was lifted, and below was seen a mass

of soft white cotton-wool. The wool had been padded into a thin sheet, and as the reverend gentleman lifted it a considerable portion of it was raised, immediately disclosing that which lay beneath.

The Rev. Ebenezer Doolittle stood as if turned into a stone! For directly beneath the pad which he now held suspended in his hand he beheld the calm white dead face of a head severed from the trunk to which it had once belonged, and which now lay in the coffin along with it. The dead countenance, illuminated by the light of the candle, was that of a portly gentleman — apparently a merchant of the better sort. The upper part of the body, disclosed by the lifted pad of cotton-wool, showed that it was clad in decent black, and a close wig, powdered white, covered the head, from which it was slightly lifted so as to show the shaven crown beneath.

This the eyes of the reverend gentleman beheld as he gazed down upon the dreadful object directly beneath his fingers. For the instant, upon lifting the sheet of cotton-wool, he knew not what it was that he saw. Question, doubt, and then a dreadful and terrific certainty followed one another in such instantaneous succession that it was but a moment till a full realization burst upon him. And yet this certitude seemed a long time in arriving, and during its progressions a thousand thoughts flew like a swarm of flies through the hollow and ringing spaces of his brain. He had no power to move, but stood spellbound, like to an automaton, gazing upon that which his eyes beheld. It appeared to him that he no longer drew breath and that his heart had ceased its beating.

All this, as was said, occupied but a

moment, and yet it appeared to him to be a portentously long time that he stood there looking upon the lifeless face that lay so close beneath the knuckles of his hand. Then he was suddenly and startingly fetched to himself by a suppressed and smothered shriek from his wife, the clattering of the candlestick upon the floor, and an utter and perfect darkness as of oblivion as the flame was extinguished in the fall of the taper.

In this darkness the Rev. Ebenezer stood with shuddering and palsied limbs, his brain expanding like a bubble, and his eardrums singing as with a high and vibrating point of sound.

He heard, as though remotely, the babbling of his wife's voice beseeching him not to make any noise! Not to say a word! Not to let anybody know what had happened!

"Be still, Ebenezer! Be still, and don't say a word!" she was saying. "We must cover it up! Cover it up! Don't let the servants hear anything!" Had the worthy gentleman been called upon to speak, he could no more have done so at the moment than he could have lifted himself up into the air. "Stay where you are!" babbled the lady. "Stay where you are, and I'll fetch a candle. We must put the lid back again, Ebenezer; we must put the lid back on the box again."

"For the love of Heaven!" cried the good dominie, in a hoarse and croaking voice, "don't leave me here alone."

"I must!" she said. "I must get a light. I will be but a moment, and I will be back again directly." And therewith she was gone, leaving him to face his terrors alone in the dark.

When she returned with the lighted candle they replaced the lid of the chest and screwed it down, the good parson using more muscular force than he had ever done in all his life, to make his work fast and secure. The sweat hung upon



GAZED DOWN UPON THE
DREADFUL OBJECT



HE WAS GREATLY ADDICTED TO LITTLE SUPPER PARTIES OF HIS OWN SEX

his brow in great beads, and, all the while he worked, his wife stood sunk in profound and silent thought.

Suddenly she aroused herself and smote her hand upon her hip. "My dear!" she cried, "I smoke it all! The thing must belong to Dr. Stagg next door. The wretches who fetched it hither must be body-snatchers and have mistook our house for his, and so it has been left here instead of there."

"But, my dear," said the parson, "suppose it shouldn't be his any more than ours?"

"Well," said the lady, "we'll let that fly stick in the butter! In any case it is as likely to belong to him as to anybody else, and he knows more about disposing of such things than we do. It would make," said she, "a most excellent anatomy."

It was not twenty steps to the doctor's door, and by some means or other the parson and his wife made shift to drag and push the chest so far through the snow (which was now several inches deep), to tilt it up upon the door stoop, to knock upon the knocker, and then to go away and leave their burden where it was.

THE EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCES OF A PHYSICIAN AND HIS FRIENDS IN CONNECTION WITH THE MYSTERIOUS CHEST.

Dr. Orpheus Stagg was a young physician not yet so settled in his life but

that he was greatly addicted to little supper parties of his own sex, where exhilarating libations could be freely drunk, tobacco smoked, and amusing anecdotes recited without any of the disagreeable limitations to hilarity upon which the presence of the other and gentler sex is so apt to act as a check.

Upon the Christmas eve of which this narrative treats, our medico had been indulging in such an evening of social pleasure as that just described, and now, about the hour of midnight, was betaking an uncertain way homeward with a party of three other gentlemen, all of whom were fully as elated as himself.

Being chilled by the bitter wind which encountered them, this merry party of cheerful wags were of a mind to take a last and parting cup ere they separated for the night, and with that intent they one and all entered the doctor's house together.

A candle burned dimly upon a console-table at the end of the hall, but its feeble light was quite insufficient to enable our doctor in his present condition to see that a large and cumbrous object stood almost directly in the path of his footsteps.

Accordingly, upon leading the way into the house, his feet suddenly encountered so large and so unwieldy an object that he was precipitated upon the

floor with great violence and with a prodigious noise and clatter of descent. "Angels of grace!" cries he (using, however, a very much more obstreperous objurgation which the author declines to repeat),—"angels of grace! What have we here?"

The night candle was brought from the console-table, and by its light the four gentlemen discovered a large chest of cedar wood resembling a rude coffin. Upon the box was marked the name "Remo," and as a further mark there was surcharged upon it the representation of two adjacent circles pierced by an arrow.

"What is this?" says our physician. "And what is it doing here?"

"Doubtless," said one of his gay companions, "it is a Christmas box sent to you by one of your grateful patients whom you have dosed without fatal results. Perhaps it is full of Bordeaux or hollands. Let us open it and see."

This suggestion appeared to the party to be so reasonable that a couple of case-knives, sufficiently stout to serve as screw-drivers, were presently fetched,

and the four set to work so busily that in a very little while they had unscrewed and removed the lid.

"'Tis spread with wool," said one of the merry wags. "Let us see what lies beneath."

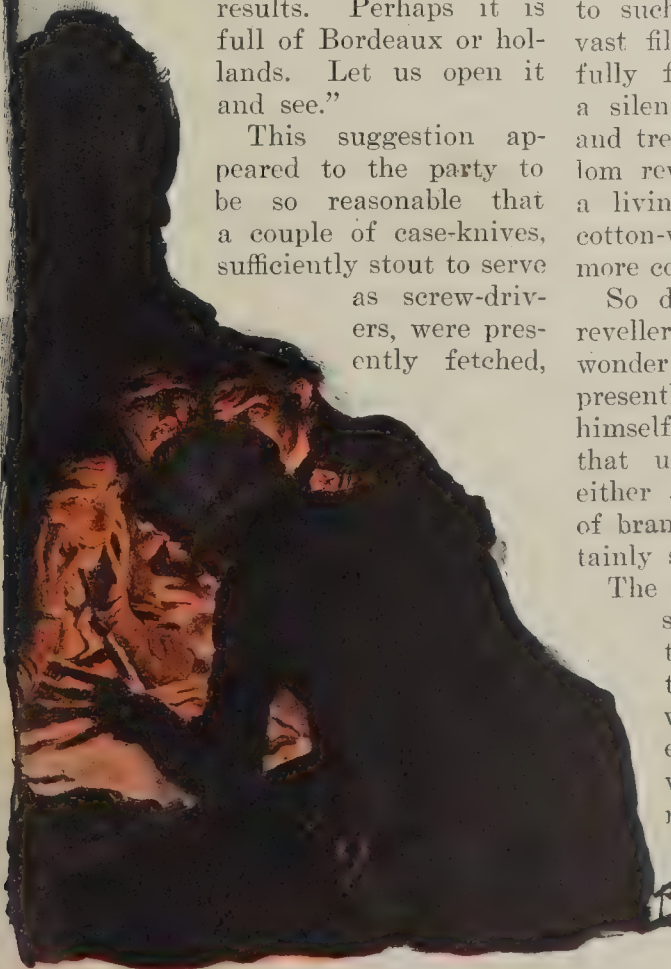
And thereupon our medico, holding the candle pretty steadily in one hand, lifted the mat of cotton-wool with the other, and discovered to the eyes of all the white, motionless, lifeless lineaments that lay beneath—those lineaments set in the awful calmness of an immutable repose.

Our doctor was not unused to objects quite as horrific as that which his eyes now encountered, but so sudden and so violent was the shock upon his nerves at the unexpected unveiling of the dead face beneath the cotton-wool that he was struck in the instant into a condition well-nigh as sober as ever he had been in all of his life.

If he were so affected, how much more dreadful must the spectacle have been to those who were altogether unused to such a sight! A silence utter and vast filled the entire space of hall for fully four or five seconds of time—a silence broken at last by the piping and tremulous outcry of one of the whilom revellers. At the sudden sound of a living voice the doctor let fall the cotton-wool again, and the face was once more covered.

So dreadful was the shock that our revellers had received that it was small wonder that another of the party should presently have declared that he found himself to be taken violently unwell, and that unless he should presently have either a breath of fresh air or a glass of brandy to support him he should certainly swoon away altogether.

The suggestion of brandy met with such a hearty acceptance by all that they instantly adjourned in a body to the neighboring dining-room, where they partook so freely of that exhilarating beverage that in a very short time they were not only raised to a fair level of mental equanimity, but were even elevated above it. They now found that they could discuss the adventure that had just befallen them with some degree



A DREADFUL SPECTACLE



OLD JACOB VAN KLEEK
THE MONEY-LENDER

would act in such bad taste as to send him such a gift, and that, so far from its being to him a cheerful reminder of the season, it was not only altogether unwelcome to him, but that he would gladly dispose of it elsewhere if he knew how to do so.

At this point one of his friends suggested that inasmuch as the chest had come to him without his knowledge, it might easily be taken away and left in the same manner at somebody else's door.

This idea so pleased the party and fell so aptly into their then present mood of spirited elation that it was immediately seized upon, and after a good deal of serious discussion as to who should be its recipient it was at last decided that the box should be conveyed to the house of old Jacob Van Kleeck, the money-lender, and should be left there for him to take care of.

This plan was no sooner determined upon than it was put into immediate execution. The lid was replaced and screwed into place, and half an hour later the four friends had conveyed the chest around the corner to the residence of the old usurer. Here they tilted it up against the door, and having beat with the knocker until the nightcapped head of the old gentleman appeared at an upper window, they went their way, wishing him a merry Christmas and hoping that he might enjoy the box which they had left for him.

IN WHICH MR. JACOB VAN KLEEK IS MADE ACQUAINTED WITH THE CONTENTS OF THE MYSTERIOUS CHEST

Old Jacob Van Kleeck's house was a tall, lean, ugly brick dwelling, so large that it might easily have held a considerable family with perfect convenience, but which contained only himself, a young and pretty niece who was his ward, and a half-grown starveling maid of all work.

of cheerfulness. Our doctor declared that he had no notion of how the chest had come into the house, and he repudiated, not without heat, the suggestion of one of the party that some friend had sent it to him by way of a Christmas gift. He proclaimed with fervor that he had not a single acquaintance who

Being awakened in the middle of the night by the obstreperous beating of the door-knocker upon the door by our facetious medico and his companions, and having heard their message that a Christmas box had been fetched for him, he knew not what to think of it other than that some hoax was being played upon him.

In this conjecture, however, he could not rest entirely easy, for he could not but perceive that the late disturbers of his repose had left behind them in their departure something large and bulky that stood upon the door stoop beneath.

Feeling a considerable curiosity as to the nature of the object, which he could only dimly behold from the elevated station of his bedroom window, he withdrew his head, closed the window, lighted a candle, and, having clad himself in his breeches and stockings, issued forth with intent to satisfy himself as to what it was that had been thus mysteriously fetched to him in the dead of the night.

Upon the landing without he found his pretty niece, who had also been disturbed by the beating upon the door, and who, having heard the colloquy between her uncle and those beneath, was exceedingly curious to know what the midnight visitors had left behind them upon the door stoop. She eagerly volunteered to accompany her uncle down-stairs to the front door; but to her offer the old gentleman replied very acidly, calling her attention to the fact that a patchwork bedquilt was so insufficient a costume for a modest young lady to wear even in the middle of the night, that she would better go back to her bed again. He added that if he had wanted her to help him manage his own affairs he would have called upon her without hesitation.

Having thus replied to her invitation to accompany him, he immediately descended alone to the hallway beneath. Having set his candle upon the floor, he proceeded with great caution and circumspection to open the door, proposing to hold it ajar until he had assured himself that no party of roisterers lurked without to welcome his advent with a shower of snowballs or of ribald jests.

His proposed precautions, however, were instantly frustrated by the accident of circumstances; for no sooner was the door released from its restraining bars and bolts than, impelled by some heavy weight that had been tilted against it upon the outside, it flew violently open, and a bulky object of great weight and momentum projected itself upon the money-lender so unexpectedly that both he and it were precipitated to the floor with a prodigious noise and uproar—his

shins, in their common fall, being so barked that he could not put on his yarn stockings with any degree of comfort to himself for above a fortnight afterwards.

A gust of icy wind and a cloud of snow burst in through the open portal, and in an instant the light of the candle was extinguished. So chill and biting was this blast that in spite of the smart of his hurts the old money-lender's first conscious performance was to arise and close the door.

He then sat himself down on the object that had caused his overthrow, and fell to feeling his injured extremities with a sort of tender violence, meanwhile addressing the door, the object upon which he sat, the extinguished candle, the frigid night, and even his own shins with a vehemence of language in which he rarely indulged himself. And when his niece called over the banisters to ask him if he was hurt, he assured her with great earnestness that it was his sincere belief that she was not only an utter fool, but a hopeless idiot as well. Having somewhat eased himself by these expressions



of opinions concerning the various subjects of his discourse, he commanded his niece to fetch another candle, telling her that he thought that even her limited intelligence should have informed her that it was impossible for normal human eyes to see anything in total darkness.

When the young lady had descended with a fresh candle, the old gentleman turned a more particular attention on that which had caused his overthrow. It was a coffinlike chest superscribed with the word "Remo" and surcharged with an image of two contiguous circles pierced with an arrow.

The entire appearance of the chest was of so unusual a sort that he could in no wise conceive what it might contain. His niece suggested that perhaps it held a fat turkey and a bushel of apples sent as a propitiatory offering by some would-be borrower of money, but from this he dissented with immediate asperity, bidding her first of all to mind her own business, then to fetch him a screw-driver, and finally to go to her bed.

Being at last alone with the mysterious chest, the old money-lender addressed himself to the task of opening it with intent to master a knowledge of its contents. That the highest expectations of his curiosity were more than fulfilled the astute reader will no doubt concede with instant acquiescence.

It was fully ten minutes before the young lady heard him reascending the stairs with stealthy and laggard steps. Holding her bedroom door ajar, she immediately addressed him through the crack, desiring to hear what were the contents of the

chest. For a moment or two he seemed disinclined to answer, but as with a second thought he replied in a tremulous and quaking voice that it was oakum.

"Oakum!" she cried, with a very natural surprise. "Why, what should they do to bring you a box of oakum at this time of night?" To this he answered that the box was not intended for him at all, but was meant for Gideon White, the ship-chandler. Then feeling, perhaps, that his answer was not altogether adequate, he added that this particular kind of oakum came in a long case because it was what was called "long-cut oakum," being used for stopping cracks in main-masts when they became sun-dried, as they sometimes did, and split open with the heat.

In offering this explanation, he felt that his powers of invention had been stretched almost beyond the limits of credibility, but he was pleased to note that his story appeared to be quite acceptable to his niece, who, with many expressions of disappointment that the chest should have held nothing more interesting than oakum, closed her door and betook herself to bed.

HOW MR. AUGUSTUS BEEKER FINDS AN UNEXPECTED CLIENT

Mr. Augustus Beeker was a young lawyer enjoying great expectations but very little practice. He lived in a large and rather imposing house built in an old style of black and red brick. In this very genteel residence (which was directly next door to the abode of old Jacob Van Kleek) our young disciple of Solon dwelt with his mother, who was an elderly lady of corpulent build and great dignity of demeanor. She had in her unmarried years been the possessor of a considerable fortune, but having wedded a husband of a high social position but not possessed of very good morals, she had found her means so reduced at his death that there was hardly enough left to live upon with such a decent appearance of respectable gentility as became her and her son's quality.

Our young gentleman of the law was very much in love with the pretty niece of old Jacob Van Kleek, but as the guardian of the young lady set more value upon a bank account than he did



OUR YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF THE LAW

upon high birth and personal merit, the suit of the enamored swain was by no means so prosperous as he and his charmer could have desired.

Our hero's innamorata was not at all averse to the addresses of her suitor, but so violent was the opposition of her uncle that there could be no possible hope for the realization of their mutual happiness for at least three years to come—at the end of which time (she being now eighteen years of age) she would become the mistress, in the eyes of the law, both of herself and of her father's fortune.

About two o'clock of the night upon which the events narrated in this history had transpired our young lawyer was awaked from a sound and refreshing slumber by the noise of a violent beating of the knocker upon the front door of the house. Upon opening his window and inquiring who it was that so disturbed the silence of the night, he learned, with astonishment, that the untimely intruder was none other than old Jacob Van Kleek, the uncle of his love.

To hurry into his clothes, to descend, to open the door to his astonishing visitor, occupied the space of not above a minute and a half.

By the light of the candle which he held our hero perceived that the countenance of his caller was disturbed by some unusual and very violent emotion, as of terror and amazement commingled.

The old money-lender made immediate demand that he should be instantly taken to some place where he could relieve an overburdened mind, and upon being introduced into the young attorney's private office he began without any delay to speak as follows:

"Sir, a terrible and an astonishing misfortune has befallen me, and I am come to you to obtain your assistance. This I do, not only because I believe I can buy your advice cheaper than I could that of one who is older and more experienced, but also because you are no doubt so in need of a case that you will probably be willing to take up with one that an older man wouldn't touch. Besides this, I believe you are in love with my niece, and I have to propose to you



HE PERUSED THE INSCRIPTION WITH GREAT PARTICULARITY

that if you will bring me safe out of this affair I will not only withdraw my opposition to your suit, but will even further it in as far as I am able."

With this preface, so astounding that our young lawyer knew not whether his sense of hearing had not played him false, the old money-lender plunged at once into the depths of the business that brought him thither.

And to all that he said our young lawyer listened with ever growing amazement and equally increasing incredulity. He knew not what to think of that which he heard; he knew not whether to believe that his client had been hoaxed, or whether he himself was being made the



"IF THIS DREADEFUL THING IS NOT TAKEN AWAY I SHALL GO MAD"

subject of the old gentleman's wit; he knew not whether the money-lender had gone mad, or whether he was the victim of some unusual variety of intoxication. Yet none of these surmises could satisfy him, for, in spite of all his doubts and misgivings, he could not but perceive, from the distracted manner of the other, that something most amazing had certainly occurred to terrify him out of his usual dry and phlegmatic manner.

"Sir," said he, "'tis the most amazing story that I ever heard tell of. If you will wait till I dress myself I will go with you to your house to look more particularly into the business."

When our hero entered the old usurer's house he beheld at once the mysterious chest standing exactly where the old man had told him it had been left. A candlestick with its guttering candle stood near by upon the floor, and, taking it in his hand, our young lawyer began to examine the cedar chest with the greatest particularity.

"Remo," quoth he. "I can think of no such name."

"Nor can I," quoth the elder man.

"Two circles and a broad arrow," said our hero. "I cannot guess what that may signify."

"Nor can I," said the other.

"Stay!" said our hero, bending more closely over another and a smaller inscription that he observed to be upon the lid. "Do you read French, sir?"

"Not I," quoth the other. "'Tis a language I never bothered with."

"Nevertheless, 'tis sometimes an advantage to know that language," quoth our young lawyer. "That advantage I myself possess; therefore let us see what is written here." Thereupon, holding the flame of the candle close to the written inscription, he bent over and perused it with great particularity.

In a moment or two, and having made himself master of the purport of the written words, he lifted his head and presented to the old usurer a countenance twisted and distorted as by some violent though suppressed emotion. Nor was he, for a considerable time, able to regain any mastery over that inner convulsion that so disturbed him, nor to articulate a single word.

At length, being able to speak, though in an unnatural and choking voice, he addressed the old money-lender as follows.

"Sir," said he, "have you, then, no suspicions of what it really is that hath so terrified you?"

"No," quoth the other, "except that it is a dead man with his head cut off."

"Know," said our hero, very solemnly, "that what you beheld was the lifeless form of a French gentleman of high and even royal blood, who was lately decapitated in Paris by the bloody and ferocious rabble of that city. All this I read here upon this coffin, and you yourself might also have read it had you but understood a little French."

"But why," cried out the unfortunate money-lender, "has this thing been fetched to me thus and at the dead of night God knows I had nothing to do with the business and no concern in making away with his poor dead body."

"I well believe you," quoth the young attorney, "but it may be that some enemy hath sent it to you. However that may be, the thing is here, and now that it is here, it will, I fear, be not so easy a thing to convince others as you have convinced me of your innocence. Now I am prepared to assist you in ridding yourself of both this chest and its contents; but I will only undertake that commission upon such conditions as may be very unpalatable to you to fulfil."

At this the old usurer's face fell to a very melancholy length, for he foresaw a whacking fee that would bleed him deep. "What," said he, with a very dubitating voice, "is, then, your condition? I pray you, be as easy with me as you can."

"Sir," said the young lawyer, "it is well known to you that I have long loved that lady who is your niece and ward. If you will withdraw your opposition to my suit, and will permit us both to follow our inclinations, and if you will, from the day of our marriage and until she comes of age, pay her the interest upon her fortune, I shall be able, I doubt not, to help you out of all your embarrassment in this unfortunate business."

These conditions were so unexpectedly easy to the old money-lender that his face was instantly illuminated, almost as with an appearance of good humor. "Friend," cried he, with great alacrity, "if that be all you ask, I will grant it and give you my thanks into the bargain. For I shall regard you in the light of the best friend that ever I had in all of my life if you will but rid me of this horrible object, the very thought of which curdles my blood, I believe, to a jelly. For indeed if this dreadful thing is not taken away I shall go mad, or cut my throat with a razor, knowing that I have it about, and not knowing how I shall ease my house of so detestable a burden."

"Then," cried our hero, "we are both satisfied, and the next step in the business is to remove this coffin and its contents to my house. For, once there, I believe I shall have little or no difficulty in disposing of it."

"If that is all," cried out the old man,



LUGGED THE MYSTERIOUS CHEST TO THE LAWYER'S HOUSE

with extraordinary eagerness, "I myself will be very glad to help you to carry it thither."

Accordingly, half an hour later, the young lawyer and his new-found client lugged the mysterious chest through the snow to the former's house, and there deposited it in the back kitchen.

HOW THE MYSTERIOUS CHEST FOUND ITS PROPER OWNER

Upon the day following this night of terror, there appeared in the window of a disused store upon Cortlandt Street near to Broadway a placard announcing the fact that Herr Zimmerberger, the famous living skeleton from Germany, would exhibit upon Christmas day and two days thereafter, not only himself, but a perfect image in wax of the late unfortunate king of the French. The notice said that these two great curiosities were then upon their way to Philadelphia, but that they had stopped for three days in New York so that the people of that town might also enjoy a sight of two such unexcelled wonders. The advertisement added that the admission was but ten cents for adults and five cents for children, and it called upon the entire community to take advantage of an opportunity so rare that in all likelihood it would never be repeated.

In this otherwise empty store the living skeleton and the young lawyer stood side by side talking, whilst they considered the effigy of the late unhappy king of the French.

The figure lay upon a sort of bier, covered with black velvet and embellished with tinsel fleurs-de-lis. It was clad very respectably in black, and the col-

orless waxen hands were meekly laid the one upon the other as if in infinite repose. It was the figure that had brought so much terror into the three quiet households the preceding night. The living skeleton was Mr. Jedediah Stout, who had called at Mr. Peck's office the afternoon before.

"Well," said the living skeleton, "'tis a beautiful figger, and if you had not brought it to me 'twould have been a great loss to me this day. Now what do I owe you for a fee?"

"Nothing at all," quoth our young lawyer. "Not a stiver! For your waxwork, it has already brought me, last night, the best stroke of luck that ever I had in my life! 'Twas a good thing I was able to read a little French, so as to know what it was in the chest and to whom it belonged."

CONCLUSION

It is altogether likely that the thoughtless reader who follows this serious history will think but little of anything else than of the entertainment he can find in it.

But the author has recounted the several events not that he might amuse the frivolous, but that he might supply food for thought to the more sober-minded. For how often doth it happen that the most innocent and harmless appearances will disturb the repose of mankind with terror and apprehension for which there is, only too often, no foundation whatsoever.

Yet to those who read in lighter vein it may be said that the young lawyer was married to the usurer's niece, with the grateful uncle's consent, in the following spring.



FINIS



GLACIERS GRANDER THAN THE MER DE GLACE

The New Province Two Thousand Years Old

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, M.A.

Department of Geography, Yale University

GLACIERS grander than the Mer de Glace, and deserts worse than the Sahara; magnificent mountain peaks clad in eternal snow, 25,000 feet above sea-level, and vast, lifeless plains of unparalleled monotony, one below the level of the sea; ruins of prosperous towns in waterless regions which are now mere wastes of drifting sand;—such are some of the contrasts of “Hsin Kiang,” the “New Province” of China.

Over two thousand years ago China, the dean of nations, spread her conquests far westward to the Sea of Aral, the so-called Lake of Cathay. Hordes of barbarians soon drove her back a thousand miles, but she was able to maintain her authority to the east and south of the Tian-Shan or Celestial Mountains. With them as a bulwark she organized the New Province—commonly known as Chinese

Turkestan,—which comprises the great Lob or Tarim basin, together with the more northern regions of Turfan 300 feet below sea-level, the fertile vale of Ili, and the waste plains and mountains of Dzungaria.

Time and again the Chinese rule in Hsin Kiang has been overthrown, sometimes for centuries and sometimes for only a score of years; and time and again China has reconquered the province. With each conquest Chinese officials and merchants have poured in. They have taken to themselves wives of the Aryan inhabitants, they have built government houses, forts, and towns—largely of mud; and they have entirely dominated the mild Chanto natives. Then, when foreign invasion has driven them out, they have disappeared, and Hsin Kiang, lapsing into its ancient apathy, has become as though

the Chinese were not, nor ever had been. Hence, to-day, in spite of two thousand years of intermittent Chinese rule, Turkestan is still the "New Province." It is related to China much as Utah and Arizona were to the rest of the United States before the days of railroads. It resembles those States in other ways also, especially in climate and topography, although in every respect its extremes are far greater than theirs.

Cut off from China by three or four hundred miles of the most rigorous desert, and from the rest of mankind by the greatest of mountains, this old New Province has pursued the tenor of its way almost uninfluenced by the world at large. During the two millenniums since the coming of the Chinese the people of Hsin Kiang have been converted from

little. The accounts of ancient Chinese pilgrims to India, and the evidences found in ruins, indicate that the life of the past was not unlike that of to-day. The original Aryan stock still remains dominant, though more or less mixed with half a dozen other races.

So remote, so barren, and so unprogressive a country would scarcely be expected to have played a great part in history, or to have had any marked influence upon the development of Western civilization. Nevertheless, the vicissitudes of the New Province and of the surrounding regions of Central Asia appear to have been intimately connected with some of the most important events in the history of Europe and of our ancestors. Changes of climate in the dry regions of Asia have given rise to movements which

bear fruit even yet in almost every phase of the life of the civilized world.

It is no easy matter to reach the New Province. The Central-Asian railroad now takes one to Andizhan, but it is a long, ten days' caravan journey eastward from there across the mountains to Kashgar, the frontier city on the west. My first visit took me to Kashgar by a still longer northern route from Issik Kul (Warm Lake) on the border of Siberia, southward across the great plateau of Tian-Shan, and then southwest to Kashgar. For weeks our caravan had been wandering among the



WHITE-TURBANED KHIRGHIZ WOMEN MAKING CALLS

paganism to Buddhism, and then to Mohammedanism; they have been conquered by Uighurs, Tartars, and Tibetans; a new language, Turki, has been imposed upon them; and they have suffered from famine, war, and pestilence, and their attendant ravages. Yet the character of the people appears to have changed but

cool grassy uplands of the plateau as guests of the hospitable Khirghiz, a friendly race of Turki nomads. Finally, in August, we started southward across the last of the swelling ranges of the Celestial Mountains. On the edge of the plateau, at a height of 11,500 feet, we entered a mountain



A FORT OF MUD AND STONES GUARDED THE BASE OF THE PASS

valley, where gentians were blooming amid the snow of the night before. It was cold in the morning, with ice on the pools where the sheep came to drink before the round felt tents of the nomads; but as we wound our way higher in the open valley it grew warm, and then positively hot. In the windless air the rays of the summer sun were reflected from every side of the white valley in a way that burned not only nose, cheeks, and forehead, but even the under side of the chin. Slowly, in ever-deepening snow, we climbed to the pass which determines the Chinese boundary; and there, from a height of 12,500 feet, eagerly looked out, hoping to see far below us the smooth, burning plain of the dead heart of Asia. Instead, there rose up across our way ridge after ridge of sharply serrated peaks, veritable waves, white with snow on the north side, brown and bare on the south. The snow disappeared as we descended into a gorge; and we found ourselves on a rude path so steep and rough and stony that the stumbling, slipping horses ac-

tually slid sometimes on their haunches. A hint of grass could be seen at first on the mountainsides, but soon all was bare, naked, parched. The craggy mountains stood up sharp and splintered, unclothed with soil, barren of verdure, untenanted by animals or man. Only in the valley bottoms was there a bit of grass. A fort of mud and stones, built thirty years ago by Yakub Beg, the last conqueror of Chinese Turkestan, guarded the base of the pass. Below it, in a green glade surrounded by brown mountains we came upon the gray tents and white and brown sheep of some Khirghiz, who wander among the mountains in summer, and go down to the low plains or valleys in winter. Dismounting before the uprolled felt door of one of the round tents, I peered into the smoke-blackened interior, and found an old white-turbaned "*khoja*" teaching three rosy-cheeked little girls to read.

"How is this?" I asked in Turki, surprised at such a reversal of Mohammedan customs. "Aren't there any boys in this camp?"



CARRYING SALT TO MARKET AT KASHGAR

"Oh yes," answered the teacher, with a shrug of his shoulders, "but what can we do? We are poor. The boys must be off tending the sheep."

The pretty, black-haired little girls were evidently a rich man's daughters, for the broad brims of their caps were made of imported fur, and their shapeless gowns were of red, green, and yellow silk, woven in preposterous flowery patterns. I asked one of them to read where I pointed. She did not even glance at the book, but began reciting something as fast as possible. It was the day's passage from the Arabic Koran, which neither she nor her teacher understood. That was the extent of her education.

At night a drove of horses, cows, and sheep, with a few goats, were driven in by ruddy men in big top-boots, quilted gowns, and sheepskin caps. As we sat around a fire of dried dung in one of the tents that evening and drank tea while waiting for the dinner of boiled mutton and sour milk, a man in a black cap and saffron gown said to a purple-robed guest from a neighboring camp: "That's a pretty daughter Mehemet Ali has. Why isn't she married? She must be pretty old—sixteen at least."

"Yes," was the answer, "she is getting old. Mehemet wants too much for

her—three hundred sheep. He'll never get that, even if she is pretty."

On leaving the Khirghiz and their picturesque glade we entered a barren gorge. Deeper and deeper it grew, more and more closely was it hemmed in by walls of contorted limestone, and drier and drier became the flood-plain of cobblestones over which we stumbled. In a distance of less than thirty miles since the previous morning we had passed from a cool land of abundant rains to a country where all is desert save a few scattered oases. We had entered the dry basin of Lob which forms the major part of the New Province—a huge depression as large as the portion of the United States east of Chicago and north of Tennessee. Its chief physical characteristics are an extremely dry continental climate, very hot in summer, and intensely cold in winter, and a highly marked development of concentric zones of very diverse nature. The outer zone is composed of lofty plateaus from 10,000 to 20,000 feet high, Tibet on the south, the Pamirs on the west, and Tian-Shan on the north. Their height causes them to receive a fair amount of rainfall, but almost no moisture gets over them. The thirsty interior consists of a huge dry plain, more than a thousand miles long from east to west,

and over three hundred miles wide. It lies far below the plateaus, at a height of from 2500 to 5000 feet above the sea. The outer border of the plain takes the form of a zone of gravel from five to forty miles wide, composed of the coarser material brought down from the mountains by rivers. It resembles an enormous beach, not only in composition, but also in the almost complete absence of vegetation. Within the zone of gravel there is a belt of vegetation from one to twenty miles wide. Here many streams which have sunk into the gravel come to light again, and the larger rivers spread out so that plants of various kinds, especially reeds, tamarisks, and poplars, grow thriftily. Practically all the inhabited oases are situated in this belt. Beyond it and encircled by it there is nothing but an endless expanse of absolutely uninhabitable desert. In the west this consists of countless windrows of sand from twenty to four hundred feet high; in the east, of a dreary plain of broken rock salt, the old bed of the lake of Lob-Nor—the very abomination of desolation.

For several days we zigzagged among the low dry mountains, visiting the desolate salt lake of Shor Kul. It is so full of crystallized salt that it looks like a New

England lake after a hard winter, when in March the ice, two feet thick, begins to melt around the edges and grows mushy. At length, turning toward Kashgar, we began to come in contact with people other than the Khirghiz. Just after sunset one evening a bend in a dry gorge brought into view a little flag fluttering from some cultivated trees—the first for weeks. Climbing out of the gravelly flood-plain, we found ourselves on a small terrace in a broadening of the valley. Before us actual water in a ditch ran under a little bridge. All the natives of our party dismounted. I was about to do likewise, thinking the bridge must be weak, but the head man—a high-born Khirghiz with the usual few wisps of black beard—anxiously motioned to me to stay on horseback. It appeared that, although for a week we had been in the New Province, we had only just reached the first frontier post, Sogun Karaul. Before the door of an adobe house stood a Chanto interpreter clad in flowing white. He helped me to dismount in a dignified way at the very door, where stood his master—a round-faced, benignant Chinese customs official in a long blue gown. The smiling old man shook his own hand cordially, while I, with



A MILITARY DRILL ON THE PARADE-GROUND AT KHOTAN

boorish manners learned of the Khirghiz, took his smooth fat hand with its dirty nails half an inch long and pressed it fervently between both of mine. He did not seem to notice my barbarian manners, but said what sounded like pretty compliments in Chinese, while I did likewise in English. Still holding me by the hand, he led me inside to the seat of honor—an imported steamer-chair, the canvas of which had stretched to such an extent that one could neither sit up nor lie down. As our interpreters were

mountains standing out in jagged silhouette against the pale blue of the clear moonlit sky. For breakfast the pretty Chanto woman whom Jo had lately bought as a wife cooked us some rice and a dish of birds—pigeons, I fancy. The meat consisted largely of livers, gizzards, and other less familiar but doubtless delicate portions of avicular anatomy. A tender claw lay on top, but Jo shoved it aside with his chop-sticks, and picked out hearts and other commonplace bits for his guest.

On my departure the official asked if I

had any contraband goods, but that was the extent of the formalities. As we rode away into the gorge the Khirghiz said that Jo was a good man, quiet and kind. Of course he wanted lots of money, and they had to give him some tender lambs every season; and of course he was a despicable Buddhist infidel, worse than a Christian; but then, he did not abuse them, and, like all Chinese, he could be depended on to keep his word. It would be better to have Mohammedan rulers; perhaps even Russia would be better; but what was the odds so long as they had enough to eat, drink, and wear? Jo Ki Chung seemed to be typical of the Chinese rulers of the New Province. Everywhere during a year's sojourn I found them most hospitable and friendly, truly helpful to



SMOKING THE WATER-PIPE AT A ROADSIDE TEA-HOUSE

useless, it was impossible to talk, so we sat and smiled. He took my hand again, and after examining the lines minutely, patted me on the back most approvingly as though he thought that he had read something very good. Jo Ki Chung, as he was called, offered me the use of his huge four-posted bed and its quilts, but I preferred to sleep in my own blankets on the cool roof with poplar trees whispering roundabout, and the desert

the foreigner among them. The gentle Chantos of the oases complained mildly of official exactions sometimes, but they also told of men like Oo, the viceroy, who are honest reformers and have the good of the people at heart.

It is amazing to see how high the civilization of the Chinese appears in contrast to that of the natives. At a Chanto meal one sits cross-legged on the mud floor, and all the guests eat from



A ROADSIDE TEA-HOUSE WHERE MELONS, BREAD, AND TEA ARE SOLD

a single dish of rice in the middle of a cloth. To go, as I several times did, from such a repast to a sumptuous Chinese dinner of thirty courses, including rotten eggs, and to find the meal served on a polished wooden table surrounded by chairs and set with individual bowls and chop-sticks, makes one realize how far Chinese civilization has advanced beyond that of neighboring races. Much more impressive, however, is the deference of the Chantos to the Chinese—a deference which is obvious even when the people speak with bitterness of their rulers. It is like the respect which the people of India pay to the English even when they hate them. Such an attitude on the part of a subject race is only possible when the rulers possess a high degree of strength of character.

Again and again, in the many windings of our way southward from the heights of Tian-Shan, I had looked for a glimpse of the vast desert plain of inner Asia; but every new vista disclosed only the same weary repetition of monotonous, stony hills. They were beautiful toward sunset, when pink, red, purple, blue-green, and yellow layers of soft sandstone and

shale and an occasional band of carmine were brought out by the level rays of the sun. By day, however, they faded to drab, brown, and other neutral shades which the traveller in the desert inevitably associates with heat, weariness, and thirst. Below Sogun we expected at every mile to see the end of the labyrinth of lifeless hills. High noon flattened and dulled the landscape, and our dry flood-plain of cobblestones grew wider. Then, as we rounded a low hill, there suddenly opened before us a view of yellow haze and flat grayish-brown plain as smooth and boundless as the sea, and limited only by the perfect semicircle of the horizon. Of beauty or novelty there was little or nothing in that naked expanse, or in the quivering, heated air; and yet the view was thrilling, because it was so vast, so endless, and because at last we were gazing forth over the great heart of Asia.

If we had continued straight south, we should have come in a day or two to the strip of vegetation along one of the branches of the Tarim River, and then to the great sandy desert. As it was, we turned to the southwest and made for Kashgar. The burning August sun and



CARRYING MILLSTONES TO MARKET AT CHIRA

the parched, lifeless plain made us long for the snows and grass of Tian-Shan, only fifty miles behind us. At first we traversed glaring gravel, then the yellowish-brown soil of a playa covered with an efflorescence of alkali like new-fallen snow. Here and there rose little brown sand-dunes, sometimes forming perfect crescents, and sometimes clustering round low bushes of the feathery tamarisk which grows in places reached by floods in May and June.

The second day's journey across the barren plain brought us to a region where a muddy river comes out of the mountains and spreads abroad to redeem the fair oasis of Artush from the encroaching desert. We had seen the Khirghiz nomads of the mountain zone and the Chinese who rule the land. Now we were to see the chief inhabitants, the Chantos—a weak-willed people, pleasant and easy to deal with, but lacking the stronger virtues, and sadly prone to all manner of self-indulgence. As we approached Artush, the path became a road, broad and dusty. It was filled with people on the way to or from the weekly bazar, and every man had a donkey. By actual count there were more than half as many donkeys as people, and ten times as many donkeys as horses. On either hand lay fertile fields, some already reaped, others

bearing heavy-headed millet as tall as a man, or melons, in the midst of which sat watchmen under little arbors of gourd-vines, where the pale-green, long-necked fruit hung gracefully down inside. Most of the streets were shaded with poplar, mulberry, and Elæagnus trees—a grateful relief from the bare desert. Behind yellow mud walls one could see the tops of fruit trees laden with luscious yellow peaches, red nectarines, and smooth-cheeked apples. Everywhere vineyards ripened their fruit in the sun, and vegetable gardens made cool green patches. Laborers, naked to the waist, dug the soil, or turned water into the irrigating ditches. Children of both sexes, often guiltless of clothes, ran in and out of the flat-roofed adobe houses, or rolled their tanned brown bodies in the dust. One poor little lad wanted to play, but had to gather fuel in the shape of dry dung, which he picked up in the road and put into a basket on top of his head, while his poor grandmother gathered hers into her skirt caught up as a bag. At every corner sat a fruit-vender, often a child, sometimes with two melons, sometimes with a hundred. We had suddenly come to a land where, instead of the milk and meat of the mountain nomads, fruit in enormous quantities, with bread, rice, and vegetables, formed the diet of the people.

At a bridge over an irrigating ditch, in a shady, narrow street near the centre of Artush, we stopped an old man with a donkey in order to buy some apples from under the green leaves of his wicker panniers. A crowd gathered. Contrary to custom in Mohammedan countries, it consisted of as many women as men, and the women did the talking. A bold-faced girl of eighteen, with large, strong features, and splendid black hair hanging in two thick braids to her knees, took it upon herself to question us. Her dress, open at the neck, was a shapeless Mother Hubbard gown of black calico, with a conspicuous white design. On her head was set coquettishly a round pointed skull-cap of dark blue with red and white embroidery. Her feet were bare, which is very common in Mohammedan countries; and so, too, was her face, which is by no means so common. Respectable women, at least in the towns, wear veils, but unfortunately in Chinese Turkestan a large part of the women care nothing for their reputation. As children they are despised; and as women they are sold like

cattle. One of my men from Russian Turkestan said, "I should like to live in Kashgar, because wives are cheap there." And another time he remarked: "Women are like dogs. They go to the master who treats them best." The Swedish missionaries at Kashgar said that they had recently discharged a good cook because they discovered that he, like many men in the cities, divorced his wife every few months and bought another. One of the missionaries purchased a little girl whose father wanted to get rid of her, but could not do so to advantage because she was not yet old enough to marry. The price was forty cents. Such conditions, of course, destroy all true home life, and make the Chantos a weak, inefficient race.

A day's journey from Artush brought us past the tomb of Hazret Ifak to Kashgar, the chief city of western Hsin Kiang. Within its moat and double mud walls there are said to be fifteen or twenty thousand people, while outside the great gates, which are closed every night at ten o'clock, there are perhaps twice as



THE TOMB OF HAZRET IFAK

many more. The city cannot be much larger, because there is not water enough. In the centre of the town we found an open bazar full of salesmen squatting on the ground beside heaps of fruit and vegetables, or standing beside portable ovens or tables loaded with caps and other small wares. Over each man's head was spread a rude sun-umbrella of white cotton six or eight feet square, and tilted this way and that to suit the time of day. The streets were so packed that no matter how vigorously our guide cried "Posh! posh!" it was quite impossible to move more than a few feet at a time. Only a little less crowded were the bazars, in which hardware, groceries, and foreign goods are sold in tiny open shops, where the passer-by can observe all that happens, and the merchant can reach his entire stock in trade from one spot. In a quieter quarter women with long veils of white lace hanging down their backs stood in the street while buying cloth and dry-goods. As they looked at the silks and cottons spread on the counter in front of the diminutive shops they kept glancing apprehensively up and down the street. It was well that they did so, for I saw one woman knocked over by one of the boxes on a big pack-mule which suddenly turned to the side of the street where she was looking at some fur caps.

Most of the houses of Kashgar have only one story, and all, of course, are of mud. As one rides along on horseback a gourd-vine is sometimes seen forming an arbor on a roof, while a family washing is hung up beside it. A few grown people sit idly in the streets, and children play about them. Often through the low doors of the open courtyards one sees the Kashgari women performing household tasks, or spinning, or lying asleep on the ground. Once as I passed an open door in an otherwise blank mud wall, a droning murmur of voices floated out, and looking in, I saw a schoolroom full of children sitting cross-legged on the floor. After listening a minute, I dismounted and entered. As the unexpected visitor crossed the threshold the schoolmaster—a yellow-faced boy of seventeen—started up, and with a wave of his strap called out, excitedly: "Get to work, you little infidels. Why aren't you learning

your lessons?" The effect was electrical. Every child in the room began to shout at the top of its voice. As I stood and watched them, however, the sound died to a murmur, and when I took a step forward there was dead silence as they watched to see what the queerly dressed stranger would do. That made the schoolmaster furious; it was as bad as if in an American school all the children should suddenly begin to talk out loud. He waved his whip: "You little devils! You—" but the rest of his epithets were drowned in a perfect yell, as the frightened scholars fell to reciting the Koran. There were both boys and girls in the school, none apparently over twelve years of age. It seemed to be the time for refreshments, for part of the scholars were eating from a pile of bread scattered over a counter on one side of the room, and later two boys were sent out to get water in two wooden buckets suspended near the ends of a long pole which they carried over their shoulders.

During the two millenniums of the intermittent Chinese rule of the New Province few changes appear at first sight to have taken place. Always the Lob basin has consisted of a great central desert surrounded by a zone of vegetation, wherein were oases full of a mild, peaceful people possessed of gentle manners and no great courage. Always outside the belt of vegetation there has been a zone of piedmont gravel, beyond which rose a ring of snow-clad mountains—the source of the streams which irrigate the oases. And always the uplands have been the home of nomads of harder, stronger fibre than the people of the plains. These things are now as they were ages ago. Nevertheless, most momentous changes have come over the land—changes as momentous for us as for the Chantos. Everywhere throughout the New Province there are signs that the climate has become drier during historic times. In vast areas the vegetation has died for lack of water, although man has done nothing to change the supply. In at least a score of places there are ruins of towns where there is now no possibility of procuring water enough for a population such as once existed. Ancient commercial caravan routes crossed desert tracks where to-day no caravan can subsist. Lob-Nor



RUINS OF TOWNS WHERE NOW NO WATER CAN BE PROCURED

and other lakes were much larger in the past than in the present. Numerous springs once frequented by hunters and shepherds have now dried up. And, finally, tradition and history agree in showing that at one time the population, both nomadic and settled, was much larger than it is now. It was then distributed in many regions which are to-day absolutely uninhabitable for lack of water.

The chief change of climate and the one which most concerns us took place in the early part of the Christian era. Up to about the second century A.D. the climate of Central Asia appears to have been decidedly more propitious than now. Then there came a change, a sudden decrease in the rainfall or a rise in temperature, culminating about the sixth or seventh century. The habitability of the country vastly decreased. Great numbers of people in the New Province and in the surrounding dry regions found themselves no longer able to subsist. The nomads especially must have suffered. Their

flocks could no longer find grass to eat; their children began to cry for milk. Therefore they sought new homes where water and grass were more plentiful. One tribe moved out in one direction, and another in another. As they moved away from the desiccated regions they came in conflict with their neighbors, who likewise were beginning to suffer. One movement started a second, and that a third, and thus all the tribes of Central and Western Asia were set in motion. They poured over into Europe, overran the north countries, and descended upon Rome. The whole aspect of history was changed. The Teutonic races became dominant, and the foundations of our modern civilization were laid. Thus it appears that we of to-day owe to Central Asia and its changes of climate the impulse which stirred the old barbarians to the greatest migrations the historic world has known. In the centre of the region from which the impulse originated lies the New Province, which even then was old.

The Thing That Couldn't

BY MARGARET CAMERON

TRENT, who was a lawyer, had been detained at his office, and when he finally reached home his wife hurried him up to his room, softly expostulating the while.

"And it never occurred to you, I suppose," she concluded, "that if I had wanted Payton Cotes, I should have asked him myself!"

"Why didn't you, then?"

"Because I didn't—I *particularly* didn't want him!"

"Well, I'm sorry, dear. But when you phone me in the midst of a busy day to fill a sudden vacancy in a dinner party, if you have any antipathies like this, you'd better mention them, for naturally I'm going to ask the first eligible chap I see. Anyway, what's the matter with Cotes? He's much in demand as a dinner guest."

"Oh, he's well enough as a dinner guest—if that were all! It's as a brother-in-law that I object to him!"

"As a wha-at?" Trent seemed to find the suggestion humorous, but the face she turned toward him was full of tragedy.

"Bob, I've just discovered—just this morning—that he's been making love to Polly!"

"The deuce he has! To little Polly, eh?" Trent was still smiling.

"Of course it's all embryonic, as yet. I don't think Polly herself realizes—though I could see plainly enough from what she told me— And it's got to stop!"

"Why? What's the matter with Cotes?" he again demanded. "He's one of the cleverest—"

"Oh, clever—yes!" She waved an impatient hand. "He's clever! So is the ventriloquist we saw last week, or the funny little clown at the Trocadero—very clever in his way. But you'd hardly care to have either of them in the family, would you? Bob, *do* hurry and dress!"

"All right." He turned obediently toward his chiffonier. "But you hold your horses! You don't know Cotes yet."

"I know that he never loses an opportunity to make a gentlemanly sort of clown of himself! He's always telling dialect stories, or playing pranks, or getting himself into impossible situations—"

"Funny ones," interpolated her husband, with a chuckle.

"Oh yes, funny ones! But who wants a funny husband! He has no dignity, no sense of responsibility, nothing to justify a brilliant girl like Polly in— What's the matter?" An ejaculation from him checked her rapid, indignant speech. He was staring blankly at a legal envelope he had taken from his coat.

"What's that?"

"By George, I forgot to send that acceptance to Pierce! Will you call a messenger and send it over to his house at once, please? And impress it upon the boy that if there should be no one at home, he's to return it to me *immediately*. I must be perfectly sure that this reaches Earle Pierce to-night. As for Cotes and Polly, don't you fret! All this effervescence of his is on the surface. The men who do business with him know he's all right."

"Maybe," said she, sceptically. "But Mrs. Ames goes abroad next month, for a year, and Polly goes with her. No, Bob, please don't argue! Mrs. Ames was here this afternoon, and it's practically arranged."

"Does Polly know it?"

"Not yet; but she'll be glad enough to go. This sentimental nonsense is still in the bud, and she won't even see it's being nipped."

Trent wagged his head dubiously, and his wife left him, going at once to the library to telephone for a messenger. He finished dressing, and even had time to tell Polly of the latest developments in local politics, in which she was keenly interested, before the first guests arrived.

Lois, who had contemplated sending her sister out to dinner with whatever

man her husband should provide in this emergency, occupied these moments in shifting plans and place-cards, and when the party reached the dining-room, Cotes found himself seated as far from Polly Vance as the big circle of the table would permit.

However, there was nothing to prevent his looking at her, and so presently he chanced to see her start and turn sharply toward her sister, opening her lips as if to speak. At the moment Mrs. Trent was talking to the learned Justice in whose honor the dinner was given, and after an uncertain glance at Trent, Polly apparently relinquished her purpose, but she paled perceptibly, and Cotes saw with apprehension the deepening trouble in her eyes. Later, as the women arose to leave the table, she met his glance fully, and in reply, to his delicately lifted brow, nodded almost imperceptibly toward the garden. Accordingly, when the men betook themselves and their cigars to a cool side veranda, Cotes quietly strolled on down the steps and disappeared among the shrubbery.

She was there before him, and as he approached, called softly:

"Oh, hurry! How long you were!"

"Was I? I'm sorry. What is it?"

"You know Earle Pierce?"

"Not personally. By reputation, of course. Who doesn't?"

Earle Pierce was the owner and managing editor of the city's most pernicious newspaper, the *Beacon*, which, in addition to pandering to morbid and sensational appetites, and intensifying class hatred, after the manner of its kind, was the recognized organ of the unscrupulous political ring that held the city in an ever-tightening grasp.

"Well, an awful thing has happened! Lois has sent him the wrong envelope!"

"I don't understand."

"Oh, listen! Bob brought home some sort of a paper, in a long legal envelope, that he had forgotten to send to Pierce, and it *had* to go to him to-night."

"I know about that," he interjected.



MRS. TRENT WAS TALKING TO THE LEARNED JUSTICE

"We had a meeting of the committee this morning, and decided at the eleventh hour to buy Pierce's property—for the club, you know." She nodded. "The option expires to-night, Trent is secretary, and—there you are!"

"To-morrow wouldn't do?"

He shook his head. "Pierce is a pretty slippery proposition. Might repudiate his option."

"Let him! Do you know about the gas bill?"

"Whose gas bill?"

"No, no, not that kind! Bob brought home to-night a copy of a bill that is to be sprung on the Board of Aldermen to-morrow night," instinctively she lowered her voice and drew nearer to him, "providing for eighty-cent gas. Do you understand?"

"Eighty-cent gas—and this Board!" he scoffed.

"Sh! Listen! It is known that for reasons of their own every Alderman will be at that meeting to-morrow night." The explanation came in a breathless torrent. "The scheme was to spring this bill on them without warning. It's so near election, and public feeling is so strong, that they wouldn't dare—they simply wouldn't *dare* to kill it directly! But of course there are a dozen ways of disposing of it indirectly, if they had warning, and that's what's happened! Don't you see? *That's what's happened!*"

"You don't mean—you don't mean to say that Mrs. Trent has—"

"Yes, I do! Lois sent the copy of that bill to Pierce—to *Pierce!*—instead of the other paper!"

"How do you know? How could she?"

"She put the envelope Bob had given her on the little stand near the telephone in the library. I saw it lying there addressed to Pierce. Then Bob came in with the copy of the bill, also in a legal envelope—a blank envelope—do you see? He told me about it, and left it on the desk. The messenger came just as dinner was announced. I was sitting by the door, you know, and I heard Lois telling him to bring it back at once if there was no one there to receive it. Then I heard him ask why it wasn't addressed. Lois said she thought it was, and borrowed his pencil. I didn't think anything of it at the time. But it came over me all at once, at dinner, that I had *seen* the address on Pierce's envelope, and that the blank one contained the bill! And it did! Here's the other one, addressed to Pierce in Bob's writing!"

"Good Lord! And Pierce has the bill!"

"And do you see what it means?" she cried. "Do you see? Bob had nothing to do with the bill, but he had been asked to look it over and see that it was all right, because he is absolutely above suspicion. There are only half a dozen men

who know—they've been so careful—it means so much,—and they gave it to Bob because they could trust him!" Her voice broke, and she finished in a quavering whisper.

"Give me that envelope!" said Cotes. "I'm going over to Pierce's. There's just a chance that he hasn't seen the thing yet."

"And if he has?"

"If he has—well, if he's had his eye on it, the game's up! Trent doesn't know yet, does he?"

She shook her head. "Nor Lois, either. I didn't know—shall I tell them? There's this dinner—I hate to make a scene—and I don't know what this will do to Bob! You see, it will look—and they trusted him!"

"Don't do that!" he commanded. "You mustn't cry! And you mustn't tell! Trent has to go into court to-morrow on that Biddle case, and needs all his nerve. Go into the house and keep things moving. I'll be back in fifteen minutes—with the bill!"

"But if he's read it?"

"He hasn't! I'm sure of it! And I'll get it, if I have to break in a door or slide down a chimney!"

His confident tone had instant effect, and she laughed a little as she replied:

"If it comes to that, go in through the cellar. Their door from the kitchen to the cellar doesn't lock. Our new cook worked there, and left last month because they wouldn't fix it."

"All right. Anyhow, I'll get it. Don't worry, Polly dear!"

For one brief moment he held her hands; in the next, he was running down the street, and the girl, left standing alone in the moonlight, was whispering to herself: "He said '*Polly dear!*' And he looked—" The radiance that never was on sea or land shone around her, and in its glow she turned toward the house, happily confident that in so beautiful a world no evil could befall.

Cotes himself, running steadily toward Pierce's residence, a few blocks away, had no such illusions, and vainly racked his brain for a weapon to use against the man, if, as was probable, the paper had already reached his hands.

His heart-beats, quickened by running, nearly suffocated him when he reached

the house and found it dark, save for a light in the hall. He paused in a shadow, smoothed his hair and straightened his tie, not to appear too dishevelled a messenger, readjusted his eye-glasses, and marched up the steps.

Somewhere in the back of the house he heard the whir of the bell; then silence. He rang again—and again. The sound of a banjo energetically played came across the lawns from a neighboring domicile. A little chill began to creep over Cotes, and he put his finger on the electric button, and kept it there, alternating long pressures with brisk, impatient tattoos. Then he listened again, tense, alert,—and heard only the steady plunk of the banjo and the beating of his own heart. He told himself that there must be servants about, if he could only rouse them! He found a side door, with no better results, and another at the back, where he varied his ringing with vigorous pounding, but the silence and darkness within the house remained unbroken. He was returning to the front again, when his glance fell on a small cellar window, swinging ajar. Instantly Polly's absurd speech at parting, pure nonsense at the moment, flashed into his mind. The door from the cellar to the kitchen could not be locked! He stopped and looked curiously for a moment at the swinging window, before he wandered around to the front again and sat down on the step to think.

The family had evidently not dined at home, or the servants would still be about. The paper had certainly been received and signed for here, since the boy had not returned it to Trent. Ergo, some one, presumably a servant, had received it about eight o'clock and had since gone out, and the bill, upon the rescue of which so much depended, was in this house and probably unread as yet.

But suppose his reasoning had been all wrong? Suppose Pierce had received and read the bill, and was now out among his disreputable associates arranging to frustrate the plan of Trent's friends and to dishonor Trent? Why, then Trent could not know of it too soon! He started up to return to his friend, and instantly checked himself. There was always the possibility that he had been right, and that the paper lay unread

in this empty house. If he should desert his post and so place the situation in Pierce's hands—! Then came a vision of that swinging window, and he caught his breath shortly.

"By Jupiter, I'll do it!" he ejaculated. "It involves the least risk of any of 'em!"

The cellar window, which was at the side of the house, was heavily shaded by a wing, and the darkness within was Stygian. However, he dared not strike a match lest its light should attract the attention of some vigilant neighbor, so he sat on a ledge of the little window, legs inside, braced himself for a struggle in maintaining equilibrium, and dropped. He struck, in a sitting posture, on the winter's supply of furnace coal, that day delivered, and slid down the pile, clawing wildly for any kind of support from the empty air. When he reached the bottom he sat perfectly still for a moment, and then quietly remarked to the surrounding darkness:

"The—Gee—Whiz!"

He picked himself up, made sure that his glasses were not broken, and after feeling his way to a spot farther from the window, cautiously struck a match and looked about him. As he had supposed, he was in the division of the cellar containing the furnace and coal bins. He had some difficulty in lighting the next match, for the passage he had now entered was draughty, but eventually he kept one alight long enough to descry a flight of steps a few feet to his right.

"Aha!" said he. "'We are saved!' the Captain shouted." Now we'll proceed to stagger up the stair. The rest is plain sailing."

He gayly climbed the steps, humming under his breath the tune the banjo was playing, and fumbled for the door knob. He turned it, pushed gently, pushed harder, rattled the knob, and finally set his shoulder against the door, shoving with all his strength. Then he stood off and glared at it through the darkness. *It was locked!*

He satisfied himself that there was no way of opening the door short of battering it down, which, under the circumstances, he was not prepared to do, and descended again to the cellar, all his cheerfulness fallen from him.

He used most of his matches in the effort to find a door leading to the outer



CAUTIOUSLY STRUCK A MATCH AND LOOKED
ABOUT HIM

air. Finally he discovered a lantern, and decided, after some reflection, to light it, feeling that a steady illumination, if observed, would be less likely to excite suspicion than the intermittent flashes of matches. Making the round of the cellar again, he discovered the door he sought. It also was locked. After seeking in every conceivable place for the key, and vainly trying all of his own, he returned to the furnace room, set his lantern on the floor, and regarded the window by which he had entered.

"Well," he said, "here we are! Apparently the only way out of this place is up that coal pile!" He glanced at his immaculate pumps and at his clothes, which were new, and the banjo mocked him from afar. "Yes, and there *you* are!" he vindictively added.

"I'm the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
Of the Patently Impossible and Vain;

And when The Thing that Couldn't has
occurred,

Give me time to change my leg and go
again."

"That's you—and me, too! Only this leg's getting a cramp! How the deuce am I going to get— I wonder—!" He picked up the lantern, screening his eyes from its light with his hand, and peered into the shadows about him. Hanging against the wall, on the other side of the furnace, he espied some garments, which he hastily examined.

"Here we are! Regular jeans, by Jove! Trousers and—yes, and blouse. Oh, I don't know! We may get out of this without calling the patrol wagon yet!" He deposited the lantern on the floor and proceeded to don the trousers, pulling them over the tails of his evening coat, which the short blouse would not protect. "I suppose these belong to the man who tends the furnace, eh? Good job for me he isn't a woman! Anyhow, coal won't hurt 'em." He had one arm slipped into a sleeve and was reaching for the other, when he heard a feminine voice cautiously calling:

"Mr. Pierce! Oh, Mr. Piercé!"

"Yes?" was the prompt reply.

"There's a man in your cellar!" Although she lowered her voice, Cotes heard every word distinctly, and a chill wrinkled his flesh.

"No! What makes you think so?"

"I've been watching him scratch matches. He's made a light now. I can see it through the window."

"Really?"

"Truly! I didn't know what to do. I'm all alone in the house, and I couldn't— But I've got a police whistle in my hand. Shall I blow it?"

"No! Certainly not!" exclaimed Pierce. "I'll go in and see about it. It's probably one of the servants. If it is, we don't want to make a row, and if it isn't—I've got a gun."

"Oh, *don't!*"

"I won't," was the laughing response. "It won't be necessary."

"Anyway, I'll watch here with the police whistle, and if anything happens, I'll blow it!"

"All right." He laughed again. "Only, whatever else you do, keep cool! Nothing's going to happen."

This philosophical conviction Cotes did not fully share. In the next ten seconds he saw an appalling, kinetoscopic panorama of the things that probably would happen, should he be caught in Pierce's cellar. He saw that he must either tell the truth and involve Trent, which would never do, or he must let it be supposed that he had entered the editor's house for reasons of his own, which would be difficult to explain. He was sufficiently well known socially to make this escapade a rich morsel for the sensational *Beacon*, and he saw his name in its blackest headlines and pictures of himself taken from every conceivable angle. Then his glance fell on a coal shovel. He looked at the coal, which had apparently been dumped in recently, with the intention of distributing it later among the various empty bins, and then down at his worn overalls,—and his resolution was taken. He jerked on the blouse, whipped off his glasses and thrust them into his pocket, dishevelled his dark hair, knotted his handkerchief around his neck over his collar, rubbed a handful of coal-dust into his face and hands, and fell to shovelling coal into one of the bins, the while he softly carolled an Italian folk-song.

Pierce, unable to imagine any possible explanation for such sounds in his cellar at that hour, descended the stairs quietly and stood for a moment in the doorway, watching the apparently unconcerned workman.

*"Sul mare lucida il nostro d'argente,
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia."*

blithely warbled Cotes, watching the editor out of the corner of his eye and wondering how soon the storm would break. He was not long kept in suspense.

"What the devil does this mean?" demanded Pierce, at the same time switching on an electric light that Cotes had failed to see in the semi-darkness. "Who are you?"

The laborer turned serenely, met the householder's eye without flinching, and showed his teeth in a brilliant smile.

"Buona sera, signore," said he, genially.

"Where did you come from? What are you doing here?" The tone was not gentle, and Cotes looked puzzled.

"No spika d' Inglese ver' good," he lamented.

"I say who are you? Where'd you come from? What are you doing in my cellar?"

The workman shook his head regretfully. Then a hopeful gleam crossed his face.

"I shova da coal," he suggested.

"Yes, I see you're shovelling coal, but why? What for?"

"A-ah! Whata for shova da coal? Perche—you no wanta shova da coal?" he asked, anxiously.

"Who sent you here?"

"Senda— A-ah! *Il padrone.*" Cotes's smile indicated that in his opinion they were now getting on famously. "*Si, signore, il padrone.*"

"What *padrone*?"

"*Il padrone delle—delle—* Ah, no spika da Inglese!"

"Barrett and Jones?"



THIS ESCAPADE WOULD MAKE A RICH MORSEL FOR
THE SENSATIONAL "BEACON"

"*Si*—I don't!" The masquerader suspected a trap. "*Il padrone* tella me shova da coal. You no wanta—I go." He put down the shovel as if to depart.

"No, you don't! Not quite so fast! Let's get to the bottom of this. The *padrone* told you to come and shovel coal—here? At night?"

"At-a night? Ah, no, *signore*!" Delighted perception now animated his face. "No, *signore*! He tella me shova da coal *domani*—how you say?" Cotes had been watching the editor keenly, and now, convinced that his real identity was absolutely unsuspected, he threw himself with a sort of enjoyment into the part he was playing. "To-mor— How you say?"

"To-morrow?"

"*Si. Ma to-morra*—" He broke into a torrent of Italian, which would have been less convincing had Pierce been able to recognize the words of the song the laborer had been singing earlier, or to perceive that the accompanying gestures, of the most animated, had nothing whatever to do with the text.

"Here, here! Drop that! I don't understand any of your confounded lingo!" Cotes was glad to be assured of this, as his own knowledge of Italian was very limited.

"No? *Non comprende?* Ah, *che peccato! Ecc'!* *Il padrone* tella me shova da coal *domani*—to-mor'—*comprende?* *Ma to-mor'*—she *fiesta*. Ah, *signore*! *Non è possibile* maka work—maka shova da coal to-mor'!"

"H'm! It's a feast day, and you won't work. Is that it? So you came to-night."

"*Si, si, signore!*" rapturously. "Comma at-a nighta, *perche*—ah, no spika d' Inglese!" This was tragedy. "For to—for not maka troub' *il illustrissimo signore*." The smile and gesture accompanying this masterpiece were the apotheosis of deference.

"I see. Your consideration is touching," said Pierce, dryly. He continued to watch the supposed Italian closely, and Cotes smiled cheerfully and confidently back at him. "What's your name?" finally demanded the editor.

"Giuseppe Coppini, *signore*."

"How did you get in?" As this elicited only a polite and inquiring shrug, he changed the form of his question. "Did you come in that window?"

"*Si, signore*." The laborer laughed. "I maka lika dees—*e* lika dees," he rang a bell and knocked in pantomime, "*ma no! Nessuno! Ma il padrone* tella me shova da coal. *Ecc'!*" He paused, ingratiating, smiling, eloquent.

"H'm!—yes," said Pierce. "Well, either you're the most ingenuous and delightful dago that ever passed Ellis Island, or you're the smoothest proposition out of jail,—and I'm hanged if I know which! We'll go up to the telephone and investigate you a little farther. There are a few things about this that I don't understand."

A moment later they were in the large upper hall. At the first glance Cotes saw that a legal envelope, apparently sealed, lay on the table, and he shut his teeth hard. There was still a chance.

The telephone was in a closet, off the hall at the side, directly opposite the table. Pierce proceeded to close all doors leading into adjoining rooms, and motioned Cotes to stand away from the street door, which he chained.

"Now, I'm going to call up the *padrone*.—and if you try to bolt, I've got a gun. Savvy?" He displayed the butt of a revolver in his side coat-pocket, and nodded grimly, whereat his prisoner murmured an almost tearful "*Ah, signore!*" followed by another Italian outburst, of which Pierce comprehended nothing except that every tone, inflection, and gesture was eloquent of aggrieved and indignant reproach.

During the recital, however, Cotes succeeded in placing himself between the telephone and the table, hoping thereby to conceal with his body the envelope, which it was quite possible the editor had not yet noticed; and as Pierce, ever watchful, entered the closet and gave a number, the young man, apparently looking about in simple wonder, backed up against the table and rested his hands upon either side.

"Hello, Jones," said Pierce. "Did you contract to deliver my coal in the bins? . . . In the bins. . . . Well, I *thought* not, but I came home a few minutes ago, and found a young dago energetically shovelling coal in my cellar, and he says you sent him. . . . Well, to be exact, he says the '*padrone*' sent him. He doesn't seem to speak much English. . . . He

says— Hello! . . . Hello! . . . Central! . . . Hello! What did you cut me off for?"

Cotes's breath was coming a little short. He had succeeded in reaching the envelope with his thumbs, and was working it slowly toward him.

"That you, Jones? . . . They cut us off. He insists that he was told to come to-morrow, but there's something about its being a feast day—I can't understand all his jargon,—and he came to-night instead. . . . Think so? The circumstances do look that way, but the man doesn't. That's the deuce of it. . . . What? . . . What did you say your name was?" Cotes continued to stare at a photograph of the Coliseum, apparently unconscious that the inquiry had been addressed to him. "Hi—you! What's your name?"

"Giuseppe Coppini, *signore*."

"He says it's Juseppy Coppini. Ever hear of him? . . . You are sure about that? I'd hate to be done, but I'd hate much worse to make a mistake about a thing like this just now. It's a little too near election—understand? Bad time to antagonize the proletariat. . . . He's a decent-looking young chap with a mighty steady eye. . . . Who? . . . Where?"

Cotes had worked the envelope to the very edge of the table. Now he turned slowly, feigning interest in the decoration of the wall behind him, until his left side was against the table, and then, as quickly as was consistent with caution, pushed the envelope up under his loose blouse. He thought longingly of the hip pocket so near at hand, but dared not bend his elbow to touch it, for fear of arousing Pierce's further suspicions.

"All right. Thanks. I'll do that. Much obliged. Good night," said Pierce, and hung up the receiver.

He explained to Cotes in terse, elemental phrases that his alleged employer had never heard of him, and that the coal merchants had no intention of providing men to do the work he claimed to have been sent to perform. Giuseppe swore, *per Baccho* and *per Dio*, that it was all one grand mistake. He was an honest man, he, and the *padrone* had certainly told him to come on the morrow to the house of the most illustrious *signore* to "shova da coal."

"Well, I believe you're stringing me," said Pierce, "but I'll give you one more chance." He then explained that at a neighboring police station there was a sergeant who spoke Italian, and that it was his intention to escort Giuseppe thither and leave the matter to the dis-



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY CELLAR?"

cretion of the officer. Cotes indulged in a few heroics, but finally consented to go, wondering what in the name of Garibaldi he should do when he got there. Holding to his blouse on either side, near the waist-line, pulling it tightly around him, he strutted to the door, the very embodiment of maligned innocence and affronted Latin pride.

Once in the street, he marched beside the editor in silence, trying to decide on the next move. He knew that his scanty Italian would never stand the test of conversation, even with one who knew the language but imperfectly, and if that fraud was detected, arrest would immediately follow, and in its train discovery

not only of his identity but of his possession of two envelopes addressed to Pierce, one of which he now held in its place beneath his blouse only by the pressure of his left arm over it. As Pierce insisted upon walking on that side and a little behind him, he had no opportunity to exchange its location.

Their way to the police station led them within half a block of Trent's house, and as they approached the street in which it was situated, Cotes, himself in the full radiance of the moon, saw something white move in the deep shadow under the trees, and almost before his leaping heart warned him of her possible presence there, Polly's voice cried in alarm:

"Oh, what is it? What has happened?"

Cotes instantly saw the futility of trying to pass off this inopportune recognition as a mistake. In Polly's present mood she would not permit him to leave her without an explanation.

"*Ecc'!*" he cheerfully exclaimed. "*La signorina! Ma che! She non forgetta Giuseppe, eh? Non forgetta!*"

His tone was reassuring, but his appear-

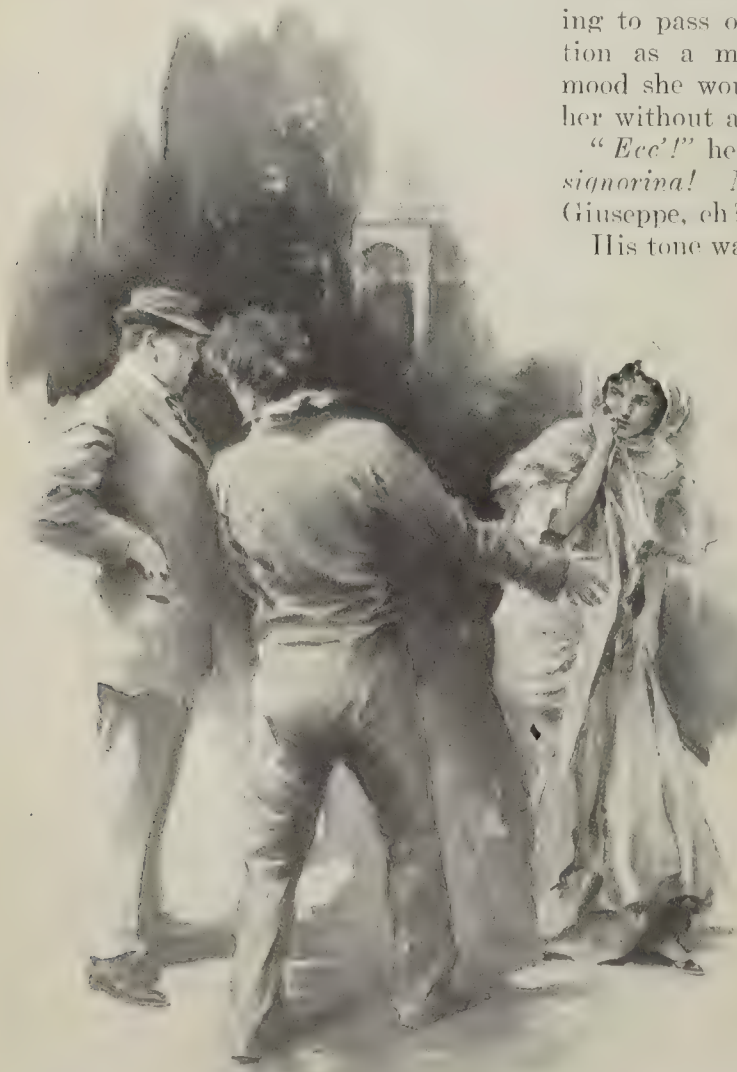
ance, grimy and dishevelled, was not. She perceived, however, that there was a part he wished her to play, in which she must not fail, and that the newspaper man was watching them both.

"Where are you going?" she asked, in a voice that still shook.

"*Il signore* — she make me — *ah, signore!*" He turned imploringly to Pierce. "No spika d'Inglese! You spika! *La signorina* no lika Giuseppe Coppini geta da troub'! She tella you me *non steala — non bada man!*"

"What is this?" asked Pierce, with a disagreeable inflection. "A trick?"

"A trick?" Polly haughtily repeated. "What do you mean?"



"SHE TELLA YOU ME NON BADA MAN"

"What do you know about this man?" He watched her keenly, and she returned his gaze with spirit.

"Nothing to his discredit. Do you?"

"Well—perhaps not. Why do you take it for granted that I do?"

"Because he is obviously in trouble," she retorted. "He said I'd tell you he wasn't a bad man."

"So he did!" replied Pierce, with the same unpleasant deliberation. "But he didn't say that until after you had called out to know what was the matter, *did* he? Now, what I want to know is—what is there about this particular Italian laborer that makes a young woman of your evident social position take such a keen—such a *very* keen interest in him. It's a little unusual, isn't it?"

"Perhaps it is," she rejoined, hastily, detecting flashes of gathering wrath in Cotes's eyes, "but—Giuseppe is an unusual man."

"Ye-es, I've found him so. So unusual, in fact, that I'm taking him to the police station below here for examination."

"Arrested?" she gasped.

"N-no, not yet. But under suspicion. You see, I found him in my cellar."

"In your *cellar*!" Her dismay was unquestionably genuine, but only the man who had heard her parting words in Trent's garden could fully interpret it.

"*Si*," sullenly admitted Giuseppe. "I shova da coal. *Il padrone*, she tella me shova da coal." Bewildered by this turn of events, she looked to Pierce for an explanation, which he readily supplied.

"He insists that his *padrone* sent him to distribute my coal into bins, but, unfortunately for him, the *padrone*—Fred Jones—has just assured me over the phone that he didn't. In fact, he never heard of him."

"But—but—of course, there's a mistake somewhere! Barrett and Jones have so many employees, they can't possibly remember them all by name. This man—Giuseppe—is perfectly honest, but—you see, he speaks very little English. He has misunderstood."

"So I thought—until we met you. You must admit yourself that you complicate the situation. There's nothing in the spectacle of two men walking quietly along the street—one of them evidently a

day laborer—there's absolutely nothing in that to excite the alarm of a girl of your sort and make her demand an explanation, unless—" he paused a moment, looked fixedly at her, and concluded, "unless she expected to see that man come alone." Polly lifted a quick hand of warning, whether for him or for his companion Pierce could not decide, and when she spoke her manner was haughty, but her voice shook—possibly from anger, possibly from fear.

"I am Miss Vance," she stated. "Mr. Trent—Mr. Robert Trent—is my brother-in-law." Pierce looked a little startled and took off his hat. "I frequently come down to this corner at night to mail letters. This man is well known to all of us, and it was easy for any one who knew him to see that he was in trouble. Now I insist that you return with me to my brother-in-law's house and prove the truth of this."

"No, no, no!" objected Cotes. "*Non maka da troub' per il signor Trenta!* I go—I go poleesaman; *ma non maka da troub'*—"

"Be still, Giuseppe," said the girl, without removing her stern young gaze from Pierce's puzzled face. "I insist."

"It's quite unnecessary, Miss Vance," he courteously protested. "Of course I accept your statement, and I apologize. I beg your pardon. But it doesn't explain this fellow's presence in my cellar, does it?"

"I insist."

"Oh, very well! But this isn't real, you know." The editor laughed shortly. "It's comic opera."

Obedient to a glance from Cotes as they turned, Polly slipped to his left side. Pierce fell into place at his right, and they set off in silence for Trent's house. They had almost reached the gate, when something was heard to drop on the sidewalk. Giuseppe stooped quickly and picked up a legal envelope, which he handed to the girl.

"What's that?" demanded Pierce.

"That," replied Miss Vance, a curious lilt in her voice, "is a letter I had not mailed when you came along."

"There's some damned trick here!" exclaimed the newspaper man. "You had no letter in your hand!"

"Mr. Pierce!" very coldly.

"Ha! You know me, too! You knew that this man—"

"Most people in this city know you—by sight," she interrupted, in a tone that somehow made Pierce wince. Then she tucked the envelope under her arm, where the folds of the lace scarf she wore concealed it, and led the way with dignity to the house.

It had been her intention to take her companions into the library and send a servant for Trent, but it chanced that the company, about to disperse, had drifted into the big reception-hall, and she had no choice but to face them. She rapidly estimated the danger, and remembered that only one of the guests—a man who could be trusted to hold his tongue—knew Cotes at all well.

When Cotes's absence had been noticed, which was not until the men had made their tardy reappearance in the drawing-room, Polly had lightly explained it by saying that he had gone to do something for her, and would presently return—a statement which did not add to her sister's peace of mind. Mrs. Trent was further disquieted when Polly herself vanished; and when she saw the girl enter with the two men, her indignation against Cotes knew no bounds; for she alone, of all the party, recognized him at once, and she saw in the masquerade only an ill-timed attempt to be "funny." She was making her way toward them, wrath in her eye, when Polly spoke, in a clear, ringing voice that commanded instant attention from everybody.

"Lois! Bob!" she cried. "Here's Giuseppe Coppini being dragged off to jail under the most dreadful misapprehension! Do set it right for the poor fellow!"

Trent, who had his back toward her, turned sharply at the words.

"Here's who?" he asked.

"Ah, Signor Trenta!" poignantly exclaimed a voice he could not mistake. "*You no forgetta Giuseppe!*"

"The deuce!" ejaculated Trent, staring. "What's the matter?"

"You tella *il signore* me non bada man!" he was implored. "Me non steala! *Il padrone*, she tella me shova da—"

"That will do!" curtly interrupted the lawyer, whose eyes were ablaze. He, also, failed to perceive humor in the situation.

He turned toward Pierce, who immediately demanded:

"Do you know this man?"

"Yes,—I know him."

"Know him well?"

"Yes."

"Who is he?"

"He is—what you see,—and some other things. Why?"

"How long have you known him?"

"Several years."

"Is he honest?"

"*Absolutely.*"

"You are sure of that?"

"Perfectly."

"Ever seen him tested?"

"More than once."

No man ever doubted Robert Trent's word, and the tone of the editor's rapid questions was softening.

"You've never had any occasion to suspect him?"

"His honesty—never. His judgment seems to be—questionable, sometimes. Now, Mr. Pierce, may I interrupt your catechism long enough to learn what all this is about? I confess I am completely at a loss to understand it."

"I'm really very sorry to disturb you in the matter, Mr. Trent, especially at this hour and under these circumstances, but the young lady—Miss Vance—insisted, and—I had no idea you had guests." By this time Pierce's manner was apologetic. Trent nodded to him to continue.

While the editor briefly outlined the situation, Cotes glanced around the circle. In Mrs. Trent's cold face he read implacable anger, and the man who knew him winked at him in furtive enjoyment. The others, apparently, were giving absorbed attention to the merits of the case, with no suspicion that he was not what he seemed. He drew a long breath and resumed his anxious watching of Trent and Pierce. Trent's face was very stern.

"When we reached the corner below here," Pierce was saying, "Miss Vance came running toward us, asking what was the matter. In some curious way she had perceived that the Italian was in difficulty." Trent turned his troubled gaze to his sister-in-law and back to Pierce again. "I was naturally somewhat surprised by her sudden advent on the scene, but she explained that she chanced to be there mailing a letter."



Drawn by H. D. Stevens

"WE ARE UNDER-SOME OBLIGATION-TO GIUSEPPE. HE ONCE DID ME-A SERVICE"



"GO AND WASH YOUR FACE. THERE'S COAL-DUST ON IT!"

Was there a hint of mockery in the smooth, courteous tone? Again the lawyer looked at Polly.

"There is the letter," said she, handing him the envelope she held crushed in her hand.

Trent instantly saw two things, both of which he concealed from the editor; the envelope had no stamp, and it was addressed to Pierce in Lois's writing. He puzzled over it for a moment, then looked at Polly in startled inquiry, and she nodded slightly. Trent turned very pale.

"Yes? And then?" He seemed to speak with difficulty and crumpled the envelope in his grasp.

"Then she said that you all knew the man and could vouch for him, and insisted upon my bringing him over here."

"She did quite right. We are under—some obligation to Giuseppe. He once did me—a service—a great service. I assure you, Mr. Pierce, that the man is entirely trustworthy. The fact that you found him noisily at work and singing, making no effort to conceal his presence in your house, should go far, it seems to me, in establishing the innocence of his intent. How about that, Judge?"

"Quite right, Mr. Trent, quite right," assured the Justice. "In my opinion the man simply misunderstood his instructions, and—er—displayed a rather unusual excess of zeal in carrying them out."

"I trust you are satisfied, Mr. Pierce? If you miss anything as a result of this fellow's visit"—he laid a hand on Cotes's shoulder,—"*I'll be personally responsible.*"

"Me, too," volunteered the man who had winked.

"I've known him for years. Blacked my boots many a time, haven't you, Beppe?"

"A-ah! *Il signor Ca-larka!*" Giuseppe smiled, but his eyes conveyed a threat that might not be spoken, and Clark retired, choking with suppressed laughter.

"That being the case," said Pierce, "of course there's nothing more to say. I'm sorry to have troubled you."

While he and Trent were exchanging parting civilities at the door, Polly hurried Giuseppe toward a back hall, he volubly calling upon the whole calendar of saints to bless the house, the company, and all their families and connections. As he passed Mrs. Trent, he paused to offer her especially florid tribute, and she

bent upon him a gaze that left little doubt as to her unflattering opinion of him.

Once in the seclusion of the back hall, he took Polly in his arms and kissed her.

"We did it, little one," he murmured.

"Oh—oh—don't! Not yet! I mustn't cry—yet! Go up-stairs! Hurry! Fresh towels in the bath-room—Bob's chiffonier for anything else you need! Hurry!"

He took the back stairs three at a leap; and having paused for a moment's readjustment after that first kiss, Miss Vance returned to the hall, where the guests were excitedly discussing the dramatic little scene and asking questions about the handsome young Italian. Mrs. Trent looked at her sister once and bore down upon her without loss of time.

"Polly!" she exclaimed, in an indescribable tone. "Go and wash your face! There's coal-dust on it!"

Consequently, when Cotes presently appeared in his own person, wearing a collar and tie of Trent's, a humorous gleam behind his eye-glasses, his hostess refused to see him, nor could she understand why

her husband went in silence and wrung his hand. When, finally, the other guests had finished telling him what he had missed and had gone, she said, "Come, Polly," cast one pregnant glance at her husband, and would have left the room, had not Trent put his arm around her, detaining her.

"I don't think you quite understand, dear," said he. And then, very gently, they told her.

Much later, as Cotes was saying good night, Lois volunteered:

"By the way, Polly and I are going to Lenox when the leaves turn. Can't you arrange to come, too?"

"I thought you had other plans for Polly," suggested her husband, mischievously.

"I've changed them," she retorted.

But Cotes did not know until long after what was yielded to him in that moment, and went away to push a legal envelope under Pierce's door and to toss a roll of garments through the cellar window, which was still open.

The Deserted Farm

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

SO—am I spent? Can I bring no more to birth?
Worn with labor of bearing to your begetting,
My face is furrowed and seamed and my breasts are dearth—
Barren, dry, and only fit for forgetting.

Of all that my body bore ye have left me none;
None ye laid on my breast that I might hold them;
(Yea, and me, too, ye have sold to each passing one!)
Year by year ye snatched them away and sold them.

The little lives! They were mine when they were weak,
Stirring beneath my heart that gave them cover—
But ye tore them all from my arms. Now my head is bleak
And my bosom shrinks in the snow. Go to your lover!

Is she young, this bride of your age? Is she strong and fair
To cherish you as the Shunammite? Yet after,
Her heart is wild and her blood is hot; have care
Lest her new-found smile but turn to a harlot's laughter!

A Child at the Siege of Vicksburg

BY WILLIAM W. LORD, JR.

MY first knowledge of the siege of Vicksburg was gained in sitting all night on a pile of coal, which had been overspread with rugs and blankets, in the cellar of Christ Church. My father was then rector of this church, and to its cellar he took his family for refuge when the opening fire of the Union fleet was turned upon the forts and town.

With the deep but muffled boom of the guns reaching us at intervals in our underground retreat, my mother and sisters huddling around me upon the coal-heap, my father, in clerical coat, and a red smoking-cap on his head, seated on an empty cask and looking delightfully like a pirate (for I knew nothing of cardinals in those days), our negro servants crouching terror-stricken, moaning and praying in subdued tones in a neighboring coal-bin, and all lighted by the fitful glow of two or three tallow candles, the war became to me for the first time a reality, and not the fairy-tale it had hitherto seemed.

The next day, taking advantage of a cessation in the bombardment, our entire household, excepting only my father, who remained in the city as chaplain of the First Mississippi Brigade and rector of Christ Church, departed for Flowers's plantation near the Big Black River, where shelter and entertainment had been offered us in anticipation of the shelling of the city. Our most valued household effects, including my father's library, reputed to be the most scholarly and largest private collection in the Southwest, followed us in a canvas-covered army wagon. The family silver, however, destined to other strange vicissitudes later, we buried under the grass-grown sod of the churchyard, which was laid out in parklike fashion, and was in no sense a cemetery or graveyard.

Mr. Flowers—a patriarchal bachelor of the old school—gave us a planter's cor-

dial welcome. The suite of apartments placed at our disposal was on the first floor of the family mansion, opening upon the cool and roomy reception-hall, and fronting on three sides upon a wide piazza which ran entirely around the house.

Here we were most pleasantly domiciled, to remain undisturbed, as my father hoped, as long as the siege should last.

But I was not destined long to enjoy the delights of this plantation paradise. My mother was so constituted that when separated from those she loved her imagination constantly drew the most painfully realistic pictures of possible disaster. As she was of a high-strung temperament, this continual agonizing in an atmosphere of apprehended misfortune so told upon her health that my father reluctantly gave his consent to our return to the city.

On our return journey to Vicksburg we rode in state in the Flowers's family carriage, but left behind us, alas! the priceless library, our household treasure of art and bric-à-brac, and the greater part of my mother's dainty wardrobe; all, by the courteous permission of our host, stored, safely, as we supposed, in the apartments we had occupied on the ground floor of the plantation mansion. As it happened, this was about the worst possible disposal of our treasures.

Our home-coming—if so it could be called, for we were not to return to the rectory, but to occupy temporary quarters in what may be termed a communal cave—took place during a suspension of active hostilities. Such suspensions fortunately occurred at frequent intervals, and gave much-needed breathing spells and opportunities for outdoor exercise to the inhabitants of the beleaguered city. This cave was one of many dug in the hillsides of Vicksburg for the shelter of non-combatants. It was shaped like the prongs of a garden rake, the five



Drawn by Howard Pyle

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

THE SHELL

excavations from the street or road all terminating in a long central gallery, so that in case any one of them should collapse escape could be made through the inner cave and its other branches. The entrance galleries at either end were reserved for servants and cooking purposes, and the intervening galleries and inner central gallery were occupied as family dormitories, separated from each other by such flimsy partition of boards, screens, and hangings as could be devised.

In caves of this description a common danger abolished the unwritten law of caste. The families of planters, overseers, slave-dealers, tradespeople, and professional men dwelt side by side, in peace if not in harmony. By common consent a narrow passageway was kept always open beside the tentlike dormitories, and in the main cave a central space was set apart as common meeting-ground. Here children played while their mothers sewed by candle-light or gossiped, and men fresh from trench or hospital gave news of the troubled outside world to spellbound listeners. Public prayer also was here daily offered for a swift deliverance from the perils of the siege. My father's duties as both chaplain and rector required him to leave the cave each morning and to be gone all day, and we only knew him to be safe when he returned at night.

To me, at first, before the novelty of it all wore off, this gnomelike life was the *Arabian Nights* made real. Ali Baba's forty thieves and the genii of the ring and lamp lurked in the unexplored regions of the dimly lighted caves; and the sound of a guitar here, a hymn there, and a negro melody somewhere else, all coming to us from among swaying Oriental draperies, sent me off at night to fairyland on the magic rug of Bagdad, which is a part of every well-trained boy's dream equipment. But squalling infants, family quarrels, and the noise of general discord were heard at intervals with equal distinctness.

These discomforts, supplemented by the odor of stale food in the heavy, earth-laden atmosphere of the overcrowded caves, so offended my mother's sensibilities that, persuaded by her, my father caused a private cave for the exclusive use of his own family to be constructed

in one of the hills behind the Military Hospital. Here, under the shadow of the yellow hospital flag which, antedating that of the Red Cross Society, was held sacred by all gunners in modern warfare, it was believed we should be comparatively safe.

There were matters even more serious than my mother's sensibilities to impel my father to remove his family to new and safer quarters. From the mortarguns of the besieging fleet were thrown bombshells weighing three hundred pounds and as large around as the head of a flour-barrel, which in exploding often tore open a hole in the ground as deep and wide as the cellar of a cottage.

One of these bombshells, falling upon the summit of the hill containing our group of caves, detached a great mass of crumbling earth from one side of the roof of the main gallery at its central point. In its fall this mass crushed a young woman to the floor of the cave, and she would undoubtedly have been killed had it not been for the heroism of a visiting artilleryman. This brave fellow broke the force of the falling earth by throwing himself forward and with his shoulder diverting it slightly in its course. So the girl's life was saved, at the expense to him of a badly bruised arm and shoulder, which he counted nothing. Soon afterwards the mouth of one of the entrance caves collapsed under similar circumstances, and, as it happened, cut off from the rest of us my father and several others who were standing outside. My father's powerful voice, audible above the roaring avalanche of earth, as he shouted "All right! Nobody hurt!" quickly reassured us. But after these narrow escapes there was no longer a feeling of security even in the more deeply excavated portions of the caves.

Another incident awakened all of my mother's fears for the safety of her little brood. During one of the intervals between bombardments the mother of a charming boy about three years old sat watching him at play near the entrance to the caves, when suddenly and furiously the fleet again opened fire upon the city. Amid the booming of guns and the screaming of Parrott shells the startled mother ran from the shelter of the cave to bring into safety her baby boy. But



SHIRLEY HOUSE

Showing entrenchments and caves as they appeared after the siege

the child, grown accustomed to the sound of the guns, knew no fear. Playing in the sunshine among the few straggling daisies along the roadside, he danced like a butterfly from point to point and laughed at his mother's vain attempts to catch and hold him, while in blissful ignorance he played tag with death. With a sudden rush the frantic mother caught him with one hand, but, screaming with delight at his escape, he broke away and fell sprawling near by upon the grass. In that very instant a shell exploded where he had stood a moment before, and it shattered his mother's outstretched arm and hand. This woman refused to call the loss of her hand and arm a misfortune, because, as she explained, if she had retained her hold upon the child he surely would have been killed.

Urged by these threatening and tragic incidents, my father pushed the work on our private cave night and day, when with his own reverend hands he plied spade and pick in this work of urgent necessity. So in a short time the cave was ready for occupancy. We were transferred from one cave-dwelling to the other in the small hours of the morning, while

guns and gunners rested, so that of the change I knew nothing.

The camp of the staff officers of a Missouri brigade was within sight of our new cave, and they proved to be, all of them, clever, merry gentlemen, who in defence of State rights had come South as a matter of patriotic principle, and were proportionately devoted to the Cause. They spent most of their leisure evenings in the cave, making its gloomy recesses echo with songs and laughter. By candlelight they carved silhouettes of our faces and their own in the soft clay walls, and made artistic niches and shrinelike shelves in which to place candles, books, or vases of flowers. They sang in gleeful parody of the old-time song, "Then Let the Old Folks Scold if They Will":

Then let the big guns boom if they will.
We'll be gay and happy still,
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
We'll be gay and happy still.

"Dixie," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Maryland, My Maryland" were, of course, prime favorites, sung with patriotic zest by all except my father, who could not sing a note.

Our friends from Missouri had for their mess cook a Swede named Tallien, who was so arrant a coward that some desperate necessity must have driven him to enlist. This old man, in his shirt-sleeves, as usual, was one day busily engaged among his pots and pans, when a shell burst near the cooking-tent, and a small piece of it struck the thick curly hair of a handsome young officer who was standing near by, seriously wounding him, but so numbing all sensation that he did not at the moment realize that he was hurt. Another piece of the shell grazed the cook's back just below the shoulder-blades, so neatly that it cut through his suspenders and shirt without drawing blood. Throwing himself upon the ground in abject terror and writhing in apparent agony, Tallien gave vent to such dismal howls that we all ran from the cave to his assistance, fearing that he was mortally injured.

The wounded officer also, dazed as he was, sought instinctively to help the unscathed cook, but in making the effort he fell unconscious and was hurried to the hospital, where, as the result of his wound, he lost his handsome curly hair and later his eyesight, but afterwards, as we were delighted to learn, strangely enough he recovered both.

Tallien, on the contrary, never recovered from the panic into which he was thrown by having his suspenders cut by a fragment of shell. He received no other apparent injury, but soon died.

While our new cave seemed small compared with the one from which we had moved, it amply served our purpose. Shaped like the letter "L," it had two entrances, or, rather, an entrance cave of considerable length connected by an inner gallery with a shorter cut in the hillside which served as an exit or rear

entrance and was open to the sky. The cave was remarkably well ventilated and dry, as it was dug in the side of a well-drained hill behind the Military Hospital. The yellow flag which floated over that mansion of mercy, and which we had hoped would prove a safeguard from all shells, did not fully meet that expectation. Whether it was because shells could be thrown into our little valley without endangering the hospital I do not know; but I am certain that if as many shells fell in and around the hospital grounds as fell above and around the cave, the hospital was far from being a place of safety. Fortunately a majority of these shells were of



ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE CAVE REFUGES

Mrs Lord

I will certainly keep
your cow as long as I can.
I am going now to see
Major Gillespie.

If the worst comes
you shall have a portion
of the Beef and good pay.
Military necessity shall only
take your cow - Very Respectfully
Yours
Junc 9th 1863 N. G. Watts

A RELIC OF THE DAYS WHEN FAMINE THREATENED

The above note written to the author's mother during the siege reads as follows: "Mrs. Lord, I will certainly keep your cow as long as I can. I am going now to see Major Gillespie. If the worst comes you shall have a portion of the beef and good pay. Military necessity shall only take your cow. Very respectfully, your obt. servant, N. G. Watts"

the smaller sort, with their force fairly spent before they reached us. If one of the huge bombshells from the mortar-boats had fallen and exploded on the summit of our little hill, it would probably have put an end both to our cave-dwelling and to ourselves.

As it was, two of these iron monsters fell in a neighboring field about half a mile distant. Then, exploding almost simultaneously and only a few feet apart, they seemed to shake the very foundations of the earth. My mother, with my youngest sister, then about four years old, witnessed this double explosion. It tore a great hole in the earth, into which a team of oxen might readily have been driven, and filled the air with flames, smoke, and dust. Although horror-stricken herself, my mother said to her frightened child:

"Don't cry, my darling. God will protect us."

"But, mamma," sobbed the little girl, "I's so 'fraid God's killed, too!"

We soon became familiar with the sound of those shells that gave warning of their approach, and expert in seeking the shelter of the cave when we heard them coming through the air. The cone-shaped Parrott shell, our most frequent visitor, fortunately could be heard a long distance off, and so gave time for flight to our underground home.

Rifle-bullets made of lead and shaped like miniature beehives occasionally found their way into our valley among the larger shot and shell. These little messengers of death were called "Minié balls," and as they whistled past made a peculiar beelike sound, strangely in keep-

rectly in his path, leaving him a mangled corpse by the roadside, while my father stood unharmed where he had called to his friend to stop.

The church of which my father was rector was the only church in Vicksburg—with the exception of the Roman Catholic cathedral—where services were held throughout the siege. Daily, in the absence of sexton and vestry, the rector opened the church, rang the bell, robed himself in priestly garb, and took his place behind the chancel rail. Then, with the deep boom of cannon taking the place of organ notes and the shells of the besieging fleet bursting around the sacred edifice, he preached the gospel of eternal peace to an assemblage of powder-grimed and often blood-stained soldiery, than whom, I have heard him say, there never were more devout or attentive auditors. And this I know, that while destruction and desolation lay all around and about the church and its shell-strewn grounds, not even sparing the adjacent rectory, the ivy-clad tower, although a conspicuous landmark and therefore desirable as a target for Porter's gunners, was never struck by shot or shell.

Soon after we took possession of our valley came an amusing incident occurred. The hill which partly walled in our little valley shut out from our view the hospital buildings, but not the yellow hospital flag, which floated from a lofty flag-staff upon the summit of the hill itself. This spot was most readily reached from the public road by a narrow foot-path, which ran along the top of a high embankment. A Sister of Charity from one of the city convents, guided by a negro boy and returning from an errand of mercy among the wounded soldiers, met midway on this narrow path a convalescent corporal, who gallantly saluted and stood at attention to let the Sister pass; but as she was about to do so a shell of the smaller kind, with a slowly burning fuse, fell in the pathway at his feet. This proved too much for the corporal's equanimity and equilibrium. For a moment he stood, a statue of horrified surprise; then, falling backward, he rolled down the sloping side of the embankment to pusillanimous safety. Hardly had he disappeared when the negro boy stooped, seized the smouldering

shell, and pitched it far out from the other side of the embankment, where it harmlessly exploded in mid-air before it could reach the ground.

"Why did you not do that at once?" asked the trembling Sister. "The moment you waited might have cost us all our lives."

"Laws! Miss Sister Seraphena," replied the black hero, "I's got too much respec' fur white folks fur to do a t'ing like dat while dar was a white gemmun standin' dar!"

My father witnessed the death of the last man killed by a cannon-ball in Vicksburg; and, strange to say, an investigation showed that the shot came from a gun of one of the city batteries fired wantonly and at random toward the town itself. The victim was an orderly, and stood holding an officer's horse on the main street of the city. Even as my father watched him, admiring his erect and soldierly bearing, the ball struck the orderly's head from his shoulders and left the headless trunk, still holding the reins of the horse and standing as erect and soldierlike as when alive. The noiseless cannon-ball had so quietly done its deadly work that the horse took no alarm, but stood as still as the corpse that held it. In a moment the men on the street rushed to the spot, and the horse then reared in affright and the body fell to the pavement. To my father it seemed an almost interminable length of time that the dead soldier held the living horse, whereas in reality it was the matter of a few seconds; but it was long enough for the horror of it all to become an ineffaceable memory.

The newspapers, which now appeared printed on the blank side of wall-papers of varied colors and designs, the supply of white paper having become exhausted without the possibility of replenishment, at last unwillingly admitted that the city was threatened with famine. Fabulous prices were asked and paid for all kinds of food. Our own supply of provisions was reduced to a half-barrel of meal and about the same quantity of sugar; so that, like every one else, we began to look forward with anxiety to what might await us in the near future. That the army's commissariat was also at a low ebb was

demonstrated by the single "hardtack," or army cracker, and small bit of salt pork issued daily as a ration to the soldiers in the ranks, together with the general order that all government mules be butchered and served to the men as an extra ration to prevent scurvy and starvation. As it was, wounds and sickness had brought to the hospital six thousand of the less than thirty thousand defenders of the city.

After this there was talk among the soldiers of feasting upon cats and dogs, and many seriously expressed their willingness to undergo the experiences of the defenders of Londonderry, where the besieged ate strips of rawhide and leather, rather than yield a city which was the key to the Mississippi Valley, and which would give the North the freedom of a great waterway penetrating the very heart and centre of the Southwestern States. But alas for the realization of such extreme heroism! Whether General Pemberton was better advised than were the citizens and soldiers of Vicksburg regarding the impossibility of relief from the outside, or whether, as was believed by many of his own men, he was too fastidious in the matter of his diet to relish the prospect of cat and dog ragouts or strips of leather made into soup, he surrendered the city on the Fourth of July, 1863, to General Grant.

Strangely sentimental for a man of his phlegmatic temperament, the Union general insisted, under the threat of "no terms otherwise," upon the humiliation of a surrender on Independence Day by an army of heroic men, many of them descended from those who had suffered with Washington at Valley Forge and triumphed with him at Yorktown. Bearded veterans, behind the guns of the fortifications and in the trenches, wept bitter tears and cursed their commander for a coward and a traitor when they heard what he had done.

Under the very favorable terms of capitulation named by General Grant, in accepting which General Pemberton, as we see now, acted sensibly, although it cost him dearly in popularity, the Confederate army of defence was paroled, all officers retaining side-arms, and soon began to disperse and return homeward. In their knapsacks the men of the rank

and file, now waifs of war, carried for the first time in many months ample rations, pressed upon them by a hospitable and admiring foe. Men who, to tantalize the starving Confederate soldiers, had shaken well-filled coffee-pots and inviting morsels of food in grim derision, and in the face of death, across the embattled trenches, now vied with each other in seeing that their former enemy was laden with such good food and luxuries as had not been enjoyed since the capture of the well-provisioned Union camps and wagon trains at Shiloh.

This spirit of brotherly appreciation for a brave though fallen foe was reflected in the men from the qualities of their heroic leader, General Grant, who, paradoxical as it may seem, was even then a popular conquering general. He suppressed with an iron hand looting, violence, and vandalism. He collected and listed all stolen goods which could be found among his men, and placarded the city and surrounding country with a proclamation calling upon all citizens who had been despoiled to call at headquarters and identify and reclaim their property. We learned this, however, too late to save our own effects. If they had been stored in the cellars of the church they would have remained intact.

A group of camp-followers invaded the Flowers plantation; and though they left the homestead standing, they destroyed all within it which they could not take away.

The story of the destruction of our household goods and of my mother's wardrobe, as told by one of the Flowers's family servants, is worth relating as an illustration of the barbarous methods resorted to by these unofficered and lawless men.

Our trunks were broken open. Then arraying themselves in my mother's dainty gowns and wraps, the men indulged in a devil's dance around a tree upon the lawn, tearing the garments from each other, one by one, amid ribald shouts and songs. With the butt ends of muskets, pictures, mirrors, and bric-à-brac were shattered, while curtains, rugs, and carpets were slashed and torn into shreds by sabres and bayonets.

A huge plantation wagon was loaded with my father's invaluable library, and

with less respect for literature than was shown by the Turks at the taking of Constantinople the contents were scattered broadcast upon the muddy road between Flowers's plantation and the Big Black River, so that for a mile and a half, as we were told, one might have walked on books. Some of the less-damaged books were afterwards gathered from the roadside, and with the mud stains still upon them they are preserved to-day.

All of this, I believe, might have been prevented if our former host had remained at home upon his plantation instead of taking to the woods, which he did upon the first news of the fall of Vicksburg. Men who wantonly destroy are presumably cowards, and if Mr. Flowers had been at hand to confront the marauders, the dread of his identifying them before their silent and iron-willed commander, General Grant, as violators of an imperative order against looting and wanton destruction, would probably have saved both his property and our own.

We found the rectory in deplorable condition. A bombshell had exploded in the centre of the dining-room, completely demolishing the table spread for our guests of the officers' mess; and tearing away the roof of the apartment, it had made a hole in the floor six feet deep and twelve feet in circumference. Not a vestige of the table or its contents was ever found, except two or three solid glass saltcellars, such as were used in those days. It seemed as though the table and all else that was on it had been blown into dust and atoms and dissipated by the winds. In the library a solid shot had torn its way through the side wall directly above a settee. As it happened, my father, with two of his friends among the officers, was seated upon this settee, discussing the folly of dodging while under fire, when this particular cannon-ball crashed through the wall just above their heads and caused them all to dodge, and one of the officers to fall upon his hands and knees. None was hurt, though all were powdered with splintered wood and crumbled plaster.

My father, though a Northern man by birth, had spent the greater part of his young manhood in ministering to the people of the South, "for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness and in health"; so that he felt spiritually wedded to them as the people of his adoption, and morally obliged to remain with them in the time of their most urgent necessity and direst trouble.

When, therefore, General Grant, who knew and highly esteemed my father's brother, an eminent St. Louis judge, urged upon my father passes and passports to St. Louis, where he was assured that a loving welcome awaited himself and family at my uncle's home, my father asked instead for passports which would enable him to enter again the Confederate lines, where his duty clearly lay. In compliance with this request, General Grant, who admired courageous persistence in the fulfilment of duty, not only gave the passports, but obtained passage for us all by river boat to New Orleans, and thence on a steamer to the middle Gulf, where, under a flag of truce, a Confederate gunboat would be met with proposals from Mobile, Alabama, relative to an exchange of certain prisoners of war. Carrying our wearing apparel and unearthened family silver, but with all else of value converted, alas! into Confederate money, we embarked, in pursuance of these plans, upon a Mississippi River steamboat transferring to New Orleans sick and wounded Confederate soldiers for whom there was no room in the overcrowded hospitals of Vicksburg.

As we stepped aboard the boat which was to bear us on toward the unknown experiences that awaited us during the death struggles of the Confederacy, a group of our loving friends and my father's devoted parishioners waved us a sad farewell from the wharf-boat; and as we swung from the shore amid the songs of negro "roustabouts," now no longer slaves, we became, without realizing all the hardships and bitterness the word implied, refugees adrift upon the hopeless current of a losing Cause.

The Travelling Sister

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

THE Allerton sisters lived in a grand but very lonely old mansion on the side of Allerton Mountain. Allertonville, a white-steepled little village, lay in the valley below. Everything pertained to the Allertons as if they had belonged to a feudal family, and as if their old mansion-house had been a castle. Indeed, the name of Allerton had been a great one in all the countryside. They had been "college-learned," as the village people expressed it, and they had had great possessions. Now, however, the possessions had dwindled sadly. The males of the family were all gone; women had preponderated during the last two generations, and women like those of the Allerton stock are not financiers. For that matter the males had not distinguished themselves in increasing their assets; neither had they been good economists. Most of their riches had come through inheritance. The family had been wealthy collaterally, as well as in the direct line. Streams of gold and silver had poured in from all sides as one Allerton after another had passed away and left earthly riches behind. But now the springs of wealth had all run dry. There was no more coming, and that in hand was slowly but steadily diminishing.

The Allerton ladies pinned their faith upon their lawyer, John H. Fields. He and his father before him had had charge of the Allerton fortunes. The Allertons esteemed him as most reliable, and in a sense he was. Nobody could question his honesty; but how much could a little average-brained man who had been born in Allertonville and lived there to old age know of the maelstrom of Wall Street and the strange catastrophes, seemingly far removed from all possible connection with three elderly ladies and their fortune, but which nevertheless had a dire influence upon them? To his dying day John H. Fields would never understand why when a certain speculative stock de-

clined, in which he had not invested and of which he had scarcely heard, an investment of bonds which he had always considered most conservative passed dividends. Mr. Fields dreaded telling the Allerton ladies.

However, on the day following the notice in the New York paper he drove slowly up Allerton Mountain. His tall gray horse took his own gait, nodding at every step. John held the lines loosely and leaned back in his buggy. He was unmarried, and there was always a certain male coquettishness about him when he called upon the Allerton sisters, although he had no dreams whatever concerning them. John H. Fields had never thought seriously of marrying anybody. He was born to his own rut, with a scared, rabbitlike imagination for all outside. Still, he was at times involuntarily coquettish. This afternoon he wore a nice little gray alpaca coat which exactly matched his gray trousers. His linen shone. He wore the neatest of little black satin ties, glossy little shoes, a gleaming white hat, and, like the precious high light of it all, a perfect white rosebud was tucked in his buttonhole. His narrow, clean-cut face was clean shaven, and the hair at the sides of his head was like a shade of silver. He usually had an expression of blank peering serenity, as meaningless as the light upon the bowl of a silver spoon, but now his forehead was contracted and his eyes were speculative.

It was the second week of an unusually hot June. There had been no rain.

The wayside weeds hung like limp rags, all powdered with dust. Dust came up in little smokelike puffs from under his horse's hoofs. Fields glanced complacently at his gray attire, which would not show dust, then he thought of the passed dividends, of those railroad bonds, and frowned again. He knew to a dollar the extent of his clients' income—that is, with one exception,—and he

feared lest this decrease might interfere with their summer programme. He passed slowly up the mountain. The road wound; still it was steep in places. Great patches of dark wet appeared upon the sides of the horse. Fields drew out a clean handkerchief and, without disturbing the folds, carefully wiped his face, which was slightly flushed. That was just before he reached the avenue of pine trees leading to the Allerton house. When he drove beneath the high-plumed branches, and heard their far-away murmur, and the torrid glare of the road was left for a vista of cool purplish green, he drew a long breath. People generally drew long breaths of relief when they entered that pine avenue upon a hot day. Fields could see at the end the white Doric pillars of the house: a large Colonial edifice, all shining with fresh white paint. The house had been newly painted that spring. The lawyer thought uneasily that it might have been deferred for another year, had he anticipated those passed dividends, and then the summer plans of Miss Camille and Miss Susanne Allerton need not have been disturbed.

The wide veranda under the Doric pillars was clean swept and vacant. There were two heads at the two front windows on the left side of the front door. They nodded with dignified grace as he passed. He knew that there was another head at a side window, that of Miss Hélène Allerton, the youngest of the three sisters. He did not think uneasily of her as being affected by the passed dividends, because she had her own little private fortune in her own right, inherited from the aunt for whom she had been named. Miss Hélène had dealt with another lawyer with regard to that inheritance—a lawyer in a little city ten miles away. John H. had never known its exact extent nor how it was invested. There was in consequence a slight feeling of coldness on his part toward Miss Hélène.

When he had driven into the barn with its arched door, and the old man who with his wife were the only servants in attendance had tied his horse, and received instructions to give him sparingly of water when he was somewhat cooled, John took out his folded handkerchief again, gave a little flick at his smooth

face, another at his coat fronts, another at his knees, then passed around to the front door, and clanged decorously with the knocker. Neither Miss Susanne nor Miss Camille moved their heads again. Their white right hands flashed up as regularly as mowers mowing in line. The wife of the serving-man answered the knock. She was small and wizened, with an unmistakably Irish gleam in her blue eyes, and her fair skin was as freckled as a baby's. Her name was Bridget O'Haligan, and her husband's name was Pat O'Haligan. The ladies called her Brigitte, with a soft flop of accent upon the last syllable. Her husband's name, being hopeless, they had metamorphosed entirely. They called him Louis. There was in the Allerton family an affectation so harmless and to the village people so unique that it compelled respect, even admiration. They affected—all the Allertons had done so for years, and the three sisters did likewise—a French pose toward the rest of humanity. The family tree framed in dull gold hung in the hall, and upon one of the stiff branches perched a long-dead collateral ancestor who bore a French name. Upon the strength of this one alien element, which distinguished them especially from all about, the Allertons had based their little affectation. The ladies all spoke French, it was said, with a remarkably pure accent. It was confidently repeated that the sisters could live in France and never be mistaken for Americans. Hélène was reported to have been many times in France, and nobody had ever found her out.

This harmless affectation had endured long in the Allerton family. Many branches of the tree bore French Christian names, uniformly accented upon the last syllable. The father of the three sisters had been Honoré. There had been another sister, Lucille, who had died when a very young girl. Her pretty name was near her father's upon a lower branch of the tree, and one could fancy her as a very small bird fluttering hence down to her little grave beneath another tree which wept every spring with long tears of gold-green.

When Fields entered the parlor, the long parlor with its six windows—the Allerton ladies had always wished to call

it the salon, but had never quite dared make such an innovation,—there was distinctly evident what seemed a slight foreign element. A steel-engraving of Napoleon was conspicuous upon the wall which caught the best light. There were also steel-engravings of Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin, and many of French nobodies in particular, characterized by high curled coiffures, sidewise wreaths of rosebuds, and looped flowered skirts. The faded paper was done in a pattern of flower-baskets tied together with knots of silver ribbon. The furniture was upholstered in dim satin of a First Empire pattern, and its shape was First Empire. The floor was a polished wood, with an old French carpet slipping about in the centre; there were Sèvres vases filled with roses on the tables and shelf, and candlesticks of French make stood on either side of the French clock.

There was about the Allerton ladies themselves, American born and bred as they were, something strangely foreign. They did not quite venture upon the high powdered pompadours of the ladies upon their walls, but their gray locks were marvellously puffed and piled above their high delicate temples, under which their black eyes flashed with youthful fire, although they were past youth, even the youngest of them. There was not much difference in their ages. As girls the Allerton sisters had been poetically likened by admirers to three roses upon one stem. They were unmistakably of the same family; all had the same high, thin cast of aristocratic face, with delicate nostrils, small, sweetly compressed mouths, and pointed chins. All had long slender hands with very pointed finger-tips. All had very pointed tips of tiny feet; all sat erect in tightly laced stays, with wide, carefully disposed skirts. All wore frills of lace around their throats, fastened with amethysts and pearls in old French settings. These jewels had come down to them from that long-dead French ancestor upon the family tree, who had scattered his gems upon posterity when he left the world, and strewn the dark of his passing with pearly and purple and golden gleams. There was a tradition that these old jewels had belonged to a French duchess whom the Allertons rather blushed to mention, al-

though they were secretly proud at the idea of possessing gems once worn by so doubtfully honored a dame. The youngest sister, Hélène, wore amethysts set in silver, and a broad gold bracelet with a wonderful coral cameo almost covered the turn of her slender wrist as she sewed. All three sisters embroidered industriously after they had formally greeted their family lawyer. People in Allertonville were always speculating concerning this embroidery. They wondered what it was, and if it was ever finished. Miss Susanne embroidered in white upon fine linen; Miss Camille, also in white upon fine linen; Miss Hélène, always in colored silks upon blue satin.

Miss Hélène had been unlike her sisters in one respect. They had been lovely and graceful, with an air of high breeding, but she had been a great beauty. She was in her own way a great beauty still. Her face retained its charming contour, its satin complexion, its expression of that indescribable sweetness which confirms beauty in its possessor. She wore a gown of ancient, faintly flowered silk. Her arms were round and fair, and her lace-trimmed sleeves fell away from them as she embroidered. A wonderful great pearl gleamed upon the third finger of her left hand.

That was the only ring which she ever wore, and with it was connected the romance of her life: the one romance, although she had been sought in marriage by many. She had loved and been betrothed to a young clergyman, who had been consumptive, and gone to the south of France to recover his health, and died. It was a very simple romance, but she had never had another, and she had worn her young lover's ring all these years. Her life had been apparently quite peaceful and contented. If the Allerton ladies ever rebelled at their lots, they accepted them with dignity. With all their pride in their French lineage, they evinced nothing of French emotionalism. They were staid and sedate under all vicissitudes; no mortal had ever seen one of them shed a tear since she was a child. They never laughed with abandon.

After John H. Fields had told the ladies about the passed dividends, Miss Camille took another careful stitch, and also Miss Susanne and Miss Hélène.



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THE SISTERS DISCOURSE, OF THE WEATHER AND KINDRED TOPICS



Fields was sitting in an old embroidered chair, his stick in his hand, leaning forward upon it. He had left his hat in the hall, but he had clung to his stick. His masculine nature required some slight material support, although, after all, he had known exactly how his clients would receive his news. There was not the slightest evidence of disturbance in one of them. Only, after a pause Miss Hélène remarked: "The directors are taking advantage of the panic, and are keeping the revenues for themselves this quarter. They will not dare to pass next quarter." Miss Hélène was the one of them who read the newspapers and drew her own deductions, sometimes caustic. This caustic estimate of outside proceedings was the only indication which she ever gave of her possible discontent with her own monotony of life. Fields hastened, although with much deference, to give her his own views. "They state that the passing of dividends is caused by necessary improvements," he said.

Miss Hélène nodded and set another stitch. "No doubt," said she, "necessary improvements in the country houses of the directors or the purchase of new motor-cars. Their expenses must be heavy. They will not pass dividends next quarter, sisters."

"It will not inconvenience us in the least," said Camille, with dignity.

"Not in the least," said Miss Susanne.

Then the maid servant entered, bearing a great silver tray laden with egg-shell cups and saucers, a silver basket with golden squares of sponge-cake, and a solid silver teapot, creamer, and sugar-bowl. Miss Hélène arose and seated herself at a little mahogany tea-table covered with a damask cloth, whose rose pattern gleamed like frosted silver, and poured tea.

When all were sipping tea and nibbling cake, the maid almost slyly removed the lid from a great Indian china rose-jar which stood under the mantel, and immediately it seemed as if there were another presence in the room: the multiple ghost, many-winged and many-songed, of old summers. This was the usual proceeding after the guest was served with tea. The little lawyer made no sign of noticing it, but he inhaled the strange spicy odor with content. If

he had let himself go, there was about him something of the sybarite, but he had never let himself go and never would.

The sisters discoursed of the weather and kindred topics, and did not mention the passed dividends until Fields arose. Then Miss Camille said, serenely,

"I suppose, of course, then, it is settled that we are not to expect our usual returns from that investment on the first of July?"

"I fear not," stammered the lawyer. "I am sorry, but, as you know, it is one of the old investments which your father before you, and my father before me, favored. I trust it will make no difference in your plans."

"Not at all," said Miss Hélène, in her sweet, slightly decisive voice. "Not at all. My sisters will go to Hopton Springs as usual during the first week of next month. I shall be entirely able to supply funds from my inheritance."

Miss Camille's face visibly brightened. Miss Susanne looked sharply at her sister, then she smiled. "Thank you, dear Hélène," said she.

The lawyer also looked relieved. "I am very glad," he said, and made his stiff adieux, got into his buggy, and drove away down the avenue. When by himself a smirk which his face had worn relaxed. He said to himself how foolish he had been to even dream that ladies like the Allerton sisters would receive unpleasant news unpleasantly. He had a great admiration for them; at the same time he was happy to get away from them. He had, as always when with them, experienced a strain as of standing upon his spiritual tiptoes.

But on their parts the Allerton sisters also relaxed. That pose, of so long standing that it was hardly a pose at all, but their natural attitude of self-restraint and dignity, vanished. Miss Camille looked at Susanne and Susanne looked at her; both faces wore expressions of anxiety. Then they looked at Hélène. She regarded them with her sweet, benevolent smile, which had in it a hint of whimsicality and disdain of the minor tribulations of life. Hélène's smile had always been of that character since she had lost her lover in her early youth. Everything after that had seemed very small to her. Therefore she was indif-

ferent in the face of all little worries, and she defied them, armed as she was with her knowledge of, and survival of, greater.

"Hélène," said Susanne.

"Hélène," said Camille.

"Well, sisters?" returned Hélène.

"It is not right for you to spare that money that we may go as usual to Hopton Springs," said Susanne.

"No, it is not," repeated Camille; but she flushed evidently as she spoke, and both Susanne and Hélène laughed softly.

"What will Major Bryant do if you are not there?" inquired Hélène.

"Yes," said Susanne, "what will he do?"

"There are plenty of other ladies at Hopton Springs," responded Camille, softly, but her flush deepened. "He will have no difficulty in finding a partner at bezique. I for one will never consent to take your money," said Camille.

"Nor I," said Susanne.

"I fear it will deprive you of your summer vacation," said Camille.

"Yes, I also fear that," said Susanne.

Both spoke with a slightly unpleasant emphasis. Hélène had always been as reticent with regard to her summer vacations as with regard to her inheritance. She always told her sisters upon their return from Hopton Springs that she also had been enjoying a very pleasant outing, but she never said where she had been, and both Camille and Susanne were too proud to inquire. They agreed that it was not as if Hélène were a young girl. "She is nearly as old as I am," Camille would remark.

"And there is only a very slight difference between your age and mine," Susanne would rejoin. "Hélène is of years of discretion; besides, she is an Allerton and a lady and our own sister. It is inconceivable that—"

"Yes, it is inconceivable," Camille would hasten to say, with severity. "I am surprised that you should—"

"I did not, Camille," Susanne would assure her. "Of course Hélène goes to some perfectly genteel place befitting a lady and an Allerton."

"Of course," said Camille.

However, although they always arrived at an apparently satisfied conclusion concerning Hélène's plans for the summer,

there was always an undercurrent of dissent and annoyance in the minds of the elder sisters. Hélène never seemed to be aware of it. She responded now as serenely as ever.

"It will not make the slightest change in my plans, I assure you, sisters," she said.

Both Camille and Susanne brightened visibly.

"Will you go away yourself as usual? Can you afford it?" asked Camille, eagerly.

"I certainly can," replied Hélène. She smiled, and her smile was at once whimsical, sweet, and patient. She folded her embroidery and arose. "It is time for me to superintend Brigitte about dinner," she said, and went out of the room, trailing her whispering flowered silk skirt.

When the door had closed softly after her—an Allerton sister had never in her life closed a door otherwise than softly,—Camille and Susanne looked at one another.

"Dear Hélène is very kind," said Susanne.

"Yes," responded Camille. Then she added thoughtfully, "If she had not been able to take her vacation at her own expense, if she had been obliged to share the money with us, then none of us could have gone all these years."

"Yes, that is true."

"We never could have gone to Hopton Springs at all," said Camille. She blushed, and her voice was full of wondering conviction. "Not at all," she repeated.

"We certainly could not if Hélène had asked to be considered in the vacation expenses. She must have received quite a large legacy from Aunt Hélène."

"Yes," assented Camille.

Then both sisters blushed. It seemed to them rather disgraceful to allude in such frank fashion to a legacy.

"Poor Aunt Hélène!" replied Susanne.

"She was a very beautiful woman," sighed Camille. "I remember her very well."

"Yes, so do I," said Susanne. "I am pleased that we shall be able to go to Hopton Springs, and I know you are, dear."

Camille blushed and nodded her delicate head.

"I have already begun to realize that sense of languor which comes over me here in the summer months," said Susanne.

"Yes, dear, you really do need the change," Camille returned, eagerly.

"I would not accept the money from Hélène if I were not sure that she is making no sacrifice, and would go herself, as usual," said Susanne.

"Neither would I."

Camille and Susanne regarded each other meditatively.

"It is singular where dear Hélène goes summers," said Camille, at length.

Susanne nodded. Camille had spoken in a whisper, and a silent nod seemed the most fitting response.

"Well, of course, wherever dear Hélène goes, it is eminently fitting," said Camille.

Susanne nodded.

"But of course it would be very gratifying to us, her older sisters—"

"We are very slightly older."

"Still we are slightly older—to know in the event of one of us being ill or—"

"The letters are always forwarded which we send here from Hopton Springs, and Hélène has promised that we should know immediately if she were ill or needed us."

"Still it is not satisfactory," said Camille. Then she added, and her whisper was like a thread of finely drawn silk, "I wonder—if Louis and Brigitte know?"

"We cannot question servants concerning our sister."

"Certainly not; only I wonder—"

Then a door was thrown open, and Brigitte stood there, and the fragrance of tea, hot biscuits, and fried chicken floated into the room.

The next day Camille and Susanne began the preparations for their outing. Hélène was unusually solicitous concerning them. She seemed especially interested in Camille's wardrobe. She sewed assiduously, laying aside her embroidery, making and altering festive garments for her sister. Hélène was very skilful with her needle.

One evening, about a week after the lawyer's visit, Hélène entered Susanne's room. Susanne was in bed, and looked up at her wonderingly. Hélène looked

very tall and fair in her dimity dressing-gown. She carried no candle, for the full moon gave enough light, and in that pale radiance she appeared quite young. She pulled a chair to Susanne's bedside, and began talking.

"Sister, dear," she said, "there is something which I wish to say to you. I do not wish Camille to hear, so I have chosen this time and place."

Susanne looked at her questioningly.

Hélène hesitated a moment. "I have been thinking," she said at last, "about—"

Susanne waited, staring at her.

"About Major Bryant," Hélène said, with a gasp. Her face flushed.

Susanne sat up in bed. "What about him?" she asked, in a trembling voice.

Then Hélène spoke out her mind. She had heard many allusions to this Major Bryant. She wished to know if Susanne thought that he had been really attentive to Camille.

"Hélène," said Susanne, fervently, and her voice trembled like a girl's, "I do believe that poor man has worshipped the very ground Camille has trodden on from the first."

"That was a long time ago, too," said Hélène.

"Yes, the Major has been at Hopton Springs a good many years now."

"And you think Camille has always known—that he made it plain?"

"I know he did, sister."

"And at that time, however she may feel now, Camille was justified in considering a proposal," said Hélène.

Susanne hesitated.

"Why did she not, if she liked him, and I begin to think she always has?"

"I think," replied Susanne, "that Camille remembered the sad ending to your romance, and she knew Major Bryant would have to come here. He lives in New York at a club, and of course Camille could not live in New York at a club; and besides, she would not wish to leave her home for any man. He would have been obliged to come here to live, and I rather think she feared lest he might disturb your—the peace of us all."

"That is perfect nonsense," said Hélène. Then she bent closely toward her sister and spoke earnestly. "I know, Susanne," said she, "that none

of us are young, but, after all, much happiness often comes from a marriage late in life—that is, if two really love one another. If this man, Major Bryant, is personable and is fond of Camille, and she of him, I wish that you would do all you are able to bring it to pass. I think, for many reasons, it would be well to have a man at the head here. I think I remember your saying that Major Bryant is an able man?"

"Oh, very able. I have no doubt."

"I do not feel quite satisfied with Lawyer Fields," said Hélène. "I think that he means entirely well, and serves us to the best of his ability, but I doubt his ability. None of us know much about business. I think a man at the head of this house would be very desirable."

"I think that Major Bryant is well-to-do himself."

"That of course has nothing whatever to do with it," said Hélène, with dignity. "There is enough here still with proper care."

"Of course," murmured Susanne, abashed.

"I wish," said Hélène, "that if this man is at Hopton Springs this summer, and seems as devoted as ever, you would delicately hint to Camille my views concerning the desirability of any plans which she may make, and I wish that you would do all in your power, without, of course, exceeding propriety, to bring about such an arrangement."

"Yes, I will, Hélène," stammered Susanne. Then Hélène went out, closing the door softly behind her, and Susanne lay awake, and wept a little. Camille's possible marriage seemed like a cataclysm. She was not in the least jealous, but a pain of curiosity assailed her. No romance had ever come to her. She wondered with a sense of injury what it was like. Romance in the family at this late date seemed to her like the advent of an uncanny spring in the midst of winter.

Next day she knew perfectly well what it meant when Hélène pressed upon Camille's acceptance a beautiful gown of embroidered muslin, which had been long among her treasures, and also one of lavender satin.

"Of course the satin is perfectly ap-

propriate," said Hélène, "and I understand that nowadays ladies much older than we are wear white. I know they dress a great deal at Hopton Springs, and this muslin with my pearl necklace will make a charming evening costume for you, Camille."

"But," faltered Camille, "will you not want to wear the muslin yourself, Hélène, and the pearls, and the lavender satin? Do not ladies dress so much where you go?"

Hélène laughed rather queerly. "Not much," she replied; "and in any case I have plenty besides. I have my gray satin and my black lace. Your black lace requires a little alteration, Camille, and I think some fresh violets are necessary in your lace bonnet. I saw very pretty violets at the milliner's in the village last week."

It followed that Camille went to Hopton Springs that summer with a really charming wardrobe, which she wore charmingly. Camille had been in her youth the least beautiful of the sisters, but her features had been more solid, and had resisted admirably the wear of time. She was a dream in her soft white embroidered muslin, with her slightly silvered hair piled high on her head, and surmounted by a wonderful shell comb; and Major Bryant was there to see.

Camille and Susanne remained at Hopton Springs through August and half of September. They did not know where Hélène was, and nobody else knew, unless it was the old servants, and they kept their own counsel. It was reported in the village that Hélène had gone to Europe. It had often been so reported before. Hélène had the reputation of a great traveller. Allertonville people believed that she alone of the sisters had in reality gone to France and spoken French. It was even whispered that she had been around the world. Sometimes, even her sisters, with their utter ignorance of Hélène's resources, wondered if possibly she spent a summer abroad now and then. They wondered during this last summer.

"She may have run over to France," Camille said, now and then, to Susanne.

"Possibly," assented Susanne.

"She must have a considerable income from dear Aunt Hélène," said Camille.



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

CAMILLE WENT TO HOPTON SPRINGS WITH A CHARMING WARDROBE

her white-draped bed. She did not answer nor move when she was called, but lay in the greatest silence of all, with smiling, upturned face.

It was two months after the funeral, and after Camille's marriage to Major Bryant, that H  l  ne's journal was read. The last entry is quoted herein. H  l  ne wrote thus: "I have a confession to make. I may be thought even by those who love me best and hold me in best repute to have been guilty of untruth. I myself do not think that I have been, but it may be that I do not see clearly the right and wrong, being blinded by love. When I have stated, all these years, that I myself was upon a journey while my dear sisters were away, I have so considered, although I have never left this house in which I write, and the servants have known and have kept my secret. I have considered that I have never for one instant stayed my progress toward the great goal of all born of woman. You, Camille and Susanne, have as it were simply passed into another car of the train which bears us all forward past the scenes of earth to eternity. I have remained in my own place, and yet in one sense have I also not remained in my place. I myself went backward in the train when you went forward. Every solitary summer I returned to my sweet past. My old days of romance were my resort of rest for body and soul. I have made every day, while you were away, a day of my lost youth. By long dwelling upon that which

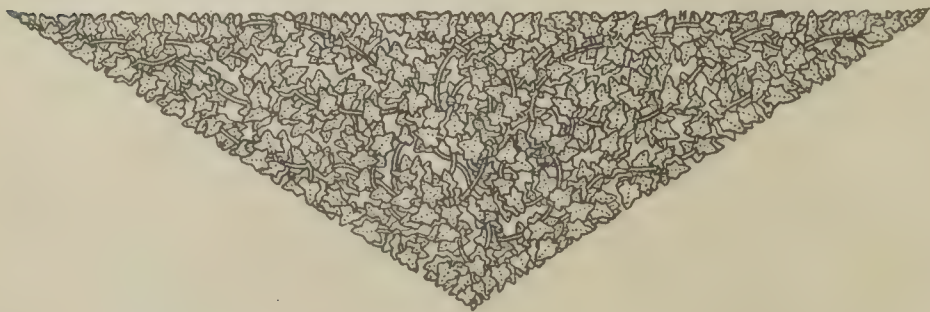
is gone I have been enabled to bring it to a semblance of life. As truly as I write this do I believe that this very summer, while you have been absent, I have spent whole days with my beloved and lived over old and exquisite experiences. I have dressed my hair for my lover, I have worn the gowns and ornaments he used to like, and, as God is my witness, I have seemed to see my own face of youth in my glass after many a happy day. I have travelled farther than most, for I have returned while yet in the flesh to the lost land of youth, and I have also gone forward, but of that I do not speak.

"And now I have still another confession to make. Aunt H  l  ne's legacy consisted only of the sum sufficient to pay your expenses this summer. She had spent all besides. In this too I deceived you because I loved you—for your happiness. I myself believe that deceit for the sake of love may be truth in the highest, but if it be not so, then I have to crave forgiveness from love."

The journal of H  l  ne Allerton closed with verses which were used as her epitaph, and were doubtless so designed to be used by herself, and they ran in this wise:

Here lies beneath this solemn stone
One who has travelled far and wide
With painful steps, but made no moan,
Since Love was always by her side.

But now she hails the blessed night
When she may lay her down to sleep
Through sun or storm or fruit or blight,
With Love her happy soul to keep.



Legends of the City of Mexico

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

IN common with other sheaves of them which have been published in this Magazine (January, August, November, 1906) these Mexican stories are of my finding—not of my making. They are genuine folk-stories; and as such, varyingly told, they are current among all classes of the population of the City of Mexico.

Their genesis is that of folk-stories universally. As I have noted on a previous occasion, many of them simply are historical traditions gone wrong: the substantial facts at the roots of them—always of a romantic or of an odd sort—having been obscured or distorted by imaginative additions or perversions contributed by successive generations of narrators through the passing centuries. Others of them have for their kernel some curious unaccounted-for happening: the varying popular unravellings of which at last have crystallized into a story—often quite impossible and usually, because of its many makers, full of inconsistencies—that does clear up the mystery in at least a colorable way. All of them—and, perhaps, most strikingly the most incredible of them—have the quality which gives to all folk-stories their essential value: they reflect accurately the customs and the habits of thought of the times to which they refer.

Because of the serious meaning that is in these folk-legends, such learned antiquarians as Don Luis González Obregón have collected them with a serious purpose; equally, their romantic essence has attracted the poets—one of the most eminent of whom, Don Juan de Dios Peza, has recast a round three-score of them into charming verse. Minor writers have rewritten them endlessly. Some of them have served as the bases of perennially popular plays. But the best versions of them are those which are current universally among the common people: who were the makers of

them in the beginning, and whose naïve telling of them—abrupt, inconsequent, full of repetitions and of contradictions—preserves, as the literary telling does not, the full flavor of their patchwork origin; and whose simple-souled faith in their verity is of the very spirit in which they were made. These are the versions which I have tried to reproduce here.

Legend of the Living Spectre

Apparitions of dead people, Señor, of course are numerous and frequent. I myself—as on other occasions I have mentioned to you—have seen several spectres, and so have various of my friends. But this spectre of which I now am telling you—that appeared on the Plaza Mayor at noonday, and was seen by everybody—was altogether out of the ordinary: being not in the least a dead person, but a person who wore his own flesh and bones in the usual manner and was alive in them; yet who certainly was walking and talking here on the Plaza Mayor of this City of Mexico in the very selfsame moment that he also was walking and talking in a most remote and wholly different part of the world. Therefore—in spite of his wearing his own flesh and bones in the usual manner and being alive in them—it was certain that he was a spectre: because it was certain that his journeying could have been made only on devils' wings. The day on which this marvel happened is known most exactly: because it happened on the day after the day that the Governor of the Filipinas, Don Gomez Pérez Dos Mariñas, had his head murderously split open, and died of it, in the Molucca Islands; and that gentleman was killed in that bad manner on the 25th of October in the year 1593. Therefore—since everything concerning this most extraordinary happening is known with so great an accuracy—there can be no doubt whatever but that in every

particular all that I now am telling you is strictly true.

Because it began in two different places at the same time, it is not easy to say certainly, Señor, which end of this story is the beginning of it; but the beginning of it is this: On a day, being the day that I have just named to you, the sentries on guard at the great doors of the Palace—and also the people who at that time happened to be walking near by on the Plaza Mayor—of a sudden saw an entirely strange sentry pacing his beat before the great doors of the Palace quite in the regular manner: marching back and forth, with his gun on his shoulder; making his turns with a soldierly propriety; saluting correctly those entitled to salutes who passed him; and in every way conducting himself as though he duly had been posted there—but making his marchings and his turnings and his saluting with a wondering look on the face of him, and having the air of one who is all bedazzled and bemazed.

What made every one know that he was a stranger in this city was that the uniform which he wore was of a wholly different cut and fabric from that belonging to any regiment at that time quartered here: being, in fact—as was perceived by one of the sentries who had served in the Filipinas—the uniform worn in Manila by the Palace Guard. He was a man of forty, or thereabouts; well set up and sturdy; and he had the assured carriage—even in his bedazzlement and bemazement—of an old soldier who had seen much campaigning, and who could take care of himself through any adventure in which he might happen to land. Moreover, his talk—when the time came for him to explain himself—went with a devil-may-care touch to it that showed him to be a man who even with witches and demons was quite ready to hold his own.

His explanation of himself, of course, was not long in coming: because the Captain of the Guard at once was sent for; and when the Captain of the Guard came he asked the stranger sentry most sharply what his name was, and where he came from, and what he was doing on a post to which he had not been assigned.

To these questions the stranger sentry

made answer—speaking with an easy confidence, and not in the least ruffled by the Captain's sharpness with him—that his name was Gil Pérez; that he came from the Filipinas; and that what he was doing was his duty as near as he could come to it: because he had been duly detailed to stand sentry that morning before the Governor's Palace—and although this was not the Governor's Palace before which he had been posted it certainly was a governor's palace, and that he therefore was doing the best that he could do. And to these very curious statements he added—quite casually, as though referring to an ordinary matter of current interest—that the Governor of the Filipinas, Don Gomez Pérez Dos Mariñas, had had his head murderously split open, and was dead of it, in the Molucca Islands the evening before.

Well, Señor, you may fancy what a nest of wasps was let loose when this Gil Pérez gave to the Captain of the Guard so incredible an account of himself; and, on the top of it, told that the Governor of the Filipinas had been badly killed on the previous evening in islands in the Pacific Ocean thousands and thousands of miles away! It was a matter that the Viceroy himself had to look into. Therefore before the Viceroy—who at that time was the good Don Luis de Velasco—Gil Pérez was brought in a hurry: and to the Viceroy he told over again just the same story, in just the same cool manner, and in just the same words.

Very naturally, the Viceroy put a great many keen questions to him; and to those questions he gave his answers—or said plainly that he could not give any answers—with the assured air of an old soldier who would not lightly suffer his word to be doubted even by a Viceroy; and who was ready, in dealing with persons of less consequence, to make good his sayings with his fists or with his sword.

In part, his explanation of himself was straightforward and satisfactory. What he told about the regiment to which he belonged was known to be true; and equally known to be true was much of what he told—being in accord with the news brought thence by the latest galleon—about affairs in the Filipinas.



Painting by F. E. Schoonover

THEY KEPT ON PUZZLING AS TO WHAT THEY SHOULD DO WITH HIM



But when it came to explaining the main matter—how he had been shifted across the ocean and the earth, and all in a single moment, from his guard-mount before the Governor's Palace in Manila to his guard-mount before the Viceroy's Palace in the City of Mexico—Gil Pérez was at a stand. How that strange thing had happened, he said, he knew no more than Don Luis himself knew. All that he could be sure of was that it *had* happened: because, certainly, only a half hour earlier he had been in Manila; and now, just as certainly, he was in the City of Mexico—as his lordship the Viceroy could see plainly with his own eyes. As to the even greater marvel—how he knew that on the previous evening the Governor of the Filipinas had had his head murderously split open, and was dead of it, in the Molucca Islands—he said quite freely that he did not in the least know how he knew it. What alone he could be sure of, he said, was that in his heart he did know that Don Gomez had been killed on the previous evening in that bad manner; and he very stoutly asserted that the truth of what he told would be clear to Don Luis, and to everybody, when the news of the killing of Don Gomez had had time to get to Mexico in the ordinary way.

And then Gil Pérez—having answered all of the Viceroy's questions which he could answer, and having said all that he had to say—stood quite at his ease before the Viceroy: with his feet firmly planted, and his right hand on his hip, and his right arm akimbo—and so waited for whatever might happen to be the next turn.

Well, Señor, the one thing of which anybody really could be sure in this amazing matter—and of which, of course, everybody was sure—was that the devil was at both the bottom and the top of it; and, also, there seemed to be very good ground for believing that Gil Pérez was in much closer touch with the devil than any good Christian—even though he were an old soldier, and not much in the way of Christianity expected of him—had any right to be. Therefore the Viceroy rid himself of an affair that was much the same to him as a basket of nettles by turning Gil Pérez over to the Holy Office

—and off he was carried to Santo Domingo and clapped into one of the strongest cells.

Most men, of course, on finding themselves that way in the clutches of the Inquisition, would have had all the insides of them filled with terror; but Gil Pérez, Señor—being, as I have mentioned, an old campaigner—took it all as it came along to him and was not one bit disturbed. He said cheerfully that many times in the course of his soldiering he had been in much worse places; and added that—having a good roof over his head, and quite fair rations, and instead of marching and fighting only to sit at his ease and enjoy himself—he really was getting, for once in his life, as much of clear comfort as any old soldier had a right to expect would come his way. Moreover, in his dealings with the Familiars of the Holy Office his conduct was exemplary. He stuck firmly to his assertion that—whatever the devil might have had to do with him—he never had had anything to do with the devil; he seemed to take a real pleasure in confessing as many of his sins as he conveniently could remember; and in every way that was open to him his conduct was that of quite as good a Christian as any old soldier reasonably could be expected to be.

Therefore—while he stayed on in his cell very contentedly—the Familiars of the Holy Office put their heads together and puzzled and puzzled as to what they should do with him: because it certainly seemed as though the devil, to suit his own devilish purposes, simply had made a convenience of Gil Pérez without getting his consent in the matter; and so it did not seem quite fair—in the face of his protest that he was as much annoyed as anybody was by what the devil had done with him—to put him into a red-crossed sanbenito, and to march him off to be burned for a sorcerer at the next auto de fé. Therefore the Familiars of the Holy Office kept on putting their heads together and puzzling and puzzling as to what they should do with him; and Gil Pérez kept on enjoying himself in his cell in Santo Domingo—and so the months went on and on.

And then, on a day, a new turn was

given to the whole matter: when the galleon from the Filipinas arrived at Acapulco and brought with it the proof that every word that Gil Pérez had spoken was true. Because the galleon brought the news that Don Gomez Pérez Dos Mariñas—the crew of the ship that he was on having mutinied—really had had his head murderously split open, and was dead of it, in the Molucca Islands; and that this bad happening had come to him at the very time that Gil Pérez had named. Moreover, one of the military officers who had come from the Filipinas in the galleon, and up from Acapulco to the City of Mexico with the conducta, recognized Gil Pérez the moment that he laid eyes on him; and this officer said that he had seen him—only a day or two before the galleon's sailing—on duty in Manila with the Palace Guard. And so the fact was settled beyond all doubting that Gil Pérez had been brought by the devil from Manila to the City of Mexico; and, also, that the devil—since only the devil could have done it—had put the knowledge of the murderous killing of Don Gomez into his heart. Wherefore the fact that Gil Pérez was in league with the devil was clear to all the world.

Then the Familiars of the Holy Office for the last time put their heads together and puzzled and puzzled over the matter; and at the end of their puzzling they decided that Gil Pérez was an innocent person, and that he undoubtedly had had criminal relations with the devil and was full of wickedness. Therefore they ordered that, being innocent, he should be set free from his cell in Santo Domingo; and that, being a dangerous character whose influence was corrupting, he should be sent back to Manila in the returning galleon. And that was their decree.

Gil Pérez, Señor, took that disposition of him in the same easy-going way that he had taken all the other dispositions of him: save that he grumbled a little—as was to be expected of an old soldier—over having to leave his comfortably idle life in his snug quarters and to go again to his fightings and his guard-mounts and his parades. And so back he went to the Filipinas; only his return journey was made in a slow and natural manner

aboard the galleon—not, as his outward journey had been made, all in a moment on devils' wings.

To my mind, Señor, it seems that there is more of this story that ought to be told. For myself, I should like to know why the Familiars of the Holy Office did not deal a little more severely with a case that certainly had the devil at both the bottom and the top of it; and, also, I should like to know what became of Gil Pérez when he got back to Manila in the galleon—and there had to tell over again about his relations with the devil in order to account for his half-year's absence from duty without leave. But those are matters which I never have heard mentioned; and what I have told you is all that there is to tell.

Legend of the Calle de la Quemada

Not knowing what they are talking about, Señor, many people will tell you that the Street of the Burned Woman got its name because—in the times when the Holy Office was helping the goodness of good people by making things very bad for the bad ones—a woman heretic most properly and satisfactorily was burned there. Such is not in the least the case. The Quemadero of the Inquisition—where such sinners were burned, that their sins might be burned out of them—was nowhere near the Calle de la Quemada: being at the western end of what is now the Alameda, in quite a different part of the town. Therefore it is a mistake to mix these matters: and the real truth is that this beautiful young lady did herself destroy her own beauty by setting fire to it; and she did it because she wanted to do it—that in that way she might settle some doubts which were in her heart. It all happened in the time of the good Viceroy Don Luis de Velasco: and so you will perceive, Señor—as it was in the year 1594 that the good Don Luis was translated from this city to heaven—that this story is more than three hundred years old.

The name of this beautiful young lady who went to such lengths for her heart's assuring was Doña Beatrice de Espinosa; and the name of her father was Don Gonzalo de Espinosa y Guerra—who was a Spanish rich merchant who came to make himself still richer by his buyings



Painting by F. E. Schoonover

SHE PLUNGED HER BEAUTIFUL FACE INTO THE GLOWING COALS



and his sellings in New Spain. Being arrived here, he took up his abode in a fine dwelling in the quarter of San Pablo, in the very street that now is called the Street of the Burned Woman because of what presently happened there; and if that street was called by some other name before that cruel happening I do not know what it was.

Doña Beatrice was as beautiful, Señor, as the full moon and the best of the stars put together; and she was more virtuous than she was beautiful; and she was just twenty years old. Therefore all the young gentlemen of the city immediately fell in love with her; and great numbers of the richest and the noblest of them—their parents, or other suitable persons, making the request for them—asked her father's permission to wed her: so that Doña Beatrice might have had any one of twenty good husbands, had any one of them been to her mind. However—being a lady very particular in the matter of husbands—not one of them was to her liking: wherefore her father did as she wanted him to do and refused them all.

But, on a day, matters went differently. At a great ball given by the Viceroy in the Palace, Doña Beatrice found what her heart had been waiting for: and this was a noble Italian young gentleman who instantly—as the others had done—fell in love with her; and with whom—as she never before had done with anybody—she instantly fell in love. The name of this young gentleman was Don Martin Scipoli; and he was the Marqués de Pinamonte y Frantesello; and he was as handsome as he was lovable, and of a most jealous nature, and as quarrelsome as it was possible for anybody to be. Therefore, as I have said, Señor, Doña Beatrice at once fell in love with him with all the heart of her; and Don Martin at once fell in love with her also: and so violently that his jealousy of all her other lovers set off his quarrelsomeness at such a rate that he did nothing—in his spare time, when he was not making love to Doña Beatrice—but affront and anger them, so that he might have the pleasure of finding them at the point of his sword.

Now Doña Beatrice, Señor, was a young lady of a most delicate nature, and her notions about love were precise-

ly the same as those which are entertained by the lady angels. Therefore Don Martin's continual fightings very much worried her: raising in her heart the dread that so violent a person must be of a coarse and carnal nature; and that, being of such a nature, his love for her came only from his beblindment by the outside beauty of her, and was not—as her own love was—the pure love of soul for soul. Moreover, she was pained by his being led on by his jealousy—for which there was no just occasion—to injure seriously, and even mortally, so many worthy young men.

Therefore Doña Beatrice—after much thinking and a great deal of praying over the matter—made her mind up to destroy her own beauty: that in that way she might put all jealousies out of the question; and at the same time prove to her heart's satisfying that Don Martin's love for her had nothing to do with the outside beauty of her and was the pure love of soul for soul.

And Doña Beatrice, Señor, did do that very thing. Her father being gone abroad from his home, and all of the servants of the house being on one excuse or another sent out of it, she brought into her own chamber a brazier filled with burning coals; and this she set beneath an image of the blessed Santa Lucía that she had hung upon the wall to give strength to her in case, in doing herself so cruel an injury, her own strength should fail. Santa Lucía, as you will remember, Señor, with her own hands plucked out her own wonderfully beautiful eyes and sent them on a platter to the young gentleman who had troubled her devotions by telling her that he could not live without them; and with them sent the message that, since she had given him the eyes that he could not live without, he please would let her and her devotions alone. Therefore it was clear that Santa Lucía was the saint best fitted to oversee the matter that Doña Beatrice had in hand.

But in regard to her eyes Doña Beatrice did not precisely pattern herself upon Santa Lucía: knowing that without them she could not see how Don Martin stood the test that she meant to put him to; and, also, very likely remembering that Santa Lucía miraculously

got her eyes back again, and got them back even more beautiful than when she lost them: because, you see, they came back filled with the light of heaven—where the angels had been taking care of them until they should be returned. Therefore Doña Beatrice bound a wet handkerchief over her eyes—that she might keep the sight in them to see how Don Martin stood his testing; and, also, that she might spare the angels the inconvenience of caring for them—and then she fanned and fanned the fire in the brazier until the purring of it made her know that the coals were in a fierce blaze. And then, Señor, she plunged her beautiful face down into the very heart of the glowing coals! And it was at that same instant—though Doña Beatrice, of course, did not know about that part of the matter—that the Street of the Burned Woman got its name.

Being managed under the guidance and with the approval of Santa Lucía, the cruelty that this virtuous young lady put upon her own beauty could lead only to a good end. Presently, when the bitter

pain of her burning had passed a little, Doña Beatrice bade Don Martin come to her; and he, coming, found her clad in virgin white and wearing over her poor burned face a white veil. And then the test that Doña Beatrice had planned for her heart's assuring was made.

Little by little, Doña Beatrice raised her white veil slowly; and, little by little, Don Martin saw the face of her: and the face of her was more shudderingly hideous—her two beautiful eyes perfectly alight and alive amidst that distorted deathliness was what made the shudder of it—than anything that ever he had dreamed of in his very worst dream! Therefore, with a great joy and thankfulness, Don Martin immediately espoused Doña Beatrice: and thenceforward and always—most reasonably ceasing to love the outside beauty of her—gave her, as she wanted him to give her, the pure love of soul for soul.

For myself, Señor, I think that the conduct of that young lady was injudicious, and that Don Martin had just occasion to be annoyed.

Song

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

I HAVE always had a love
In my heart,
That its worth and faith could prove
Without art:

In each happy hour I spent
It was there,
In each tear of discontent,
Each despair.

Though its face I never saw,
Never heard
Meekly the imperial law
Of its word,

Though I ever walked apart,
Proud and high,
For this love that's in my heart
I would die.

The Shell of Sense

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

IT was intolerably unchanged, the dim, dark-toned room. In an agony of recognition my glance ran from one to another of the comfortable, familiar things that my earthly life had been passed among. Incredibly distant from it all as I essentially was, I noted sharply that the very gaps that I myself had left in my bookshelves still stood unfilled; that the delicate fingers of the ferns that I had tended were still stretched futilely toward the light; that the soft agreeable chuckle of my own little clock, like some elderly woman with whom conversation has become automatic, was undiminished.

Unchanged—or so it seemed at first. But there were certain trivial differences that shortly smote me. The windows were closed too tightly; for I had always kept the house very cool, although I had known that Theresa preferred warm rooms. And my work-basket was in disorder: it was preposterous that so small a thing should hurt me so. Then, for this was my first experience of the shadow-folded transition, the odd alternation of my emotions bewildered me. For at one moment the place seemed so humanly familiar, so distinctly my own proper envelope, that for love of it I could have laid my cheek against the wall; while in the next I was miserably conscious of strange new shrillnesses. How could they be endured—and had I ever endured them?—those harsh influences that I now perceived at the window; light and color so blinding that they obscured the form of the wind, tumult so discordant that one could scarcely hear the roses open in the garden below?

But Theresa did not seem to mind any of these things. Disorder, it is true, the dear child had never minded. She was sitting all this time at my desk—at *my* desk,—occupied, I could only too easily surmise how. In the light of my own habits of precision it was plain that that sombre correspondence should have been

attended to before; but I believe that I did not really reproach Theresa, for I knew that her notes, when she did write them, were perhaps less perfunctory than mine. She finished the last one as I watched her, and added it to the heap of black-bordered envelopes that lay on the desk. Poor girl! I saw now that they had cost her tears. Yet, living beside her day after day, year after year, I had never discovered what deep tenderness my sister possessed. Toward each other it had been our habit to display only a temperate affection, and I remember having always thought it distinctly fortunate for Theresa, since she was denied my happiness, that she could live so easily and pleasantly without emotions of the devastating sort. . . . And now, for the first time, I was really to behold her. . . . Could it be Theresa, after all, this tangle of subdued turbulences? Let no one suppose that it is an easy thing to bear, the relentlessly lucid understanding that I then first exercised; or that, in its first enfranchisement, the timid vision does not yearn for its old screens and mists.

Suddenly, as Theresa sat there, her head, filled with its tender thoughts of me, held in her gentle hands, I felt Allan's step on the carpeted stair outside. Theresa felt it, too,—but how? for it was not audible. She gave a start, swept the black envelopes out of sight, and pretended to be writing in a little book. Then I forgot to watch her any longer in my absorption in Allan's coming. It was he, of course, that I was awaiting. It was for him that I had made this first lonely, frightened effort to return, to recover. . . . It was not that I had supposed he would allow himself to recognize my presence, for I had long been sufficiently familiar with his hard and fast denials of the invisible. He was so reasonable always, so sane—so blindfolded. But I had hoped that because of his very rejection of the ether that now contained

me I could perhaps all the more safely, the more secretly, watch him, linger near him. He was near now, very near,—but why did Theresa, sitting there in the room that had never belonged to her, appropriate for herself his coming? It was so manifestly I who had drawn him, I whom he had come to seek.

The door was ajar. He knocked softly at it. "Are you there, Theresa?" he called. He expected to find her, then, there in my room? I shrank back, fearing, almost, to stay.

"I shall have finished in a moment," Theresa told him, and he sat down to wait for her.

No spirit still unreleased can understand the pang that I felt with Allan sitting almost within my touch. Almost irresistibly the wish beset me to let him for an instant feel my nearness. Then I checked myself, remembering—oh, absurd, piteous human fears!—that my too unguarded closeness might alarm him. It was not so remote a time that I myself had known them, those blind, uncouth timidities. I came, therefore, somewhat nearer—but I did not touch him. I merely leaned toward him and with incredible softness whispered his name. That much I could not have forborne; the spell of life was still too strong in me.

But it gave him no comfort, no delight. "Theresa!" he called, in a voice dreadful with alarm—and in that instant the last veil fell, and desperately, scarce believing, I beheld how it stood between them, those two.

She turned to him that gentle look of hers.

"Forgive me," came from him hoarsely. "But I had suddenly the most—unaccountable sensation. Can there be too many windows open? There is such a—chill—about."

"There are no windows open," Theresa assured him. "I took care to shut out the chill. You are not well, Allan!"

"Perhaps not." He embraced the suggestion. "And yet I feel no illness apart from this abominable sensation that persists—persists. . . . Theresa, you must tell me: do I fancy it, or do you, too, feel—something—strange here?"

"Oh, there is something very strange here," she half sobbed. "There always will be."

"Good heavens, child, I didn't mean that!" He rose and stood looking about him. "I know, of course, that you have your beliefs, and I respect them, but you know equally well that I have nothing of the sort! So—don't let us conjure up anything inexplicable."

I stayed impalpably, imponderably near him. Wretched and bereft though I was, I could not have left him while he stood denying me.

"What I mean," he went on, in his low, distinct voice, "is a special, an almost ominous sense of cold. Upon my soul, Theresa,"—he paused—"if I *were* superstitious, if I *were* a woman, I should probably imagine it to seem—a presence!"

He spoke the last word very faintly, but Theresa shrank from it nevertheless.

"Don't say that, Allan!" she cried out. "Don't think it, I beg of you! I've tried so hard myself not to think it—and you must help me. You know it is only perturbed, uneasy spirits that wander. With her it is quite different. She has always been so happy—she must still be."

I listened, stunned, to Theresa's sweet dogmatism. From what blind distances came her confident misapprehensions, how dense, both for her and for Allan, was the separating vapor!

Allan frowned. "Don't take me literally, Theresa," he explained; and I, who a moment before had almost touched him, now held myself aloof and heard him with a strange untried pity, new born in me. "I'm not speaking of what you call—spirits. It's something much more terrible." He allowed his head to sink heavily on his chest. "If I did not positively know that I had never done her any harm, I should suppose myself to be suffering from guilt, from remorse. . . . Theresa, you know better than I, perhaps. Was she content, always? Did she believe in me?"

"Believe in you?—when she knew you to be so good!—when you adored her!"

"She thought that? She said it? Then what in Heaven's name ails me?—unless it is all as you believe, Theresa, and she knows now what she didn't know then, poor dear, and minds—"

"Minds what? What do you mean, Allan?"

I, who with my perhaps illegitimate advantage saw so clear, knew that he had

not meant to tell her: I did him that justice, even in my first jealousy. If I had not tortured him so by clinging near him, he would not have told her. But the moment came, and overflowed, and he did tell her—passionate, tumultuous story that it was. During all our life together, Allan's and mine, he had spared me, had kept me wrapped in the white cloak of an unblemished loyalty. But it would have been kinder, I now bitterly thought, if, like many husbands, he had years ago found for the story he now poured forth some clandestine listener; I should not have known. But he was faithful and good, and so he waited till I, mute and chained, was there to hear him. So well did I know him, as I thought, so thoroughly had he once been mine, that I saw it in his eyes, heard it in his voice, before the words came. And yet, when it came, it lashed me with the whips of an unbearable humiliation. For I, his wife, had not known how greatly he could love.

And that Theresa, soft little traitor, should, in her still way, have cared too! Where was the iron in her, I moaned within my stricken spirit, where the steadfastness? From the moment he bade her, she turned her soft little petals up to him—and my last delusion was spent. It was intolerable; and none the less so that in another moment she had, prompted by some belated thought of me, renounced him. Allan was hers, yet she put him from her; and it was my part to watch them both.

Then in the anguish of it all I remembered, awkward, untutored spirit that I was, that I now had the Great Recourse. Whatever human things were unbearable, I had no need to bear. I ceased, therefore, to make the effort that kept me with them. The pitiless poignancy was dulled, the sounds and the light ceased, the lovers faded from me, and again I was mercifully drawn into the dim, infinite spaces.

There followed a period whose length I cannot measure and during which I was able to make no progress in the difficult, dizzying experience of release. "Earth-bound" my jealousy relentlessly kept me. Though my two dear ones had forsworn each other, I could not trust

them, for theirs seemed to me an affectation of a more than mortal magnanimity. Without a ghostly sentinel to prick them with sharp fears and recollections, who could believe that they would keep to it? Of the efficacy of my own vigilance, so long as I might choose to exercise it, I could have no doubt, for I had by this time come to have a dreadful exultation in the new power that lived in me. Repeated delicate experiment had taught me how a touch or a breath, a wish or a whisper, could control Allan's acts, could keep him from Theresa. I could manifest myself as palely, as transiently, as a thought. I could produce the merest necessary flicker, like the shadow of a just-opened leaf, on his trembling, tortured consciousness. And these unrealized perceptions of me he interpreted, as I had known that he would, as his soul's inevitable penance. He had come to believe that he had done evil in silently loving Theresa all these years, and it was my vengeance to allow him to believe this, to prod him ever to believe it afresh.

I am conscious that this frame of mind was not continuous in me. For I remember, too, that when Allan and Theresa were safely apart and sufficiently miserable I loved them as dearly as I ever had, more dearly perhaps. For it was impossible that I should not perceive, in my new emancipation, that they were, each of them, something more and greater than the two beings I had once ignorantly pictured them. For years they had practised a selflessness of which I could once scarcely have conceived, and which even now I could only admire without entering into its mystery. While I had lived solely for myself, these two divine creatures had lived exquisitely for me. They had granted me everything, themselves nothing. For my undeserving sake their lives had been a constant torment of renunciation—a torment they had not sought to alleviate by the exchange of a single glance of understanding. There were even marvellous moments when, from the depths of my newly informed heart, I pitied them:—poor creatures, who, withheld from the infinite solaces that I had come to know, were still utterly within that

Shell of sense

So frail, so piteously contrived for pain.

Within it, yes; yet exercising qualities that so sublimely transcended it. Yet the shy, hesitating compassion that thus had birth in me was far from being able to defeat the earlier, earthlier emotion. The two, I recognized, were in a sort of conflict; and I, regarding it, assumed that the conflict would never end; that for years, as Allan and Theresa reckoned time, I should be obliged to withhold myself from the great spaces and linger suffering, grudging, shamed, where they lingered.

It can never have been explained, I suppose, what, to devitalized perception such as mine, the contact of mortal beings with each other appears to be. Once to have exercised this sense-freed perception is to realize that the gift of prophecy, although the subject of such frequent marvel, is no longer mysterious. The merest glance of our sensitive and uncloyed vision can detect the strength of the relation between two beings, and therefore instantly calculate its duration. If you see a heavy weight suspended from a slender string, you can know, without any wizardry, that in a few moments the string will snap; well, such, if you admit the analogy, is prophecy, is foreknowledge. And it was thus that I saw it with Theresa and Allan. For it was perfectly visible to me that they would very little longer have the strength to preserve, near each other, the denuded impersonal relation that they, and that I, behind them, insisted on; and that they would have to separate. It was my sister, perhaps the more sensitive, who first realized this. It had now become possible for me to observe them almost constantly, the effort necessary to visit them had so greatly diminished; so that I watched her, poor, anguished girl, prepare to leave him. I saw each reluctant movement that she made. I saw her eyes, worn from self-searching; I heard her step grown timid from inexplicable fears; I entered her very heart and heard its pitiful, wild beating. And still I did not interfere.

For at this time I had a wonderful, almost demoniacal sense of disposing of matters to suit my own selfish will. At any moment I could have checked their miseries, could have restored happiness

and peace. Yet it gave me, and I could weep to admit it, a monstrous joy to know that Theresa thought she was leaving Allan of her own free intention, when it was I who was contriving, arranging, insisting. . . . And yet she wretchedly felt my presence near her; I am certain of that.

A few days before the time of her intended departure my sister told Allan that she must speak with him after dinner. Our beautiful old house branched out from a circular hall with great arched doors at either end; and it was through the rear doorway that always in summer, after dinner, we passed out into the garden adjoining. As usual, therefore, when the hour came, Theresa led the way. That dreadful daytime brilliance that in my present state I found so hard to endure was now becoming softer. A delicate, capricious twilight breeze danced inconsequently through languidly whispering leaves. Lovely pale flowers blossomed like little moons in the dusk, and over them the breath of mignonette hung heavily. It was a perfect place—and it had so long been ours, Allan's and mine. It made me restless and a little wicked that those two should be there together now.

For a little they walked about together, speaking of common, daily things. Then suddenly, Theresa, burst out:

"I am going away, Allan. I have stayed to do everything that needed to be done. Now your mother will be here to care for you, and it is time for me to go."

He stared at her and stood still. Theresa had been there so long, she so definitely, to his mind, belonged there. And she was, as I also had jealously known, so lovely there, the small, dark, dainty creature, in the old hall, on the wide staircases, in the garden. . . . Life there without Theresa, even the intentionally remote, the perpetually renounced Theresa—he had not dreamed of it, he could not, so suddenly, conceive of it.

"Sit here," he said, and drew her down beside him on a bench, "and tell me what it means, why you are going. Is it because of something that I have been—have done?"

She hesitated. I wondered if she would dare tell him. She looked out and away from him, and he waited long for her to speak.

The pale stars were sliding into their places. The whispering of the leaves was almost hushed. All about them it was still and shadowy and sweet. It was that wonderful moment when, for lack of a visible horizon, the not yet darkened world seems infinitely greater—a moment when anything can happen, anything be believed in. To me, watching, listening, hovering, there came a dreadful purpose and a dreadful courage. Suppose, for one moment, Theresa should not only feel, but *see* me—would she dare to tell him then?

There came a brief space of terrible effort, all my fluttering, uncertain forces strained to the utmost. The instant of my struggle was endlessly long and the transition seemed to take place outside me—as one sitting in a train, motionless, sees the leagues of earth float by. And then, in a bright, terrible flash I knew I had achieved it—I had *attained visibility*. Shuddering, insubstantial, but luminously apparent, I stood there before them. And for the instant that I maintained the visible state I looked straight into Theresa's soul.

She gave a cry. And then, thing of silly, cruel impulses that I was, I saw what I had done. The very thing that I wished to avert I had precipitated. For Allan, in his sudden terror and pity, had bent and caught her in his arms. For the first time they were together; and it was I who had brought them.

Then, to his whispered urging to tell the reason of her cry, Theresa said:

"Frances was here. You did not see her, standing there, under the lilacs, with no smile on her face?"

"My dear, my dear!" was all that Allan said. I had so long now lived invisibly with them, he knew that she was right.

"I suppose you know what it means?" she asked him, calmly.

"Dear Theresa," Allan said, slowly, "if you and I should go away somewhere, could we not evade all this ghostliness? And will you come with me?"

"Distance would not banish her," my sister confidently asserted. And then she said, softly: "Have you thought what a lonely, awesome thing it must be to be so newly dead? Pity her, Allan. We who are warm and alive should pity her. She loves you still,—that is the meaning

of it all, you know—and she wants us to understand that for that reason we must keep apart. Oh, it was so plain in her white face as she stood there. And you did not see her?"

"It was your face that I saw," Allan solemnly told her—oh, how different he had grown from the Allan that I had known!—"and yours is the only face that I shall ever see." And again he drew her to him.

She sprang from him. "You are defying her, Allan!" she cried. "And you must not. It is her right to keep us apart, if she wishes. It must be as she insists. I shall go, as I told you. And, Allan, I beg of you, leave me the courage to do as she demands!"

They stood facing each other in the deep dusk, and the wounds that I had dealt them gaped red and accusing. "We must pity her," Theresa had said. And as I remembered that extraordinary speech, and saw the agony in her face, and the greater agony in Allan's, there came the great irreparable cleavage between mortality and me. In a swift, merciful flame the last of my mortal emotions—gross and tenacious they must have been—was consumed. My cold grasp of Allan loosened and a new unearthly love of him bloomed in my heart.

I was now, however, in a difficulty with which my experience in the newer state was scarcely sufficient to deal. How could I make it plain to Allan and Theresa that I wished to bring them together, to heal the wounds that I had made?

Pityingly, remorsefully, I lingered near them all that night and the next day. And by that time I had brought myself to the point of a great determination. In the little time that was left, before Theresa should be gone and Allan bereft and desolate, I saw the one way that lay open to me to convince them of my acquiescence in their destiny.

In the deepest darkness and silence of the next night I made a greater effort than it will ever be necessary for me to make again. When they think of me, Allan and Theresa, I pray now that they will recall what I did that night, and that my thousand frustrations and selfishnesses may shrivel and be blown from their indulgent memories.

Yet the following morning, as she had planned, Theresa appeared at breakfast dressed for her journey. Above in her room there were the sounds of departure. They spoke little during the brief meal, but when it was ended Allan said:

"Theresa, there is half an hour before you go. Will you come up-stairs with me? I had a dream that I must tell you of."

"Allan!" She looked at him, frightened, but went with him. "It was of Frances you dreamed," she said, quietly, as they entered the library together.

"Did I say it was a dream? But I was awake—thoroughly awake. I had not been sleeping well, and I heard, twice, the striking of the clock. And as I lay there, looking out at the stars, and thinking—thinking of you, Theresa,—she came to me, stood there before me, in my room. It was no sheeted spectre, you understand; it was Frances, literally she. In some inexplicable fashion I seemed to be aware that she wanted to make me know something, and I waited, watching her face. After a few moments it came. She did not speak, precisely. That is, I am sure I heard no sound. Yet the words that came from her were definite enough. She said: 'Don't let Theresa leave you. Take her and keep her.' Then she went away. Was that a dream?"

"I had not meant to tell you," Theresa eagerly answered, "but now I must. It is too wonderful. What time did your clock strike, Allan?"

"One, the last time."

"Yes; it was then that I awoke. And she had been with me. I had not seen her, but her arm had been about me and her kiss was on my cheek. Oh, I knew; it was unmistakable. And the sound of her voice was with me."

"Then she bade you, too—"

"Yes, to stay with you. I am glad we told each other." She smiled tearfully and began to fasten her wrap.

"But you are not going—*now!*" Allan cried. "You know that you cannot, now that she has asked you to stay."

"Then you believe, as I do, that it was she?" Theresa demanded.

"I can never understand, but I know," he answered her. "And now you will not go?"

I am freed. There will be no further semblance of me in my old home, no sound of my voice, no dimmest echo of my earthly self. They have no further need of me, the two that I have brought together. Theirs is the fullest joy that the dwellers in the shell of sense can know. Mine is the transcendent joy of the unseen spaces.

Silence

BY ZONA GALE

OH for one of the stars to know me,
To say, "That is she," as I say, "It is there."
Oh for my hills to show me

If they care.

But when I speak of them nothing hears me.

Even the bird on the near bough fears me.

The fire on my hearth does not know that it cheers me.

. . . . Heart that waits by the fire, do you guess

What you must voice in your tenderness?

The Inner Shrine

A NOVEL

CHAPTER I

THOUGH she had counted the strokes of every hour since midnight, Mrs. Eveleth had no thought of going to bed. When she was not sitting bolt upright, indifferent to comfort, in one of the stiff-backed, gilded chairs, she was limping, with the aid of her cane, up and down the long suite of salons, listening for the sound of wheels. She knew that George and Diane would be surprised to find her waiting up for them, and that they might even be annoyed; but in her state of dread it was impossible to yield to small considerations.

She could hardly tell how this presentiment of disaster had taken hold upon her, for the beginning of it must have come as imperceptibly as the first flicker of dusk across the radiance of an afternoon. Looking back, she could almost make herself believe that she had seen its shadow over her early satisfaction in her son's marriage to Diane. Certainly she had felt it there before their honeymoon was over. The four years that had passed since then had been spent—or, at least, she would have said so now—in waiting for the peril to present itself.

And yet, had she been called on to explain why she saw it stalking through the darkness of this particular June night, she would have found it difficult to give coherent statement to her fear. Everything about her was pursuing its normally restless round, with scarcely a hint of the exceptional. If life in Paris was working up again to that feverish climax in which the season dies, it was only what she had witnessed every year since the last days of the Second Empire. If Diane's gayety was that of excitement rather than of youth, if George's depression was that of jaded effort rather than of satiated pleasure, it was no more than she had seen in them at other times. She acknowledged that

she had few facts to go upon—that she had indeed little more than the terrified prescience which warns the animal of a storm.

There were moments of her vigil when she tried to reassure herself with the very tenuity of her reasons for alarm. It was a comfort to think how little there was that she could state with the definiteness of knowledge. In all that met the eye George's relations to Diane were not less happy than in the first days of their life together. If, on Diane's part, the spontaneity of wedded love had gradually become the adroitness of domestic tact, there was nothing to affirm it but Mrs. Eveleth's own power of divination. If George submitted with a blinder obedience than ever to each new extravagance of Diane's Parisian caprice, there was nothing to show that he lived beyond his means but Mrs. Eveleth's maternal apprehension. His income was undoubtedly large, and, for all she knew, it justified the sumptuous style Diane and he kept up. Where the purchasing power of money began and ended was something she had never known. Disorder was so frequent in her own affairs that when George grew up she had been glad to resign them to his keeping, taking what he told her was her income. As for Diane, her fortune was so small as to be a negligible quantity in such housekeeping as they maintained—a poverty of *dot* which had been the chief reason why her noble kinsfolk had consented to her marriage with an American. Looking round the splendid house, Mrs. Eveleth was aware that her husband could never have lived in it, still less have built it; while she wondered more than ever how George, who led the life of a Parisian man of fashion, could have found the means of doing both.

Not that her anxiety centred on material things; they were too remote from the

general activities of her thought for that. She distilled her fear out of the living atmosphere around her. She was no novice in this brilliant, dissolute society, or in the meanings hidden behind its apparently trivial concerns. Hints that would have had slight significance for one less expert, she found luminous with suggestion; and she read by signs as faint as those in which the redskin detects the passage of his foe across the grass. The odd smile with which Diane went out! The dull silence in which George came home! The manufactured conversation! The forced gayety! The startling pause! The effort to begin again, and keep the tone to one of common intercourse! The long defile of guests! The strangers who came, grew intimate, and disappeared! The glances that followed Diane when she crossed a room! The shrug, the whisper, the suggestive grimace, at the mention of her name! All these were as an alphabet in which Mrs. Eveleth, grown skilful by long years of observation, read what had become not less familiar than her mother tongue.

The fact that her misgivings were not new made it the more difficult to understand why they had focussed themselves to-night into this great fear. There had been nothing unusual about the day, except that she had seen little of Diane, while George had remained shut up in his room, writing letters and arranging or destroying papers. There had been nothing out of the common in either of them—not even the frown of care on George's forehead, or the excited light in Diane's eyes—as they drove away in the evening, to dine at the Spanish Embassy. They had kissed her tenderly, but it was not till after they had gone that it seemed to her as if they had been taking a farewell. Then, too, other little tokens suddenly became ominous; while something within herself seemed to say, "The hour is at hand!"

The hour is at hand! Standing in the middle of one of the gorgeous rooms, she repeated the words softly, marking as she did so their incongruity to herself and her surroundings. The note of fatality jarred on the harmony of this well-ordered life. It was preposterous that she, who had always been hedged round

and sheltered by pomp and circumstance, should now in her middle age be menaced with calamity. She dragged herself over to one of the long mirrors and gazed at her reflection pityingly.

The twitter of birds startled her with the knowledge that it was dawn. From the Embassy George and Diane were to go on to two or three great houses, but surely they should be home by this time! The reflection meant the renewal of her fear. Where was her son? Was he really with his wife? or had the moment come when he must take the law into his own hands, after their French manner, to avenge himself or her? She knew nothing about duelling, but she had the Anglo-Saxon mother's dread of it. She had always hoped that, notwithstanding the social code under which he lived, George would keep clear of any such brutal senselessness; but lately she had begun to fear that the conventions of the world would prove the stronger, and that the time when they would do so was not far away.

Pulling back the curtains from one of the windows, she opened it and stepped out on a balcony, where the long strip of the Quai d'Orsay stretched below her, in gray and silent emptiness. On the swift, leaden-colored current of the Seine, spanned here and there by ghostly bridges, mysterious barges plied weirdly through the twilight. Up on the left the Arc de Triomphe began to emerge dimly out of night, while down on the right the line of the Louvre lay, black and sinister, beneath the towers and spires that faintly detached themselves against the growing saffron of the morning. High above all else, the domes of the Sacred Heart were white with the rays of the unrisen sun, like those of the City which came down from God.

It was so different from the cheerful Paris of broad daylight that she was drawing back with a shudder, when over the Pont de la Concorde she discerned the approach of a motor-brougham.

Closing the window, she hurried to the stairway. It was still night within the house, and the one electric light left burning drew forth dull gleams from the wrought-metal arabesques of the splendidly sweeping balustrade. When, on the ringing of the bell, the door opened and

she went down, she had the strange sensation of entering on a new era in her life.

Though she recalled that impression in after-years, for the moment she saw nothing but Diane, all in vivid red, in the act of letting the voluminous black cloak fall from her shoulders into the sleepy footman's hands.

"*Bonjour, petite mère!*" Diane called, with a nervous laugh, as Mrs. Eveleth paused on the lower steps of the stairs.

"Where is George?"

She could not keep the tone of anxiety out of her voice, but Diane answered with ready briskness:

"George? I don't know. Hasn't he come home?"

"You must know he hasn't come home. Weren't you together?"

"We were together till—let me see!—whose house was it?—till after the cotillon at Madame de Vaudreuil's. He left me there and went to the Jockey Club with Monsieur de Melcourt, while I drove on to the Rochefoucaulds."

She turned away towards the dining-room, but it was impossible not to catch the tremor in her voice over the last words. In her ready English there was a slight foreign intonation, as well as that trace of an Irish accent which quickly yields to emotion. Standing at the table in the dining-room where refreshments had been laid, she poured out a glass of wine, and Mrs. Eveleth could see from the threshold that she drank it thirstily, as one who before everything else needs a stimulant to keep her up. At the entrance of her mother-in-law she was on her guard again, and sank languidly into the nearest chair.

"Oh, I'm so hungry!" she yawned, pulling off her gloves, and pretending to nibble at a sandwich. "Do sit down," she went on, as Mrs. Eveleth remained standing. "I should think you'd be hungry, too."

"Aren't you surprised to see me sitting up, Diane?"

"I wasn't, but I can be, if that's my cue," Diane laughed.

At the nonchalance of the reply Mrs. Eveleth was, for a second, half deceived. Was it possible that she had only conjured up a waking nightmare, and that there was nothing to be afraid of, after all? Possessing the French quality of

frankness to an unusual degree, it was difficult for Diane to act a part at any time. With all her Parisian finesse her nature was as direct as lightning, while her glance had that fulness of candor which can never be assumed. Looking at her now, with her elbows on the table, and the sandwich daintily poised between the thumb and forefinger of her right hand, it was hard to connect her with tragic possibilities. There were pearls around her neck, and diamonds on her wrists and in her hair; but to the wholesome-ness of her personality jewels were no more than dew on the freshness of a summer morning.

"I thought you'd be surprised to find me sitting up," Mrs. Eveleth began again, "but the truth is I couldn't go to bed while—"

"I'm glad you didn't," Diane broke in, with an evident intention to keep the conversation in her own hands. "I'm not in the least sleepy. I could sit here and talk till morning—though I suppose it's morning now. Really the time to live is between midnight and six o'clock. One has a whole set of emotions then that never come into play during the other eighteen hours of the day. They say it's the minute when the soul comes nearest to parting with the body, so I suppose that's the reason we can see things, during the wee sma' hours, by the light of the invisible spheres."

"I should be quite content with the light of this world—"

"Oh, I shouldn't," Diane broke in, with renewed eagerness to talk against time. "It's like being content with words, and having no need of music. It's like being satisfied with photographs, and never wanting real pictures."

"Diane," Mrs. Eveleth interrupted, "I insist that you let me speak."

"Speak, *petite mère*? What are you doing but speaking now? I'm scarcely saying a word. I'm too tired to talk. If you'd spent the last eight or ten hours trying to get yourself down to the conversational level of your partners, you'd know what I've been through. We women must be made of steel to stand it. If you had only seen me this evening—"

"Listen to me, Diane; don't joke. This is no time for that."

"Joke! I never felt less like joking in my life, and—"

She broke off with a little hysterical gasp, so that Mrs. Eveleth got another chance.

"I know you don't feel like joking, and still less do I. There's something wrong."

"Is there? What?" Diane made an effort to recover herself. "I hope it isn't indiscreet to ask, because I need the bracing effect of a little scandal."

"Isn't it for you to tell me? You're concealing something of which—"

"Oh, come now, *petite mère*! Is that quite honest? First you say there's something wrong; and then, when I'm all agog to hear it, you saddle me with the secret. That's what you call in English a sell, isn't it? A sell! What a funny little word! I often wonder who invents the slang. Parrots pass it along, of course, but it must take some cleverness to start it. And isn't it curious," she went on, breathlessly, "how a new bit of slang always fills a vacant place in the language? The minute you hear it you know it's what you've always wanted. I suppose the reason we're obliged to use the current phrase is because it expresses the current need. When the hour passes, the need passes with it, and something new must be coined to meet the new situation. I should think a most interesting book might be written on the Psychology of Slang, and if I wasn't so busy with other things—"

"Diane, I entreat you to answer me. Where is George?"

"Why, I must have forgotten to tell you that he went to the Jockey Club with Monsieur de Melcourt—"

"You did tell me so; but that isn't all. Has he gone anywhere else?"

"How should I know, *petite mère*? Where should he go but come home?"

"Has he gone to fight a duel?"

The question surprised Diane into partially dropping her mask. For an instant she was puzzled for an answer.

"Men who fight duels," she said, at last, "don't generally tell their wives beforehand."

"But did George tell you?"

Again Diane hesitated before speaking.

"What a queer question!" was all she could find to say.

"It's a question I have a right to ask."

"But have I a right to answer?"

"If you don't answer, you leave me to infer that he has."

"Of course I can't keep you from inferring, but isn't that what they call meeting trouble half-way?"

"I must meet trouble as it comes to me."

"But not before it comes. That's my point."

"It has come. It's here. I'm sure of it. He's gone to fight. You know it. You've sent him. Oh, Diane, if he comes to harm, his blood will be on your head."

Diane shrugged her shoulders, and took another sandwich.

"I don't see that. In the first place, it's quite unlikely there'll be any blood at all—or more than a very little. One of the things I admire in men—our men, especially—is the maximum of courage with which they avenge their honor, coupled with the minimum of damage they work in doing it. It must require a great deal of skill. I know I should never have the nerve for it. I should kill my man every time he didn't kill me. But they hardly ever do."

"How can you say that? Wasn't Monsieur de Cretteville killed? and Monsieur Lalanné?"

"That makes two cases. I implied that it happens sometimes—generally by inadvertence. But it isn't likely to do so in this instance—at least not to George. He's an excellent shot—and I believe it was to be pistols."

"Then it's true! Oh, my God, I know I shall lose him!"

She flung her cane to the floor and dropped into a seat, leaning on the table and covering her face with her hands. For a minute she moaned harshly, but when she looked up her eyes were tearless.

"And this is my reward," she cried, "for the kindness I've shown you! After all, you are nothing but a wanton."

Diane kept her self-control, but she grew pale.

"That's odd," was all she permitted herself to say, delicately flicking the crumbs from her finger-tips; "because it was to prove the contrary that George called Monsieur de Bienville out."

"Bienville! You've stooped to *him*?"

"Did I say so?" Diane asked, with a sudden significant lifting of the head.

"There's no need to say so. There must have been something—"

"There *was* something — something Monsieur de Bienville invented."

"Wasn't it a pity for him to go to the trouble of invention—?"

"When he could have found so much that was true," Diane finished, with dangerous quietness. "That's what you were going to say, isn't it?"

"You have no right to ascribe words to me that I haven't uttered. I never said so."

"No; that's true; I prefer to say it for you. It's safer, in that it leaves me nothing to resent."

"Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!" Mrs. Eveleth moaned, wringing her hands. "My boy is gone from me. He will never come back. I've always been sure that if he ever did this, it would be the end. It's my fault for having brought him up among your foolish, hot-headed people. He will have thrown his life away—and for nothing!"

"No; not that," Diane corrected; "not even if the worst comes to the worst."

"What do you mean? If the worst comes to the worst, he will have sacrificed himself—"

"For my honor; and George himself would be the first to tell you that it's worth dying for."

Diane rose as she spoke, Mrs. Eveleth following her example. For a brief instant they stood as if measuring one another's strength, till they started with a simultaneous shock at the sharp call of the telephone from an adjoining room. With a smothered cry Diane sprang to answer it, while Mrs. Eveleth, helpless with dread, remained standing, as though frozen to the spot.

"*Oui—oui—oui*," came Diane's voice, speaking eagerly. "*Oui, c'est bien Madame George Eveleth. Oui, oui. Non. Je comprends. C'est Monsieur de Melcourt. Oui—oui— Dites-le-moi tout de suite— j'insiste— Oui—oui. Ah-h-h!*"

The last, prolonged, choking exclamation came as the cry of one who sinks, smitten to the heart. Mrs. Eveleth was able to move at last. When she reached the other room, Diane was crouched in a little heap on the floor.

"He's dead? He's dead?" the mother cried, in frenzied questioning.

But Diane, with glazed eyes and parted lips, could only nod her head in affirmation.

CHAPTER II

DURING the days immediately following George Eveleth's death the two women who loved him found themselves separated by the very quality of their grief. While Diane's heart was clamorous with remorse, the mother's was poignantly calm. It was generally remarked, in the Franco-American circles where the tragedy was talked of, that Mrs. Eveleth displayed unexpected strength of character. It was a matter of common knowledge that she shrank from none of the terrible details it was necessary to supervise, and that she was capable of giving her attention to her son's practical affairs.

It was not till a fortnight had passed that the two women came face to face alone. The few occasions on which they had met hitherto had been those of solemn public mourning, when the great questions between them necessarily remained untouched. The desire to keep apart was common to both, for neither was sufficiently mistress of herself to be ready for a meeting.

The first movement came from Diane's side. During her long, speechless days of self-upbraiding certain thoughts had been slowly forming themselves into resolutions; but it was on impulse rather than reflection that, at last, she summoned up strength to knock at Mrs. Eveleth's door.

She entered timidly, expecting to find some manifestation of grief similar to her own. She was surprised, therefore, to see her mother-in-law sitting at her desk, with a number of businesslike papers before her. She held a pencil between her fingers, and was evidently in the act of adding up long rows of figures.

"Oh, come in," she said, briefly, as Diane appeared. "Excuse me a minute. Sit down."

Diane seated herself by an open window looking out on the garden. It was a hot morning towards the end of June, and from the neighboring streets came the dull rumble of Paris. Beyond the garden, through an opening, she could see a procession of carriages, probably a wedding, on its way to Sainte Clotilde. It

was her first glimpse of the outside world since that gray morning when she had driven home alone, and the very fact that it could be pursuing its round indifferent to her calamity, impelled her to turn her gaze away.

It was then that she had time to note the changes wrought in Mrs. Eveleth; and it was like finding winter where she expected no more than the first genial touch of autumn. The softnesses of lingering youth had disappeared, stricken out by the hard, straight lines of gravity. Never having known her mother-in-law as other than a woman of fashion, Diane was awed by this dignified, sorrowing matron, who carried the sword of motherhood in her heart.

It was a long time before Mrs. Eveleth laid her pencil down and raised her head. For a few minutes neither had the power of words, but it was Diane who spoke at last.

"I can understand," she faltered, "that you don't want to see me; but I've come to tell you that I'm going away."

"You're going away? Where?"

The words were spoken gently and as if in some absence of mind. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Eveleth was scarcely thinking of Diane's words—she was so intent on the poor little, tear-wan face before her. She had always known that Diane's attractions were those of coloring and vivacity, and now that she had lost these, she was like an extinguished lamp.

"I haven't made up my mind yet," Diane replied, "but I want you to know that you'll be freed from my presence."

"What makes you think I want to be—freed?"

"You must know that I killed George. You said that night that his blood would be on my head—and it is."

"If I said that, I spoke under the stress of terror and excitement—"

"You needn't try to take back the words; they were quite true."

"True in what sense?"

"In almost every sense; certainly in every sense that's vital. If it hadn't been for me, George would be here now."

"It's never wise to speculate on what might have happened if it hadn't been for us. There's no end to the useless torture we can inflict on ourselves in that way."

"I don't think there ought to be an end to it."

"Have you anything in particular to reproach yourself with?"

"I've everything."

"That means, then, that there's no one incident—or person—I didn't know but—" She hesitated, and Diane took up the sentence.

"You didn't know but what I had given George specific reason for his act. I may as well tell you that I never did—at least not in the sense in which you mean it. George always knew that I loved him, and that I was true to him. He trusted me, and was justified in doing so. It wasn't that. It was the whole thing—the whole life. There was nothing worthy in it from the beginning to the end. I played with fire, and while George knew it was only playing, it was fire all the same."

"But you say you were never—burnt."

"If I wasn't, others were. I led men on till they thought—till they thought—I don't know how to say it—"

"Till they thought you should have led them farther?"

"Precisely; and Bienville was one of them. It wasn't entirely his fault. I allowed him to think—to think—oh, all sorts of things!—and then when I was tired of him, I turned him into ridicule. I took advantage of his folly to make him the laughing-stock of Paris; and to avenge himself he lied. He said I had been his— No; I can't tell you."

"I understand. You needn't tell me. You needn't tell me any more."

"There isn't much more to tell that I can put into words. It was always—just like that—just as it was with Bienville. He wasn't the only one. I made coquetry a game—but a game in which I cheated. I was never fair to any of them. It's only the fact that the others were more honorable than Bienville that's kept what has happened now from having happened long ago. It might have come at any time. I thought it a fine thing to be able to trifle with passion. I didn't know I was only trifling with death. Oh, if I had been a good woman, George would have been with us still!"

"You mustn't blame yourself," the mother-in-law said, speaking with some difficulty, "for more than your own share of our troubles. I want to talk to you quite frankly, and tell you things you've never known. The beginning of



Drawn by Frank Craig

THE CRY CAME 'AS OF ONE SMITTEN TO THE HEART



the sorrows that have come to us dates very far back—back to a time before you were born."

"Oh?"

Diane's brown eyes, swimming in tears, opened wide in a sort of mournful curiosity.

"I admit," Mrs. Eveleth continued, "that in the first hours of our—our bereavement I had some such thoughts about you as you've just expressed. It seemed to me that if you had lived differently, George might have been spared to us. It took reflection to show me that if you *had* lived differently, George himself wouldn't have been satisfied. The life you led was the one he cared for—the one I taught him to care for. The origin of the wrong has to be traced back to me."

"To you?" Diane uttered the words in increasing wonder. It was strange that a first rôle in the drama could be played by any one but herself.

"I've always thought it a little odd," Mrs. Eveleth observed, after a brief pause, "that you've never been interested to hear about our family."

"I didn't know there was anything to tell," Diane answered, innocently.

"I suppose there isn't, from your European point of view; but, as we Americans see things, there's a good deal that's significant. Foreigners care so little about who or what we are, so long as we have money—"

Diane raised her hand in a gesture of deprecation, intimating that such was not her attitude of mind.

"—that I've never wanted to bore you with what, after all, wasn't necessary for you to hear. I shouldn't do so now if it had not become important. There's a great deal to settle and arrange."

"I can understand that there must be business affairs," Diane murmured, for the sake of saying something.

"Exactly; and in order to make them clear to you I must take you a little farther back into our history than you've ever gone before. I want you to see how much more responsible I am than you for our calamity. You were born into this life of Paris, while I came into it of my own accord. You did nothing but yield naturally to the influences around you, while I accepted them after having been fully warned. If you knew a little

more of our American ideals I should find it easier to explain."

"I should like to hear about them," Diane said, sympathetically. The new interest was beginning to take her out of herself.

"My husband and I," Mrs. Eveleth went on again, "belong to that New York element which dates back to the time when the city was New Amsterdam, and the State, the New Netherlands. To you that means nothing, but in America it tells much. I was Naomi de Ruyter; my husband, on his mother's side, was a Van Tromp."

"Really?" Diane murmured, feeling that Mrs. Eveleth's tone of pride required a response. "I know there's a Mr. Van Tromp here—the American banker."

"He is of the same family as my husband's mother. For nearly three hundred years they've lived on the island of Manhattan, and seen their farms and pastures grow into the second city in the world. The world has poured in on them, literally in millions. It would have submerged them if there hadn't been something in that old stock that couldn't be kept down. However high the tide rose, they floated on the top. My people were thrifty and industrious. They worked hard, saved money, and lived in simple ways. They cared little for pleasure, for beauty, or for any of the forms of art; but, on the contrary, they lived for work, for religion, for learning, and all the other high and serious pursuits. It was fine; but I hated it."

"Naturally."

"I longed to get away from it, and when I married I persuaded my husband to give up his profession and his home in order to establish himself here."

"But surely you can't regret that? You were free."

"Only the selfish and the useless are ever free. Those who are worth anything in this world are bound by a hundred claims upon them. They must either stay caught in the meshes of love and duty, or wrench themselves away—and that's what I did. Perhaps I suffered less than many people in doing the same thing; but I cannot say that I haven't suffered at all."

"But you've had a happy life—till now."

"I've had what I wanted—which may be happiness, or may not be."

"I've heard that you were very much admired. Madame de Noailles has told me that when you appeared at the Tuileries, no one was more graceful, not even the Empress herself."

"I had what I wanted," she repeated, with a sigh. "I don't deny that I enjoyed it; and yet I question now if I did right. When my husband died, and George was a little boy, my friends made one last effort to induce me to take him back, and bring him up in his own country. I ignored their opinions, because all their views were so different from mine. I was young and independent, and enamored of the life I had begun to lead. I had scruples of conscience from time to time; but when George grew up and developed the tastes I had bred in him, I let other considerations go. I was pleased with his success in the little world of Paris, just as I had been flattered by my own. When he fell in love with you I urged him to marry you, not because of anything in yourself, but because you were Mademoiselle de la Ferronays, the last of an illustrious family. I looked upon the match as a useful alliance for him and me. I encouraged George in extravagance. I encouraged him when he began to live in a style far more expensive than anything to which he had been accustomed. I encouraged him when he built this house. I wanted to impress you; I wanted you to see that the American could give you a more splendid home than any European you were likely to marry, however exalted his rank. I was not without fears that George was spending too much money; but we've always had plenty for whatever we wanted to do; and so I let him go on when I should have stopped him. It was my vanity. It wasn't his fault. He inherited a large fortune; and if I had only brought him up wisely, it would have been enough."

"And wasn't it enough?"

In spite of her growing dread Diane brought out the question firmly. Mrs. Eveleth sat one long minute motionless, with hands clasped, with lips parted, and with suspended breath.

"No."

The monosyllable seemed to fill the room. It echoed and re-echoed in Diane's ears

like the boom of a cannon. While her outward vision took in such details as the despair in Mrs. Eveleth's face, the folds of crape on her gown, the Watteau picture on the panel of moss-green and gold that formed the background, all the realities of life seemed to be dissolving into chaos, as the glories of the sunset sink into a black and formless mass. When Mrs. Eveleth spoke again, her voice sounded as though it came from far away.

"I want to take all the blame upon myself. If it hadn't been for me, George would never have gone to such extremes."

"Extremes?"

Diane spoke not so much from the desire to speak as from the necessity of forcing her reeling intelligence back to the world of fact.

"I'm afraid there's no other word for it."

"Do you mean that there are debts?"

"A great many debts."

"Can't they be paid?"

"Most of them can be paid—perhaps all; but when that is done I'm afraid there will be very little left."

"But surely we haven't lived so extravagantly as that. I know I've spent a great deal of money—"

"It hasn't been altogether the style of living. When my poor boy saw that he was going beyond his means he tried to recoup himself by speculation. Do you know what that is?"

"I know it's something by which people lose money."

"He had no experience of anything of the kind, and his men of business tell me he went into it wildly. He had that optimistic temperament which always believes that the next thing will be a success, even though the present one is a failure. Then, too, he fell into the hands of unscrupulous men, who made him think that great fortunes were to be made out of what they call wildcat schemes, when all the time they were leading him to ruin."

Ruin! The word appealed to Diane's memory and imagination alike. It came to her from her remotest childhood, when she could remember hearing it applied to her grandfather, the old Comte de la Ferronays. After that she could recollect leaving the great château in which she was born, and living with her parents,

first in one European capital, and then in another. Finally they settled for a few years in Ireland, her mother's country, where both her parents died. During all this time, as well as in the subsequent years in a convent at Auteuil, she was never free from the sense of ruin hanging over her. Though she understood well enough that her way of escape lay in making a rich marriage, it was impressed upon her that the meagreness of her *dot* would make her efforts in this direction difficult. When, within a few months of leaving the convent, she was asked by George Eveleth to become his wife, it seemed as if she had reached the end of her cares. She had the less scruple in accepting what he had to give in that she honestly liked the generous, easy-going man who lived but to gratify her whims. During the four years of her married life she had spent money, not merely for the love of spending, but from sheer joy in the sense that Poverty, the arch-enemy, had been defeated; and lo! he was springing at her again.

"Ruin!" she echoed, when Mrs. Eveleth had let fall the word. "Do you mean that we're—ruined?"

"It depends on how you look at it. You will always have your own small fortune, on which you can live with economy."

"But you will have yours, too."

Mrs. Eveleth smiled faintly.

"No; I'm afraid that's gone. It was in George's hands, and I can see he tried to increase it for me, by doing with it—as he did with his own. I'm not blaming him. The worst of which he can be accused is a lack of judgment."

"But there's this house!" Diane urged, "and all this furniture!—and these pictures!"

She glanced up at the Watteau, the Boucher, and the Fragonard, which gave the key to the decorations of the dainty boudoir. The faint smile still lingered on Mrs. Eveleth's lips, as it lingers on the face of the dead.

"There'll be very little left," she repeated.

"But I don't understand," Diane protested, with a perplexed movement of the hand across her brow. "I don't know much about business, but if it were explained to me I think I could follow."

"Come and sit beside me at the desk," Mrs. Eveleth suggested. "You will understand better if you see the figures, just as they stand."

She went over the main points, one by one, using the same untechnical simplicity of language which George's men of business had employed with herself. The facts could be stated broadly, but comprehensively. When all was settled the Eveleth estate would have disappeared. Diane would possess her small inheritance, which was a thing apart. Mrs. Eveleth would have a few jewels and other minor personal belongings, but nothing more. The very completeness of the story rendered it easy in the telling, though the largeness of the facts made it impossible for Diane to take them in. It was an almost unreasonable tax on credulity to attempt to think of the tall, fragile woman sitting before her, with luxurious nurture in every pose of the figure, in every habit of the mind, as penniless. It was trying to account for daylight without a sun.

"It can't be," Diane cried, when she had done her best to weigh the facts just placed before her.

Mrs. Eveleth shook her head, the glimmering smile fixed on her lips as on a mask.

"It is so, dear, I'm afraid. We must do our best to get used to it."

"I shall never get used to it," Diane cried, springing to her feet, "never, never!"

"It will be hard for you to do without all you've had—when you've had so much—but—"

"Oh, it isn't that," Diane broke in, fiercely. "It isn't for me. I can do well enough. It's for you."

"Don't worry about me, dear. I can work."

The words were spoken in a matter-of-fact tone, but Diane bounded at them as at a sword-thrust.

"You can—what?"

It was the last touch, not only of the horror of the situation, but of its ludicrous irony.

"I can work, dear," Mrs. Eveleth repeated, with the poignant tranquillity that smote Diane more cruelly than grief. "There are many things I could do—"

"Oh, don't!" Diane wailed, with plead-

ing gestures of the hands. "Oh, don't! I can't bear it. Don't say such things. They kill me. There must be some mistake. All that money can't have gone. Even if it was only a few hundred thousand francs it would be something. I will not believe it. It's too soon to judge. I've heard it took a long time to settle up estates. How can they have done it yet?"

"They haven't. They've only seen its possibilities—and impossibilities."

"I will never believe it," Diane burst out again. "I will see those men. I will tell them. I am positive that it cannot be. Such injustice would not be permitted. There must be laws—there must be something—to prevent such outrage—especially on you!" She spoke vehemently, striding to and fro in the little room, and brushing back from time to time the heavy brown hair that in her excitement fell in disordered locks on her forehead. "It's too wicked. It's too monstrous. It's intolerable. God doesn't allow such things to happen on earth, otherwise He wouldn't be God. No, no; you cannot make me think that such things happen. You—work! The *Mater Dolorosa* herself was not called upon to bear such humiliation. If God reigns, as they say He does—"

"But, Diane dear," Mrs. Eveleth interrupted, gently, "isn't it true that we owe it to George's memory to bear our troubles bravely?"

"I'm ready to bear anything bravely—but this."

"But isn't this the case, above all others, in which you and I should be unflinching? Doesn't any lack of courage on our parts imply a reflection on him?"

"That's true," Diane said, stopping abruptly, struck with the thought.

"I don't know how far you honor George's memory—?"

"George's memory? Why shouldn't I honor it?"

"I didn't know. Some women—after what you've just discovered—"

"I am not—some women! I am Diane Eveleth. Whatever George did I shared it, and I share it still."

"Then you forgive him?"

"Forgive him?—I?—forgive him? No! What have I to forgive? Anything he did he did for me and in order to have

the more to give me—and I love him and honor him as I never did till now."

Mrs. Eveleth rose and stood unsteadily beside her desk.

"God bless you for saying that, Diane."

"There's no reason why He should bless me for saying anything so obvious."

"It isn't obvious to me, Diane; and you must let *me* bless you—bless you with the mother's blessing, which, I think, must be next to God's."

Then opening her arms wide, she sobbed the one word, "Come!" and they had at least the comfort, dear to women, of weeping in one another's arms.

CHAPTER III

IN the private office of the great Franco-American banking-house of Van Tromp and Company the partners, having finished their conference, were about to separate.

"That's all, I think," said Mr. Grimston. He rose with a jerky movement, which gave him the appearance of a little figure shot out of a box.

Mr. Van Tromp remained seated at the broad, flat-topped desk, his head bent at an angle which gave Mr. Grimston a view of the tips of shaggy eyebrows, a broad nose, and that peculiar kind of protruding lower lip before which timid people quail. As there was no response, Mr. Grimston looked round vaguely on the sombre, handsome furnishings, fixing his gaze at last on the lithographed portrait of Mr. Van Tromp senior, the founder of the house, hanging above the mantelpiece.

"That's all, I think," Mr. Grimston repeated, raising his voice slightly in order to drown the rumble that came through the open windows from the rue Auber.

Suddenly Mr. Van Tromp looked up.

"I've just had a letter," he said, in a tone indicating an entirely new order of discussion, "from a person who signs herself Diana—or is it Diane?—Eveleth."

"Oh, Diane! She's written to you, has she?" came from Mr. Grimston, as his partner searched with short-sighted eyes for the letter in question among the papers on the desk.

"You know her, then?"

"Of course I know her. You ought to know her, too. You would, if you didn't shut yourself up in the office, away from the world."

"N-no, I don't recall that I've ever met the lady. Ah, here's the note. Just sit down a minute while I read it."

Mr. Grimston shot back into his seat again, while Mr. Van Tromp wiped his large circular glasses.

"'Dear Mr. Van Tromp,' she begins, 'I am most anxious to talk to you on very important business, and would take it as a favor if you would let me call on Tuesday morning and see you very privately. Yours sincerely, Diane Eveleth.' That's all. Now, what do you make of it?"

The straight smile, which was all the facial expression Mr. Grimston ever allowed himself, became visible between the lines of his closely clipped mustache and beard. He took his time before speaking, enjoying the knowledge that this was one of those social junctures in which he had his senior partner so conspicuously at a disadvantage.

"It's a bad business, I'm afraid," he said, as though summing up rather than beginning.

"What does the woman want with me?"

"That, I fear, is painfully evident. You must have heard of the Eveleth smash a couple of months ago. Or—let me see!—I think it was just when you were in New York. No; you'd be likely not to hear of it. The Eveleths have so carefully cut their American acquaintance for so many years that they've created a kind of vacuum around themselves, out of which the noise of their doings doesn't easily penetrate. They belong to that class of American Parisians who pose for going only into French society."

"I know the kind."

"Mrs. Grimston could tell you all about them, of course. Equally at home as she is in the best French and American circles, she hears a great many things she'd rather not hear."

"She needn't listen to 'em."

"Unfortunately a woman in her position, with a daughter like Marion, is obliged to listen. But that's rather the end of the story—"

"And I want the beginning, Grimston, if you don't mind. I want to know why this Diana should be after me."

"She's after money," Mr. Grimston declared, bluntly. "She's after money, and you'd better let me manage her. It would save you the trouble of the refusal you'll be obliged to make."

"Well, tell me about her and I'll see."

Mr. Grimston stiffened himself in his chair and cleared his throat.

"Mrs. George Eveleth," he stated, with slow, significant emphasis, "is an extremely fascinating woman. She has probably turned more men round her little finger than any other woman in Paris."

"Is that to her credit or her discredit?"

"I don't want to say anything against Mrs. Eveleth," Mr. Grimston protested. "I wish she hadn't come near us at all. As it is, you must be forewarned."

"I'm not particular about that, if you'll give me the facts."

"That's not so easy. Where facts are so deucedly disagreeable, a fellow finds it hard to trot out any poor little woman in her weaknesses. I must make it clear beforehand that I don't want to say anything against her."

"It's in confidence—privileged, as the lawyers say. I sha'n't think the worse of her—that is, not much."

"Poor Diané," Mr. Grimston began again, sententiously, "is one of the bits of human wreckage that have drifted down to us from the pre-revolutionary days of French society. Her grandfather, the old Comte de la Ferronnays, belonged to that order of irreconcilable royalists who persist in dashing themselves to pieces against the rising wall of democracy. I remember him perfectly—a handsome old fellow, who had lost an arm in the Crimea. He used to do business with us when I was with Hargous in the rue de Provence. Having impoverished himself in a plot in favor of the Comte de Chambord, somewhere about 1872, he came utterly to grief in raising funds for the Boulanger craze, in the train of the Duchesse d'Uzès. He died shortly afterwards, one of the last to break his heart over the hopeless Bourbon cause."

"That, I understand you to say, was the grandfather of the young woman who is after money. She's a Frenchwoman, then?"

"She's half French. That was her grandfather. The father was of much

the same type, but a lighter weight. He married an Irish beauty, a Miss O'Hara, as poor as himself. He died young, I believe, and I'd lost sight of the lot, till this Mademoiselle Diane de la Ferronays floated into view, some five years ago, in the train of the Noailles family. Her marriage to George Eveleth, which took place almost at once, was looked upon as an excellent thing all round. It rid the Noailles of a poor relation, and helped to establish the Eveleths in the heart of the old aristocracy. Since then Diane has been going the pace."

"What pace?"

"The pace the Eveleth money couldn't keep up with; the pace that made her the most talked of woman in a society where women are talked of more than enough; the pace that led George Eveleth to put a bullet through his head under pretence of fighting a duel."

"Dear me! Dear me! A most unusual young woman! Do you tell me that her husband actually put an end to himself?"

"So I understand. The affair was a curious one; but Bienville swears he fired into the air, and I believe him. Besides, George Eveleth was found shot through the temple, and no one but himself could have inflicted a wound like that. To make it conclusive, Melcourt and Vernois, who were seconds, testify to having seen the act, without having the time to prevent it. You can see that it is a relief to me to be able to take this view of the case—on poor Marion's account."

"Marion—your daughter! Was she mixed up in the affair?"

"Mixed up is a little too much to say. I don't mind telling you in confidence that there was something between her and Bienville. I don't know where it mightn't have ended; but of course when all this happened, and we got wind of Bienville's entanglement with Mrs. Eveleth, we had to put a stop to the thing, and pack her off to America. She'll stay there with her aunt, Mrs. Bayford, till it blows over."

"And your friend Bienville? Hasn't he brought himself within the clutches of the law?"

"George Eveleth was officially declared a suicide. He had every reason to be one—though I don't want to say anything against Mrs. Eveleth. When Bienville

refused to put an end to him, he evidently decided to do it himself. His family know nothing about that, so please don't let it slip out if you see Diane. With her notions, the husband fallen in her cause has perished on the field of honor; and if that's any comfort to her, let her keep it. As for Bienville, he's joined young Persigny, the explorer, in South America. By the time he returns, the affair will have been forgotten. He's a nice young fellow, and it's a thousand pities he should have fallen into the net of a woman like Mrs. Eveleth. I don't want to say anything against her, you understand—"

"Oh, quite!"

"But—"

Mr. Grimston pronounced the word with a hard-drawn breath, and presented the appearance of a man who restrains himself. He was still endeavoring to maintain this attitude of repression when a discreet tap on the door called from Mr. Van Tromp a gruff, "Come in." A young man entered with a card.

"She's here," the banker grunted, reading the name.

Mr. Grimston shot up again.

"Better let me see her," he insisted, in a warning tone.

"No, no. I'll have a look at her myself. Bring the lady in," he added, to the young man in waiting.

"Then I'll skip," said Mr. Grimston, suiting the action to the word by disappearing in one direction as Diane entered from another.

Mr. Van Tromp rose heavily, and surveyed her as she crossed the floor towards him. He had been expecting some such seductive French beauty as he had occasionally seen on the stage on the rare occasions when he went to a play; so that the trimness of this little figure in widow's dress, with white bands and cuffs, after the English fashion, somewhat disconcerted him. Unaccustomed to the ways of banks, Diane half offered her hand, but as he was on his guard against taking it, she stood still before him.

"Mrs. Eveleth, I believe," he said, when he had surveyed her well. "Have the goodness to sit down, and tell me what I can do for you."

Diane took the seat he indicated,

which left a discreet space between herself and him. The heavy black satchel she carried she placed on the floor beside her. When she raised her veil, Mr. Van Tromp observed to himself that the pale face, touching in expression, and the brown eyes, in which there seemed to lurk a gentle reproach against the world for having treated her so badly, were exactly what he would have expected a woman coming to borrow money to assume.

"I've come to you, Mr. Van Tromp," Diane began, timidly, "because I thought that perhaps—you might know—who I am."

"I don't know anything at all about you," was the not encouraging response.

"Of course there's no reason why you should—" Diane hastened to say, apologetically.

"None whatever," he assured her.

"Only that a good many people do know us—"

"I dare say. I haven't the honor to be among the number."

"And I thought that possibly—just possibly—you might be predisposed in my favor."

"A banker is never predisposed in favor of any one—not even his own flesh and blood."

"I didn't know that," Diane persisted, bravely, "otherwise I might just as well have gone to anybody else."

"Just as well."

"Would you like me to go now?"

The question took him by surprise, and before replying he looked at her again with queer, bulgy eyes peering through big circular glasses, in a way that made Diane think of an ogre in a fairy-tale.

"You're not here for what I like," he said, at last, "but for what you want yourself."

"That's true," Diane admitted, ruefully, "but I might go away. I *will* go away, if you say so."

"You'll please yourself. I didn't send for you, and I'll not tell you to go. How old are you?"

It was Diane's turn to be surprised, but she brought out her age promptly.

"Twenty-four."

"You look older."

"That's because I've had so much trouble, perhaps. It's because we're in trouble that I've come to you, Mr. Van Tromp."

"I dare say. I didn't suppose you'd come to ask me to dinner. There are not many days go by without some one expecting me to pull him out of the scrape he would never have got into if it hadn't been for his own fault."

"I'm afraid that's very like my case."

"It's like a good many cases. You're no exception to the rule."

"And what do you do at such times, if I may ask?"

"You may ask, but I'll not tell you. You're here on your own business, I presume, and not on mine."

"I thought that perhaps you'd be good enough to make mine yours. Though we've never met, I have seen you at various times, and it always seemed to me that you looked kind; and so—"

"Stop right there, ma'am," he cried, putting up a warning hand. "'Most important business,' was what you said in your note, otherwise I shouldn't have consented to see you. If you have any business, state it, and I'll say yes or no, as it strikes me. But I'll tell you beforehand that there isn't a chance in a thousand but what it'll be no."

"I did come because I thought you looked kind," Diane declared, indignantly, "and if you think it was for any other reason whatever, you're absolutely mistaken."

"Then we'll let it be. I can't help my looks, nor what you think about them. The point is that you're here for something; so let's know what it is."

"You make it very hard for me," Diane said, almost tearfully, "but I'll try. I must tell you, first of all, that we've lost a great deal of money."

"That's no new situation."

"It is to me; and it's even more so to my poor mother-in-law. I should think you must have heard of her at the least. She is Mrs. Arthur Eveleth. Her maiden name was Naomi de Ruyter, of New York."

"Very likely."

"Her husband was related, on his mother's side, to the Van Tromps—the same family as your own."

"That's more likely still. There are as many Van Tromps in New York as there are shrimps on the Breton coast, and they're all related to me, because I'm supposed to have a little money."

"I sha'n't let you offend me," Diane said, stoutly, "because I want your help."

"That's a very good reason."

"But since you take so little interest in us I will not attempt to explain how it is that we've come to such misfortune."

"I'll take that for granted."

"The blow has fallen more heavily on my mother-in-law than on me. She has lost everything she had in the world; while I have still my own money—my *dot*—and a little over from the sale of my jewels."

"Well?"

"If you'd ever seen her, you would know how terrible, how impossible, such a situation is for her. She's the sort of woman who ought to have money—who *must* have money. And so I thought if I came to you—"

"I'd give her some."

"No," Diane said, quickly, with a renewed touch of indignation, "but that you'd help me to do it."

He looked at her with an odd, upward glance under his shaggy, overhanging brows, while the protruding lower lip went a shade farther out.

"Help you to do it? How?"

"By letting her have mine."

Again he looked at her, almost suspiciously.

"You've got plenty to give away, I suppose?"

"On the contrary; I've pitifully little; but such as it is, I want her to have it all. She could live on it—with economy; or at least she says I could."

"And can't you?"

"I don't want to. As there isn't enough for two, I wish to settle it on her. Isn't that the word?—settle?"

"It 'll do as well as another. And what do you propose to do yourself?"

"Work."

Diane forced the word in a little gasp of humiliation, but she got it out.

"And what 'll you work at?"

"I don't know yet, exactly. I should have to see. My mother-in-law is going to America; and when she does I'll join her."

"Hmph! My good woman, you wouldn't do more than just keep ahead of starvation."

"Oh, I shouldn't expect to do more. If I succeeded in that—I should live."

"How much money have you got?"

"It's all here," she answered, picking up the black satchel and opening it. "These are my securities, and I'm told they're very good."

"And do you take them round with you every time you go shopping?"

"No," Diane smiled, somewhat wanly. "They've been in the hands of the Messrs. Hargous for a good many years past. They are entirely at my own disposal—not in trust, they said; so that I had a right to take them away. I thought I would just bring them to you."

"What for?"

"To keep them for my mother-in-law and pay her the interest, or whatever it is."

"Why didn't you leave them with Hargous?"

"I was afraid, from some things he said, he would object to what I wanted to do."

"And what made you think I wouldn't object to it, too?"

"Two or three reasons. First, Monsieur Hargous is not an American, and you are; and I'd been told that Americans always like to help each other—"

"I don't know who could have put that notion into your head."

"And then, from the few glimpses I've had of you—I *will* say it!—I thought you looked kind."

"Well, now that you've had a better look, you see I don't. How much money have you got? You haven't told me that yet."

"Here's the memorandum. They said they were mostly bonds, and very good ones."

With the slip of paper in his hand the banker leaned back in the chair, and took a longer time than was necessary to scan the poor little list. In reality he was turning over in his mind the unexpected features of the case, venturing a peep at Diane as she sat meekly awaiting the end of his perusal.

"Hasn't it occurred to you," he asked at last, "that you could leave your affairs in Hargous's hands, and still turn over to your mother-in-law whatever sums he paid you?"

"Yes; but she wouldn't take the money unless she thought it was her very own."

"But it isn't her very own. It's yours."



Drawn by Frank Crane

THE BANKER TOOK A LONGER TIME THAN WAS NECESSARY TO SCAN THE POOR LITTLE LIST

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit



"I want to make it hers. I want to transfer it to her absolutely—so that no one else, not even I, shall have a claim upon it. There must be ways of doing that."

"There are ways of doing that, but as far as she's concerned it comes to the same thing. If she won't touch the income, she will refuse to accept the principal."

"I've thought of that, too; and it's among the reasons why I've come to you. I hoped you'd help me—"

"To tell a lie about it."

"I should think it might be done without that. My mother-in-law is a very simple woman in business affairs. She has been used all her life to having money paid into her account, when she had only the vaguest idea as to where it came from. If you should write to her now and say that some small funds in her name were in your hands, and that you would pay her the income at stated intervals, nothing would seem more natural to her. She would probably attribute it to some act of foresight on her son's part, and never think I had anything to do with it at all."

For three or four minutes he sat in meditation, still glancing at her furtively under his shaggy brows, while she waited for his decision.

"I don't approve of it at all," he said at last.

"Don't say that," she pleaded. "I've hoped so much that you'd—"

"At the same time I won't say that the thing isn't feasible. I'll just verify these bonds and certificates, and—"

He took them, one by one, from the bag, and having compared them with the list, replaced them.

"And," he continued, "you can come and see me again at this time to-morrow."

"Oh, thank you!"

"You can thank me when I've done something—not before. Very likely I shan't do anything at all. But in the meanwhile you may leave your satchel here, and not run the risk of being robbed in the street. If I refuse you to-morrow—as is probable I shall—I'll send a man with you to see you and your money safely back to Hargous."

He touched a bell, and a young man entered. On directions from the banker the clerk left the room, taking the bag with him; while Diane, feeling that her errand had been largely accomplished, rose to leave.

"You can't go without the receipt for your securities. How do you know I'm not stealing them from you? What right would you have to claim them when you came again? Sit down now and tell me something more about yourself."

Half smiling, half tearfully, Diane complied. Before the clerk returned she had given a brief outline of her life, agreeing in all but the tone of telling with much of what Mr. Grimston had stated half an hour earlier.

"It has been all my fault," she declared, as the young man re-entered. "There's been nobody to blame but me."

"I see that well enough," the old man agreed, and once more she prepared to depart.

"Look at your receipt. Compare it with the list there on the desk." Diane obeyed, though her eyes swam so that she could not tell one word from another. "Is it all right? Then so much the better. You'll find me at the same time to-morrow—if you're not late."

"Since you won't let me thank you I must go without doing so," she began, tremulously, "but I assure you—"

"You needn't assure me of anything, but just come again to-morrow."

She smiled through the mist over her eyes, and bowed.

"I shall not be—late," was all she ventured to say, and turned to leave him.

She had reached the door, and half opened it, when she heard his voice behind her.

"Stay! Just a minute! I'd like to shake hands with you, young woman."

Diane turned and allowed him to take her hand in a grip that hurt her. She was so astounded by the suddenness of the act, as well as by the rapidity with which he closed the door behind her, that her tears did not actually fall until she found herself in the public department of the bank, outside.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Written Word

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

THE St. Kiliaen Club, more familiarly known as the "Roost," has its library on the third floor front. It is a handsome apartment, and well appointed, save for one somewhat singular deficiency—books. There are shelves in plenty, but, excepting the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, a set of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and a few odd novels, these are unoccupied. Evidently, the descendants of the Patroons have larger interests in life than the pursuit of literature; but for all that the room has its uses, infrequent, perhaps, yet none the less appreciated. If a St. Kiliaen member desires absolute seclusion he has only to betake himself to the library; no one will think of looking for him there, and he is at liberty to wrestle undisturbed with any of the secrets of the universe that may chance to be engaging his attention. With this explanation we shall understand why Mr. Pruyn Cassilis had forsaken the social delights of the lounge on this bright January afternoon, and was now immersed in the brown-study atmosphere of the library. There was something on his mind, a problem that called for his most careful consideration, and he wanted to think it over without prejudice.

Exhibit A.—This was a note, bearing an address in Monument Square, Baltimore, written in a hand unmistakably feminine, and dated early in December of the year just past. It read:

"MY DEAR MR. CASSILIS,—As one of my very good friends I know that you will be interested to hear that my engagement to Mr. Alcott Pinckney, of Charleston, is just announced. Needless to say that I am as happy as any girl has a right to be. We are to be married on February the fifteenth (Shrove Tuesday), and I have a tremendous favor to ask of you. Will you preside at the organ on that great occasion? It is much the nicer thing to have

a friend assisting in this particular capacity, and I did so enjoy your impromptu recitals at the Anchorage last summer; they made that house-party a memorable one for me. So, Mr. Distinguished Amateur, if it isn't too great a bore, do gratify the whim of your friend and well-wisher,

AGATHA VAUGHAN."

Exhibit B cannot be placed in material evidence, since Mr. Cassilis had preserved no copy of his answer to this epistle. But he recollected distinctly enough the essential nature of his reply. It had been something of a shock to him—this decisive knowledge of Miss Vaughan's matrimonial destiny; or, at least, he had persuaded himself that he felt it in that way. Not that he could allege any particular ground-for complaint; they had met, for the first time, at the Bowens' house-party, and had been excellent friends during the fortnight's stay. Then they had gone their separate ways, and, to tell the truth, he had thought very little about her until the coming of this letter. True, he had been expecting to see her again; she had intimated her intention of running over to New York for the Wagner cycle, but she had failed to appear, and the season had been such a crowded one. And now it was all over between them; Cassilis rather enjoyed the vague sensation of disillusionment, of shadowy regret. This sentiment still possessed him when he sat down to reply to her letter, and he had said rather more than he really intended. Of course, he signified his willingness to oblige in the matter of the wedding music; and if he had been wise he would have stopped there. But the temptation to pose a little had been irresistible, and he had gone on to convey the impression, delicate but unmistakable, that his complaisance was costing him something. To be asked to play at her wedding—*her* wed-

ding—well, she wished it, and if it would add to her happiness, in even the smallest degree, he could not refuse. Also a lot more in similar strain, all very indefinite and elusive, and yet singularly well calculated to set any imaginative young woman to thinking things. Cassilis had been rather pleased with his effort; but at the time he had almost succeeded in convincing himself that it represented his real feelings; then he sent off the letter, and promptly forgot all about it. That was a month ago, and he was now confronted with exhibit C, a second letter from Miss Vaughan, that began without formal address, and read as herewith set down:

"You were most kind to accede so promptly to my request about the music, and I should have acknowledged your letter at once. If I did not, it was because I wanted time to think it over. I am frank enough to admit that it interested me; but, more than that, it disturbed me—greatly. Between the lines I can read that you condemn me, but you *must* do me justice; I never had the faintest idea that you felt *that* way; I never had the smallest suspicion that you thought of me as other than a friend, a very good friend.

"It has distressed me—more than I can say—to think that I have hurt you, even if unwittingly; and then there is the further implication that I must go on hurting you; and this last is intolerable. Oh, I would give the world—" (Several erasures and a large blot made the succeeding line hopelessly illegible.)

"What more can I say; what more can any woman say? If the fault be really mine I ought to make reparation; but how and where to begin? Between you and me the platitudes are impossible; I would not insult you by offering them, and indeed I could have no heart to do so. Life is a muddle, isn't it?

"There is just one thing that I must insist upon—your forgiveness. Even if I am to blame (consciously or unconsciously), I could not be happy unless there was peace between us. I dare say that I am exacting a generosity of which I myself would be incapable; but you are a man, and I am a woman. Be good to me and tell me that I am forgiven—fully and completely.

"You speak of having missed your happiness. Ah, my friend, is happiness anything more than a term of comparison even to the most fortunate among us—even to me?"

A. V.

"P. S.—I ought to tell you that my engagement to Mr. Pinckney has been broken off. I think we both realized that it had been a mistake from the beginning and that it was better to face the situation frankly. To have married him would have been the crowning injustice."

For the tenth successive time Mr. Cassilis had perused this ingenuous epistle, and he was as far as ever from knowing what he was going to do about it. At the first he had experienced a feeling of not unnatural exultation; the vanity of the male creature had been subtly touched; and he had even contemplated seizing the fruit of this undoubted victory over the gentleman from South Carolina. He felt like a conqueror, and he wanted to enjoy his triumph. Then, as his meditation prolonged itself, the flush upon his cheek began to fade; he told himself that he must make no mistake in a matter of such importance. Agatha Vaughan was a nice girl, and he had liked her tremendously. But was he sure that she was the *one*? The more he thought of it the less sure he became; and the lover who doubts thereby denies the fact of his own existence. If the decision could only be kept open for a little while, or until he could know his mind more clearly. But he had already committed himself, at least in Miss Vaughan's estimation, and now her letter had defined the issue with uncompromising lucidity. It was certainly his turn to play, and there was not a safety shot on the table; Mr. Cassilis told himself, with unconcealed bitterness, that he had been fourteen different kinds of a fool, and was a fit candidate for the funny ward at Bellevue. Incidentally, he drank several stiff whiskey-and-sodas, and smoked a great deal more than was good for his golf putting.

Sharp is the spur of necessity. Something impelled him to pick up the fatal missive and examine it closely. The letter was addressed to him at his bachelor apartments in the "Mohican"; and it had been so imperfectly sealed that he had been able to open it without cutting

or tearing the flap of the envelope. If he should re-enclose the letter a dash of mucilage would make everything secure, and then there would remain no evidence that its seal of secrecy had ever been removed. The corollary to this ingenious proposition instantly presented itself, and Mr. Cassilis marched forthwith to the office of the club and demanded the attention of a clerk.

"Will you be kind enough to re-address this letter?" he said, with as much nonchalance as he could muster.

The clerk raised his eyebrows, but it was not his business to seek an explanation of this extraordinary request. "Where to?" he asked, and dipped his pen in the red ink.

"Number 49 West Forty-fourth Street. And you will please see that the postman takes it on his next round? Thank you very much."

Mr. Cassilis went in to luncheon feeling rather set up with his cleverness in slipping out of so tight a place. For, of course, he was not known at No. 49 West Forty-fourth Street; he had simply given the first address that popped into his head. Consequently, the letter would have to be marked, "Not found," and would be duly sent to the Dead-letter Office, and thence returned to the writer. Miss Vaughan would undoubtedly conclude that the "Mohican" address was a mistake and that the letter had never reached its destination. To be sure, it was not impossible for her to discover that he might be unearthed at the St. Kiliaen; but she would have had opportunity to reflect upon her impulsiveness, and perhaps to regret it. Most women have a strain of superstition in their blood, and there would be an ominous suggestion in the return of the letter that she could hardly ignore. Well and closely reasoned, and yet somehow Mr. Cassilis found himself curiously dissatisfied with the result of his deductions; all of a sudden the taste of his cutlet disappeared, and he accused the waiter of having brought him a corked bottle of Burgundy. Such is human nature, poor human nature.

Ten days later Cassilis and Miss Vaughan met face to face on Fifth Avenue. The latter colored visibly in that instant of the crossing glance, but she

recovered herself so quickly and completely that Cassilis almost doubted if he had seen aright; her manner impressed him as being cool and a trifle distant.

"Mother and I are stopping at the 'Huron,'" she said, in answer to his inquiry. "Why not come in for a cup of tea? It's just around the corner."

Cassilis had no particular reason for declining, nor was he anxious to find one. Moreover, there was something in Miss Vaughan's matter-of-fact attitude that piqued his curiosity. He would have given a good deal to know if the letter had been returned, but it was obviously impolitic to make the direct inquiry; he would have to angle a little.

Arriving at the "Huron," Miss Vaughan stopped at the office desk to ask for her mail. The clerk was sorting a bundle of letters that he had taken from a large and dusty pigeonhole; the one on the top of the pile attracted the simultaneous attention of both Cassilis and his companion. "My letter!" exclaimed Miss Vaughan, in immense surprise. She put out her hand to take it, but Cassilis had forestalled her. "It is addressed to me," he said, gravely. Yet, when she insisted, he had no option but to yield the point and give it up.

"So you never received this!" continued Miss Vaughan. As the question had not been a direct one Cassilis felt that he was justified in keeping silence.

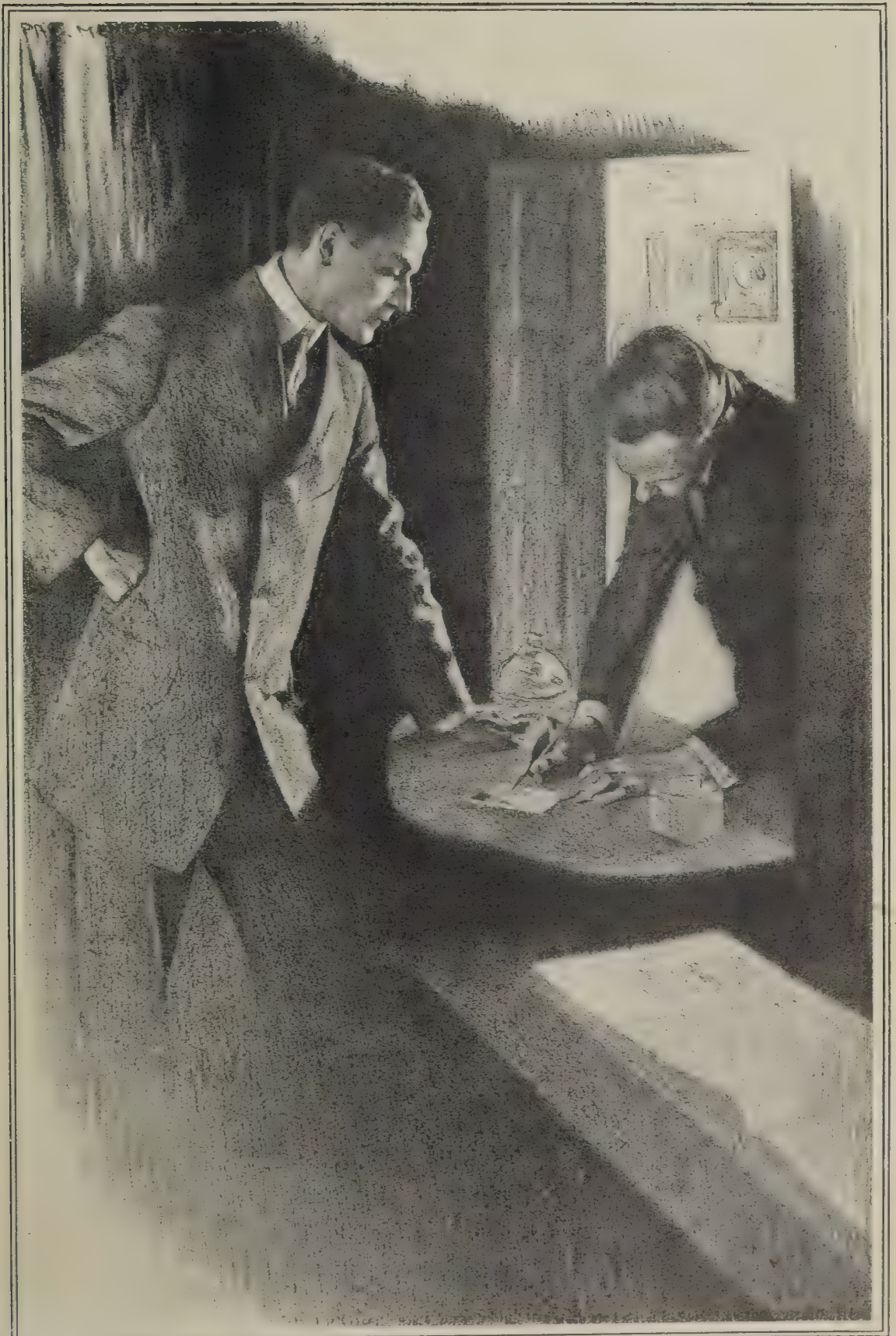
"It was sent to you at the 'Mohican,' and then readdressed to No. 49 West Forty-fourth Street. How strange!"

"Forty-nine is our number," explained the clerk. "Are you Mr. Pryn Cassilis?"

Cassilis acknowledged his identity.

"Mr. Cassilis not being known here, we were holding the letter for the customary time before returning it to the post-office. But, somehow, it was overlooked last week. Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Vaughan; there is nothing for you except this parcel. Shall we put the charge on the bill? Thank you."

Miss Vaughan had retained possession of the letter without vouchsafing any further explanation regarding it. But her manner towards Cassilis had changed—interestingly so. When she handed him his cup of tea he could have sworn that she blushed. The situation was too piquant not to be improved.



Drawn by Paul Meylan

Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

"PLEASE SEE THAT THE POSTMAN TAKES IT ON HIS NEXT ROUND"

"A letter bearing my name, and addressed in your handwriting! Is it indiscreet to be curious?"

"I did write you this a week ago. I supposed, of course, that you had received it."

"Well?"

"It appears that I was mistaken. I had been doing you an injustice."

Cassilis had the grace to feel a little ashamed of himself—just a little. But the temptation to play up to the part was irresistible. "Surely I am to have the opportunity to re-establish myself in your esteem," he said. "Will you give me the letter?"

"Taking everything into consideration, I don't think I will."

"But it is my property."

"That, at least, is an arguable question. You will hardly insist on making it a legal one."

"I want my letter."

"And you can't have it. What a child you are!"

"You place me in an indefensible position. Is that quite fair?"

"I have already acquitted you of any possible blame. What more do you want?"

"My letter."

"There you go again, still harping on that one outworn string. A man is so obstinate."

"And a woman so inconstant." Cassilis could not resist the thrust, and he could see that it told; Miss Vaughan changed color, and her lower lip trembled ever so slightly. "I wrote that letter under impulse," she began.

"An impulse that you now regret?"

"Not necessarily. But I have reconsidered its advisability. That is my privilege, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Certainly; if you claim it." Cassilis was beginning to look upon himself as being rather hardly used; his tone was injured.

"Aren't we making a tremendous mountain out of a very small mole-hill?" continued Miss Vaughan, lightly. "There must be other things in the world. How was the opera this season?"

But Cassilis refused to be diverted. "You were to come on for the cycle," he complained. "You didn't."

"Circumstances prevented."

"To be sure—how stupid of me! Of course there was that all-important thing, the trousseau. I suppose you're here now on account of it."

"How clever of you to guess! But don't get me talking of my clothes, for they are the one interest I have on earth, and I should bore you to extinction."

Cassilis felt outmanœuvred. He had counted upon forcing her to establish the fact of her broken engagement, and the bare admission would have given him a distinct advantage in this emotional duel. But she refused to be entrapped, and he was obliged to have recourse to his one strong card. He rose to his feet. "I must be going," he said. "Will you please tell me what you intend doing with that letter?"

"Probably I shall destroy it."

"No; you will give it to me now—before I leave this room."

"I beg that you will not insist upon this." The girl's voice was low and troubled.

"But I do." A pause, and then Cassilis played a master-stroke; he changed the subject. "I ought to be getting up that music," he remarked, with a fine show of friendly interest. "I think you spoke of a song of Schumann's—'Du Ring an Meinem Finger'?"

"Please do not bother any longer about that, Mr. Cassilis. It was foolish of me to have made the request at all. Will you let me withdraw it now without asking for any reasons?"

The dormant manhood in Cassilis responded to the appeal. He bent over the hand that she extended. "It must be as you wish," he said, gravely. "I am conscious of having behaved badly in this affair—more so than you can know. Good-by." He bowed himself out.

On the way down-stairs Cassilis found that he was the sport of various conflicting emotions. Never had she seemed to him so alluring, so altogether and pre-eminently desirable. But he put a strong and restraining hand on the impulse to go back for a renewal of the unequal combat. "I'm glad I didn't push it," he told himself. "Very glad." As he passed out of the door a bell-boy ran up and handed him a letter—the letter.

Mr. Pruyn Cassilis sat in his com-

fortable bachelor apartments and gazed about him meditatively. He had enjoyed a singularly pleasant and care-free existence for some thirty-odd years; and now he was on the point of exchanging it—for what? Yet even as he mused the vision of a woman's face arose before him, and all else was blotted out; he seized pen and paper and began to write.

It was really a model of a letter—straightforward, definite, and honestly appreciative of the delicate issues that were at stake. Taking the ground that the breaking of her engagement had left the way open for him, he asked the honor of Miss Vaughan's hand in marriage; he hoped that he would be able to make her happy; he expressed just the proper amount of anxiety as to the nature of her reply. Yet, when he came to read it over, he felt that there was something lacking; he resumed his pen and continued:

"There still remain unuttered the indispensable words, the words that every woman desires and has the right to hear. Well, then, I love you, and I am glad and proud that I can say it." He stopped, and his eye went back to that little word "can." Was he quite sure that he was using it in all honesty? Nothing could justify its employment but certainty—absolute, unquestioning certainty of his own mind and heart. And here he was still wondering, arguing, debating. Taking an eraser, he carefully obliterated "can" and wrote in "do." "I am glad and proud that I do say it." That would have to express his final position; he had shown a resolution, a willingness to follow the only honorable course; he had said what he was expected to say, and he was prepared to stand by it. He sealed and stamped the letter, and addressed it to Miss Vaughan at the "Huron." Then he took a fresh sheet of note-paper and started in again. And this is what he wrote:

"I can't tell you anything less than the truth. Your original letter was not misdirected; I received it at the 'Mohican,' and read it—every word of it. Of course it called for a reply; and that I found myself unable to make—at least for the moment. I wanted to know myself a little better; it was necessary to gain time to arrive at a conclusion that should be just to us both. Therefore I deliberately

remailed the letter to what I thought was a blind address, assuming that, not being delivered, it would be sent back to you by the Dead-letter Office. The fact that the letter had been officially returned would secure your position, and I should have my opportunity for reflection.

"But the fates willed differently, and I have now to acknowledge my error, with the added consciousness that my later conduct admits of no excuse whatever. My vanity, my selfishness, are alone to blame for all that has happened, and no condemnation could be severer than that which I must pass upon myself. I have dared to trifle with one of the great realities of life, and I must be prepared to pay the appropriate penalty.

"There are two courses open to me. I might write and ask you to be my wife, making no honest confession of my fault, but inwardly resolving to atone for it by a lifetime of devotion. That, indeed, were the easier way, but I cannot feel sure that it would be the right way. The shadow of the wrong would lie always between us, and supposing that some day the truth became known to you? Would not the latter injustice be harder to bear than the original one?

"The alternative is to make frank acknowledgment of my offence, and to beseech your forgiveness, or rather, your forbearance. In my answer to your first letter—the one announcing your engagement—I allowed myself the luxury of an attitude. When you demanded its meaning (as you had every right to do) I found myself unable to give an answer that would have been satisfactory to either of us. Accordingly, I temporized, I plunged from one folly into a greater one, floundering more and more hopelessly with every step, until I have now reached an *impasse* where a halt is imperative.

"I have bespoken your forbearance, and you will expect me to define what I mean by the request. It is simply the chance to know my own heart, time in which to assure myself that I really have the one thing to offer that you would care to accept. P. C."

Having prepared this second enclosure for the post, Cassilis sat back in his chair and considered. The two letters

lay before him; which should he send? And the longer he thought it over, the less he seemed able to come to a decision. Now he realized that the morning light was dawning through his eastern windows; incredible as it may appear, he had taken the whole night for the resolution of his problem, a problem that still remained with him. With a sudden impulse he snatched up top-coat and hat and went out.

He must have walked miles on end, for now he found himself in a remote suburb of the city, and it was going on to ten o'clock. He jumped on a street-car and returned to the "Mohican." His Japanese servant greeted him with stolid serenity: "Morning, sar. Soft boil three minutes?"

Cassilis glanced over at the writing-table; the two letters had disappeared. With as much indifference as he could command he inquired about them.

"Have posted, sar, as honorable custom is. *Both* letters? Most certainly, sar; the obligation has been punctual to perform."

Subsequent cross-examination of the irreproachable Watairo elicited the important fact that the letters had not been mailed at the same time; one of them had fallen off the table and had not been discovered until he came to sweep. The elapsed period might have been all of two hours. But, assuredly, both communications were now in the post, and would be shortly delivered to Miss Vaughan at the "Huron."

Mr. Cassilis hailed a cab and drove off, breakfastless, to the hotel in West Forty-fourth Street. There the clerk handed him an envelope containing Miss Vaughan's visiting-card. On it was the hastily scribbled information that she and her mother had been recalled unexpectedly to Baltimore, by illness in the family. They had taken the earliest possible train; she would write again when they arrived.

"I sent Miss Vaughan a letter," began Cassilis, tentatively.

"There was one in the first mail," answered the clerk, "that Miss Vaughan received and took with her. Another came with the later delivery."

"Yes," said Cassilis, breathlessly.

"We forwarded the latter, in accord-

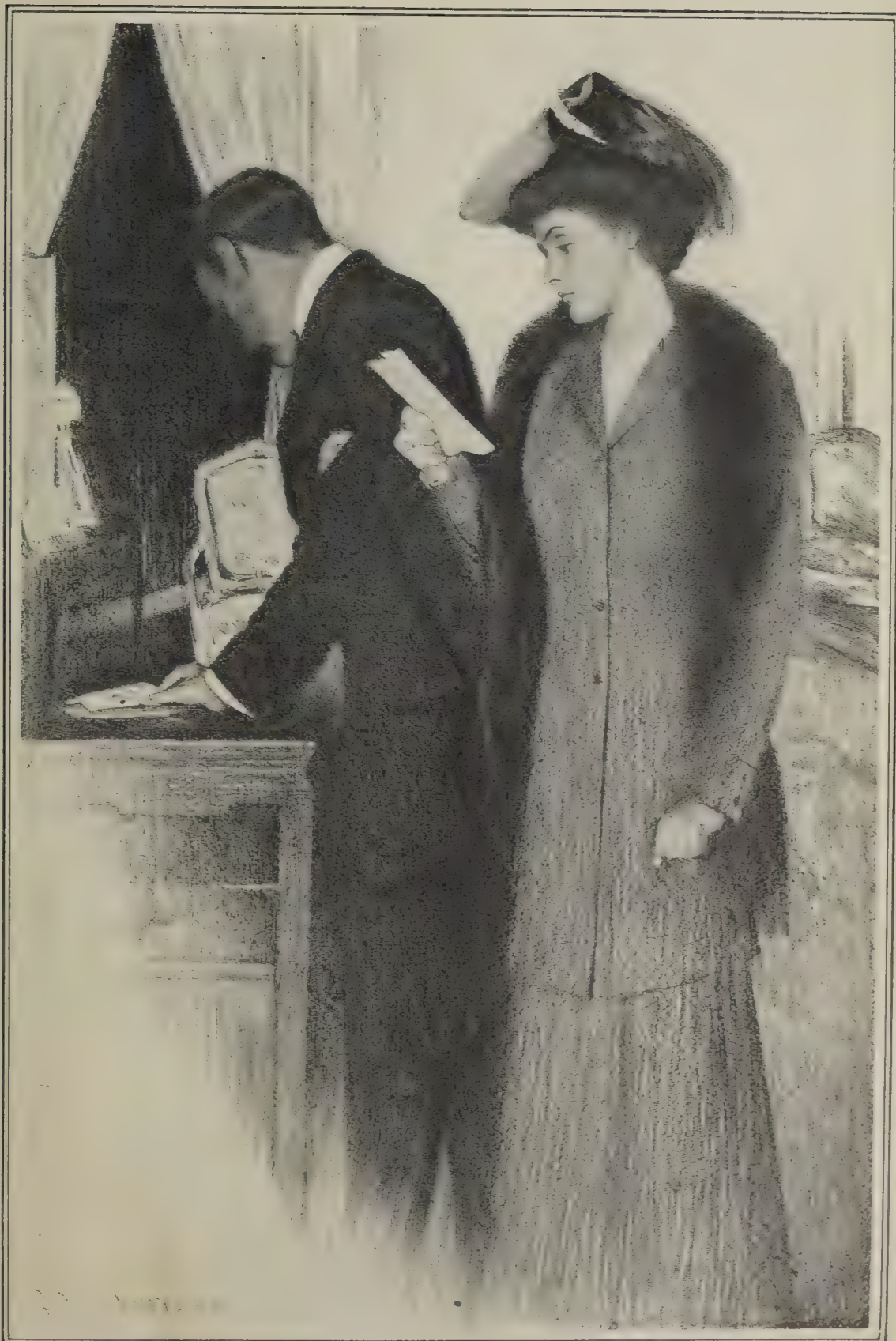
ance with our instructions. It hasn't been gone more than an hour."

A noonday express for the South numbered Mr. Cassilis among its passengers. He calculated that the letter had preceded him by the earlier train that he had just missed, after a law-breaking dash in a taxicab. Of course it would reach Baltimore before him, but he would be at Miss Vaughan's house in advance of its delivery. Its interception could no doubt be accomplished—diplomacy, bribery, force; he was ready to invoke any or all of these measures, as occasion should demand. The one tremendous, unresolvable complication lay in the fact that there was no possibility of determining which of the two letters was now in Miss Vaughan's possession, and which was on its way to her. If he only knew, if he only knew!

But at least he was possessed of one certainty: he realized now that life without Agatha Vaughan was not worth the living. He loved her—of that unalterable conclusion there could be no shadow of doubt; and even though the revelation had come too late, even though he had now lost her irrevocably, he should still be glad that he had lived long enough to know it. He loved her—the wonderful words kept ringing in his ears, incessantly repeated in rhythm with the whirling wheels; echoed and re-echoed in the blasts of the locomotive whistle, in the rattle of the switch points, in every sound from that strange outer world through which he was travelling at sixty miles an hour. He loved her, and in that consciousness so stupendous, so well-nigh unbelievable, he was content to rest.

Arriving, at five o'clock, in Baltimore, Cassilis drove to Miss Vaughan's house, and sent up his card. She was not at home, and so he had to wait. He passed the time pacing the floor, his ears alert to every sound. Which should he hear first—the ring announcing her coming, or the postman's signal?

Miss Vaughan had returned; she came immediately to the drawing-room where Cassilis awaited her. She greeted him with what he fancied was a constrained surprise, and his heart sank. "You in Baltimore!" she exclaimed. In her hand she carried a letter, and he was able to see that the address was in



Drawn by Paul Meylan

Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

'DID YOU NOT WRITE THIS OUT OF PITY FOR ME?'

his handwriting. One of the two, but which one?

"This came just as I was leaving the hotel," she said, and held it out to him. Cassilis took it mechanically, but did not look at it. "I assume that it was written in answer to mine," she went on. She confronted him steadily, but the color was rising in her cheeks.

Cassilis forced his blurring eyes to the paper; then his heart gave a great leap, for it was the letter in which he had asked her to become his wife. In that same instant he heard the nearing note of the postman's whistle. "Agatha!" he said, and made a step towards her. But she waved him back.

"At this, the ultimate moment, nothing less than the truth may be uttered between us." She spoke gently, but determinedly.

Cassilis looked at her dumbly. She reclaimed the letter with an imperious gesture.

"Did you not write this out of pity for me? Please answer me honestly."

A maid entered with a letter. Seeing that her mistress was preoccupied, she placed the salver on a table and withdrew. Cassilis gazed at the missive with fascinated eyes; the travel-worn envelope, bearing its significant double address and postmark, lay within easy reach of his hand.

"Oh, I know very well what you *said* in this," she continued, passionately, striking the paper with her clenched fist. "But a woman reads beyond the written word. I had offered myself, and you tried to be generous. But you did not really care."

Cassilis turned his back upon the

temptation on the table, and with the action he found speech at last. "You are quite right," he said, firmly. "When I wrote that letter I did not care. I knew it then, as you know it now."

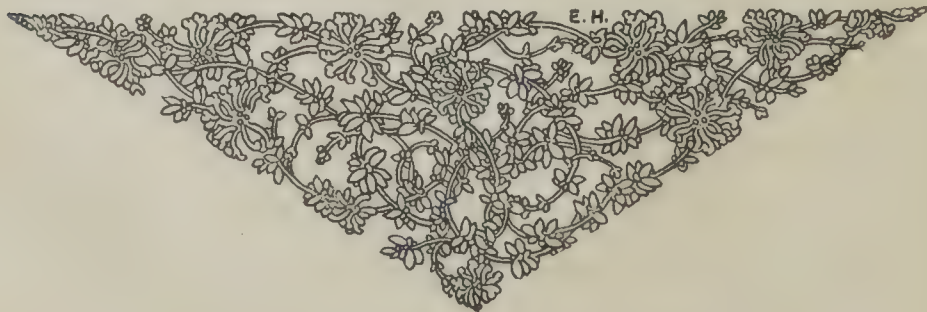
"Don't let us talk of generosity; I did what I thought was right, and I was ready to abide by it. But afterwards I came to understand that a larger justice was due you, and I tried again. This time it was a confession. There it is on the table. Through an accident both letters got into the post, and I came to Baltimore intending to intercept the second one. I had the chance to do so, but now I want you to sit down and read it."

Without a word Miss Vaughan obeyed. When she had finished she sat, chin in hand, gazing into the red heart of the fire. Now that the silence had stretched itself out to a million years, more or less, Cassilis could endure it no longer. "Well?" he said, hesitatingly. "Well?"

Her face flashed into a wholly adorable smile as she turned it full upon him. "How much more time do you want?" she asked. Cassilis dropped to the only possible position—his knees.

One day, six-months after their marriage, Cassilis ventured to put a question to his wife. "That second letter, the confession, you know," he began, somewhat shamefacedly. "It was just pure luck that that didn't come to you first, and the other one later. Now, would it have made any difference, any real difference, I mean?"

"A very foolish question," retorted Mrs. Cassilis, judiciously. "The woman who could answer it, wouldn't."





LA DANSE—LUCIEN SIMON

Leaders of the New Salon

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

Photographs by Crevaux, Paris

EIGHTEEN years have passed since Meissonier, Puvis de Chavannes, and Rodin headed the migration of certain French artists to the Champ de Mars. The object for which the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts was organized may be paraphrased as the greater good of the greater number, its policy being particularly designed to encourage the younger French artists and to extend the privileges and rewards of exhibition to artists of other countries. The whirligig of time, however, though it has not actually brought the artists of the younger organization back into the fold of the Société des Artistes Français, has attenuated the differences that originally separated them. Both the old Salon and the new now occupy adjacent galleries in the Grand Palais; and in

the opinion of some observers the net impression of either exhibition varies but little from that of the other. Yet I fancy that such opinion is usually expressed by some artist who, either in acknowledgment of favors received or in the hope of favors to come, finds it convenient to exhibit with the older organization. I doubt if any exhibitor in the new Salon will admit it, or if any outsider, viewing the two exhibitions with impartial detachment, can escape the conviction that in the new Salon there is not only more vigor, but, on the whole, more worth-whileness. Yet, even so, if he is looking for the evidence of some freshness of motive and method, he will rather expect to find it elsewhere, for in novelty and progressiveness the new Salon has already yielded to the Salon



LE JARDIN—EDMOND AMAN-JEAN

d'Automne. It is here that one discovers the spirit of adventure and experiment, symptoms of a new point of view regarding the motive and scope of painting. This I propose to examine in a later article, and for the present will only premise that its tendency seems to be toward a more abstract conception of art; toward an impressionism that relies even less than formerly on the concrete facts of the subject, and more and more upon the rendering, in a manner as far

as possible abstract, of the condition of consciousness that the facts have aroused in the artist's mind.

In comparison with these latest tendencies the new Salon seems indeed conservative. Whatever storms of controversy some of its members may have stirred in the heyday of their own periods of adventure and experiments have been forgotten. Familiarity with their motives has made them seem not only reasonable, but acceptable; and these men, who at the inauguration of the new Salon were not among its founders, are now its acknowledged leaders, and among the most notable painters in France. They have become so by virtue of their modernism, and it is for this reason that a study of the various ways in which they have manifested this changing and elusive quality is an excellent prelude to a consideration of the newer men, and what

their aims may possibly portend.

The painters who have stamped the personality of their leadership upon the new Salon represent a round dozen of living artists and one who is deceased. The latter is Eugène Carrière; the others are Charles Cottet, Lucien Simon, Jacques Émile Blanche, René Prinet, Henri Caro-Delvaile, Ignacio Zuloaga, André Dauchez, Émile Ménard, Paul Albert Besnard, Gaston La Touche, Henri Le Sidaner, and Edmond Aman-Jean.



A PORTRAIT—JACQUES ÉMILE BLANCHE

The order in which I have placed them has reference neither to their seniority nor to their relative importance, but conveniently marks in a general way their several characteristics. Thus Cottet has maintained the motive of the peasant genre originated by Millet, while Simon, with less human sympathy but more of the purely painter's vision, has studied the drama of life in a greater variety of its manifestations. On the other hand, Blanche, Prinnet, and Caro-Delvaile represent the reaction from the humbler and coarser range of subjects to that of society elegance; and Zuloaga with extraordinary versatility has interpreted through a variety of Spanish types both the elegant and the rude, informing the dramatic motive with a strongly piquant psychology. Dauchez and Ménard are the landscapists of the group, the one a realist, the other an idealist; Besnard and La Touche, prestidigitators in the treatment of light, while Le Sidaner, also playing upon the theme of light, has tuned it to a key of pensive lyricism; Aman-Jean, no less pensive in feeling, works in a subdued atmosphere, such as Whistler affected, in the half-light of which there is freer play for fancy. Lastly, there was Carrière, essentially the most modern of the group, to whom the life of the spirit was of infinitely more account than the representation of the concrete. It is under these several heads of motive, thus briefly suggested, that I propose to consider these leaders of the new Salon; less, in fact, as individuals than as representatives in painting of the thought currents of their time.

The thought-stream upon which these leaders of the new Salon have emerged, as both a product and a manifestation, has been in its character reactionary; one of the periodically returning phases of protest against existing ideas, with a hint here and there already of something constructively new to take their place. For such everywhere and always is the nature of the thought-stream—periods of reaction alternately with periods of constructiveness; perpetual birth, decay, and rebirth. The reaction in this case has been against the spirit of scientific materialism that reigned pretty nearly supreme during three-quarters of the nineteenth century, manifesting it-

self in painting under the forms of realism and objective impressionism. It is a reaction in favor of some form or other of idealism; a refusal to be satisfied with the mere appearances of life, with a solely physical explanation of the phenomena of existence, with a theory of life and art that leaves out of account man's instinct of the spiritual.

Against the grossness of realism all these painters represent a reaction. Cottet, it is true, still confines his efforts to subjects drawn from the fisherfolk on the coast of Brittany, and Simon in his early work sought material for his brush among the little circuses and theatres of Montmartre. But of later years he has divided his time between actual portraits and studies of the serious side of peasant life that have all the actuality of portraiture; while Cottet, despite the humbleness of his subjects, has always presented them in relation to what there is in these people of the soul-life. Blanche, on the other hand, and Prinnet and Caro-Delvaile, whether in portraits or subject pictures, have reflected the growing distaste for the rendering of "low life," and restored the vogue of the elegant and fashionable. So, too, has La Touche in his fantasies of color, while Besnard has always been among those who have refused to see any beauty in "ugliness."

With the general tenor of Cottet's pictures the American public has had an opportunity to become familiar, through the many examples seen from year to year at the Pittsburg exhibitions. To many they must have suggested a comparison with the work of our own Winslow Homer. Just as the latter has for many years lived upon the coast of Maine, so Cottet has continued faithful to the coast of Brittany. But here the correspondence of their lives stops; for, while the American has lived apart like a hermit, viewing the life of the dwellers by the sea in a spirit of complete detachment, the Frenchman, like his Holland counterpart, Josef Israels, has entered into what he studied with a depth of personal sympathy. Typical of this mental attitude and characteristic, therefore, of all his work is the important example in the Luxembourg. This triptych, it will be remembered, bears the general title,



LA DOULEUR—CHARLES COTTET

"*Au pays de la mer*"; amplified under the three heads, "*Ceux qui servent*," "*L'Adieu*," and "*Celles qui restent*." Its central panel has the grave suggestion of "A Last Supper." From the ceiling of a cottage the hanging lamp sheds a dull glow upon a table and fitful gleams upon the faces of those who sit around it. The place in the centre is occupied by an old woman, dressed in black, as are the other women, wives and sweethearts, interspersed among the figures of the men, who are clad in their working suits. It is a meal that has the significance of a ceremony, in which the oldest woman officiates and all are communicants. Sweet as well as solemn is the hush that pervades the simple rite, and an expression reverential softens the hardened features of the older people and sanctifies the faces of the young. For all are in the presence of the unknown; the men setting forth to work, the women staying behind to wait; none knowing the issue of the separation, whether for

some of them this supper may not be indeed a last communion. In the left-hand panel four of "those who serve" are seen in the bow of a boat, isolated upon the waters, in the chill gloom that precedes the dawn, while upon the right a group of women, aged and young, stand motionless upon a cliff, a black mass against a fading twilight sky. The whole is a fugue upon the theme of separation—the loneliness of working and of watching, and the loneliness of the moments of companionship, haunted by fears as to the morrow. Everywhere and always throughout Cottet's pictures is this interminable playing upon the theme of Loneliness and Separation. Once it acquires a strangely dramatic significance in the form of a white horse, misshapen and enfeebled by long serving, stark against a leaden sky, as it searches the bleak top of a cliff for scanty grass. The theme culminates in his picture of this year's Salon, which comes near to being his masterpiece. As the solemn sugges-

tion of the "Last Supper" penetrated his earlier work, so in this last is felt the suggestion of a *Pietà*. A mother bows over the body of her son, which has been brought ashore by his fellows, whose

blue water and the yellow and red sails sparkle joyously in the sunshine. The motive of this contrast is clear enough; but I doubt if it is successfully achieved, for the patchwork of gay color does not

seem to be drawn into relation with the foreground, so that instead of adding poignancy to the sentiment of the latter it rather tends to disturb its unity of feeling. In fact, it is perhaps in this lack of complete accord between the figures and their environment that Cottet is inferior to Winslow Homer. If so, the reason would seem to be that, while the French artist enters with deeper sympathy into the humanity of his subject, the American regards it as incidental to the drama of the ocean itself. The motive of Cottet's art is intimate and local, that of Homer's rather abstract and universal.

In marked contrast to Cottet's intensely moral purpose, expressed in a somewhat heavy and uncaptivating technique, is Lucien Simon's vigorous objectivity. He is a far more accomplished painter; moreover, a vigorous and virile draughtsman, able to project upon



MATERNITÉ—EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE

attitudes and expressions mingle respect for the speechless sorrow of the woman with a stolid acquiescence in the fate of the dead, as a part of the day's work ever to be expected. Back of this group is seen a corner of the harbor, where the

his canvas a stirring composition of complicated yet easy action and to individualize each figure with arresting character and expression. When he depicts a religious festival in which the grim devotion of peasants is contrasted with the



THE BATHERS—ÉMILE MÉNARD

brilliant display of ecclesiastical ritual, one finds these gifts of his in striking evidence, and perhaps can hardly escape the suspicion that to indulge them has been the chief motive. He is, in fact, a very strong painter, rejoicing in his strength, in the keenness of his observation and the sureness of his power of representation. For my own part, I prefer his earlier work, when he showed himself an enthusiastic student of life on the outskirts of the usual. His acrobats, wrestlers, and tight-rope walkers, the varied physiognomy of the crowds that watched them, and the breath-laden, flarily lighted atmosphere were presented with a realization of the actual that stimulated more of one's senses than merely that of sight. It was representation not only carried to the limit of reality, but conceived and expressed in a spirit so naïvely interested in the world of visible things, that by comparison the later canvases seem sophisticated. The wisdom—or shall I call it sophistry?—of

paint-craft has somewhat dulled the freshness of the artistic vision.

If one feels this way about Simon, one will probably feel it also of Prinnet, Caro-Delvaile, and Blanche. All these men have brought the art of representation to a pitch of perfection beyond which there is little, if anything, to be desired in the way of realizing the actual appearances of nature. They have rivalled the capabilities of the camera, and demonstrated how the art of painting can excel in being photographic. Blanche will depict a girl in front of her mirror; herself and her clothes, and the articles on the toilet-table, and all the bits of furniture and wall ornaments being produced with well-nigh unsurpassable fidelity. Similarly replete with detail and admirable for their resemblance to life are the genre and portrait groups by Caro-Delvaile and Prinnet. They are the triumphant products of the nineteenth century's determination to reassert the motive and recover the technique of real-



· AU THÉÂTRE—LUCIEN SIMON ·

istic painting. For in principle they are nothing new. They only accomplish with an increased sureness what the Italian realists of the Renaissance aimed at; what Holbein achieved with somewhat less breadth and more psychological penetration, Velasquez with a more complete synthesis of effect.

But if there is nothing new in this modern realism, there may be in our modern attitude toward it. It is not an accident that realism has been revived during and under the influence of a scientific age, and that contemporaneous with the revival has been the development of the camera. The latter, in fact, we now recognize as a contrivance which science sooner or later might have been expected to produce, in response to that realistic attitude of mind which in its periodical appearances is as old as art itself. In a word, that this very attitude of mind is what we now call "photographic."

It may sound an anachronism to apply the term photographic to the point of view of Velasquez; but, if we understand by that word what it generally implies—namely, faithful objective representation—the use of it fits the case. For undoubtedly the motive of Velasquez, and of all realists before or since his day, is to represent faithfully the objective appearances of things and persons. The realist's eye is a human lens, his brain a sensitized plate. True, he will regulate by arrangement and elimination the quantity and character of what he chooses to record; but this does not change his motive, it only modifies the result; and a corresponding capability of controlling the result, differing not in kind but only in degree, is possible with the camera. Up to recently, moreover, the human camera could boast the distinction of reproducing the natural colors of visible objects; but since the inven-

tion of the Lumière plates, this difference also is in a fair way to becoming only a question of degree. Already in the hands of an artist these mechanical contrivances can produce an extraordinary measure of artistic beauty; while in the direction of simply representing objective appearances it is already assured that they can surpass the most accurate delineation of the painter.

To what conclusion, then, do these considerations point? I repeat that the realistic motive, when it concerns itself solely with representing objective appearances, is in its character and scope, and always has been, what to-day we call photographic, that it is the product of a point of view in which the artistic is influenced by the scientific, and that, in the natural fulfilment of events, science has at last invented for the human camera an approximately similar mechanical substitute. Meanwhile painters, watching the development of this mechanical process, though not studying it, have reiterated that it falls short of being a form of art, because each and every stage of it is not absolutely under the control of the operator. If we are disposed to admit the validity of this judgment, let us not evade its conclusion, which tends to belittle somewhat the artistic importance even of the painter's realism. For, while the mechanical camera is perforce limited to representing what it sees, the realistic painter has reduced himself to the limitations of a human camera voluntarily. Here again is only a difference of degree. If, for example, one man chooses to reject the choice confections of a skilled *chef* and limits his diet to nuts, and another man eats nuts because he cannot get anything else, will not the result to both be pretty similar—namely, an unimaginative and rather meagre diet? In other words, as compared with those forms of art that involve the imaginative faculty, is not realism itself a rather meagre diet? For my own part, fresh from a study of Dutch seventeenth-century pictures in the galleries of Europe, I am assured it is. Nor should we forget that to speak of a painter's voluntary acceptance of the realistic motive is scarcely accurate. In nine cases out of ten his employment of the motive was due not to choice, but to necessity.

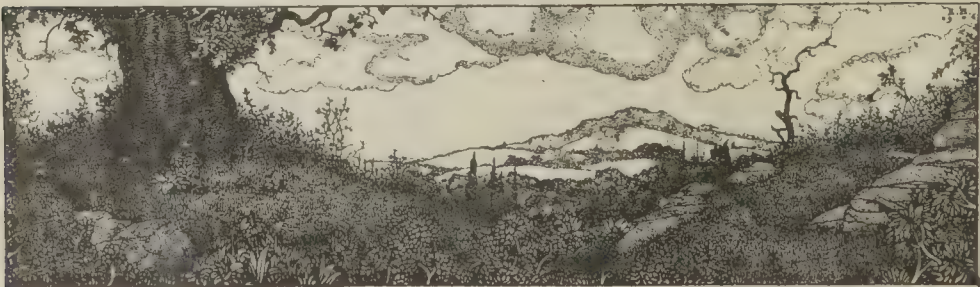
Simply he did not possess the imaginative faculty; what he had and therefore relied on was the photographic point of view, which left him no alternative but to develop his camera capabilities. He could excel the mechanical camera in one respect to which we have not yet alluded. Besides being able to exercise a possibly greater freedom in arrangement, in selection and elimination, he could give his picture the personal stamp of individual brush-work. This, when all is said and done, remains the one great superiority of the human camera over the mechanical. Let us admit it, for the painter of photographic motive needs some consolation to-day, since his vogue is on the ebb. A reaction has set in in favor of imaginative or at least of interpretative art and of abstract rather than concrete expression; and some of the leaders of the new Salon have already responded to it.

I may dismiss in a few words the art of *La Touche*. It is in its mundane way imaginative enough; treating in resplendent color and fantasies of composition the intoxication of the senses. But it is tawdry and shallow, and by reiteration has become tiresome. Besnard's dreams of color, on the other hand, when at their best, represent the vision of an imagination at once more controlled and more sincerely captivating. His ceiling decoration, for example, in the Paris Hôtel de Ville, depicting an allegory of the sun, moon, and stars, is entirely free from the poverty of imagination that too often characterizes such subjects; involving a free flight of poetic fancy, expressed in forms of color that are truly a creation of the painter's art. On the other hand, his allegory in the Chemistry Theatre of the Sorbonne suggests an infringement upon the literary mind. It needs for its explanation a printed document, which, when one has read it, seems more interesting than the decoration.

If I shall call Ménard, Dauchez, Le Sidaner, and Aman-Jean sentimentalists, the term is not intended as disparagement, but rather to mark them off from the later phase of feeling, which is tending toward the impersonal and the abstract. Dauchez's landscapes, for all their realism, are not objective. On the contrary, they embody a sense of the bleak-

ness and barrenness of the northern coast lands, with a poignant suggestion of their relation to the lives of the inhabitants. To Ménard, on the other hand, the world is of noble form and opulent beneficence; a world of classic dreams, in which the glow of golden afternoon bathes silent lakes and sleeping ocean, smoothly swelling hills, and trees that spread their tranquil strength athwart spacious skies. Here the spirit of the scene takes regretful shape in a deserted temple, there in the pensive solitude of a nude figure. With Aman-Jean we are withdrawn into dim, airless atmospheres, stirred only by the breath of fancy in the half-light of feeling, scarcely realized. Now it is the corner of some room; more often the vista of a garden, where noiseless fountains soar suspended amid trees that never wake to movement. Either spot is haunted with women, whose nerveless grace is clothed in garments of faded hues. For the light has faded out of them, as it has out of the colors of the garden and the room. All is grayed over with the reveries of long years, that have brought not age, but only surcease of living: the refined exhaustion of a century's close. With Le Sidaner, again, we step back into life, and find ourselves amid the peace that belongs in familiar scenes, home-gardens and village streets, or a Venetian canal; not, however, as they are seen in the ordinary light of experience, but as, under the spell of twilight or moonlight moods, we feel their presence. His pictures represent moods of feeling, while Carrière's are expressions of his spiritual imagination.

It is for this reason that I have spoken of the latter as the most modern of the group. Years ago the motive of his art reached out whither many minds in other arts besides his own have since tended. It was bent upon penetrating the outer shell of physical personality and expressing the spiritual personality that lies within. In the many portrait groups of his wife and children, and in his sacred pictures, such as the extraordinarily impressive "Crucifixion" in the Luxembourg, he did what Maeterlinck subsequently did in his *Pelleas and Mélisande*. He developed the figures with dimly lighted atmosphere, wherein the definition of form is lost; certainty gives place to conjecture and conjecture stimulates imagination. We are not looking at human beings, but become conscious of Presences, that seem to haunt a space vacant of all temporal or concrete limitation. Their environment of dim yet fluid atmosphere spreads beyond the frame of the picture and carries the imagination on into the ether of mystery that surrounds all life. In this fluid atmosphere the faces, hands, and glimpses of faint corporeal shape become centres of pale phosphorescent glow; eddies of agitation that reveal the luminousness latent in the fluid mass; spots in which the pervading spirit is concentrated into visible expression. The artist, in fact, has pictured individual soul-conditions in relation to the Universal Soul. They represent the very antithesis of the materialistic motives of the earlier part of the century; an inevitable reaction in favor of an art imaginative and interpretive.



The Avenging Prayer

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

THE papers were signed and Ware was beaten—absolutely beaten. His presence in this stronghold of the arch-destroyer was the final humiliation, the acknowledgment of unconditional surrender. He had hoped to see the victor, old Graybold himself, but even this much was denied him. He stood there in silence, looking at the smooth, unruffled emissary who had brought the check and placed it on the desk for him to take.

The check in itself comprised an insult. It called for twenty thousand dollars—and underlings had signed it. Twenty thousand dollars—all that remained of Ware's sturdy fortune, his dream of business success, his money-troops that had dared array themselves in battle line against the millions of Graybold. This was payment in full for his plant, his organization, his life-blood—everything save his naked soul.

In the rancor that possessed him, Ware would gladly have returned the check in payment for five short minutes alone with Graybold. As a voice for the voiceless and an arm for those disarmed—as a delegate for the scores of "little men," crushed out of business along with himself—Ware felt in his being the power almost to slay this man with the fire of sheer denunciation.

Finis was written when he closed the door. He knew he should never again behold the inside walls of these chambers surrounding the great gold throne. When the check had been deposited he felt like a man who had fallen to the bottom of the ladder, too broken in spirit to place his foot once more upon the bottom rung. But, like a grizzly flung from a cliff by a mastodon greedy for the world's domination, his wrath gave no sign of abatement.

Walking aimlessly with the Broadway throng, mind and body adrift in the sea of life, he came to the gates of Trinity churchyard, where the dead make shift to sleep, despite the roar of the city. He

went inside, for no particular reason, except perhaps that something in himself seemed dead and aching for the silence of interment. The sunlight streamed upon the crumbling monuments that marked out narrow beds, and Ware sat down upon a smooth-worn slab of stone. After a time he drew from his pocket a large red wallet, in the folds of which were papers and scraps, old cards and memoranda, all worthless; and many of these he now destroyed in a house-cleaning mood that seemed a complement to the new beginning he must face.

He came in this process to a newspaper clipping from a San Francisco daily. It appeared to be merely a list of quotations on mining shares, long since useless and devoid of interest. About to crumple it up in his hand, he turned it over and noted a head-line that caused him to pause and read.

The date went back to the days when Kalakaua was King of Hawaii. The tale was extraordinary. It related briefly how the greedy monarch, unmindful of his subjects, their comforts, morals, and health, had sold them out to penury, strife, and disease, all for a handful of money for his self-indulgence. It told of the native resentment, fired at last to such intensity that the King had fled to California for his life. In all of this there was little save dull and aging history. But the sequel told of the manner of his death. He could flee as to his body from his victims and their rage, but not as to his vital inner being. He could put half an ocean between himself and his revolted subjects, yet could not thereby escape them. *They had prayed the man to death!*

Forty thousand of his people, so he was notified, prayed three times daily against his health and life, wishing him punishment, ills, and death in payment for all he had done. Three times forty thousand prayers a day, with all the cogency of unmeasured thought, broke

crisply through the ether to the hiding King and forced themselves upon his mind. Noon, morning, and night he *felt* that storm of hatred beat in waves upon his being, and a fear he could never expect to elude took possession of his every waking moment. It was one of the customs of his people—this praying in unison. He believed in the power of their prayers; he was vividly conscious that forty thousand people wished him nothing but disease and death, that every few hours that vast, inimical disturbance, comprising countless units of detestation, came inevitably over all the round of earth to blight his revels, to sicken his debauch, to poison the lust of his thoughts.

It killed him. That is history. He died before his time, too terrified to live—literally prayed to death.

Ware sat looking at this old bit of news for many minutes. He could understand it all. No man could keep his health if every fellow being he should meet were merely to tell him how ill he looked. No man could survive who was haunted thrice daily by the knowledge or belief that forty thousand persons wished his death—all of them praying at stated hours of the day. The thing would be terrible beyond defence, and its terrors would increase. A strong, busy man would fling it off—at first—or drive it out. But if with every recurrent day there came to his mind the conviction that an army of his fellows wished his death—that a horde of thought-makers hated him with such intensity as to give themselves over three times in each turn of the sphere to an earnest thought-petition directed against his life, no matter where he fled,—he could not ignore it, could not hound it off, could not escape the terror of what so vast a mental suggestion could accomplish in the end.

Revolving a vague and half-formed scheme whereby the punishment could be made acute, the man in the churchyard thought of Graybold, hidden away, secure from resentment or vengeance, behind his organization and his wealth, but vulnerable always to the power of thought, and exposed as if naked to the haunting prayers of the thousands ruined by his greed. To fight him with money was no longer possible. To shame him by exposure in the press was absurd.

To seek him out and strike was out of the question. But to bring him his self-earned retribution through the channels of his conscience and the tendrils of his fear, this was a method as certain as the coming of night.

Conjuring the names and faces of half a thousand men, crushed like himself by this relentless minotaur of wealth, Ware felt a new, keen impetus of planning sweep upon him. His fighting vigor had its resurrection there among the graves. He stood up, strong, determined, pledged to a new avenging purpose. And when he once more joined the human tide, ebbing and flowing together in the Broadway channel, he felt himself master of a nation-wide force ready to launch forth the prayer that lust of money and avarice of power had invited.

What changes are wrought in a moment's time by the crystallization of purpose! Ware had been drifting and negatively willing to drift since defeat had sapped him of his strength. He had allowed himself to think but seldom of his wife, deeply as he loved her and dear as their partnership had seemed in the hours of his soaring hope. All this was altered. She and the future reoccupied their position in his thoughts, but now with a sense of difference. He had far to go and much to achieve before he could again resign himself to gentle moods. He went home prepared to inform her of desperate changes in their fortunes.

Ware approached gently the subject of his plans, and spoke with a mild reserve that brought her no alarm. Acquainting her by gentle gradations with the fact that he was down at the bottom of the hill, he induced her to suggest the plan of abandoning their beautiful home for a modest place of retirement in the country. Then he told her—and this was the hardest of all—that he should be away for perhaps half a year—their first real parting in the three years of their union.

He protested that he was more than ever charged with vigor and energy, despite the fact that he was beaten, but he did not discuss his present plans. He felt her sympathy, her yearning over his hurts and defeat, and his show of courage brought her a pang she would not reveal.

Ware had determined that, except for

certain indispensable aid, he meant to perform his task alone. At the end of the week he had finished the compilation of a list of names, embracing hundreds of men once broken by Graybold, in every city of importance in the country. He had mapped out his route; he had planned his campaign, filed notices with certain of his force of lieutenants, and received their first reports. Then he closed up his office and departed.

John Graybold—a tall, well-preserved man nearing sixty years of age—had never felt more entirely secure in every worldly particular, up to the moment when, to his thorough astonishment, he found himself invaded in the holy of holies, the privacy of his vast estate, by a letter from the great Outside.

Ware had fired on Fort Greed.

The letter, which came from a small Ohio town, contained a newspaper clipping and a statement. The clipping was an exact reproduction of Ware's original, cut from a San Francisco paper—the story of King Kalakaua. The accompanying statement read as follows:

"SIR,—For nearly a quarter of a century you have devoted your entire time and energy to a sowing of hatred in the lives of your fellow human beings. You have spared neither relative nor friend, neither strong nor weak, neither young nor old, nor man nor woman. You have sown a harvest such as no man dares to reap—the detestation of perhaps a million men. The clipping enclosed relates the tale of a man who at worst was a feeble imitation of yourself. He reaped his harvest against his will—and the weight of it sank him in his grave. Your harvest, like his, was scattered all these years, and could not be laid at your doors. The hour has come when, in all its gigantic proportions, your harvest will be heaped upon you.

"As a glutton of wealth and power you have long been far more dangerous and despicable than this miserable king. Forty thousand persons so fervently desired his utter blotting out that they offered prayers three times a day for his destruction. Nothing could save him from the all-invading force of that flood of detestation. There was no place on earth where he could hide. No distance

from his victims could avail to weaken their power. He paid the penalty his crimes had earned—hounded to death by his conscience.

"This letter is written to inform you that an organization which starts 100,000 strong will begin on the 13th inst. to pray for your sickness and death. Three times each day, at 8 A.M., at the stroke of noon, and at seven o'clock every evening, the prayers will go up in unison—from all over the land—with the feeling of all the victims you have crushed and beaten to give it power to reach you wherever you may hide. You will feel it come on the 13th at eight in the morning. You will feel it increase in overwhelming force, day after day, as the numbers of those who pray increase. Your harvest will be laid upon your soul."

Inclined to attribute the unsigned letter to some lunatic gifted with a weird imagination, old Graybold tore it up with a feeling of annoyance, but he read the story of Kalakaua. Denied a visualizing power himself, largely bereft of conscience, and unconvinced either that Hawaii's King was prayed to death or that any organization had been formed for the purpose mentioned in the letter, the head of the Trust dismissed the affair lightly, yet without the ability to forget it and blot it from his mind.

It had come on a Wednesday, the 11th of the month. Friday morning, at fifteen minutes to eight, a telegram arrived from New York city. A wire had been expected from the seat of control. Graybold tore open the envelope expectantly. The message, dated from a town in Pennsylvania, was not what the man had anticipated. It read:

"At eight o'clock you will feel the prayer, 100,000 strong."

Graybold's uneasiness dated from that morning. No particular feeling was experienced at eight, yet he looked at the time repeatedly, and felt his annoyance increase. At noon, with the tolling of a distant bell, a feeling of unrest came out of nowhere and forced him to think of the hour. At night the sensation was repeated.

The rich man might readily have thrown it off and cultivated forgetfulness, had it not been that Saturday a second letter, in an envelope from one of the Trust's

own Indiana branches, repeated the threat of the prayer. He was not to be permitted to forget. Irritated, but not in the least afraid or smitten by his atrophied conscience, the man expected the attention to cease as soon as some idiot grew weary. Nevertheless, he was nettled. The things had come from distances so far apart that no one man could have sent them; and there was nothing at which he could level the forces ordinarily at his command.

On Sunday morning a long-distance telephone call, apparently from his chief associate, summoned the head to his private den. When he had answered, demanding to know what in the name of business was wanted at such a time as this, the instrument delivered the word:

"At noon you'll feel the prayers, and remember Kalakaua."

That was all. Graybold heard the distant receiver replaced on its hook, and his face turned a trifle pale—perhaps with nothing more than anger.

There was no respite. By the most unexpected, impossible routes and through the least suspected channels those curt reminders sought him out and harped on the threat of the prayers.

In a time comparatively brief the thing became intolerable. Mixed with his specially private correspondence, defying detection, and cropping out where it seemed no such annoyance could intrude, the letters, telegrams, cables, and telephone messages found him constantly, sometimes twice in a day. They came from everywhere, from cities and hamlets far and near. They were never alike; no two were duplicates, and none was ever signed. They reminded him constantly of the three set hours of the day—the hours for the prayers—and the fate of the King who had succumbed.

At the end of a week Graybold's exasperation knew no bounds. He set a machine of men in motion to ferret out the source of all this torment. They failed. He ordered his confidential secretaries to open everything that came, however private, to spare himself contact with the messages. This could not entirely avail. A hundred former employees of the combination and a hundred more of its victims, glad to sell whatsoever knowledge they possessed, or devices for in-

vading Graybold's privacy, supplied the means whereby the messages crept past the line of guards.

Graybold fled from his place at last to the mountains. For two whole days no messages arrived; then three appeared, one on a painted sign upon the lawn. The following Sunday brought a monster box of flowers. Inside was a set piece—a pillow of roses, inevitable at every funeral—and on it, in violets, appeared the word "KALAKAUA."

The suggestiveness of the thing, in its hint of burial, was ghastly. It made Graybold turn from every flower in a dread. His desperation grew. It was out of the question to neglect his mail, refuse a wire, or neglect the telephone. Mighty affairs of business were ceaselessly demanding his attention. Knowledge of all his vast concerns had always been the keystone of his arch. There were some things not to be trusted to any one on earth—and thereby the man was exposed.

He adopted every possible expedient; he managed to ward off letter after letter, warning after warning; nevertheless there were many that arrived, and he knew that no single day went by without bringing much that his secretary saw and destroyed. To know that the warnings were constantly arriving, even though never mentioned, worked the spell just as certainly as if he saw and read them all. The thing was beginning to be terrible. It constantly invaded his thoughts. Strangely enough, this man of power who had utilized incredible means of craft and cunning to serve his ends, still wished for the high esteem and regard of mankind in the aggregate. He had always contributed to charity, and liberally. Someway he felt himself more than merely respectable; he felt he was upright and useful. Having purchased all things else of earth, he craved the good opinion of the world.

When at length the half-denied conviction possessed his mind that perhaps one hundred thousand of his fellow beings did actually so despise him as to wish and pray for his death three times a day, he was sickened to the core of his being. He refused to entertain the thought. It could not be true. Nevertheless the messages, from across the continent, across the county line, or across the sea, con-

tinued to keep the thought alive, and his fear grew hour by hour.

Eight in the morning! noon! the hour of curfew!—these periods became insupportable. He tried to sleep past them, to eat past them, to work past them, or to play past them; he changed the clocks; but never could his consciousness be deceived. He tortured himself. The thing was becoming automatic. He dwelt upon it morbidly, and the day when a message crept in past all his walls announcing that now one hundred and *twenty* thousand prayers were going up, a lesion all but started in his brain.

He fled again, and once again, to no avail. He found himself obliged to go to the New York seat of empire. A dozen obsequious friends and employees inquired about his health. He saw by their faces that he appeared already doomed. He had seen it himself in his mirror, but denied it stubbornly. Back to the haunts of the mountains he returned—to be greeted there by questions as to his health. His trusted friends, unwittingly made agents for his torture, and never informed of his malady, delivered the warning, "Remember Kalakaua," which they said they had recently received from an unknown source. Some of them wrote it in their letters.

It was not to be escaped. The man was afraid to go to church—afraid of the words "Let us pray." He hated his bed, for his mother in his youth had taught him the children's prayer—now a torturing suggestion.

At the end of the second month the man appeared like a furtive, hunted creature. His face had assumed a ghastly pallor; he was suspicious of everything; his nerves were on edge; he was wretched with sleeplessness and fright. Admonished constantly that he would "feel" the wave of prayers, his system took on the suggestion. Three times a day he "felt" the force of wrath, the wish for his sickness and death, come forth from the Unknown like a tangible chill and drop its pall upon his being. No place was too dark for this to penetrate; no walls could shut it out.

Baffled in his efforts to run the torture down, and more than half convinced at last that these thousands did despise him and wish him ill, he was stricken to the

very centre of his life. He knew he could never survive twelve months of this hideously haunting thing. The prayers would avail. He would die.

It was not resignation when this state of mind was reached; it was realization. No criminal, condemned to execution, and guarded by the death-watch day and night, could have felt a more ghastly conviction of doom than Graybold felt now. There was nothing to which he could appeal for mercy. The thing in this impersonal enormity, comprised of so many praying units, was beyond his reach. When at length he began, in some fever of hope, to conjure back the names of men—rivals, friends, townsmen, associates, even relatives, whose businesses his might had despoiled, whose lives he had wasted on his march—when at last he began to try in a spasm of self-interest to recall these men, his conscience was feebly pulsing back to being. The ostracism from his fellow men was more than he could bear. And day by day, as his body wasted, his conscience increased its clamor. It was all in the hope that he might assuage the mighty waves of hate that he finally began to fling out his gold in restitution, and waited for the sign of coveted approval. It did not come.

In the silent privacy of his chamber the man went down on his knees in his despair, and raising his two clasped hands, delivered a singular prayer. It was not to the God of his fathers, but to men, to the thousands of men whom he felt to be praying for his death—a petition for brotherly mercy, if not for brotherly love. It was a shrill "Hail Cæsar," spoken in his awe. He had come before his master, Fear, and was begging without bravery for just a sign of pardon.

There was no sign. He had shown no mercy in the hour of building his throne of gold on the prostrate forms of other men, and why should he expect it now?

In a frantic hope to stem the tide of inimical prayer with gold, he began hurriedly to reimburse the men he knew he had ruined in the past. To fifty, a hundred, a thousand persons, including relatives, he sent substantial checks. Where the men were dead—crushed untimely into their graves by the weight of his engines of might—he sent the money to their widows

or their children. It became a flight of money-paper. It fluttered away in a winging flock that gauged his past iniquities. Millions were drawn from his coffers. But three times daily the tide of his conscience returned unabated, his pallor increased, and doom crept closer to his heart. Too late! he feared it came too late, this overdelayed dictate of oneness with his kind. He sent the money yet more fast and redoubled his prayers to fellow mortals, but his heart felt the shroud of death upon it. There were hundreds of men whose names he did not know—men ground to death by the huge, unrecording machine,—and these paraded through his accusing thoughts like unladen ghosts from whom no respite could be asked. He could never repay them—never escape them. Their sentence of death would claim him soon—and terror was his hourly companion.

It was early in the autumn, a bright, calm day of beauty, when Ware came New-Yorkwards in his circuit of the land, and halted at the old farm where his wife awaited his coming. He had aged in these past few months, and his views of life had broadened. He was quiet, far beyond his wont. She met him with a new dignity, a new tenderness, a strange shyness. Her letters had told nothing. She had news for his heart, too precious to be told where even walls might listen—news of a miracle that was soon to be, and the telling brought a beautiful blush to warm her girlish cheeks.

Ware was tremendously affected. Something long forgotten seemed to come to life in him in that one stupendous second—something that awakened in his soul an awe of life and a love for all his fellow mortals, born to struggle and to tragedy—something that stirred into being a new strange reverence for God and men. He felt softened, exalted, refined. He felt welded at a stroke to the great human

family, and pity overwhelmed him—pity and love and a sense of tenderness in his closeness to all his fellow kind. He could not speak; he placed his arm about her in a mood of infinite love and protection.

The following day they walked together over the great estate which adjoined their little home. "It's a wonderful old place," she said, "and the owner kindly lets us use it. He's stopping here now for a few days—but I think he's going to die."

Ware scarcely heard what she was saying. They had come to a path, and down at its end was an arbor, where a stricken man was sitting on a bench. He looked like a worn old beast of prey, utterly homeless at last. Despite his pallor and emaciated form, Ware knew him.

It was Graybold—dying for a brotherhood with men.

"Oh!" she said. "I didn't know—I'd rather not disturb him just at present. He doesn't sit down very often to rest. He seems to be afraid."

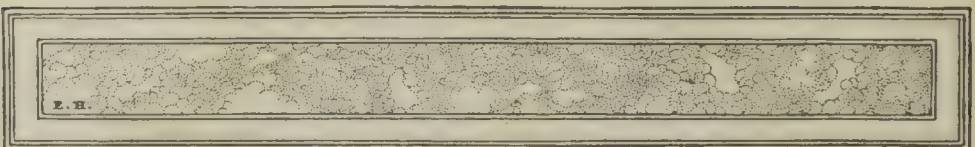
"Let's go back," said Ware, throughout whose being a pang had scorched its way.

A week went by in Graybold's life and brought no reminder of the prayers. He could scarcely believe it was true. A second week passed—and then he mustered courage to speak to his private secretary.

"How many of those—those peculiar letters have you had to destroy of late?" he faltered, weakly, a faint spot of color in his cheeks. "I—thought I'd ask—that's all."

"Not one," said the man. "I haven't found so much as one."

Graybold turned, went swiftly to his room, and weakly closed the door. He staggered forward, sank on his knees at the side of the bed, and buried his face in his arm. He was shaken with sobs that were not to be restrained. His prayers to his fellow beings had been answered.



Applied Heredity

BY R. C. PUNNETT, M.A.

Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge University

FEW subjects touch man so closely as heredity, yet upon few is widespread ignorance more prevalent. The extreme complexity of the problems involved and the absence of any clear guide to the method of attacking them have discouraged scientific men from devoting their energies to these studies. Yet the knowledge to picture clearly the workings of heredity, to predict the outcome of this or that given mating, would give to man such powers of control over the living world as only a romancer has ventured to dream of. It is not generally known that the beginnings of that knowledge already exist, and that the great and baffling problem of heredity has suddenly passed from the speculative to the experimental stage. The credit of it belongs to one man. More than forty years ago Gregor Mendel, an Austrian monk, showed clearly that heredity was no mystery, but a natural phenomenon open to attack by the scientific method of observation and experiment.

The son of Silesian peasants, Mendel was destined for the Church, and early entered the Augustinian monastery of Brünn. But he had the opportunity of studying natural science for a few years at Vienna, and became much interested in the problems of heredity. With the intuition of genius he saw wherein others had failed, and in his cloister garden he carried out with peas that series of experiments which have since become so famous in the scientific world. His results were published in 1865, in a brief paper of less than fifty pages—a paper that for clearness of exposition and magnitude of issue can be compared only with William Harvey's classic treatise on the circulation of the blood.

Yet no man heeded it, for all were intent on other things. Mendel's paper remained forgotten, buried in the proceedings of a local natural history society. Only with the dawn of the present

century was it unearthed, and men of science began to realize the greatness of the achievement. Since then Mendel's results have been confirmed over and over again. The principles which he enunciated have been shown to hold good alike for animals as well as plants. Upon the foundations which he laid men have begun steadily to build up that accurate knowledge of heredity which in course of time will modify profoundly our attitude towards living things.

In what does the revolutionary nature of these doctrines consist? Let us take a simple case. Rose-comb bantams are of two kinds, blacks and whites, and pure strains of either kind breed true. Now cross the black with the white. Instead of being of an intermediate color, the offspring are all black like the black parent. For this reason black is said to be dominant to white, which is spoken of as recessive. When the hybrid blacks are bred together they produce blacks and whites in the proportion of three of the former to one of the latter. The whites so formed thenceforward breed true, and throw no blacks, in spite of their black ancestry. The blacks, however, are of two kinds—(1) pure dominants, which give only blacks when mated with a white bird, and (2) impure dominants, which behave like the original hybrids when mated together, giving blacks and whites in the ratio three to one. Moreover, such birds when crossed with whites may be shown experimentally to produce equal numbers of blacks and whites.

For a group of facts such as this Mendel provided a simple explanation. The formation of a new individual, as is well known, is the result of the union of two germ-cells, of which one is provided by each parent, the spermatozoon or pollen grain by the male, and the ovum or egg-cell by the female. In the case of the rose-comb bantams we are dealing with the inheritance of two al-

flowers are recessive to single; in *Hyoscyamus* the biennial flowering habit is dominant to the annual; in the sweet pea sterility of the pollen is recessive to the normal fertile state. Among animals, the long Angora hair is recessive to short hair in rabbits; color is dominant to albinism in rabbits, rats, and mice; chestnut is recessive to bay or brown in horses; the peculiar waltzing habit of the Japanese mouse is recessive to the normal condition; while in fowls, which have been much used for these experiments, numerous Mendelian characters have been demonstrated for the structure and color of the plumage, the form of the comb, the color of the skin, and many other features.

So far we have only dealt with cases in which the individuals crossed differ in but a single pair of characters. It more frequently happens that the original parents differ in many characters, and such a cross may often appear to result in a hopeless tangle. Nevertheless, in many cases careful scrutiny will reveal an underlying simplicity of arrangement. Each pair of characters in which the original parents differed is transmitted according to the simple Mendelian rule, and is usually transmitted independently of any other pair. For example, color is dominant to white in the flowers of the pea. And the tall habit of the ordinary garden pea is dominant to the dwarf habit of peas like American Wonder, which average about eighteen inches only. Here, then, we have two pairs of differentiating characters. Let us suppose that one of the plants to be crossed is a

tall with white flowers, and the other a dwarf with colored flowers. The resulting hybrids must be tall, and must also have colored flowers. For tallness is dominant to dwarfness, and color is dominant to white.

The offspring of such hybrids will, according to the Mendelian rule, consist of three tall to each dwarf; and at the same time there will be three plants with colored flowers to every plant with white ones. Therefore, this generation consists of four classes of plants, viz., tall colored, tall white, dwarf colored, and dwarf white, in the ratio of 9:3:3:1. A combination of characters has been

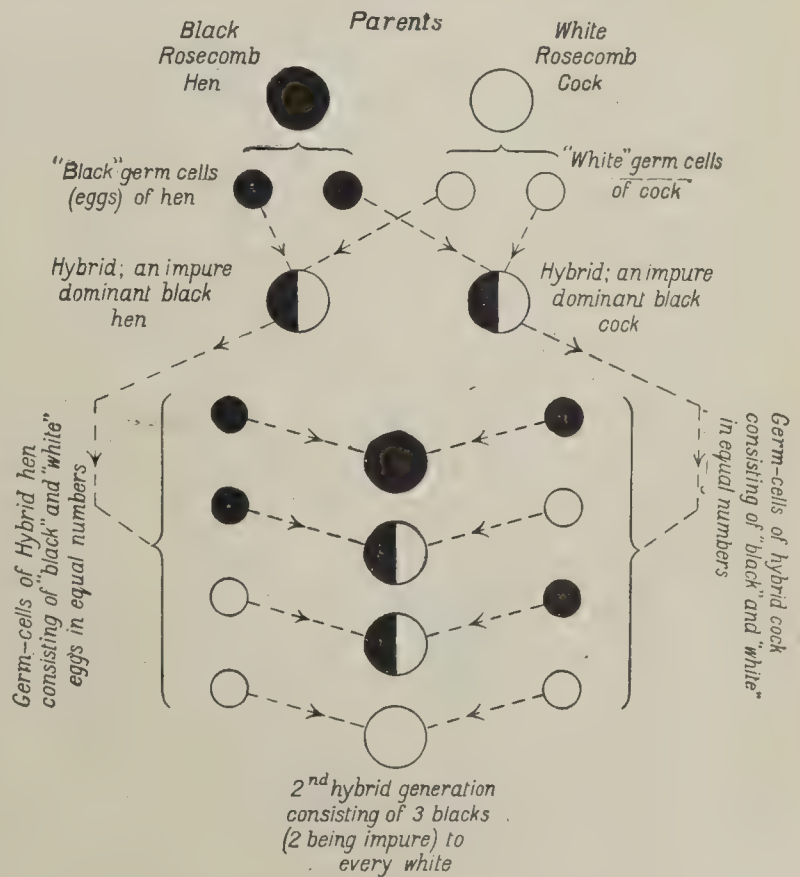


DIAGRAM 2, ILLUSTRATING THE INHERITANCE OF THE BLACK AND WHITE CHARACTERS IN ROSE-COMB BANTAMS

brought about, and two new classes of peas, colored tall and white dwarfs, have been formed. Moreover, as theory demands and experience confirms, a certain definite proportion of each of the four classes is fixed in this generation. By picking out such plants the two new varieties may be established in the short

period of three generations. The great economic importance of these results may fitly be illustrated by a short account of some experiments on wheat now being carried on by the Agricultural Department of Cambridge University.

So long ago as 1890 the National Association of British and Irish Millers called attention to the fact that the quality of English wheats had deteriorated. For milling purposes the foreign article with its strong glutenous grains was found to be greatly superior, and English wheats were selling at 28s. 6d. a quarter, while Manitoba hard was fetching 35s. The National Association endeavored to interest the agricultural societies in the question, but found that they were more or less resigned to this unsatisfactory state of things, and despaired of competing with the superior quality of the foreign wheat. Indeed, many declared that grain of the highest quality could not be grown profitably in Great Britain. At this point the Association took a wise and for England a courageous step. They



AT LEFT "FIFE" WHEAT—STRONG GRAIN BUT SCANTY YIELD. AT RIGHT, WHEAT DEVELOPED BY CROSSING "FIFE" WITH WHEAT OF LARGE CROPPING CAPACITY

decided to provide the funds for experimental research, and in 1900 Professor Biffen of the Cambridge University Agricultural Department started his remarkable series of experiments. It was just at the time of the rediscovery of Mendel's paper. Thanks to Professor Bateson, the extreme importance of that paper was at once recognized in Cam-

bridge, and Professor Biffen organized his work upon Mendelian lines. He collected together all the varieties he could lay hands on, and by numerous crossing tests he laid the foundations of an accurate knowledge of the various unit characters that occur in wheat. He found the beardless character to be dominant to beardedness, rough chaff dominant to smooth, red grain to white grain, thick stem to thin stem, and so on. Early and late ripening behaved as a Mendelian pair of characters, as also did heavy as opposed to poor cropping capacity. Professor Biffen's analysis further revealed Mendelian heredity in two characters of such importance as to deserve especial mention. We have already seen that the poor quality of English wheat is due to poverty of glutenous matter. The grain is too starchy, and requires the admixture of a considerable amount of glutenous "strong" foreign wheat to give flour which will bake into a presentable loaf. Professor Biffen has been able to show that the highly glutenous grain is dominant to the starchy one. With this knowledge he has been able in a few years to produce a wheat combining the large cropping capacity of English wheat with the high gluten content of a foreign variety.

But the most important and the most fascinating of all Professor Biffen's experiments concern the inheritance of an entirely different character. In all countries the most serious enemy of the wheat farmer is rust. Early in their growth the plants are attacked by a parasitic fungus whose presence is rendered conspicuous by an abundant outbreak of reddish-yellow pustules all over the foliage. In certain seasons and with certain varieties the outbreak may be so severe as to very greatly diminish the yield of grain. In the bad rust year of 1891 the loss due to this cause in Prussia alone was calculated at over £20,000,000, while a well known authority estimates that the average loss from rust to the wheat crops of the world would not be covered by £100,000,000. No prophylactic against the disease has been discovered, and it is recognized that the only way to avoid it is to make use of varieties which are naturally immune. Unfortunately the

few such varieties that exist are in other respects poor and unprofitable to grow.

Professor Biffen began his experiments by crossing a variety peculiarly subject to the attacks of yellow rust with an immune variety. The hybrids produced were all severely attacked by rust. In the following year such seed as could be collected from these plants was sown. The greater number of the resulting plants were much rusted, but some were entirely free from the disease, though growing up in the closest contact with their rusty brethren. It was found on counting that the immune plants formed almost exactly a quarter of the total number. In other words, the experiment proved susceptibility and immunity to be a pair of Mendelian characters, and consequently within the control of the breeder to combine with other characters according as he pleased. The fact that resistance to yellow rust is a unit character exhibiting Mendelian inheritance makes it a simple matter to transfer it to wheats which are in every way desirable except for their susceptibility to rust. From the knowledge gained through his experiments Professor Biffen has been able to build up wheats combining the large yield and excellent straw of the best English varieties with the strength of the foreign grain, and at the same time quite immune to yellow rust. During the present year several acres of such wheat coming true to type were grown on the Cambridge University Experimental Farm, and when the quantity is sufficient to be put upon the market there is no reason to doubt its exerting a considerable influence on the agricultural outlook.

Besides the work on wheat, experiments have been undertaken with barley. As with the wheats, there are varieties of barleys with glutenous and others with highly starchy grains. The more starch a barley contains, the more valuable it is for malting purposes. Since Professor Biffen has been able to demonstrate that with barley, as with wheat, starchiness is recessive to glutenous quality, it should be an easy matter in the future to associate the starchy character with other valuable properties in barleys.

Nor is the work at Cambridge confined to plants. A start has been made with the object of investigating the inheritance

of horns and of face color in sheep, and Professor Wood has been able to show that both these characters are inherited upon Mendelian lines. In this way he has been able to combine the hornless character of the black-faced Suffolk with



STORM-PROOF WHEAT

The thick stout stems constitute a Mendelian character that can be transferred to weaker grains

the white face of the horned Dorset. Similarly, Professor Spillman has adduced evidence to show that the polled character in cattle is dominant to the horned state, thus making it possible to dehorn painlessly any breed of cattle where this is thought desirable.

In all experiments conducted on these lines the method is the same. The breeder sets to work on his living material just as the chemist in the laboratory investigates the properties of an unfamiliar substance. He starts by analysis. Appropriate crossing best enables him step by step to determine the unit characters which go to make up the plant or animal upon which he is working. Once these characters are determined, a

knowledge of the Mendelian principles will enable him to combine them together according to his will, and to build up and fix a plant or animal having the properties which he considers most to be desired. No long and tedious method of selection is necessary. The new variety may be built up and fixed in three or four years. But the preliminary process of analysis is indispensable, and it is here that the chief difficulties of the work lie. The analysis of a complex chemical substance is often a lengthy and tiresome business. But it is simplicity itself in comparison with the analysis of the properties of the living thing. There is no plant or animal of which the analysis yet makes any pretence to completeness. As the breeder pursues his investigations he

here is, as it were, a compound character. Two things are necessary for its production, and unless both are present the flower will be white. Each of the white parents in our cross contained one of the two things necessary for the production of color, and each of the two things is transmitted independently, according to the Mendelian rule. Crossing brings these two things together, and straightway the color appears.

The case of the sweet pea may be paralleled among fowls, where a cross between certain strains of true-breeding whites results in the production of fully colored birds approximating to the ancestral black-red.

Again, the cross between a black and an albino rabbit results in certain cases in the production of animals with the gray-brown coat of the wild form.

Many cases of similar nature have now been investigated, and to-day we realize that these peculiar instances of reversion, so mysterious to the older naturalists, are part of the orderly process of heredity, and equally amenable to control with the simpler cases mentioned above.

There are other phenomena in heredity which at present are less understood. Characters may be associated together in a peculiar way. In the sweet pea the hooded character is recessive to the old-fashioned erect standard, and red is recessive to purple. But in certain families where both reds and purples as well as flat and hooded standards occur, the hooded

character is never found dissociated from the purple. All the reds have the erect standard. Yet the hooded red is not a physical impossibility, for it is well known to exist in other strains. The subject is at present obscure, and much experimental work will have to be done before it is cleared up. Not until then shall we be able to realize its bearing upon economic problems.

is constantly confronted with the unexpected. It is improbable that he will go far without encountering the curious and, until recently, mysterious phenomenon of reversion on crossing. White sweet peas breed true to whiteness, but it sometimes happens that the plants produced when two whites are crossed are not only fully colored, but their color is that of the wild purple Sicilian form. Color



THE TWO PURE STRAINS OF WHITE SWEET PEAS (AT RIGHT AND LEFT) REVERTED, ON CROSSING, TO THE PURPLE (SHOWN IN THE MIDDLE)



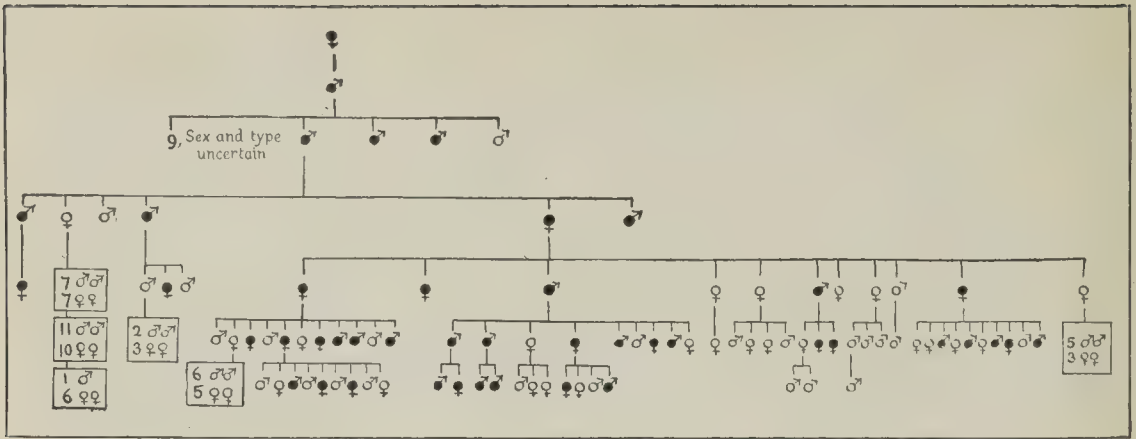
AN ILLUSTRATION OF INHERITED CHARACTERISTICS IN SHEEP

The black-faced Suffolk ram (at left) when crossed with the white-faced ewe of the horned Dorset breed (in middle) results in animals with speckled faces, of which the males are horned and the ewes hornless. Breeding from the latter leads to a type of ram (at right) combining the white face of the Dorset with the hornlessness of the Suffolk

By this time the very great importance of Mendel's discovery will doubtless be apparent. Through it heredity emerged from the mysterious and the nebulous and took its place among the exact sciences. Yet no one realizes more than those who are actively attacking its problems how little has been achieved, how vast are the fields still to be conquered. But each new problem unravelled puts a fresh tool into man's hands and helps him towards that control over the organic world without which he cannot make full use of the living resources of the earth. It matters little with what material the experimenter works, whether mice or cereals, primroses or poultry. He will make use of that which can be most readily supported by the means at his disposal and promises the speediest answer to his questions. For it may well be that a problem solved in rats or butterflies will clarify obscure phenomena in the breeding of cattle or potatoes; and it is upon these seemingly irrelevant experiments that much of the future progress in agriculture will depend.

But how about ourselves? What of man? These are questions which the reader has doubtless asked already. Though little is yet known, the answer need not be ambiguous. Man, too, is subject to those same laws of heredity that govern the transmission of characters in plants and in other animals. Man is

among the most complex and slowly breeding of living things, and the investigator is further handicapped by having to rely for his data upon the haphazard and inextricable experiments which are the outcome of civilized marriage customs. Nevertheless a few clear cases have already been worked out, nor are indications wanting that the next few years will witness a considerable extension of our knowledge. One of the most beautiful cases is that of the transmission of a peculiar condition known as brachydactyly. In people affected with this malformation the joints of the fingers and toes are two instead of three, and the whole body is markedly stunted. Dr. Farabee in America and Dr. Drinkwater in England have demonstrated clearly that this condition behaves as a simple dominant to the normal state. The chances of two brachydactylous individuals marrying are very small, and such people are practically always the offspring of a brachydactylous and a normal person. They are impure dominants, and they necessarily transmit the peculiarity to one-half of their children on the average. It is an equal chance whether the child of such a union is affected or normal. But when the recessive normal appears it breeds true to the normal state, no matter what the family history for brachydactyly may have been (*cf.* diagram p. 122).



PEDIGREE OF A BRACHYDACTYLOUS FAMILY

♂ ♀ Denote normal males and normal females respectively. Similarly, ♂ ♀ represent brachydactylous males and females. Every individual represented as having issue was married to a normal. It will be noticed (a) that an affected individual always has one affected parent; (b) that about one-half of the children of an affected parent are affected while the rest are normal; (c) that the children of normals when married to normals are never affected, in spite of the family history.

Another interesting human case is that of eye-color. All colored eyes have pigment at the back of the iris. In addition to this there is frequently some yellowish-brown pigment on the front of the iris. The color of such eyes appears as green, hazel, brown, or deep brown, according to the amount of the yellow-brown pigment. Where it is absent the color of the eyes is blue, gray, or violet. It has been recently shown by Mr. C. C. Hurst that the condition in which the pigment is present is dominant to that in which it is absent. Blue-eyed children may spring from brown-eyed parents, but the biologist would regard with some surprise the brown-eyed child sprung from parents whose eyes were blue.

The hereditary transmission of disease, to use the word in its widest sense, has for long been a subject of interest to the physician, and men are beginning to inquire how far the Mendelian laws are operative in this sphere. Already there exist clear indications that certain abnormal conditions, such as congenital cataract of the eyes, alcaptonuria, diabetes insipidus, and others, are of the

nature of simple Mendelian cases. In others again, such as color blindness and the peculiar disease known as hæmophilia or "bleeding," the inheritance is more complex. The disease is almost confined to the male sex, though transmitted through the unaffected females to their male offspring. Nevertheless, recent experimental breeding among animals has revealed similar peculiarities of inheritance, and their solution is not unlikely to afford the key to the problems offered by these curious sex-limited diseases. And Professor Biffen's classic experiments with wheat rust have opened up a fascinating field of research in connection with the problems of immunity. If we wish to build up a knowledge of the heredity of human disease, the method at any rate is clear. We must have full and accurate pedigrees, and for their interpretation we require carefully devised experiments in the breeding of plants and animals. With increase in knowledge will come powers of prevention far greater than those we have to-day. How far we may use these powers must rest with the future to decide.



Ballade of the Dreamland Rose

BY BRIAN HOOKER

WHERE the waves of burning cloud are rolled
On the farther shore of the sunset sea,
In a land of wonder that none behold,
There blooms a rose on the Dreamland Tree.
It grows in the Garden of Mystery
Where the River of Slumber softly flows.
And whenever a dream has come to be,
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

In the heart of the tree, on a branch of gold,
A silvery bird sings endlessly
A mystic song that is ages old,—
A mournful song in a minor key,
Full of the glamour of faery.
And whenever a dreamer's ears unclose
To the sound of that distant melody,
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

Dreams and visions in hosts untold
Throng around on the moonlit lea:
Dreams of age that are calm and cold,
Dreams of youth that are fair and free,—
Dark with a lone heart's agony,
Bright with a hope that no one knows—
And whenever a dream and a dream agree,
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

L'ENVOI

Princess—you gaze in a reverie
Where the drowsy firelight redly glows.
Slowly you raise your eyes to me . . .
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

The Achievement

BY FORREST CRISSEY

"JUST look a' that boy, Dave!" exclaimed Mrs. Thomas, laying one hand on her husband's arm and pointing with the other at the boy sitting across the door of the tool-house, a pamphlet spread upon his knees and a stack of similar ones beside him.

"If he c'n just get his knees as high as his head and his nose in one o' them catalogues," continued Mrs. Thomas, "he doesn't know there's a wood-pile on earth—or chores either. Della says they're all about printing-presses. Sometimes I wonder if it's a sign he's goin' t' be a scholar."

"I'd like t' see him show signs of *doin'* something," interrupted the husband.

"Yes, I know," admitted the wife, "but he's only a boy yet—just past 'leven. But I can't for the life of me see how he c'n get so fired up over that kind of truck, Dave. Why, he gets cart loads of it. Our box at the post-office is just stuffed with 'em 'most every time I get the mail; and I guess he borrows 'em from nearly every boy in town. He's read 'em till they're dog-eared. Dell says it's a regular craze with the boys, an' that they all have t' go through it sooner or later—leastways all that have any natural smartness. Blockheads, she says, don't care about printin'-presses, of course. He just sleeps with those catalogues—I find 'em on his bed 'most every mornin'. I never, as a girl, got so interested in *Lena Rivers* or *Infelice* as that boy is in them catalogues—not in my silliest story-readin' days."

"Seems t' me," chuckled her husband, as he reached for the oil can and turned his attention to the hub of the wheel plough, "that I've seen you studyin' th' catalogues of th' Consolidated Mail Order Supply House consid'ble now an' then."

"Oh, you!" exclaimed Mrs. Thomas, smiling good-naturedly at her husband's joke. "Of course—but that's different."

"Yes," returned the man, "he's a boy,

and his mind's on printing-presses instid of on kitchen cabinets an' white iron bedsteads an' fancy jimeracks for th' parlor. But I've got to turn that corn lot to-day. Th' ground works fine. Looks as if I might be able t' get the biggest part of the spring work out of the way so's I c'n sit out th' Supervisors' meetin' with a clear conscience. The question of a new court-house is comin' up, an' th' session 'll likely be longer than common."

For a moment the mother stood in the big door of the barn, her eyes dwelling curiously, half proudly, on the absorbed face of the boy.

"Wouldn't it be queer," she murmured, "if he should take to such things and turn out a scholar!"

As she followed the path to the house her skirts brushed the pile of catalogues beside the boy, but he did not look up.

"I guess th' *Empire's* th' best for th' money, after all," she heard him saying to himself.

"But you haven't got th' money," she quietly remarked, stopping and turning her dark, serious eyes upon him. He started as if suddenly awakened, and testily throwing the catalogue to the ground, exclaimed:

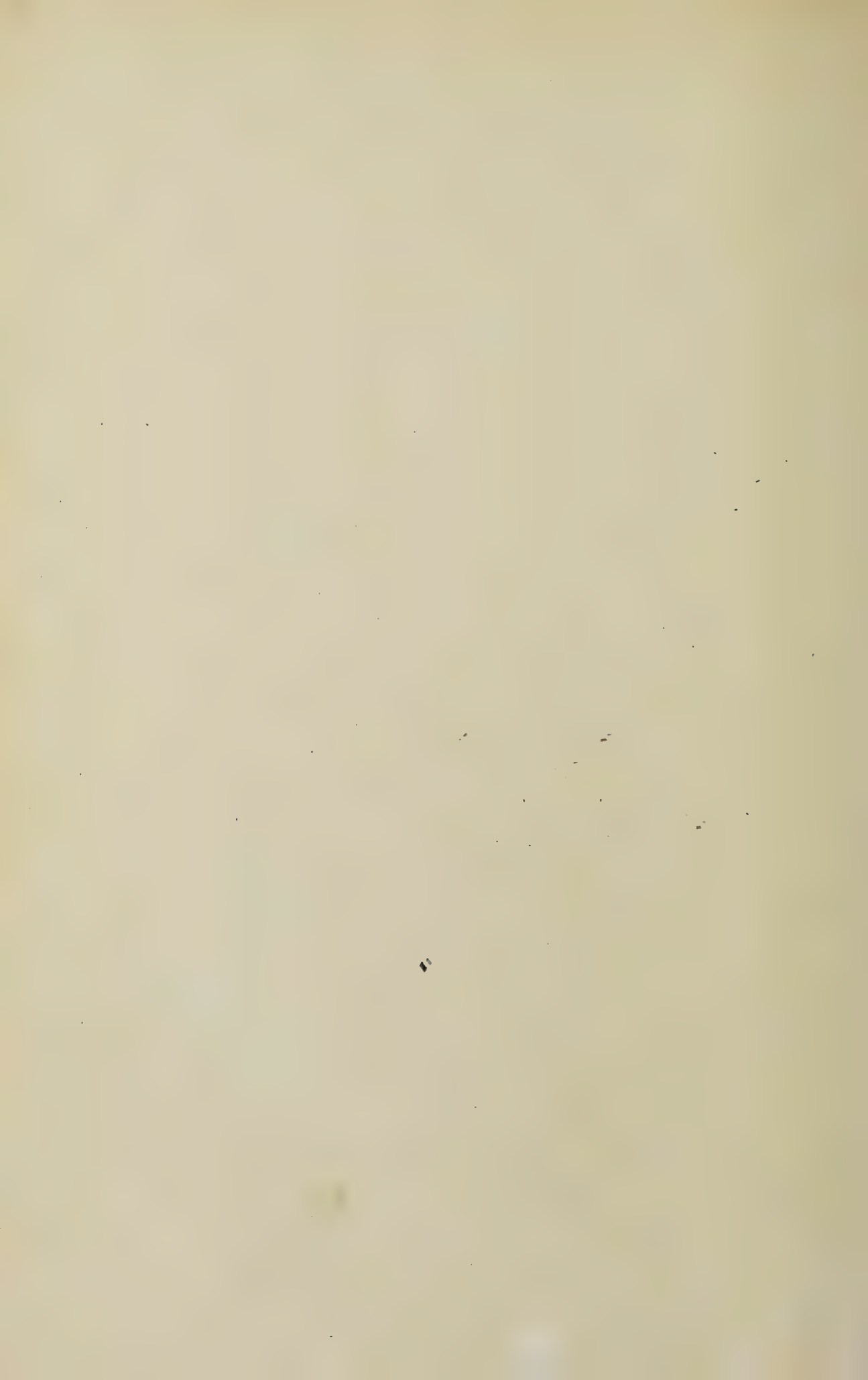
"No! Nor hain't likely t' have, neither. It takes a lot t' get a good printin'-press like Stubb Harney's—an' I don't want anything less. But I c'd make a lot o' money with that press. Maybe I c'n get it, somehow, some time! It seems like I've got t' have it!"

His mother was about to make the prudent remark that the Harneys had more money than they knew what to do with, and that Willie was considered a spoiled little spendthrift; but the boy was not in a mood for a discussion of his secret enterprise, of the ambition that burned him consumingly, and so he moved on towards the wood-pile, feeling sure that his mother would not interrupt such laudable activity, even with wholesome advice.



Drawn by Howard E. Smith

LIFE WAS A DREARY GAME OF DISAPPOINTMENT



The scraping of the buck-saw through the wood was of short duration, however. His back began to tire, and he soon straightened up to rest, looking long and dreamily at the line of willows along the lane, lovely in the tender green of their new foliage. And beyond the corn lot, where lines of black prairie soil were squirming back behind the sulky plough, was the vivid carpet of the winter wheat, which seemed to have sprung up overnight.

Spring had come! He hadn't noticed it before. The edge was gone from the breeze that came softly over the wild land to the west, and in a few days he could go barefooted—go in swimming, too; and perhaps this spring his father would give him the old watering-trough—a big log hollowed out—for a boat. He had waited almost as long as he could remember for his father to “get through” with that watering-trough and discard it for one built at the lumber yard with planks and rods.

Anyhow, spring had come again, and even if he had to wait and work and wait a long time—perhaps until he was almost a man—before he had enough to send away for the printing-press, it was good to have spring here again and feel the strange movings which its return always stirred within him.

Almost without his volition his feet began to carry him fieldward. He idled across the pasture and stopped under the walnut grove, kicking up the blackened shucks, rotted by the winter's snows, and listening with strange pleasure to the strident squawkings of bluejays teetering in the top branch of a walnut. Then he scouted along the stream, through its fringe of cottonwoods, until he came to the road, where he seated himself on the shoulder of a stone abutment and gazed into the waters of the little pool. The suckers would soon be running, and he could see a lazy red-horse nosing indolently along the bottom.

Sitting there, he looked back to the time when he had first thought of going down the stream in a boat. It seemed a very long while ago, and his sister Della, he remembered, had stood with him on the bridge, holding his hand as they both peered over the guard rail. Then she had taken a crust of bread from their dinner

pail and crumbled it slowly to see the fish come up for the crumbs as they struck the water. And every spring since he had said to himself, “This time I will go down the stream—’way down—and find where it goes to.”

But now he was old enough—plainly old enough—and he would go right now and ask his father if he could have the old log watering-trough for a boat.

Just as he was making his way through the scraggy hedge into the corn lot, his eye caught the flutter of a printed page which had been blown against the willows. Instantly it was in his hand. The subtle thrall of the spring morning slipped from him, and again he was the potential craftsman, the spell of his dear enterprise shining from the eager eyes which saw in the vagrant, wind-tossed auction bill not the dull fact that Eli Towner, of Base Line, would offer at “public vendue” his stock of household effects, his horses, cattle, and farm implements, but letters, characters, symbols of the printer's magic art! Even the white spaces between the letters and the lines had their language for his understanding eye, and leaning against a shaggy willow—his finger slowly tracing each line of print—he abandoned himself to the fascination of mentally “setting up” the handbill from the type case. How deftly his fingers moved in his imaginary task, and how deliciously the types clicked down into their places in his composing-stick!

But as he mentally put the last period into place he awoke to the disillusioning realization that the thing of his desire was still as remote as when he had first looked upon Stubb Harney's new press as its stout packing was stripped away by impatient hands and it stood out in all its bright, enchanting beauty in the chamber of Judge Harney's stable. His pain was now that of one who had sorrowed greatly, found a momentary distraction, and had then come suddenly back to his familiar grief with fresh shrinking from its grim and hateful presence.

What if spring had come again? What if he might at last have the watering-trough for a canoe and follow the beckoning, teasing waters of the stream through a maze of enchanting mysteries? What of

anything? His heart's desire, the siren of his dreams, the magic thing of rhythmic, humming wheels and clicking ratchets—which received into its jaws squares of paper and gave out words, thoughts—this was still remote, illusive, unattainable, and life a dreary game of disappointment!

With unthinking footsteps he crossed the field and sat down upon the big stone, dejected, forlorn, the butt of fate. The near approach of his father, calling sharply to the team, stirred Gene to lift his gloomy eyes from the excited ant that was exploring the tiny crevices of the boulder to the approaching ploughman. How smoothly the thick prairie loam raised itself from behind the revolving knives and wriggled over the mould boards like great black worms! And how good was the smell of the freshly turned earth!

Suddenly the father jerked the horses to a halt, glared angrily before him, and exclaimed:

"There's that tarnation old stone again! Why in tunket couldn't that boulder just as well have planted itself somewhere else than in my best ploughed field? I've been ploughing around that stone for more'n thirty years, an' each year I forget all about it till I come t' this spot. Then the stone seems to fairly grin at me an' say: 'You've got t' turn out for me. I settled on this land first, an' I'll be here long after you're gone!' Gene, I'd give a ten-dollar note t' come home some day an' find that stone under the horse-chestnut in the front yard. That's where it should have squatted in the first place!"

The boy leaped from the stone and to the side of the plough so quickly that the horses rattled their traces in alarm.

"What's got into you, Gene?" exclaimed the father, quickly jerking the reins.

"Will yuh, pa?" he asked, in a quivering voice, "give ten dollars—t' me—if I'll put it in the front yard?"

The keen eyes of the man searched the face of the boy for a moment, and then smilingly shifted to the big stone. A burst of laughter suddenly broke from his lips and his body swayed convulsively. There was no smile on the set, quivering lips of the boy, whose eyes regarded his father's face—contorted with recurring

spasms of mirth—in a dismayed and confused scrutiny.

Tears of merriment stood in the man's eyes, and he clutched his aching sides when his laughter had spent itself, and the boy's eyes dropped to the wide rim of the plough wheel. His fingers toyed nervously with the gear lever, and he swallowed laboriously before the words in his mind would voice themselves. His speech was thick and choky, but at length it came:

"Well, I heard Doc Wilbur say that Dave Thomas's word was as good as his bond."

In the silence which followed this assertion the boy's grimy fingers poked furtively along the flat wheel-rim, but his face was still downcast. He almost trembled as he waited to learn the effect which this statement with its implied challenge would bring upon his head.

"He did, did he?"—the man's tone had the ring of pride, of decision. The boy looked shyly up.

"Well, son, I've always kept my word with you, haven't I?"

The boy nodded his head.

"But, mind you," continued the man, "no help from Buck or any other man—or boy, either. And no team in this deal!"

Again the father's eyes rested on the sullen, defiant face of the big stone, and again his laugh rang out on the soft air. But the boy was already at the lane and leaping towards the house with the spring, the elasticity, which hope, purpose, enterprise, put into the fickle, whimsical legs of small humans on the childhood side of adolescence.

That evening as the farmer and his wife sat on the door-step they saw the figure of the lad stealing down the lane. Again the man laughed and then told the incident of the morning.

"My ten's as safe as a cat under a barn. He can't ever—"

"I think it's downright mean of you, Dave, to put the boy up against a hopeless job like that. He wants that ten dollars worse'n you want anything on earth, an' I'm most afraid he'll wear himself out an' be sick trying to figure it out—an' maybe strain himself or get hurt in the bargain."

"Oh, I guess not," complacently replied the husband. "It 'll give him

somethin' t' study on—somethin' practical that 'll help develop his mind in learning how t' *do* things. Besides, I never noticed him growin' thin over anything exceptin' too many green apples. He ain't strained himself or dislocated any limbs from violent use of a buck-saw, has he?"

"But his heart's awfully in this," returned the mother. "An' terrible big disappointments aren't good for boys. Besides, Gene's more sensitive than some."

"I guess he'll bear up under the blow, mother," continued the farmer, and then added: "Who's said he shouldn't have a printin'-press? Fact is, I've given him a possible chance to earn one."

"A chance!" retorted Mrs. Thomas.

"I said a *possible* chance," chuckled the farmer.

"Well," replied she, "he's awfully set an' determined, and he'll simply eat an' sleep with that stone until he finds it can't be moved—if he sleeps at all!"

The next morning Buck, the hired man, came upon the boy sitting on an up-turned pail in the wagon-shed, his fixed eyes staring at the wheel cultivator.

"'Scuse me!" soberly remarked Buck. "Didn't mean to break in on th' cogitations of a civil engineer. It's a great thing, son, t' be a civil engineer. Takes a mighty smart man t' trot in that class. I seen one up t' Peory onct, an' he had freckles just like your'n. That feller made a river turn tail an' run up-hill! But say, boy, why don't you drill a hole in th' stone, put in a blast of powder, an' blow it up? Then you could carry th' pieces in a wheelbarrow all right. Th' ol' man told me th' conditions he laid down, an' I didn't notice anything t' forbid that."

"You lemme alone, won't yuh, Buck? This hain't no foolin'; it's serious."

"They's some awful big turtles down in th' creek, son," returned the grinning hired man as he climbed into the wagon, "an' if you got *enough* of 'em harnessed up they'd more'n move that old rock all right!"

The boy watched Buck standing in the rattling, bouncing lumber-wagon driving at a keen trot across the uneven ground of the field, and knew that all the torments which the ingenious mind of the hired man could devise would be his portion until the incident of the big stone

was at an end. The suggestion of the blasting-powder brought a faint smile to the boy's lips, but was instantly dismissed as "tricky." He had just decided to take the shovels from the wheel plough and drag it out to the stone to see if he could not contrive a kind of swinging cradle which would lift the boulder, when his sister appeared with a sly smile on her lips.

"Got it figured out yet?" she asked.

"Look here, Dell," he flamed, "if you plague me the way Buck does, I'll get even!—an' you know I can! So don't start in bein' mean."

"Oh, don't get smarty," she retorted. Then in a different tone she remarked: "Wouldn't it be great if you could do it! I guess that 'd take pa down some. I'll help you all I can, Gene."

"Pa didn't say anything that 'd prevent," he exclaimed, eagerly. "He just said no team or man or boy."

Together they trundled the cultivator down the lane and into the corn lot until it stood beside the stone. The boy's face fell.

"That won't do," he admitted, sadly. "Th' old stone's s' big it stands higher'n the cultivator hubs. But they's one good thing—it's on a kind of hummock. That 'll help it get started easier when I figger out a plan."

"Yes," answered Della; "but the ground's ploughed, and that 'll make it hard pulling. Besides, there's a rise of ground where the yard begins."

"I know," he admitted, despondently.

"I guess you never can do it, Budd," she said, almost tenderly.

"Yes, I can, too!" he retorted. "I've got to. There hain't any two ways about that. Somehow that stone's got to be moved. But I can see now that men who do big things like that get 'em all figgered out in their minds first, an' don't waste time and strength on foolishness. I've got t' think it out first, Dell."

A week later, as Supervisor Thomas was starting for the county-seat in his bright new buggy, his wife said:

"If that boy don't turn up something before long, he'll go distracted. He just roams 'over the place from morning to night with the queerest look on his face—like old Tinker Woodard, that went loony back in Ohio. Tinker thought he'd built a

contraption that 'd run one mill-wheel after another with the same fall of water. An' he died improvin' it. Gene's got so now that he forgets to eat. Haven't missed a cookey from the jar since you started him in on this crazy business—an' I'd know it if he took a single one, for I keep count on 'em just t' see. His room's all littered up with scraps of paper with queer lines on 'em—kind of drawin's like geography maps."

"Huh!" replied the father. "I guess he won't go into a decline over it right away."

The dust of the father's buggy had hardly cleared away from the road when the boy looked up from his paper and declared,

"Ma, I'm goin' t' town, and maybe I won't be back much before night."

"What are you goin' for?" she asked.

"Oh, just t' look 'round," he answered, vaguely.

"Well, you'll look peaked if you keep up this foolishness," she retorted, sharply. Then she disappeared into the house and brought out a package of cookies wrapped in a copy of the *Princeville Clarion*. "Put them in your pocket t' nibble on—an' here's a dime."

He grunted symptoms of thanks and started cross-lots in the direction of the village.

In the middle of the afternoon, as Mrs. Thomas was on her knees beside the front walk, drawing with careful fingers the mulching from the dark waxen fronds of the bleeding-heart which was pushing up its lusty crests through the protecting litter, she heard a quick clatter of hoofs, and saw the handsome black horse of the new veterinary leaping and snorting under a rein so tight that the driver was pulling himself up from the seat of his red runabout. As Mrs. Thomas had just seen Dr. Vinney drive past in the other direction, she was astonished. But the language of the veterinary as he began to get control of the excited animal made her pull her sunbonnet down over her face and exclaim:

"Goodness me! I thought Buck could swear awful when he got mad at a horse—but he's just nowhere!"

When the veterinary had disappeared up the road, with the evident intention of returning to town by the longer way

of the Three Bridges, the woman pushed back her blue "shaker" and looked down the road towards Princeville. For a moment she stood transfixed, her dark eyes bulging and her small mouth partially open. Her astonishment this time exceeded speech, and she made no exclamation. With the alert erectness with which a horse in pasture approaches a suspiciously fascinating intruder, Mrs. Thomas moved towards the horse-block without removing her eyes for an instant from the distant object of her gaze. Occasionally she paused for a moment, then made another approach, her vision never wavering from the nearing thing in the highway. Mechanically she mounted the block, and there stood like a statue on its pedestal. After a few moments her lips moved, and she murmured:

"Bless my soul—but what a monstrous barrel! An' what makes it go? Can't see a sign of a man behind it!"

Finally, as the propelling power behind the hogshead came into view, the woman exclaimed:

"Gene Thomas! What in the world—"

"Barrel—hogshead," he tersely responded.

"Don't you know you most scared Dr. Vinney's horse into a runaway?"

"Nope; can't see over this. It's 'n awful job to roll that thing clear from town, ma."

"Sakes alive, child!" she responded. "Folks along the road 'll think you're crazy."

"I ain't," the boy answered, with the first smile she had seen on his face since the moving of the big stone had been broached. "I've just got an idea. You wait an' see."

Then he turned in at the gate and started the huge barrel on its pilgrimage down the lane. He persisted until it stood beside the big stone—the goal of all his thoughts and dreams. There he sat in absorbed speculation, working out the details of the morrow's activities with all the excitement that the greatest of engineers have felt in giving battle with their cunning and skill to obstacles which defied them with the power and the insolence of sheer material resistance and strength. His dust-covered face was streaked with sweat, and his lips showed a border of pallor which did not escape



Drawn by Howard E. Smith

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"FOLKS ALONG THE ROAD 'LL THINK YOU'RE CRAZY"



the eye of his mother as he slouched wearily into his chair at the supper table.

"You look all petered out. I do wish you wouldn't get so fired up about things."

"I think," he shyly responded, glancing at his sister, who was motioning him to take his elbows off the table, "that I've got it. But I'll know to-morrow." A little later, in a voice somewhat muffled by the larger portion of a biscuit in his mouth, he asked, "Say, Buck, what makes 'em use pulleys like them on the hay-fork gear in the barn?"

"They use 'em so they can lift more—an' easier, of course," answered the hired man.

After supper he again appealed to the hired man.

"Show me just how that pulley business works, won't you, Buck? Can you pull a *lot* harder with one?"

"You bet you can! Now what's yer idee, sonny? Somethin' about that big stone?"

"Yes. Once I seen 'em movin' the ell of Widow Graves's old house up on to the street for a mil'nery shop for Miss Carboy, an'-they used a lot of ropes and pulleys. It came to me when I looked at the mil'nery shop this afternoon. I thought I might use the pulleys on the hay-fork gear t' move th' stone with. But out back of Hudson's store I got my eye on that big hogshead. Some boys were rollin' it back and forth an' it had a keg inside. All of a sudden it came to me that if I could only get the big stone into that hogshead I could roll it all right. That seemed better than the pulley business."

"But the pulleys on the hay-fork ain't th' right kind," said Buck. "You want a reg'lar mover's block an' tackle. Ol' man Moseley's got one. Why don't you go over an' borrow it? Might take along a hatful of eggs, just to help. Then there's another thing I guess you hain't thought of. That's how you're goin' to get th' stone into th' barrel."

"Yes, I have," asserted the boy. "I'm goin' t' dig a hole so's I c'n set th' hogshead with its mouth to the stone and have the other end lower a little. Then I'm goin' t' hitch on with that tackle so's it 'll draw the stone to where it 'll slide into th' barrel's mouth. If I get the

stone inside of that thing once, I'll make it roll somehow."

His half-trembling request for the tackle was good-naturedly received by "the moving-man," and the pulleys and ropes loaded into the democrat wagon. Once it was inside his own yard, the hired man stopped his work and volunteered.

"Now, boy, I'll rig it up right here and show how it works and how easy you can pull th' side right off a barn!"

"I see! I see what makes it pull s' strong," the lad exclaimed, as soon as its operation was demonstrated. There was a new light of courage in his eye as he took a spade on one shoulder and a shovel on the other and started for the stone. Once Buck visited the scene of his labors and said,

"Oh, gimme that shovel for a minute; I'll—"

"No, you won't," declared the boy. "Pa said I wasn't to let you help."

"All right. Better put a lot of hay in the bottom end of that thing, so's if the stone should slide in with a bang it wouldn't knock the bottom out. But I don't much believe it will! There ain't much danger of that. You'll know more about movin' big stones a little later than you do now."

Della came out later and seated herself on the big stone, silently watching him dig and humming a gay tune. He reflected, as he leaned on his shovel to ease his back for a moment, that Dell was all right when she didn't boss, and that there was something in the way she watched him that said, "I'm going to stand by him, anyway."

This wordless emanation of comradeship, almost of confidence, cheered the boy, who shovelled with frenzied eagerness, and he felt a glow of kindness towards the sister, two years older than himself, whose airs of superiority, especially in the presence of "comp'ny," often aroused his ire. To-day she certainly was not "stuck up."

At length he paused, mopped his face with the forearm of his sleeve, and surveyed the shallow, slanting pit he had dug with critical eye.

"Guess that 'll give it 'bout the right tilt," he remarked, judicially.

Together they laboriously carried a few old planks to the field and placed

them in the bed prepared for the hogs-head, to serve as skids when it came to rolling the huge barrel, with its precious burden, out of the depression in which it snuggled with its open end coaxingly ready to receive the big stone.

Then the tackle was rigged to the trunk of the old cottonwood at the edge of the field, the long "draw" of the rope affording a powerful leverage.

"You bring that old horse-blanket from the barn an' some pieces of stout rope," commanded the chief engineer.

"What you going to do with 'em?" inquired the sister.

"Make a kind of sling to fit 'round the far end of the stone, so's it 'll draw the stone even an' easy like. I thought that part of it out in the bed last night. Guess I didn't sleep very much. Men don't when they've got big things on their mind."

After this step in his plans had been laboriously completed he ran to the barn, the trinkets in his pockets jingling as he chugged along the lane, and soon returned, staggering under a forkful of straw, looking like a pair of unsteady thatched legs.

"Now, you pack this in the bottom of the barrel," he ordered, "while I bring s'more."

The trough of the barrel was also padded with straw, and the upper end wedged securely into place with stones.

"It's goin' to be an awful pull t' start th' old stone goin', but I've dug a little dirt away so's t' make it pitch forward a little. We'd better eat dinner an' get in good trim before we try. If we can't budge it alone, maybe ma'll take hold th' tackle with us an' help. Pa didn't say anything about *her* not helpin'."

During the noon meal he was silent, and his abstraction was indicated by the fact that he had nearly eaten the bowlful of brown gravy, when his mother exclaimed:

"Child alive! That's my gravy!"

"Thought it was soup," he answered, and grinned sheepishly—but was soon lost to his surroundings, deep in speculations of the mighty business before him. As he pushed back his plate he asked,

"Ma, want t' come out and watch me slip th' big stone into th' barrel?"

"What!" she replied. "I wouldn't

be s' sure about it." But she left the dinner dishes standing upon the table—an eloquent testimony to her interest in the enterprise—and went afIELD with her children.

"Come on, Dell," he said, solemnly, after a careful examination of every fastening and pulley, "let's give her a little pull—kind of easy at first, an' see."

Together they grasped the rope, and, as it lifted from the ground in a taut line, his heart seemed almost to stop its beating. The mother stood by the big stone while the sturdy little figures of the boy and girl leaned more and more as they strained at the rope like fishermen bringing in a haul.

"It moves!" suddenly the mother shouted, with an excitement of which she was unconscious. This was answered by a wild yell of joy from the boy. He came running back and verified with his own eyes the triumphant fact that the great boulder had made an inch or two of progress.

"I'm awful 'fraid it's goin' to wobble," he remarked. "Ma, if you'll just take hold with Dell, I c'n stand back there 'n' see how it's goin' t' act."

"Ready?" she called back, after they had changed places.

"Now—easy!" he answered—and then waited in a consuming suspense. Would it move? Would it slide safely into the gaping, the inviting mouth of the hogs-head? He almost prayed aloud, and his eyes were themselves bright and burning petitions for the achievement upon which his whole life's happiness seemed to hang. While he was holding his breath and waiting as the ropes grew tighter and tighter, the thought came to him, "If I fail, I don't want to live!"

Did it move, the great stone? or did it only tremble? The boy leaped behind it, braced his feet in the soil, and pushed.

It did move. It slipped from the cushion of earth which had held it, the granite king of the corn lot for uncounted years!

"Stiddy! Stiddy!" he shouted. For an instant it seemed that the rock, with malicious perversity, was going to dive straight through the bottom of the barrel. But it only rocked a little, and then slid softly into its nest of straw.

The next moment Mrs. Thomas was standing beside him, her arm partially

about his neck and her apron half covering his face.

"Aw, what's th' matter? I ain't cryin'!" came the muffled voice from under the apron. "I'm just sweaty—an'—an'—"

He wiggled from the sympathetic embrace of his mother without finishing the sentence, and roughly declared,

"'Tain't done yet—by a long shot!—if we *have* got it inside the barrel."

The three then braced against the cylinder and succeeded in rocking it, but could not quite roll it out of the depression in which it was cradled.

"I got it!" suddenly exclaimed the boy, racing down the lane to the tool-house. He returned with a hammer and a handful of heavy spikes. Into the far side of the barrel, close to the ground, he drove the spikes until they were embedded within one inch of the surface. These were placed on either side of the bulge of the barrel. The end of the pulling-rope was formed into a loop and this caught over the protruding heads of the spikes.

"If we c'd pull that old stone right out by th' roots," commented Gene, "I guess we c'n manage t' make this 'ere barrel roll up-hill a little!"

Again the magic ropes were drawn taut, and the commander of the enterprise waited with trembling intentness for the next turn of fate's wheel. His dark eyes were fiercely bright, and he stood watchful, eager, ready to leap to an emergency, to spend his whole strength in a frantic tug, to give the word of command at the instant of requirement. Slowly the huge barrel reared itself out of the depression, and the great rock chuckled into a new position with a muffled sound that was music to the boy.

"Who-o-p!" he yelled. "She's up on th' level. I ain't afraid now. But I've got t' put more straw in, so's to be sure the big stone won't smash out th' sides."

After the straw had been brought and the barrel plentifully stuffed, three pairs of hands were placed against its side, and finally its great cylindrical hulk yielded to the pressure, and foot by foot it was tumbled over the black furrows to the end of the lane. Then its progress was faster.

They paused opposite the little pond and sat down on the fence to rest. Not

a word was spoken. The achievement was not yet complete, and even Mrs. Thomas felt the spell of acute suspense under which the captain of the enterprise and his ginghamed lieutenant labored. Once the anxious mother was moved to remark that she hoped that old barrel wouldn't go to pieces; but she checked herself and silently picked a few clinging burs from her skirt—ashamed of the violence with which her hand trembled as she did so. To "get all worked up over nothing" was to betray an undignified weakness in the code of this capable, reticent woman.

When it came to the rise of ground near the house, progress was more difficult—but the goal was nearer!—and the pushing, straining trio fought the way, inch by inch, and held the ground gained by keeping the blocking tight against the barrel. Then, as the way grew still steeper, the tackle was brought from the field, more spikes driven into the barrel, and the leverage of the pulleys again applied.

At last the barrel stood under the horse-chestnut, and the boy proudly asked:

"Ma, d'ye s'pose pa'd like it better to stand on end? I c'n put it that way, if you think so."

"Maybe he would, Genie," she answered. "It would look a little more like one of them stones your pa and I saw down Boston way on our wedding trip—with letters on 'em telling about great things that happened there."

Again taking another tackle, this time about its end, the barrel was slowly overturned, and at last stood on its open end.

Feverishly the boy brought an axe and cut one hoop after another until the hog's-head fell apart.

For an hour Gene lay upon his back in the front yard, occasionally rising upon his elbow to look wistfully down the road. Suddenly he leaped to his feet, ran to the kitchen door, and shouted:

"He's comin', ma, he's comin'. You keep back. I'm goin' t' hide behind th' big stone."

David Thomas was looking reflectively across the opposite fields as he drove in front of the house, but he jerked the colts to a halt just inside the gate and sat up stiff and straight in his new-varnished buggy, staring at the big stone—the hid-

den boy studying his father's astonishment with eyes alight with triumph.

As Gene emerged from his ambush the father asked.

"Did you do it, son—accordin' t' agreement?"

"Ask ma," was the proud answer.

"Well, I vum!" muttered the Supervisor Thomas. "If that ain't gumption!"

"Yes," the mother later confirmed, "he did it fair. An' you couldn't guess *how* if he'd agree t' forfeit that ten."

Instantly the familiar black wallet was withdrawn from the father's pocket, and his heavy fingers fumblingly unwound the encircling strap with delicious, tantalizing delay.

"Here's th' money, son," he remarked, a queer sparkle in his eye. Then he added, "I s'pose you'll have t' make a trip t' the post-office this evenin'!"

"Now, ma," eagerly exclaimed Gene, as his fingers closed upon the yellow gold note, "gimme th' rest o' my money;" and as the father stood listening to his wife's story of how the big stone had been moved they watched the hurrying figure of the boy vanishing into "the cross-lots woods" between the farm-house and the village.

Nearly a fortnight later—after an infinite period of blissful suspense—there was a family gathering in Gene's chamber—a gathering which included Buck, the hired man. The printing-press was enthroned on a strong dry-goods box and the type case stood beside it. The ink had been spread upon the revolving disk by a gummy roller. A great, shining hap-

piness spoke from the boy's dark eyes as he said,

"Now, ma, you hold th' light."

The hands which held the kerosene lamp above the type case trembled slightly, and the eyes which followed his fingers—dipping now into this tiny pen of the case and now into that—were touched with mingled pride and bewilderment. Finally the boy exclaimed,

"It's all set up; now I'm goin' t' make up th' form."

"Takes a long time, don't it?" commented Buck, when the form was finally slipped into its place in the press.

"Oh, I dun'no'—'twon't when I get used to it," responded the boy. His eager, tingling hand was on the wheel; it turned; the jaws of the press closed together, opened, and he drew forth the square of paper. After one proud glance at it he passed it to his father, who read:

Gene Thomas
he Moved the
Big Stone.

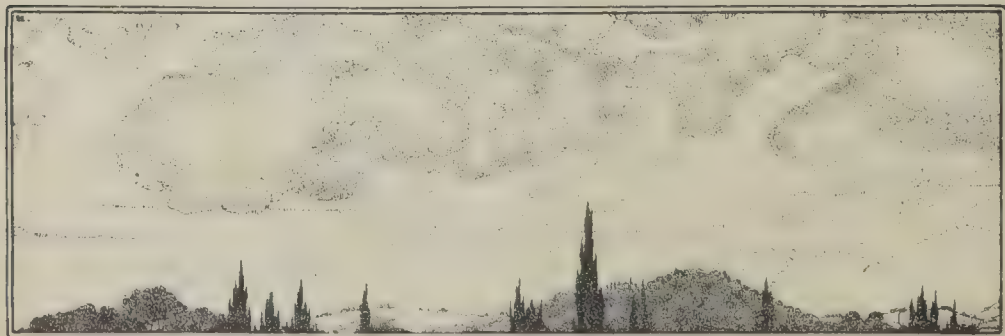
"Don't you spoil that," exclaimed David Thomas, as he reluctantly yielded the yellow slip into his wife's hands. "I want it—that very one—just as 'tis!"

Then he drew out the long wallet and carefully extracted a five-dollar bill.

"Here, son," he said, "take *that*! This printin's worth it. I may want t' look at that some time when you've got to be an editor."

And as Mrs. Thomas went down the stairs, leaving the boy alone with his treasure, she murmured,

"My Gene—t' turn out a scholar!"



One Day's Adventures

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

NOW had come a cold wind upon Damascus — November weather, blowing from the Lebanon hills, where, by all travellers' tales, snow had deeply fallen. It was raining in gusty showers from a low gray sky; the town was drenched and splashed and shivering — the canopies leaking, the ragged trees adrip, the streets sluggish rivers of mud. From the balcony window the prospect was mean enough: disheartened dogs, droves of bespattered donkeys, camels treading the slippery places with slow caution, dripping beggars, wayfarers in from the soggy plains, merchants of the town with faces screwed, scowling Bedouins, dull *fellaheen* — every man wrapped tight in his cloak, of fur, sheep-skin, or rags, according to the dealings of fortune. I observed a mangy dog venture from the lee of the wall, stand three-footed and cowering in a pool of mud, and return presently to cuddle with his mates. A drove of fat-tailed sheep crossed the river on the way to market, driven by three distracted children, who must gather the flock from an unfortunate collision of a company of donkeys with a string of wood-carrying camels and a saucy old man on the back of a white ass. A sheikh of the Bedouins came, arrived from some distant place, having entered by God's Gate, now riding proudly, his robe and *kaffiyeh* fluttering in the wet wind, three servants respectfully following, all armed to the teeth, sword, dagger, and long gun: an alert and travel-stained cavalcade, not used yet to the security of the town.

There was blown then a trumpet, but in no spirited way; an outrider galloped past, and the Vali drove by, with an escort of starved and listless soldiery; brushed up, indeed, for this service, but still somehow not differing from the ragged, anæmic crew who go utterly impoverished in the Sultan's service. Some pious Mohammedan, favored by fortune,

appeared with a long stick, a bag, and a man servant; he would feed the dogs, I knew, in fulfilment of a vow, and I surmised, I recall, that his son's life had been saved, since I could conceive no other thankfulness sufficient to move a Mohammedan of Damascus to the deed, the day being wet and cold. He exchanged with his servant the stick for the bag. "Whish! whish! whish!" they called. The dogs charged — a famished, snapping swarm — and must be beaten to their distance.

I despatched Taufik to discover the cause of the man's gratitude.

"This man," he reported, returning, "has but now sold his beast to advantage in the ass-market."

There was a tap at the door — a diffident tapping, insinuating and apologetic, almost subservient, but escaping that. It was the hand of the Interpreter — a gray little philosopher, of the cultured Christian class, accomplished, clever, and kindly, and of an amazingly impeccable politeness — who approached the balcony window with many low bows and complimentary speeches. It was with difficulty, indeed, that I had persuaded him to serve me. "I observe," said he, "that you are interested in this Mohammedan's piety, which is not, however, as interesting as the dogs. It is a curious thing about the dogs of Damascus, that each must dwell in the quarter of his birth; but yet, as I have many times observed, a dog may wander from his place, going in peace, if he may accomplish an arrangement with the neighboring packs, and will but proceed amicably and under escort from frontier to frontier. It is in much the same way that the wild Bedouins travel the desert. The Mohammedan," he proceeded, "has sold his beast? Very well, then: I understand. This good man has robbed the purchaser in much more than he had hoped, and will now not only pacify the Recording Angel, but cultivate

the favor of Heaven, by returning to the Almighty some part of the profit of his deceit. To-night he will sleep with a lighter conscience and a heavier purse; and to-morrow he will rise refreshed, sustained by his religion, to seek another victim."

I had elsewhere heard something of this same practice.

"Come!" said the Interpreter, as the pious Mohammedan trader departed; "we will visit the poet."

I would not call upon the poet.

"But," he protested, "he is wise and learned, the greatest poet in all Syria, and—a—rich—man!"

Thereupon we set out for the home of the poet. . . .

As we walked, the Interpreter told me something of interest concerning a great traveller—that one considerable traveller of the great Arabian Desert of whose account good words are spoken in Damascus. It seems that he was taught Arabic by the Interpreter, living one year with him, not only learning the language, but teaching his stomach to endure, for many days upon dates, for example, or go hungry, and his whole body to go thirsty. "You do not believe in Christ, dear friend, nor yet in the Prophet," said the Interpreter; "what, then, is your religion?" "I am an infidel," was the answer; "there is no God in whom I believe." "Is an infidel of this character!" exclaimed the Interpreter. "An infidel," was the reply, "is a man who believes in no God, neither cares for the wrath nor mercy of any." But now, curiously, when this man was ready to depart upon his journey, he came to the Interpreter, with a ring upon his hand, his seal, as men who go into the desert should have. "What!" cried the Interpreter, in amazement, when he had read the inscription; "you call yourself 'Khalil,' which is 'A friend'? It is a Christian name, and will instantly declare you a Nasrany, to your imminent peril in these far places. As you are an infidel, believing in no God, why not take a Mohammedan name, Mohammed, Ahmed, or Mustafa, and in this way ease your path?"

"This," the traveller answered, "I will not do."

"Why not?" the Interpreter insisted. "You are an infidel, believing in no God, and should have no compunction."

"Because," replied the traveller.

"It is no answer," said the Interpreter.

"I will not do this thing," the traveller declared, "because of the God of my fathers. I was born as I am born, of Christian parents, in a Christian land, a land of brotherly kindness and beneficent law because of Christianity; and I will journey as a Christian, or die a martyr."

In the wild desert, where in the accomplishment of his death some man might have won merit, the Bedouins often said to this traveller, "Say but this, 'There is but one God, and Mohammed is His Prophet,' and your life will be spared." The traveller would not; but after three years, nevertheless, he emerged. I do not know whether he is an infidel now or not. At any rate, he is no Mohammedan. . . .

We had come now, by a way most devious and dirty, to the home of the poet: a great, pretentious place, no doubt, but situate in a wretched quarter, and, except for a gorgeously clad porter at the little gate, and a long blank wall broken too severely by the latticed windows of the harem, hardly distinguishable from its meaner neighbors.

"Here," I complained, "is an intrusion."

"It is not so," replied the Interpreter, earnestly. "No personage of Damascus would deny a stranger of station. You must seek his *diwan*. It is the custom. There is no other way. Would you have him call upon *you*?"

"The adventure is yours," I assented.

I recall a spacious entry—heavy stone arches overhead, a mosaic floor, new washed—and a black man in white linen, scarred in the cheeks, like a slave come to Damascus from the Soudan by way of the desert tents. There was a miniature garden, a high-walled courtyard, with close-cropped hedges and mollycoddled flowers; this was an agreeable glimpse, high colored and wet with rain—a fresh, sweet-smelling patch, fallen upon from the evil-odored street. Happily, as it seemed to me—but much to the chagrin of the Interpreter—the poet

was gone out: departed (said they who loitered awaiting him) to talk with some celebrated theologian, arrived unexpectedly from the East. There was a sheikh of learning, however, distributing flowers of wisdom in an anteroom, whom I observed with much interest, since I had never seen the like of it before. The Interpreter explained that he was a famous theologian, whose learning was much sought because of its heterodoxy, which, however, had not yet transgressed the limits of his personal security. Thus far he had walked the maze with clever feet; but there would come a time when some indiscretion would not only accomplish his ruin, but involve his poor students in the downfall. It was the custom of this man, it seemed, to use the homes of the great, having no considerable establishment of his own. He would repair

here or there, according to the whim of the morning, and, discovered by his pupils, would impart instruction or not, as his humor went. It was apparent, indeed, that he was esteemed as a teacher. Now elegantly at ease on a cushioned *diwan*, he was surrounded by a group of hero-worshipping listeners, squatted at his feet, the favored reclining beside him—mostly boys with small-grown beards, who buzzed at the flame of this dangerous learning, every youth of them all doubtless even now under espionage.

"It is well known," said the Interpreter, impatiently, as we departed, "that the man is under suspicion. I cannot conceive why these poor youths should follow him. They follow, indeed, to a great catastrophe."

"Wherefore?" I demanded.

WE HAD COME BY A DEVIOUS WAY TO THE POET'S HOUSE

"In Damascus," he answered, absently, "it is wise to be circumspect."

"What peril," I asked, "can threaten these half-grown boys?"

"The peril," he answered, "that waits upon new teaching."

"The man's teaching," I objected, "is not political."

"Every new thing," he answered, "is political."

I remembered the enterprising gentleman of Beirut who had indiscreetly telegraphed in English to London for an engine of eighty revolutions a minute. Eighty revolutions a minute! The censors at Constantinople were shocked; the indiscreet citizen was cast into prison. . . .

Proceeding thence, aimlessly, in search of adventure, we presently entered a narrow street, traversed by few, and there



came upon a curious sight: an old man at his bath, taken in the open street; he was saving his modesty as best he could, to be sure, but was not abashed, nor did his strange employment create so much as a flutter of discomposure on the thoroughfare. Having turned into the silk-bazar, the Interpreter stopped to gossip with a merchant of embroideries, a sleek fellow, of pious inclination; but the piety of this man was as nothing compared with the devotion of his neighbor and competitor. He was a cadaverous object—a rusty, frayed old fellow with a long white beard and deep-sunken eyes—now squatting in his stall, quite detached from the affairs of the market, being occupied with a great book, over which he bent, swaying and muttering. A small apprentice, who had approached with cheery swagger, paused at the stall and extended his hand, which the pious old gentleman abstractedly tapped three times, not losing a single syllable of his prayer, however, in the operation. Blessed in this wise, the lad went on his way, and was succeeded by another, and a third, and a diseased beggar, all of whom, in the space of three minutes, were tapped into an accession of piety, and went about their business, much benefited.

"He is a Mohammedan famed for his devotion," the Interpreter explained, as we walked away. "and his blessing is much sought. It is even said that the touch of his finger will work cures, and that as a writer of charms against evil he is not equalled in the city. For many years he has sat in that same stall, practising prayer and reading. He is a holy man, withdrawn from the world, and will doubtless have a holy tomb when he dies, where the pious may pray."

"It seems," said I, "that he will hardly thrive in the silk business."

The Interpreter laughed.

"The devout," I ventured, "are seldom thrifty."

"The recipients of his blessing," the Interpreter explained, softly, "are permitted to leave coins convenient to his hand."

From the bazar we passed into a winding street, very narrow, with grim old houses on either side, sometimes falling together at the eaves or frankly bulged overhead: so that on this dull day the

way was dark and ghostly. In an aperture from the street was an unkempt tomb; the branches of an ill-thriving bush protruded through the bars of a grating, and were cluttered with many high-colored shreds of cloth, knotted tightly. "Here," said the Interpreter, "is the grave of some holy man of the city, whose name is doubtless forgotten, but whose piety lives in tradition, into which has entered, too, the protecting virtue of his tomb. The poor shreds upon this holy bush are the evidences of the vows and prayers of passers-by—of many travellers, perhaps (for we have come near a gate of the city), who have turned aside to this shrine to register their thankfulness. Indeed, the people are devout and most simple, accepting the reputations of these loudly pious folk without questioning, as the hermits and holy men of medieval times were accepted, upon their own statement of their virtues; and they are in consequence often misled.

"There was once," he continued, "a young man, riding on a white ass, whose beast fell exhausted on a main-travelled road, and there instantly expired. 'I will bury this unfaithful ass,' thought he, 'lest I get no sympathy from passing travellers, who will suppose that I have ridden him cruelly.' No sooner had he accomplished this than a benevolent man appeared and demanded to know the occasion of his grief. 'My uncle,' replied the youth, 'an aged and most reverend man, being upon a pious pilgrimage beyond his strength, has here died by the wayside, and I have buried him.'

"'It is meet,' said the benevolent traveller, 'that a man of these holy accomplishments should have a tomb in keeping with his piety, and I will contribute my purse to this worthy end.'

"The traveller rode off upon his journey, informing all whom he met of the lamentable decease of this most holy pilgrim, and so fast and affectingly did the tale grow, so far did it spread, so rich were the gifts it elicited, that the youth was presently established in a splendid tomb over the grave of the humble white ass, where he began to grow stout and wealthy, thereby exciting the envy of a rival, who resided in the tomb of his grandfather, near by.

"Come!" said this man; 'show me the sacred bones of your pious uncle, that I may understand their virtue.'

"As we are of the same pious profession, brother,' replied the youth, 'and as it has occurred to me that we may profit together, I may tell you frankly that my holy bones are the bones of a white ass.'

"Is it indeed so?" cried the other.

"My conscience accuses me,' continued the youth, 'and I would gladly have you join with me, contributing the relics of your saintly grandfather to my establishment.'

"Alas!" replied the other; 'though you have only the bones of a humble white ass, I have no bones at all!'

We were by this time, it seemed, near the door of the Great Mosque, where, near by some ancient heathen arch, the booksellers of the city have congregated for many generations. It is a densely busy place: the meeting-point of frequented bazars; the narrow streets are like streams of men. A confusion strange to us: of hawkers of vegetables; of beggars who live upon the piety of them that go to pray, exposing all manner of sores and deformities with frightful candor; of personages importantly passing, richly clad, proud-faced, following servants who clear the way; of pilgrims, Mecca bound, with carpets for sale to further the holy adventure; of many ragged farmers come in from the

fields to shop and stare, servants of oppression, every one; of young students, here wandering, book in hand or arm in arm; of veiled women, going in fear and haste; of water-sellers, venders of sweetmeats and pastry, idle children, swaggering Turks, all confused with the familiar beasts of the city, donkeys, camels, horses, and masterless dogs—the whole proceeding and diverging without friction, but with loud outcries of warning, curses, taunts, and invitations to buy: an amazing amiability! The Interpreter was accosted by one of two young men in a way most polite: a personable youth—with no band about his tarboosh: a young

Christian, it seemed.

He touched his breast, lips, and forehead in the native fashion, then shook hands, in the European way, but blundering over it, as one unused to the custom, and somewhat embarrassed. The two were affectionately idling through the swarm, arm in arm; and one held an open book, over which they had been vehemently disputing.

"Here is a difficult question," said the Interpreter at last, scratching his head. "Would you say 'Pa-la-ta'ble' or 'Pa-lat'able'?"

"Palatable," I answered.

"Palatable," the shamefaced man repeated to the students.

The one was instantly cast down; the other was uplifted—his eager young face shining with pride and triumph. They were indeed diligent young students of English.



GRIM OLD HOUSES FALLING TOGETHER AT THE EAVES

We descended the steps to the short bazar of the booksellers, beyond which, through the little gate, some glimpse was had of the great courtyard of the mosque, the marble tiles glistening in the rain and light of the open sky. "Surely," said I, "the man will show us the books to-day." The Interpreter was troubled. "No," he answered; "he will not. It is not his intention. Last week I spoke to him, and on Monday, and on Thursday; and he promised, but would not, as you know. He is rich, a lover of books, but an ignorant man, a most pious Mohammedan, a hater of Christians and exertion." The bookseller was now very old—gray-bearded, scrawny-necked, pallid as an invalid, marvellously thin, bent at the shoulders, but dressed in a rich, fur-lined, perfectly tailored gown of gray cloth, and keen and bright of eye, but most calculating and avaricious: the eldest son (they said) of three generations of booksellers from that same stall. He was in an unexpectedly amiable mood, it chanced; and he would not only show us the books, but would deal with us, happily found we that which we desired to buy. And so, but lackadaisically, manifesting infinite boredom, he went with us, candle in hand, to his storehouse, which we must enter hurriedly, as though spied upon. This was up the steps, a turn to the right, an elbowing progress through the tide-rip of humanity, and some yards of easier advancement to a low stone door, unlocked with a gigantic key. Ushered into uttermost darkness, we were provided with candles, told to search, and incontinently left to ourselves.

"Here," said the Interpreter, "is an amazing thing: I have never known the like of it. The man," he complained, crossly, "is the fool of his moods."

In this storehouse—it seemed a vast place by the little light of one candle—reposed the accumulations of three generations of acquisitive booksellers of Damascus, drawn not only from the cities of Syria and Egypt, but, as it soon appeared, from Persia as well, where books were anciently well made. No cry of traffic could penetrate the heavy door; it was very still within, and lifeless, and aged, and musty. The floor was deep in dust; and every book that was touched—

every leaf that was stirred—gave off each its little puff. The floor was littered, the corners heaped, the shelves crowded: many thousands of volumes had here been cast and forgotten—acquired and held possessed in the Mohammedan way. I recall great books, written upon parchment by skilful hands, long, long ago, exquisitely illuminated and bound—a long, ill-kept row of these, so thick with black dust, which had even sifted between the leaves, that I fancied they had not been touched in a hundred years. Presently I came upon many covers of antique tomes, gold-leafed and deeply tooled and beautified with slender flourishes—all stripped from the original books, which had been rebound for sale. Near by a crazy stair—cluttered with books—which led perilously to the loft, was a collection of little volumes, in dusty heaps on a high shelf: thin little books, delicately written by hand and as delicately illuminated; some poetry, I recall, and some pious discussions. I had learned something of the art of illumination from Ahmed Ased-Ullah, the writer; and some of these, I observed, were well and honestly done, as by the hand of an earnest workman.

I fell in love with one (as they say)—the tints and interlacing lines and gilding of the title-page: all masterfully accomplished, enduring to this time without a faded color or other blemish.

"This little book," said the Interpreter, presently, "is a collection of philosophical poems, more than one hundred years old, composed (as here is written) by the talented daughter of a certain learned, wise, famous, and wealthy prince; but the name of the scribe is omitted."

"Then," said I, "here is a story: The beautiful daughter of the prince, exercising her talent in his delight, had these poems inscribed by a master, and presented them to her father to win his praise."

"It may be so," he agreed.

"But," I protested, "it is indeed so; there is no other copy in all the wide world."

"That," said he, "is undoubtedly true."

As the interpreter bent with me over the volume, translating, we were interrupted by a soft, asthmatic wheeze; and I turned with a start to find the pallid



THE PARADE AND BARGAINING WERE OVER FOR THE DAY

bookseller at my very shoulder, his head thrust forward — his scrawny beard, drawn cheeks, and avaricious eyes. He had come softly to spy upon us, and having in this way discovered our real desire, was prepared to exact the value of it to the last franc. At once we bargained for the book; the Interpreter gleefully sustained the argument, but was in a state of wrath and perspiration when at last the money was paid down, and had no good word to say for the bookseller in English. For my bargain (since in Damascus bargaining is a polite accomplishment) I will say this: that next day, when I casually exposed the book in an antique-shop much frequented by tourists in the season, the dealer thrust his hand into his money-drawer, and cast to the counter from a handful of gold three times the sum I had paid; but I would not take him up. I still carried the book in my hand when we came to the door of the bookseller's storehouse, but was then all at once seized violently by the arm, smartly chided, and charged to conceal the volume (the bookseller having first kissed it) until we

were well departed from the neighborhood. "This virtuous Mohammedan," the Interpreter explained with contempt, "will not sell holy books to Christians — when anybody is looking." I indulged the old man's scruples by concealing the book; and we were then ushered into the street in the most friendly and innocent fashion in the world.

"Not long ago, in this street of the booksellers," said the Interpreter, as, departing from that quarter, we paused at the entrance of the bazar, "a Mohammedan of upright character and pious and honorable life earned a slender livelihood by means of the binding and sale of books of unimpeachable loyalty to Mohammed and the Sultan. He was an inoffensive person, past middle age, unaccused of crime, living, doubtless, in expectation of a peaceful death in this guileful and envious city, breathing no sedition, dealing for fair profit, reciting the prayers at the appointed intervals, in every way observing the forms of his religion and practising the spirit of it. It chanced, however, that he won the

enmity of a neighbor, a man of power and wealth, who would take his ease on the roof and ogle the bookseller's youngest wife whenever she appeared, so that presently, so persistent was the offence, she might never breathe the air except through the meshes of a black veil, not even in the privacy of her own roof. From this wicked infatuation, of course, resulted the poor bookseller's destruction. It seems that at the same time that he was expecting a consignment of books from Cairo, his eldest son, by another wife, was about to return from America, being in ill health and about to die. When it came time for the young man and the books to arrive at Beirut, the covetous neighbor caused to be included with the books certain volumes of a violently seditious teaching, and to be discovered in the luggage of the son certain offensive drawings of the Sultan himself. The neighbor was a man of wealth and influence, and in consequence the thing was not difficult to manage.

"'But,' cried the poor bookseller, when he was accused, 'I did not order the books!'

"'Nevertheless,' they answered, 'here are the forbidden volumes in the bale.'

"'These papers,' the son protested, 'I have never seen before!'

"'Ah,' they answered, 'but we have found them in your trunk.'

"'The result was,' the Interpreter concluded, 'that father and son were cast into prison. The son languished and died, but the father was liberated when the Turks

had sucked his fortune from him. I have not seen the man for a very long time.'

"And the young wife?" I inquired.

"Really," the Interpreter replied, "I do not know what became of her."

I wondered—perhaps unkindly—how the covetous neighbor had been made aware of the poor bookseller's most intimate affairs. . . .

We passed the Gate of St. Thomas—crowding through the damp and scowling swarm—and climbed a deserted by-street much in need of an industrious scavenger, whence, by way of a low, arched passage, we emerged abruptly into a broader thoroughfare, streaming with sullen pedestrians and dripping donkeys. Presently the Interpreter stopped under the latticed balcony of a mean-appearing house and knocked loudly on the door. "Here lives," said he, whilst we waited, "a blind musician, Musa Halim, a player upon the *oud* and *canoun*, who

thrives much better than most musicians of Damascus, being a gentle and respectable person. There is a curious story in connection with him, for which I can vouch, having had it from my mother, to whom it was well known. The man is a foundling, though he is not himself aware of his origin, but conceives himself to be the true son of his foster-mother, who is now long dead. He was picked up in the street by a childless woman, by whom he was much loved until she discovered that he was blind; and after that she cared no more for him, but reared him, as in duty



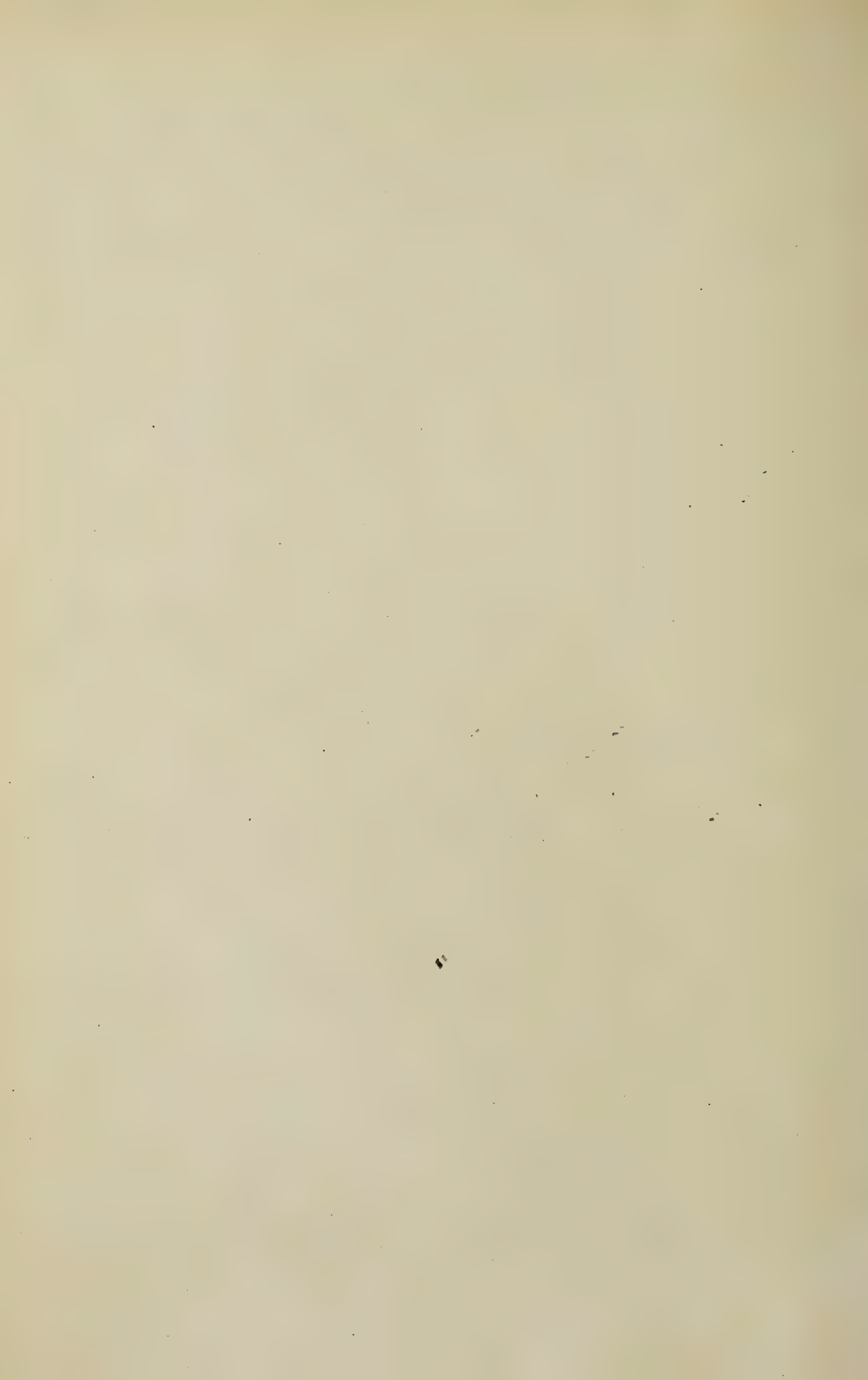
L.S.H.

THE HOME OF THE BLIND MUSICIAN



Painting by Lauren S. Harris

MUSA HAMID, THE BLIND MUSICIAN



bound." At this point the door was opened, and we were with much politeness ushered into a small courtyard, where the interlacing branches of the lemon trees dripped like rain. A wooden stair led thence to a room overlooking the street, where sat the blind musician idly strumming a great corpulent *oud*. He was old and clad according to his station, in a cotton gown—a gentle, patient-faced man, quick to smile in a childlike way, so that, beholding him, one's heart was tenderly enlisted. I fancied that he was shy and kind, given much to loving those upon whom he depended; and this, indeed, the Interpreter said was true.

Musa played presently; and I listened, engaged, but not comprehending, until the light began to fail in the little room. And as he played, he talked with the Interpreter—at last putting aside the *oud*, and curiously gesturing, smiling wistfully, too.

"It is a pretty story of his childhood," said the Interpreter, when Musa had fallen silent. "I will tell it to you."

I heard then the story of the *canoun** and the angel, which pleased me very much.

"Long ago," the Interpreter began, "when this old Musa was a little child, his mother was unkindly disposed toward him because he was blind. 'What is the use of a blind boy, who must forever consume, but contribute nothing?' she would say. 'I had rather have a seeing girl than a blind boy,' said she; 'and I had rather have neither than either.' Day by day the little Musa must listen to these complaints, and though he was wounded sorely, as he says, he would neither curse God because of his affliction nor answer his mother in anger, believing always in the wisdom of God. 'When I am grown,' he would reply, 'I will find a work for the blind to do.' 'There are the blind and the blind,' said she, 'and you are of the blind who are blind indeed. Is it so that I am to serve you all my life and gain no smallest service in return?' 'No,' answered Musa; 'the good God who created me, leaving me blind, will yet give me some labor that a blind boy may do.' To escape his mother's wailing he would then go into the street, where he must feel his way along the walls, being care-

* A stringed instrument resembling a zither.

ful to avoid the teeth and hoofs of the beasts of the city, but not fearing the men of Damascus, who are tender to the afflicted, according to the teachings of their religion. First a step or more; then beyond, eventually to the corner, and at last into the Long Bazar, where he made friends, and would often sit in the shop of a fez-presser, who cherished him.

"'I have a brother-in-law whose wife is the daughter of a silk-weaver,' said his mother, 'and to this man I will apprentice you, for surely you have strength to turn the wheel.'

"In this way the blind Musa came to turn the great wheel of the silk-weaver; but he was yet young for the employment, and the weavers of that bazar pitied him. 'Here,' said they, 'you turn the great wheel industriously, but you have no strength; every eight minutes you must rest—the labor is too hard. Turn the lathe of a carpenter; it is your proper occupation.' The lathe of a carpenter, then, the little Musa turned, but blundered unhappily, because he would think of other things. 'At any rate,' thought he, 'this carpenter should turn his own lathe; this maker of chairs has no need of a blind child; for has he not his teeth and the toes of his left foot? Why should I serve a man who is too lazy to employ all the members God has given him? I will go to the brass-worker; it is surely my place.' In the shop of the brass-worker Musa diligently turned the wheel, laboring from early morning until at sunset the shutters were put up and all the artisans went home. The apprentices of the bazars are happy indeed, living the lives of their peculiar labor, hearing the gossip of it, hopeful of rising to mastership, and, best of all, looking up from the task to watch the life of the city passing by; but for this blind Musa was no distraction, neither opportunity. It chanced one day, however, that a fragment of metal, flying out, wounded him in the forehead, and he must give up that occupation, too.

"'What now,' his mother complained, 'shall I do with a blind child like this?'

"Musa walked out, feeling his way along the walls, careful of the hoofs and teeth of the donkeys and camels, and came presently near the corner of the

Long Bazar, where, strangely, he was arrested by sweet tinkling sounds. These he had never heard before—no music, as he has told me: neither *oud* nor *canoun*. He stood against the wall, below the window whence issued the attractive sounds—withdrawn from the jostling and complaint and pity of the street. Soon, enraptured, he issued from this seclusion, and caught a passer-by by the robe.

“What is this?” he demanded.

“It is a *canoun*,” was the answer; and thereupon the man explained the manner of its playing and all the busyness of music.

“It is evident,” thought Musa, “that God has led me to this place and entranced me. Surely, the God who made me to be born blind had the intention of succoring me, and having led me to this accident, wishes that I should continue, not a turner of wheels, but a giver of delight.”

“Musa’s mother would hear nothing of this plan. ‘What!’ cried she; ‘a *canoun* indeed! Shall we give a bear silk to weave?’

“Always was this answer, ‘Shall we give a bear silk to weave?’ Night and day the same: ‘Shall we give a bear silk to weave? Shall we give a bear silk to weave?’ until Musa sought no more. ‘But,’ thought he, ‘I will ask God to send an angel with a *canoun*, and in this way I will surely gain my wish.’ This he did, night and morning, and often during the day, beseeching that an angel might be sent with a *canoun*; but no angel came, pray as hard as he might. It became his habit, then, when in the street, to pause, absent-minded, and strum the palm of his left hand with the fingers of his right; and this curious occupation never failed to attract attention. ‘Blind boy,’ they would ask, ‘why do you this queer thing?’ ‘I play on my little *canoun*,’ he answered; ‘it is my little *canoun*, and I play.’ Always he would answer in the same words, strumming the palm of his left hand. ‘I play on my little *canoun*.’ One day a lady laughed close at hand. ‘Little boy,’ she asked, ‘what are you doing?’ ‘I play,’ Musa answered, ‘on my little *canoun*.’ ‘But here,’ said she, ‘is no *canoun*!’ ‘It is true, lady,’ he answered; ‘but having no *canoun* I must pretend to possess one.’

The lady laughed then, and went away; and Musa idled on, but, returning, was intercepted by a boy of his neighborhood, who said, ‘Make haste; there is a surprise in store for you.’ At the corner of the Long Bazar they said, ‘Go faster; you will be much pleased with what you find at home.’ Believing then that the angel had come, Musa hastened; and at home, indeed, he found his first *canoun*.

“An angel,” said he, ‘has brought it!’”

In the street the wind was still blowing wet and cold from the hills. Night was near come. It was already dark in the canopied bazars; the Long Street—by some still fancifully called Straight—was silent: all the little hammers idle, all the little apprentices gone off to bed. The parade and bargaining were over for the day; the stalls were shuttered, the shopkeepers shuffling home. A gloomy night, this; and by the dusk and vacancy of the streets was the wet wind made the more disheartening. In the great chamber of our dwelling, however, to which presently I came, Shukri had the lamp alight and the fire crackling. It was all warm and softly aglow and familiar: made home to us by the rugs and tapestries we had gathered, and by the younger *khawaja*’s vessels of brass and copper, now reflecting by the lamplight, each with its peculiar lustre. The younger *khawaja* and Taufik were not yet returned. They had fallen, then (I fancied), upon some entertaining adventure—there was now no light abroad for the *khawaja*’s canvas and colors. I drew the Blue Bokhara close to the fire, and there lay down, listening to the chatter of the blaze and to the rain on the panes; and I was much moved, I recall, by the blind man’s story of the *canoun* and the angel, and wished that the uplifted mood might find expression in some deed. Upon this musing the younger *khawaja* burst in, as though escaping pursuit, his eyes at the widest, his cap askew on the back of his head, his cane waving in a frenzy of emotion; and I knew, knowing him, that some encounter of the queer streets we traversed had mightily stirred him.

“Awful!” he ejaculated, in his extravagant way. “I tell you it was fearful—terrible—horrible!”



Drawn by Lauren S. Harris

THE SHOP OF THE FEZ-PRESSER

It seems that the younger *khawaja* and Taufik, wandering home from a *khan* of the camel-drivers, had chosen the winding by-streets; and having come part way most deviously, had paused where two alleys met in a gloomy archway, whence a narrower lane, lying between high gray walls, led to a deep obscurity, promising no outlet. Whilst they debated—the predicament appearing awkward in the gathering night—the younger *khawaja* chanced to observe a glow of hot red light in the shadows near by. It issued from the end of the lane, which terminated, as they now observed, in an underground chamber, to which it fell by way of a broken stairway of broad stones. Presently within, the younger *khawaja* discovered himself below one of the baths of the city, from the heating-furnace of which proceeded that hot and varying glow which had attracted him. Here was an old man—as instantly appeared from the quality of his voice, being lifted timidly to demand what presence had disturbed him—an old, old man, lying outstretched on his belly upon a heap of chopped straw at the little round mouth of the furnace, which was no more than a hole in the wall. He was employed, it seemed, in thrusting the straw through the aperture, a handful at a time; so that it fell, a continuous stream, upon the fire below. There was no one else about: the old man was lying quite alone in the dark, which was hot and dusty and most foul to smell.

"It is a wretched labor," said the younger *khawaja*.

"Not so," answered the old man; "it is a labor for which I thank God, since, though I am old, I am not yet turned beggar."

The *khawaja* would know the reward.

"Sufficient to my small need," was the reply.

Sixpence a day!

"Have you no helper?"

"There are little children hereabout,

who play at pushing straw through the hole; and they give me rest in the day, sometimes."

"What!" cried the *khawaja*, "you labor by night and by day?"

"Truly, *khawaja*, with much thankfulness to God for the opportunity. I must be diligent lest trouble befall me."

"What trouble menaces?" asked the *khawaja*.

"The keeper of the baths," was the answer, "might turn me off."

"Have you no sleep at all?"

"When the fire is hot," said the old man, "I may sleep a little; and sometimes I forget myself and sleep against my will."

"How long," demanded the *khawaja*, "have you lain here?"

"Since before I went blind of this dust."

"The number of these years?"

"God has privileged me with the favor of the bath-keeper for these eight years."

"Friend," inquired the *khawaja*, amazed, "do you dwell content with your lot?"

"Thanks be to God!" the old man replied.

The younger *khawaja* gave the old man a gold piece, and must then all at once take to his heels to escape that agony of gratitude. . . .

"Come!" I said, when the younger *khawaja* had related his adventure; "we have this day both been fortunate: I have been delighted with a story, and you have done a deed."

"Tell me the story," said he.

"I will tell the story," I answered, "if you will share the deed."

To this he assented; and I told him the story of the angel and the *canoun* and the little blind Musa who had wandered the streets beseeching.

"It is a good story," he agreed.

I participated in the good deed at small expense.



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

CLOSING THE DOOR OF THE SPRING-HOUSE HE CALLED TIMIDLY



of excitement. Allison, frightened perhaps even more than she, stood half turned from her, flushed and tingling from head to foot.

At last he found his tongue. "I won't do that no more! I just don't know what made me. . . . Easter, won't you forget hit?"

It was all he could say.

She barely glanced at him. "I won't tell hit," she murmured, and, snatching up her shoes and stockings, fled away, and left him standing so, rebuked, condemned.

Once alone, she flung herself on the ground and hid her face even from herself. This it was, then, to kiss a boy? "Oh dear, why is it like this?" she wept, and crept closer to the ground.

But she had not promised to forget.

When Easter Vanderwelt went to "stay with" her married sister, she planned to come home in time to enter school when it should open, the first Monday in August. There was the half-formulated hope of seeing Allison somewhere, sometime during the term, even if he did consider himself too old to attend. So she stacked her six or eight books in the loft room over the kitchen, with an admonition to her brothers not to disturb them in her absence. She had always kept them neat, and the boys should have them when she had learned them through.

But Cordy's baby was a fretting, puny thing; Easter finally consented to forego the summer school and stay on till frost, when, it was hoped, the little ones would improve; and the round of toil soon drove out every other thought. Or did it? Four-year-old Phronie and Sonnybuck, his father's namesake, scarcely out from underfoot, the ailing baby to be tended, preparing cow's milk, washing bottles, wrapping a quill in soft, clean rags to fit the tiny mouth—looking after these was the task of a wife and mother; Easter could hardly devote all day and every day to them without figuring to herself a future of such, shared with—whom?

The children fell ill and needed to be nursed. There were the walls to tighten against winter with pasted layers of old newspapers. Hog-killing time

brought its extra burdens. Cordy, a fierily energetic housewife, would set up a pair of newly pieced spreads and get two needed quilts done against winter. In the midst of it all she got an order for rug-weaving from a city woman, and begged Easter to stay through the cold weather, with the promise of a new dress from this source over and above her wage of seventy-five cents a week.

Easter's lot was little harder in her sister's house than at home, and there she had no wages; yet she was glad when at last she could shut the three dollars and seventy-five cents in her hard, rough, red little hand—she had accepted a hen and six chickens in part payment—and set her face once more toward her father's house. Catching the hen and chickens and putting them into a basket made her late in starting. The sun was high when she turned out of the shortcut through the woods into the big road, and she found herself already tired. If a wagon would come along now, with room for herself and her small belongings—and, sure enough, before she had walked "three sights and a horn-blow" along the road, a wagon did. Who but Allison on the seat, and all by himself! She felt rather shy, this being the first time they had met alone since the morning he kissed her, under the swamp honeysuckles: she wished he had been any one else, but when he greeted her with, "Want 'o ride?" she clambered in over the wheel.

He stowed the basket under the seat. "What ye got thar?" he inquired, for the sake of conversation.

"Hit's a old hen that stoled her nest and come off with these few chickens," she answered. "What y' been a-haulin'?"

"Rails to fence my clearin'," he told her with pride. He had recently worked out the purchase of a piece of land. "Hit's got a rich little swag on one ind. and a good rise on the other, in case I sh'd ever want to build. Hit fronts half a acre on the big road, too," he added, shyly, looking from the corners of his eyes at the girl beside him.

Talking thus, as gravely as two middle-aged people, they rode across Caney Creek and into the ridges. "Gid up," he gave the command to the team from time to time; but there was no haste in

the mules; their long ears flapped as they plodded, and the wheels slid on through the dust as though muffled in velvet. He began to tell her of his hopes and plans, tentatively, without once looking at her.

"If I'm so fortunate—maybe next winter . . . I've been spoken to about a position in a hardware store in town, and . . ." He did not finish that sentence, but presently went on: "One man told me last week that he wouldn't hire a single man—said they was always out nights, and no good in the daytime."

Now Easter knew that Allison was never out at night to any ill purpose, and she smiled a bit wisely to herself. His favorite pose was that of the cosmopolitan, the widely experienced man; but that was pure boyishness. There was a rough innocence about him, despite his every-day familiarity with all the crimes that lie between the moonshine still and county court. What of evil there was in him seemed to have grown there as naturally as the acrid sap of certain wild vines or the bitterness of dogwood bark. The freakish lawlessness of even the worst mountaineer seems in some way different from the vice and moral deformity of cities, as new corn whiskey is different from absinthe.

Under her sunbonnet the girl inquired, demurely, "Why 'n't ye stay here?"

"Oh, I'm jist restless, I reckon. . . . I would stay if I had a home here."

That word "home" laid a finger on their lips for full five minutes. Again he ventured, flicking nervously with his whip at the roadside weeds:

"And Mavity wants me in his new saloon. I seed him when I was in Fair-play last week. The wages is good."

She spoke now quickly enough. "Don't go thar, Allison! I don't want to be—worried—'bout you."

He turned away to hide a swift change of countenance, slashed hard at the inoffending bushes, and jerked out, in a husky, boyish voice, "What makes ye care?"

She dared not be silent. "Because I know how good you air. Because I don't want to see—a boy like you go wrong."

"I ain't good!" he cried, almost roughly. Then he turned to find her looking at him serenely, silently—not quite smiling. . . .

That was all, but it was almost a betrothal to the two. From this moment she tried to imagine what life with him would be like. The picture she saw clearest was of a low-browed cabin in the dusk; through its doorway, glowing with red firelight, a glimpse of a supper awaiting a man's return.

Mrs. Vanderwelt was as glad to see her daughter home again as was Easter to rejoin the family, but that did not prevent her levying on Easter's wages. The dish-pan had gone past all mending, and the water-bucket had sprung such a leak that it was no longer fit for use except about the stable. The lantern globe was broken. So Easter reserved for herself only the price of eight yards of gingham.

"Ye're jist in time for the dance over to Swaford's," announced her younger sister, Ellender, when, after the supper dishes were washed, they sat down to tack carpet rags. "They're goin' to give one a-Sata'day night."

"You 'uns a-goin'?" asked Easter. Of course the boys would be there, and all the youngsters of the countryside—Allison, too. There are never enough girls to go round in a frolic in the mountains. It transpired, however, that Ellender had no dress—at least, none that could appear beside Easter's contemplated purchase. So Easter was forced to consider the means of providing eight yards for her sister as well as for herself.

This was on Monday. The sisters walked two miles to the store next day, and chose the double quantity of cheaper goods together. It was white with a small pink figure printed at intervals, coarse and loosely woven as a flour-sack. They stitched all day Wednesday, and finished the frocks Thursday morning. But on Thursday evening they received a letter recalling Easter to her sister's house.

Easter's trembling hands dropped in her lap.

"Cain't you go this time, Ellender?" she pleaded.

"Maw says I ain't old enough to do what Cordy needs. She says you ain't—sca'cely," the younger sister protested.

"You-all act like you wanted to git shut o' me," Easter almost wept. "Cor-

dy can wait three days. I'm obliged to go to this dance."

But she knew it was not so. Only in her pain she struck at what was nearest.

Easter's return found an ominous tremor and strain in her sister's affairs. At first her girl's mind groped vainly for the cause. There was the endless toil of spring house-cleaning and truck-patch, of chickens and cows, with the ailing youngest to tend, and Jim Hallet going softly, outcast by his wife's displeasure, while poor Cordy sat at night mending and freshening all the coarse little garments, scarcely outgrown, putting them in readiness for an expected use.

Oh, it was hard, it was hard on Cordy, thought the girl, pondering this thing of which she had no experience. It was hard; but she had as yet only the outsider's point of view.

Next week she had a surprise. Allison brought his team on Saturday evening, and asked her, "provided she didn't mind ridin' a mule," to go to the dance with him. It was a long way to Swaford's Cove, and she would be fearfully tired to-morrow, but she was accustomed to pay dearly for every bit of pleasure, and did not hesitate. So he came again Sunday week to walk with her to the church at Blue Springs, and later took her to the close-of-school entertainment, where she had the pleasure of seeing Ellender speak a piece, clad in the frock that was the counterpart of her own.

In the midst of corn-planting time the baby died. The weak life flickered out one night as it lay across Cordy's knees. Such was her exhaustion that the physical need of sleep came uppermost, and her grief did not reveal itself till next day.

The little body, cased in a rude pine box, was taken in the wagon to the untended graveyard by the Blue Springs church. Easter and Cordy rode beside Jim on the seat, and three neighbor women were behind in the wagon, sitting in chairs. These, with the Vanderwelt boys, who had helped dig the grave, were the only persons present at the burying. Cordy asked that one of the women should offer a prayer, but they protested that they could not.

"I never prayed out loud—afore folks

—in my life," said one. "I wouldn't know what to say."

"If one o' you 'll hold my baby, I'll try my best," faltered the second, after some hesitation. "He's cuttin' teeth, and may not let nobody tetch him but me."

So it proved; and the third, a poor creature of questionable reputation, burst into hysterical sobbing, and answered merely that she did not feel fit.

"I cain't have it so," whispered the poor mother, desperately. "I cain't have my pore baby laid away without no prayer, like hit was some dead animal. Ef nobody else won't say ary prayer—I will."

She stood forth, throwing back her sunbonnet, clasped her hands, shut her eyes tight, and gasped. One could see the working in her throat. They waited. Easter stared at the open grave, shallow, because its bottom was solid rock; the impartial sunshine on the crumbling rail fence, and the little group of workaday figures; the rude stones of other graves scattered through the tangle of briars and underbrush. Then Cordy drooped her head, and whispered, with infinite sadness:

"Lord, take care of my pore baby, and give hit a better chance than ever I had."

"Amen!" Hallet's deep voice concluded with a dry sob, and the three women whimpered after him, "Amen!"

The earth was hastily shovelled in, and the woman who had accounted herself unfit to pray began crying out loud. Presently Jim led his wife back to the wagon.

She spoke but once during the ride homeward. "An' I've got no idy the next 'll thrive any better," she said, dry-eyed. Easter, sitting in one of the chairs back in the wagon, held her peace; so this was what life might mean to a woman.

All next week the bereaved mother went about her work muttering and weeping, until both Jim and Easter began to fear for her reason. But presently the work compelled her thoughts away from her loss. She began to take interest in the milk and the chickens; and she noticed Allison and Easter. She told her husband one day that those two would make a good match.

Far from a match, however, was the



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hatchcock

"I WANT TO KNOW THAT YOU BELONG TO ME"

present state of affairs in that quarter. The mountain people have an overmastering dread of attempting to cope with a delicate situation in words, insomuch that the neighbor who comes to borrow a cup of salt may very likely sit for half an hour on the edge of a chair and then go home without asking for it. And Allison had never kissed her again. But both knew, without having discussed the matter at all, that Allison wished to marry Easter, and that she, although Allison was undoubtedly her man of all men, could not obtain consent of her own mind to agree.

Why?

Cordy awaited her sister's confidence, and at last it came.

"I'm afeared," the girl said, and her eyelids crinkled wofully, her mouth twisted so that she was fain to hide her face.

"You don't need to be afeared," said Cordy, slowly, staring straight ahead of her. "You'd be better off with him than ye would at home, wouldn't ye? Life's mighty hard for women anywhars."

"Well, I don' know," said Easter, doubtfully.

But when, some days after, Allison did formally ask her in so many words, she gave him the same reason for her uncertainty.

"What air you 'feared of?" he demanded at once.

She was silent, terribly embarrassed.

"What is it you're afeared of—dear? Tell me. Won't you tell me?" He put his arms around her. She hid her face on his shoulder and began to cry. "You know I'd never mistreat you?"

"Hit ain't that."

"What, then?"

"I'm just afeared—afeared of being married."

He took a little time over this, and met it with the argument, "Would you have any easier time if you didn't get married?"

She tried to consider this fairly, but there was not an unmarried woman in all her acquaintance to serve as a basis for comparison. Most girls in the mountains marry between the ages of twelve and nineteen. She saw, however, that it was a choice of slavery in her father's house or slavery in a husband's.

Then Allison made a speech; his first, and perhaps his last. "Dear, dear girl, I'll just do the very best I can for you. I cain't promise no more than that. You know how I'm fixed. I've got nothing more to offer you than a cow or two, and a cabin, and what few sticks o' furniture I've put in hit; but that's more'n a heap o' people starts with. Hit's for you to say, and I don't want to urge ye again' your will an' judgment. But I've got a chanst now to go North with some men that 'll pay me better wages than I ever have got, and I won't git back till fall; and I—want—you," he said, "to be my wife before I go. I want to know, whilst I'm away, that you belong to me. Then, if I was to happen to a accident, on the railroad or anywheres, you'd be just the same as ever, only you'd have the cows, and the team, and my place. Won't you study about it?"

Easter thought of that for days, in the little time she had for thinking. But she thought, too, of the other side of the picture. Poor child, she had no chance for illusions. Sometimes she felt that she would be walking open-eyed into a trap from which there was no escape save death.

She thought of Cordy at that tiny grave. She dwelt upon her sister's alienation from her husband. Would she, Easter, ever come to look upon Allison in that way?

Yet the time drew near when Allison must go with those who had employed him. The thing must be decided. There came a heart-shaking day on which, clad in a new dress of cheap lawn made for the occasion, and a pair of slippers, Cordy's gift, she climbed into his wagon beside the boy, rode away, and came back a wife.

"But I mighty near wisht I hadn't," she said, thoughtfully, as she told her sister of the gayety of the impromptu wedding at home.

He wrote every week, some three or four pages—a vast amount of correspondence for a mountaineer. At the end of a month he sent her money, more than she had ever had before. His pride in being able to do this was only equalled by hers as she laid out dollar after dollar, economically, craftily, with the thrift of experience, for household things. He

had given no instructions as to how the money was to be used; so she bought her dishes and cooking-pots, a lamp, a fire-shovel, and, by way of extravagance, a play-pretty apiece for Suga'lump and Sonny-buck, and even a tiny cap for Cordy's baby not yet arrived.

Then, one day, taking the little boy with her, she went to Allison's cabin to clean house, put her purchases in order, and make the place generally ready for living in on his return.

She chose a fair blue day, not too warm for work. White clouds lolled against the tree-tops and the forest hummed with a pleasant summer sound. She brought water from the spring and scoured the already spotless floor, washed her new dishes and admired their appearance ranged on the built-in shelves across the end of the room, set her lamp on the fireboard, and then spread the bed with new quilts. She stood looking at these, recognizing the various bits of calico: here were scraps of her own and Ellender's dresses, this block was pieced entirely of the boys' shirts, this was a piece of mother's dress, this one had been Cordy's before she married; others had been contributed by girl friends at school. Presently she went to the door and glanced at the sun. It would soon be time to go back and help Cordy get supper, but she must first rest a little. Seating herself on the doorstep, she began to consider what other things were necessary for keeping house, telling them off on her fingers and trying to calculate their probable cost—pillow-slips, towels, a wash-kettle; perhaps, if Allison thought they could afford it, they would buy a little clock and set it ticking merrily beside the lamp on the fireboard, to be valued more as company than because of any real need of knowing the time of day. Her mother had given her a feather bed and two pillows on the morning of her wedding; Allison would whittle for her a maple bread-bowl, and a spurtle and butter-paddle of cedar; and she herself was raising gourds on Cordy's back fence, and could make her brooms of sedge-grass.

Thus planning, she felt a strange content steal upon her weariness. It was borne strongly in upon her mind that she was to be supremely happy in this home as

well as supremely miserable. She ceased to ask herself whether the one state would be worth the other, realizing for the first time that this was not the question at all, but whether she could afford to refuse the invitation of life, and thus shut herself out from the only development possible to her.

Little Sonny-buck toddled across the floor, a vision of peachblow curves and fairness and dimples. She gathered him into her arms and laid her cheek on his yellow hair, thrilling to feel the delicate ribs and the beat of the baby heart. He began to chirp, "Do 'ome, do 'ome, E'tah," plucking softly at her collar. Easter bent low, in a heart-break of tenderness, catching him close against her breast. "Oh, if hit was—Allison's child and mine—"

On reaching home she kindled the supper fire and laid the cloth for the evening meal of bread and fried pork and potatoes; and it was given to her suddenly to understand how much of meaning these every-day services would contain if illuminated by the holy joy of providing for her own.

She fell asleep late that night, smiling into the darkness, but was awakened, it seemed to her, almost at once. Cordy stood before her, lamp in hand, laughing nervously; her temples glistened with tiny drops of sweat, and her eyes were dark and strange.

"It's time," said she.

When it was over, and they could, in the gray morn, sit down for a few minutes' rest before cooking breakfast. Easter saw Jim approach the bed on tip-toe. His wife smiled, and raised the coverlet softly from over a wee elevation. Tears came into the girl's eyes, and she rose hastily and went to build a fire in the stove.

Beside the wagon road that was the sole avenue of communication between the Blue Springs district and the outer world, Easter sat on the mossy roots of a great beech awaiting her husband's return. Her sunbonnet lay on the ground at her feet, and she was enjoying herself thoroughly, alone in the rich October woods. She was now almost a woman; her abundant vitality had early ripened



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

ON THE MOSSY ROOTS OF A GREAT BEECH SHE AWAITED HIS RETURN

into a beauty as superbly borne as that of a red wood-lily. She had walked a long way among the ridges, her weight swinging evenly from one foot to the other at every step with a swift, light roll; she was taking time for once in her life to rejoice with the autumn winds and the riot of color and autumn light. How much of outdoor vigor was incarnate in that muscular body of beech towering beside her! Easter's eyes ran up from the spreading base to the first sweep of the lower branches, noting the ropelike torsion under the bark. A squirrel, his cheeks too full of nuts even to scold her, peeped excitedly from one hiding-place after another, and finally scampered into safety round the giant bole. Then through a rent in the arras of pendent boughs she saw her man coming.

His grandfathers both had worn the fringed hunting-shirt and the moccasins; and though he himself was clad in the Sunday clothes of a working-man, he moved with the plunge and swing of their hunting gait. Such a keen, clean face as she watched it, uplifted to the light and color and music of the hour! His feet rustled the drifting leaves, and he sang as he came.

It seemed but a moment's mischief to hide herself behind a tree so as to give him a surprise; but the prompting instinct was older than the tree itself—old as the old race of young lovers.

... Suddenly they were face to face. He never knew how he cleared the few remaining steps, nor how he came to be holding both the hands she gave him. They laughed in sheer happiness, and stood looking at each other so, until Easter became embarrassed and stirred uneasily. He drew her hand within his arm as she turned, and, not knowing what else to do, they began to walk together along the leaf-strewn roadside, but stopped as aimlessly as they had started.

To him a woman's dropped eyes might have meant anything or just nothing at all. He scarcely dared, but drew her to him and bent his head. And somehow their lips met, and his arms were about her, and his cheek—a sandpapery, warm surface that comforted her whole perturbed being with its suggestion of man-strength and promise of husbandly protection—lay against hers.

That kiss was a revelation. To him it brought the ancient sense of mastery, of ownership—the certainty that here was his wife, the mate for whom his twenty years had been period of preparation and waiting. And the tears of half-shamed fright that started under Easter's lids were dried at their source by the realization that it was her own man who held her, that he loved her utterly, and that her soul trusted in him. She lifted her arms, and her light sleeves fell back from them as she pushed them round his neck.

"Oh, Allison, Allison, Allison, Allison!" she murmured, as she had said his name over to herself so many hundreds of times; only, now she was giving herself to him for good or ill with every repetition.

Before them lay the vision of their probable future—the crude, hard beginning, the suffering and toil that must come; the vision of a life crowned with the triple crown of Love and Labor and Pain. Their young strength rose to meet it with a new dignity of manhood and womanhood. In both their hearts the gladness of love fulfilled was made sublime by the grandeur of responsibility—by the courage required to accept happiness in sure foreknowledge of the suffering of life.

The squirrel ran down the beech and gathered winter provender unheeded; and yellow leaves swirled round them as through the forest came a wind sweet with the year's keenest wine.



Editor's Easy Chair

THE air of having just got home from Europe was very evident in the friend who came to interview himself with us, the other day. It was not, of course, so distinguishing as it would have been in an age of less transatlantic travel, but still, as we say, it was evident, and it lent him a superiority which he could not wholly conceal. His superiority, so involuntary, would, if he had wished to dissemble, have affirmed itself in the English cut of his clothes, and in the habit of his top-hat, which was so newly from a London shop as not yet to have lost the whiteness of its sweat-band. But his difference from ourselves appeared most in a certain consciousness of novel impressions, which presently escaped from him in the critical tone of his remarks.

"Well," we said, with our accustomed subtlety, "how do you find your fellow savages on returning to them after a three months' absence?"

"Don't ask me, yet," he answered, laying his hat down on a pile of rejected manuscripts, delicately, so as not to dim the lustre of its nap. "I am trying to get used to them, and I have no doubt I shall succeed in time. But I would rather not be hurried in my opinions."

"You find some relief from the summer's accumulation of sky-scrapers amidst the aching void of our manners?" we suggested.

"Oh, the fresh sky-scrapers are not so bad. You won't find the English objecting to them half so much as some of our own fellows. But you are all right about the aching void of manners. That is truly the bottomless pit with us."

"You think we get worse?"

"I don't say that, exactly. How could we?"

"It might be difficult."

"I will tell you what," he said, after a moment's muse. "There does not seem to be so much an increase of bad manners, or no manners, as a diffusion. The for-

eigners who come to us in hordes, but tolerably civil hordes, soon catch the native unmannerliness, and are as rude as the best of us, especially the younger generations. The older people, Italians, Czechs, Poles, Greeks, Assyrians, or whatever nationalities now compose those hordes, remain somewhat in the tradition of their home civility; but their children, their grandchildren, pick up our impoliteness with the first words of our language, or our slang, which they make their adoptive mother-tongue long before they realize that it is slang. When they do realize it they still like it better than language, and as no manners are easier than manners, they prefer the impoliteness they find waiting them here. I have no doubt that their morals improve; we have morals and to spare. They learn to carry pistols instead of knives; they shoot instead of stabbing."

"Have you been attacked with any particular type of revolver since your return?" we inquired caustically.

"I have been careful not to give offence."

"Then why are you so severe upon your fellow savages, especially the minors of foreign extraction?"

"I was giving the instances which I supposed I was asked for; and I am only saying that I have found our manners merely worse quantitatively, or in the proportion of our increasing population. But this prompt succession of the new Americans to the heritage of the old Americans is truly grievous. They must soon outnumber us, three to one, ten to one, twenty, fifty, and they must multiply our incivilities in geometrical ratio. At Boston, where I landed—"

"Oh, you landed at Boston!" we exclaimed, as if this accounted for everything; but we were really only trying to gain time. "If you had landed at New York, do you think your sensibilities would have suffered in the same degree?"

We added, inconsequently enough, "We

always supposed that Boston was exemplary in the matters you are complaining of."

"And when you interrupted me, with a want of breeding which is no doubt national rather than individual, I was going on to say that I found much alleviation from a source whose abundant sweetness I had forgotten. I mean the sort of caressing irony which has come to be the most characteristic expression of our native kindliness. There can be no doubt of our kindliness. Whatever we Americans of the old race-suicidal stock are not, we are kind; and I think that our expression of our most national mood has acquired a fineness, a delicacy, with our people of all degrees, unknown to any other irony in the world. Do you remember *The House with the Green Shutters*—I can never think of the book without a pang of personal grief for the too early death of the author—how the bitter ironical temper of the Scotch villagers is realized? Well, our ironical temper is just the antithesis of that. It is all sweetness, but it is of the same origin as that of those terrible villagers: it comes from that perfect, that familiar understanding, that penetrating reciprocal intelligence, of people who have lived intimately in each others' lives, as people in small communities do. We are a small community thrown up large, as they say of photographs; we are not so much a nation as a family; we each of us know just what any other, or all others, of us intend to the finest shade of meaning, by the lightest hint."

"Ah!" we breathed, quite as if we were a character in a novel, which had inspired the author with a new phrase. "Now you are becoming interesting. Should you mind giving a few instances?"

"Well, that is not so easy. But I may say that the friendly ironies began for us as soon as we were out of the more single-minded keeping of the ship's stewards, who had brought our hand-baggage ashore, and, after extracting the last shilling of tip from us, had delivered us over to the keeping of the customs officers. It began with the joking tone of the inspectors, who surmised that we were not trying to smuggle a great value into the country, and with their apologetic regrets for bothering us to open so many trunks.

They implied that it was all a piece of burlesque, which we were bound mutually to carry out for the gratification of a government which enjoyed that kind of thing. They indulged this whim so far as to lift out the trays, to let the government see that there was nothing dutiable underneath, where they touched or lifted the contents with a mocking hand, and at times carried the joke so far as to have some of the things removed. But they helped put them back with a smile for the odd taste of the government. I do not suppose that an exasperating duty was ever so inexasperatingly fulfilled."

"Aren't you rather straining to make out a case? We have heard of travellers who had a very different experience."

"At New York, yes, where we are infected with the foreign singleness more than at Boston. Perhaps a still livelier illustration of our ironical temperament was given me once before when I brought some things into Boston. There were some Swiss pewters, which the officers joined me for a moment in trying to make out were more than two hundred years old; but failing, jocosely levied thirty per cent. *ad valorem* on them; and then in the same gay spirit taxed me twenty per cent. on a medallion of myself done by an American sculptor, who had forgotten to verify an invoice of it before the American consul at the port of shipment."

"It seems to us," we suggested, "that this was a piece of dead earnest."

"The fact was earnest," our friend maintained, "but the spirit in which it was realized was that of a brotherly persuasion that I would see the affair in its true light, as a joke that was on me. It was a joke that cost me thirty dollars."

"Still, we fail to see the irony of the transaction."

"Possibly," our friend said, after a moment's muse, "I am letting my sense of another incident color the general event too widely. But before I come to that I wish to allege some proofs of the national irony which I received on two occasions when landing in New York. On the first of these occasions the commissioner who came aboard the steamer, to take the sworn declaration of the passengers that they were not smugglers, recognized my name as that of a well known financier who had been abroad for

a much-needed rest, and personally welcomed me home in such terms that I felt sure of complete exemption from the duties levied on others. When we landed I found that this good friend had looked out for me to the extent of getting me the first inspector, and he had guarded my integrity to the extent of committing me to a statement in severalty of the things my family had bought abroad, so that I had to pay twenty-eight dollars on my daughter's excess of the hundred dollars allowed free, although my wife was bringing in only seventy-five dollars' value, and I less than fifty."

"You mean that you had meant to lump the imports and escape the tax altogether?" we asked.

"Something like that."

"And the officer's idea of caressing irony was to let you think you could escape equally well by being perfectly candid?"

"Something like that."

"And what was the other occasion?"

"Oh, it was when I had a letter to the customs officer, and he said it would be all right, and then furnished me an inspector who opened every piece of my baggage just as if I had been one of the wicked."

We could not help laughing, and our friend grinned appreciatively. "And what was that supreme instance of caressing irony which you experienced in Boston?" we pursued.

"Ah, *there* is something I don't think you can question. But I didn't experience it; I merely observed it. We were coming down the stairs to take our hack at the foot of the pier, and an elderly lady who was coming down with us found the footing a little insecure. The man in charge bade her be careful, and then she turned upon him in severe reproof, and scolded him well. She told him that he ought to have those stairs looked after, for otherwise somebody would be killed one of these days. 'Well, ma'am,' he said, 'I shouldn't like that. I was in a railroad accident once. But I tell you what you do. The next time you come over here, you just telephone me, and I'll have these steps fixed. Or, I'll tell you: you just write me a letter and let me know exactly how you want 'em fixed, and I'll see to it myself.'"

"That was charming," we had to own, "and it was of an irony truly caressing, as you say. Do you think it was exactly respectful?"

"It was affectionate, and I think the old lady liked it as much as any of us, or as the humorist himself."

"Yes, it was just so her own son might have joked her," we assented. "But tell us, Cræsus," we continued, in the form of Socratic dialogue, "did you find at Boston that multiple unmannerliness which you say is apparent from the vast increase of adoptive citizens? We have been in the habit of going to Boston when we wished to refresh our impression that we had a native country; when we wished to find ourselves in the midst of the good old American faces, which were sometimes rather arraigning in their expression, but not too severe for the welfare of a person imaginably demoralized by a New York sojourn."

Our friend allowed himself time for reflection. "I don't think you could do that now with any great hope of success. I should say that the predominant face in Boston now was some type of Irish face. You know that the civic affairs of Boston are now in the hands of the Irish. And with reason, if the Irish are in the majority."

"In New York it has long been the same without the same reason," we dreamily suggested.

"In Boston," our friend went on, without regarding us, "the Catholics outvote the Protestants, and not because they vote oftener, but because there are more of them."

"And the heavens do not fall?"

"It is not a question of that; it is a question of whether the Irish are as amiable and civil as the Americans, now they are on top."

"We always supposed they were one of the most amiable and civil of the human races. Surely you found them so?"

"I did at Queenstown, but at Boston I had not the courage to test the fact. I would not have liked to try a joke with one of them as I would at Queenstown, or as I would at Boston with an American. Their faces did not arraign me, but they forbade me. It was very curious, and I may have misread them."

"Oh, probably not," we lightly mocked.

"They were taking it out of you for ages of English oppression; they were making you stand for the Black Cromwell."

"Oh, very likely," our friend said, in acceptance of our irony; because he liked irony so much. "But all the same, I thought it a pity, as I think it a pity when I meet a surly Italian here, who at home would be so sweet and gentle. It is somehow our own fault. We have spoiled them by our rudeness; they think it is American to be as rude as the Americans. They mistake our incivility for our liberty."

"There is something in what you say," we agreed, "if you will allow us to be serious. They are here in our large free air, without the parasites that kept them in bounds in their own original habitat. We must invent some sort of culture which shall be constructive and not destructive, and will supply the eventual good without the provisional evil."

"Then we must go a great way back, and begin with our grandfathers, with the ancestors who freed us from Great Britain, but did not free themselves from the illusion that equality resides in incivility, and honesty in bluntness. That was something they transmitted to us intact, so that we are now not only the best-hearted but the worst-mannered of mankind. If our habitual carriage were not rubber-tired by irony, we should be an intolerable offence, if not to the rest of the world, at least to ourselves. By the way, since I came back, I have been reading a curious old book by James Fenimore Cooper, which I understand made a great stir in its day. Do you know it? *Home as Found?*"

"We know it as one may know a book which one has not read. It pretty nearly made an end of James Fenimore Cooper, we believe. His fellow countrymen fell on him, tooth and nail. We didn't take so kindly to criticism in those days as we do now, when it merely tickles the fat on our ribs, and we respond with the ironic laughter you profess to like so much. What is the drift of the book besides the general censure?"

"Oh, it is the plain, dull tale of an American family returning home after a long sojourn in Europe so high-bred that

you want to kill them, and so superior to their home-keeping countrymen that, vulgarity for vulgarity, you much prefer the vulgarity of the Americans who have not been away. The author's unconsciousness of the vulgarity of his exemplary people is not the only amusing thing in the book. They arrive for a short stay in New York before they go to their country-seat somewhere up the State, and the sketches of New York society as it was in the third or fourth decade of the nineteenth century are certainly delightful: society was then so exactly like what it is now in spirit. Of course it was very provincial, but society is always and everywhere provincial. One thing about it then was different from what it is now: I mean the attitude of the stay-at-homes towards the been-abroads. They revered them and deferred to them, and they called them Hajii, or travellers, in a cant which must have been very common, since George William Curtis used the same Oriental term for his *Howadji in Syria* and his *Nile Notes of a Howadji*."

"We must read it," we said, with the readiness of one who never intends to read the book referred to. "What you say of it is certainly very suggestive. But how do you account for the decay of the reverence and deference in which the Hajii were once held?"

"Well, they may have overworked their superiority."

"Or?" we prompted.


"The stay-at-homes may have got on to the been-abroads in a point where we all fail, unless we have guarded ourselves very scrupulously."

"And that is?"

"There is something very vulgarizing for Americans in the European atmosphere, so that we are apt to come back worse-mannered than we went away, and vulgarer than the untravelled, in so far as it is impoliter to criticise than to be criticised."

"And is that why your tone has been one of universal praise for your countrymen in the present interview?"

Our friend reached for his hat, smoothed a ruffled edge of the crown, and blew a speck of dust from it. "One reasons to a conclusion," he said, "not from it."



Editor's Study

WIDE currency was given recently to a criticism of the short stories now appearing in American magazines as lacking in action—"nothing doing" in them. Starting in the Middle West, this criticism might seem to reflect the passionate energy at present said to be impelling the mind and feeling of that section toward drastic political measures, inducing therefore to instant and strenuous action in every field.

It is not a modern tendency. Even if it be shown to control the majority of the people, then we must insist that modernity resides in the minority. Carlyle, in his worship of heroes, was reactionary, while Goethe, of the same generation, struck the modern note in his aphorism: Action contracts, Thought dilates.

We have here nothing to do with the arena of social or political conflicts. There the principle involved illustrates itself, and it is clearly seen, or in time comes to be seen, that the restless impulse to instant and incessant activity, sooner or later sure to be guided by the fitful flashes of the *brutum fulmen*, leads inevitably to the destruction of the values cherished by our modern civilization; and, from the history of all great movements, it is evident that the breadth and worth of these have been due to the dilation of the thought which determined their meaning and scope.

The full significance of Goethe's aphorism is apparent only when we substitute sensibility for thought, and contrast its values in all of human life with those values we usually attribute to action. The springs of action itself, as well as its determination, are lodged in the sensibility, which is not mere passivity, but potency itself, interpenetrated by intelligence. Thought is but one form of it; in it reside curiosity, passion, desire, and it is specialized in varied forms of apprehension, from sensation to the highest reach of the imagination. The whole physical organism as related to the world

about it, which it seizes upon for nourishment, upon which it reacts in a complex economy, and which it sensibly and mentally apprehends, is shaped by desire, as the mouth is shaped by hunger, so that faculty as well as capacity has its ground in sensibility. Our motions are limited indices of immeasurable emotions. We narrow ourselves, wedgelike, for action, which we charge with passion and meaning from the depths of our being—the being which infinitely transcends all our doing. On the lowest, the merely physical, plane of our contact with the universe our awareness is as much wider than our action as the reach of the eye is than that of the hand. In every higher plane the vision and the faculty are inseparably blended, each commensurate with the other and of equal scope; but in every attempt to express this higher life in organic form—social, literary, or artistic—the limitation on the side of faculty reappears, while the transcendent scope and meaning of the symbol have their ground in sensibility.

The definite performance, seeming so much because it alone is open to observation and leaves its obvious mark or consequence in testimony, is nothing in itself. The action lies in its intent, the art in the æsthetic sense. Nothing is notable till under our hands it takes fixed form in a set time and place, but thereby is its temporality stamped upon it; the edifice becomes a ruin; everything done must be done anew; all shapes become phantoms; only the hidden human sensibility is permanent, but forever disclosing new variations in the course of an evolution which escapes obvious notice. In this course the most conspicuous of deeds is but an incident, representing, or reactionary to, the advanced sense of a given time or race. Thus all the outward manifestations of humanity change character from age to age; even the revolutions which transform them to-day are not like those of yesterday.

We see, then, that what is essential, imperative, in humanity, and creatively shaping its destiny, both underlies and transcends those activities upon which, as the result of our masterful efforts, we chiefly pride ourselves. What we call action is not power—not so much power as real knowledge is—rather it is apt to be the dissipation of power. The field most open to our constant observation is that of business, narrowing our souls and shutting out from us the larger view of our true being. We come to emphasize virtues which are negative rather than vital—honesty, for example—and to regard industry itself as a cardinal virtue. Satan is supposed to hold mischief in waiting for idle hands, and we ignore Hamlet's wiser suggestion that the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense. Perhaps the character of Hamlet so deeply impressed Goethe because it illustrated the wider scope of sensibility as compared with that of action. Then, too, as in the case of the grave-digger in the play, the persistent business not only narrows our natures, but hardens them, through the routine of habit which induces oblivion. In all the world's business, of whatever kind, there is no advance save as the undertaking is begun again, involving revision or revolution, while the advance of sensibility is an evolutionary course, and is therefore in subtle accord with all natural elements and processes, with those which are hidden as well as with those which are apparent, having indeed its comfort and reinforcement from the universal life. It is such knowledge as we have, through our developed sense of things, from electrons to solar systems, that gives precision to the complex mechanics which are so large a factor in our material progress. As *noesis* was to the Greek something far transcending what he called *mathesis*, so our eager awareness of the world without us and within us, satisfying our higher curiosity quite independently of any practical use, interest, or mathematical calculation, is an immensely larger factor in our real life than our material progress. *Cogito ergo sum.*

Whether we contemplate life or literature, a clear perspective of values is needful. We need to understand not only that a fountainless stream is an anomaly,

but that no current of our life can rise higher than its source in our sensibility. The philosophy of the Quietist is futile; there is as strict closure in conscious meditation as in conscious effort, and, with either, openness is possible if the fountain is strong and compelling enough to clear its way. No human feeling takes outward form without conscious effort, the limitation involved defining the form; and the more of thought there is in it, the more hesitant and tentative the process.

In the ordinary routine of life, individual and collective—that is, in domestic and social economies—the practical end is reached by persistent activity, and generally in ways so direct and obvious as to give little room for tentative thought, none at all for psychical speculation. Here habit tells, industry brings efficiency, and mental ingenuity improvement. In some departments there may be scope for æsthetic selection; the soldier may have heroism, and the political leader ideals; but in the main the effects sought lie within the range of competition, ambition, and the desire for personal or the general comfort. These activities occupy so much of the time of most people that they largely determine and tend to sadly pervert our sense of virtues and values. They demand for their success, for their very procedure, organization, which forever grows more complex in its specialization, and, while it promotes efficiency, promotes also serious difficulties and perilous strifes, giving opportunity to individual greed, class hatred, and consequently to dangerous politics—evils which might prove ruinous but for the dominance of a sensibility developed in our modern psychical evolution. This advanced sensibility alone prevents the wars which would else arise from international trade rivalries as readily as in former times they were precipitated by dynastic ambitions.

In the creative manifestations of our higher life and of our art and literature it is possible for us to rise above this field of competitive activities and material interests. The present realization of the possibility is far beyond that of former periods in which the human imagination was more closely allied with that kind of heroism the pride of which was in manifest prowess, and which was as-

sociated with stirring events. We have discovered and inhabited a region of thought separate from the arena, undisturbed by ambitions, untainted by sordid interests, inaccessible to martial strains, and undistracted by economic or even altruistic problems. Organization itself is here creative and spontaneous, free from the vice of arbitrary system.

Organization in the higher life and in imaginative creations is hardly open to conscious observation, it is so unlike that which we see everywhere in the world about us in arbitrarily contrived systems—as different from that as a plant is from a machine; too elusive indeed to be expressed in physiological terms. Neither organ nor structure is apparent save in the embodied creation, which is a veiling of the inscrutable creative spirit. But in art and imaginative literature we see that these creations have their ground, as their interpretation has, in human sensibility, and that what we call the action is incidental. This is true of the art and literature of past ages, only the sensibility was not on the same plane as that of our own time.

We should naturally expect that in the early epic and drama the action would occupy attention to the exclusion of every other element. But in the *Iliad*, from the first picture presented of Achilles sobbing on the seashore for the loss of Briseis to the last scene, the ground of representation and appeal is sensibility, and the action forever halts and lingers, waiting upon the impression created by situations humanly pathetic and far more interesting than anything directly relating to the martial business in hand. No battle scene in the whole epic is as affecting as the fondly prolonged passage concerning the horses of Patroclus grieving for their slain master. The *Odyssey* is the recital of threatened perils, narrowly escaped, of the subtlest character, calculated to arouse strange apprehension, as of alien wiles, in a field of wonder; and the situation of Penelope, in far-off Ithaca, weaving and unweaving in tremulous expectation, is equally in the world of impressions rather than in that of action. So in Greek tragedy, drastic and relentless as the movement is, it waits in dreadful poise while all the elements involved which profoundly affect sensibility are

brought to bear upon the audience, disclosed in their full might and pregnant meaning; and it is significant, in this view, that the fateful deed itself is hidden from sight, unmarred by the limitation of visible execution, magnified by sequestration. Only the cry of Agamemnon from the fatal bath reaches the waiting apprehension of the audience, while Cassandra, who is to follow him, in quivering recitative, interrupted and developed by anxious and sympathetic interrogations from the Chorus, becomes the pathetic centre of mental tension during moments that seem eternal. This play of *Agamemnon* is typical of all Greek tragedies. We behold not victors, but victims, not action, but pathos, mortals in the meshes of destiny, a demonstration of the futility of all human doings and devices.

Do not the two greatest tragedies of Shakespeare—*Macbeth* and *Hamlet*—reinforce the argument? In each the only weak point is the visible gladiatorial combat in the closing scene. We may say of all the great art as well as all the great literature of the world that its ground is mainly subjective, lying in the mind of man. The outward action, however striking, is incidental and, but for its expansion in the background of sensibility, dwindles into insignificance. It is in the fact that our thought is not only subjective but purely psychical, in motive, meaning, and issue, that our extremely modern distinction lies. Our sensibility is no longer dominated by the myths, notions, and associations which in the minds of Athenians made a background for Homer and Æschylus. Something like the Hellenic conception of destiny may lurk in our modern idea of heredity, our respect for which is due to a scientific conviction rather than to tradition, but we are affected in this convincing way only by what we feel to be real in a clear disclosure. Old backgrounds such as were of avail to Dante and Milton have no real meaning in our thought; they are not modified, but obliterated. This emancipation of our imaginative sensibility from loyalty to false idols, outward symbols, and meaningless associations reduces the writer of fiction who still acknowledges unreal sovereignties to bankruptcy, save as he may be able to find acceptance of his counterfeit coinage from old mints by

an equally reactionary audience, and he is apt to be notoriously successful in his adventure. To raise old ghosts or refurbish knightly armor is still a profitable employment. No high order of imagination is necessary to the writer, who diligently rubs the old lamp with magical results. If less romantically inclined, he may provoke excitement by the treatment of "burning questions." But he sinks to the lowest mental level when he depends upon the striking incident for inspiration and interest. In all these lines of fiction which to-day are recognized as reactionary by the intelligent critic, and which have not even academic justification, the possibilities for novelty are rapidly exhausted, and the cloak of fancy, worn to rags, discloses the obviousness and superficiality of the whole business from the beginning.

Of course it is not any fiction of this sort that our Western critic of current short stories in magazines wants. But when he complains that in these stories there is "nothing doing" he is barking up the wrong tree—if indeed there is anything to bark at. The abundance of words distresses him—of unnecessary words, we presume—and, if pressed, he would doubtless declare that there is nothing worth while being said. Possibly he is one of those critics who have grown so impatient of the adjective that he would exclude from all sentences everything but verbs, with such conjunctions, prepositions, nouns, and pronouns as might be necessary to any sensible predication. It would be difficult to imagine anything drearier than that, unless in our stress upon mere action we should abolish the passive voice of the verb, excluding sensibility altogether and, with it, the grace, beauty, and charm, as well as the significance of literature. The value and interest of fiction are in the thought and feeling it springs from and creates in the mind and heart of the reader. If our complaining critic had asked what there is in current short stories to impress thoughtful readers, his question would have had meaning—possibly the meaning he meant to convey, though in that case it is difficult to see any ground for his querulous complaint.

It is impression, as we have said,—impression magnified by the dilation and

tentation of thought—which, anciently as well as modernly, in classic examples as well as in those of more native and spontaneous creations of our own time, has been the very soul of literature and art. The very word "æsthetic" refers us to sensibility rather than to action. And it is just here that the distinction of the short story—especially as developed by contemporary American writers—lies; and it is a distinction shared only by the very best novels, and even in these not so eminently apparent, because of the dramatic obligations of the longer story and the complexity of action involved.

We think it must be evident to our readers that these writers of short stories—both those who are new and those who have for many years been contributors to the Magazine—are giving every month varied entertainment of the highest order, in work which is not only impressive—as we moderns understand impressiveness—but reflects the true meanings of our human life.

Our modern sensibility, in its great awareness, in its passionate quest of truth, does not miss the old backgrounds. The real vision is both its foreground and its background. It seeks realization without the intervention of fixed symbols, and in getting away from these it was helped by the transitional stage it passed through of "impressionism" in art and literature, reaching toward vague and strange effects of light and shade, tone and atmosphere—such as were represented by Rossetti's pictures and poems. It has cleared itself of these and found itself in a clearer air, but still keeps to a fluent symbolism faithful to every new aspect of its vision of the truth. This plasmic flexibility brings it closer to the field of wonder. Thus the modern man is indeed unstiffened. From faith in Life, he burns the bridges behind him; to him the rock is a delusion and the fortress a snare.

The imaginative writer of to-day, detached from the arena, and relieved from all impediments to the free expression of his genius, has not only a fit and eagerly responsive audience, but unlimited scope and opportunity if he indeed has the vision and the faculty divine, and can apprehend the miracle near at hand.

Editor's Drawer

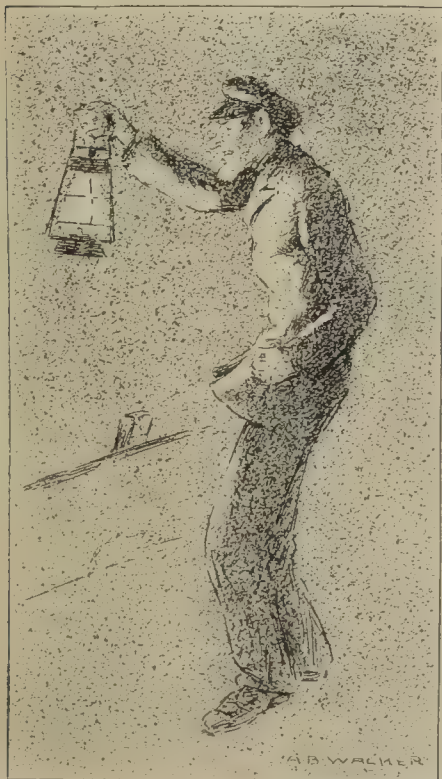
The Wreck of the "Judy B."

A STORY OF LONG ISLAND SOUND

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

THE air was full of stinging brine
And the east wind hurtled free,
When the tugboat captain cast a line
To the deck of the *Judy B.*
And the tugboat captain's brow was dark,
And he cursed beneath his breath
The owner's greed that would give no heed
To a sailor's fight with death.

But the barge's skipper came abaft
On the deck of the *Judy B.*,
And harsh was the mirthless laugh he
laughed,
For an untaught man was he;
"I'll no be towed in a sturm like this,
And I'll no cast loose, the day!"
And he shook his fist through the briny mist
And spat in the angry bay.



Harsh was his mirthless laugh



The skipper's daughter and her man

The barge's skipper's daughter Nan
Stood close abaft of him,
While the barge's skipper's daughter's man
Hove by with visage grim.
And the b.s.d.m.'s faithful dog
Stood steady at the rail,
Though a scared chagrin reflected in
B.s.d.m.d's tail.



Forrard they crept

But the tugboat captain clenched his hand.
 "Come! Make the tow-line tight!
 For the owner says your load of sand
 Must leave Cow Bay this night.
 And blow the wind howe'er she will,
 Though hurricanes hold sway,
 Though we all be drowned in the seething
 Sound,
 This night we're on our way!"

Manhasset's lights are far astern,
 The seething Sound is near;
 The storm has set the bay achurn,
 While the wind sings dirges drear.
 And the barge's skipper spake an oath—
 For a profane man was he—
 "Our board's awash, and I swear b'gosh
 We can no wi'stand yon sea!"

The Great Neck shore is full abeam,
 And the waves roll deck-house high,
 When the skipper cried, "We've sprung a
 scam!"—

Wild fear was in his eye.
 Quoth the barge's skipper's daughter's man—
 Forsooth a silent lout—
 "I reckon we can't ship no sea
 Until some sand runs out!"

"Fer there ain't no space on this here scow
 As big nor a insec's hand,
 Nor there ain't a inch of her hold, I vow,
 What ain't filled tight with sand."
 But the barge's skipper's daughter paused,
 As she wound her clothes-line up,
 And she muttered "Hark!"—'twas a warn-
 ing bark
 From the barge-et-cetera's pup.

Forrard they crept to where the hound
 Stood faithful to his trust,
 And the skipper shrieked, when the truth
 he found:
 "St. Mike! The rope has bust!"
 Ah me, what a fearful plight was theirs—
 Adrift in a roaring sea
 Off a rocky shore with a crew of four
 On the sand-barge *Judy B.*



He clumb to the roof of the frail deck-house



The b.s.d.m.'s dog

A-through the seething Sound they swept,
 Past many a villa'd shore,
 But what saw they of those lawns well-
 kept—
 They heard but the breaker's roar!
 And the barge's skipper bit his nails
 (Small culture did he boast),
 For he knew their fate if they struck Hell
 Gate
 Or the jagged Steinway coast.

But the skipper's maid was keen of sight,
 And she peered through the heavy gloom;
 "Oh, feyther, what is yon moving light.
 And the sound of that distant boom?"

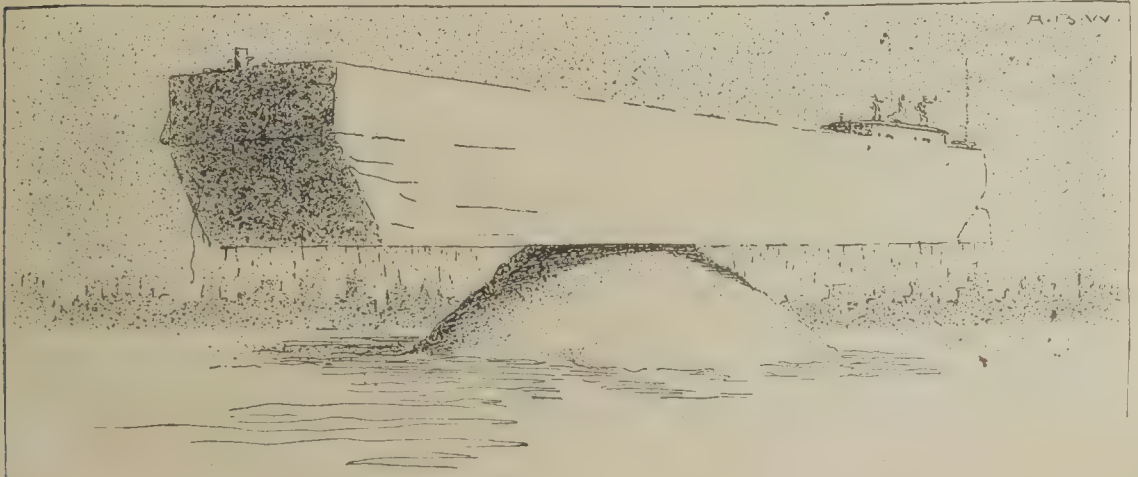
"'Tis the boom o' the surf in Flushing Bay—
 Thank God, we are out of reach—
 And the lights afar be a trolley-car
 A-makin' towards old North Beach."

But once again the faithful hound
 Barked shrill—there came a shock!—
 And their bottom timbers crunched and
 ground
 On the point of a sunken rock.
 As hour-glass sands go sucking down,
 So their sand seeks the sea—
 Their cargo streams through the rending
 seams
 In the hold of the *Judy B.*

The barge's skipper's daughter's spouse
 (A silent soul, and grim)
 Clumb up to the roof of the frail deck-
 house
 And took his dog with him.
 Said he, "The tide is ebbin' fast,
 And I'll stay by the scow;
 Our load of sand's gone through her, and
 She's settin' on it now."

The skipper had seized the deck-house door
 To use it for a raft.
 When the *Judy B.* she plunged no more,
 But lay like an anchored craft.
 So he calmed his nerves, and with daughter
 Nan
 He clumb on the deck-house too,
 And there they stayed till the storm was
 laid
 And the morning sun shone through.

On a sort of sand-pile Ararat
 Their ark was firm aground;
 And the skipper cried: "We've here begat
 An island in the Sound.
 And we'll raise our flag and we'll live right
 here,
 The boundin' waves amid,
 Till the city's paid for the land we've made;
 Then we'll buy a farm," which they did.





The Peacemaker

Not Needed

CHILDREN all over the world enjoy the "Mother Game," but it remained for an American four-year-old to give the modern touch.

"Come on and play Father and Mother," cried a playmate. "I want to be the father!"

"No, Billy," she replied, with decision. "We're going to have plenty of money—we won't need any father!"

Not His

"I HAD always thought the public servants of my own city were the freshest on earth," says a New York man, "but a recent experience in Kansas City has led to a revision of that notion.

"One afternoon I dashed into a railway station of that town with just half a minute to buy my ticket and enter a train for Chicago. I dashed through the first gate and, pointing to a certain train, asked hurriedly of the gateman:

"Is that my train?"

"Well, I don't know," replied he, with exasperating deliberation. "Maybe it is, but the cars have the company's name on them."

Not So Bad

TWO Northern business men, passing through a barren region of the South, paused one day before a hopeless, tumble-down habitation, one of them exclaiming: "Poor creatures! How do they ever make a living from such land!" At this the sagging door of the hut slowly opened, a tall, lanky, poor white appearing, who drawled out to them: "Looky here, strangers, I ain't so durned poor ez you think I am. I don't own all this yere land; I jest own the house."

The Language of Pork

THE following story is told of a certain young fellow at the head of a pork-packing establishment in Omaha:

Not long ago a new baby arrived in his family, and the young father evinced the greatest pride in the matter. While several friends were congratulating him in his office one of them asked:

"By the way, old man, how much did the cherub weigh?"

"Twelve pounds, dressed!" exclaimed the delighted parent.

Called Home

GEORGE, the four-year-old grandson of an extremely pious and devout grandfather, came rushing into the house a few days ago in a state of wild excitement.

"Grandpa! Grandpa!" he called. "Mr. Barton's cow is dead! God called her home!"

A Warning

LAST summer the congregation of a little kirk in the Highlands of Scotland was greatly disturbed and mystified by the appearance in its midst of an old English lady who made use of an ear-trumpet during the sermon—such an instrument being entirely unknown in those simple parts.

There was much discussion of the matter, and it was finally decided that one of the elders—who had great local reputation as a man of parts—should be deputed to settle the question.

On the next Sabbath the unconscious offender again made her appearance and again produced the trumpet, whereupon the chosen elder rose from his seat and marched down

the aisle to where the old lady sat, and, entreating her with an upraised finger, said sternly:

"The firrst toot—ye're oot!"

The Bank Could Stand It

A WESTERN lawyer tells of a remarkable instance of the convincing power of feminine logic as evidenced by an occurrence which he once witnessed while standing on the edge of a crowd that was besieging the doors of a bank supposed to be on the point of suspending payment.

A conversation between a rosy-cheeked Irish woman and her husband, who were near the lawyer, at once attracted his attention.

"Mary," said the man, "we must push up so ye can dhraw your money at onct!"

"But I don't want to draw it out, Roger," replied Mary, placidly.

"Don't ye know, Mary," persisted the husband, "that they'll lose your money for ye if ye don't hurry t' dhraw it out?"

"An' shure, Roger," retorted Mary, "ain't they better able to lose it than we are?"

Roger was stunned by this unanswerable logic, and, after a few more words, the two withdrew. Fortunately the bank survived its difficulties, and no depositor lost a cent.

Caught

IN Philadelphia they tell a story of a man whose wife had arranged an "authors' evening," and persuaded her reluctant husband to remain at home and help her receive the fifty guests who were asked to participate in this intellectual feast.

The first author was dull enough, but the second was worse. Moreover, the rooms were intolerably warm. So, on pretence of letting in some cool air, the unfortunate host escaped to the hall, where he found a servant comfortably asleep on the settle.

"Wake up!" sternly commanded the Philadelphian in the man's ear. "Wake up. I say! You must have been listening at the key-hole!"



THERE WAS A YOUNG

HORSE OF MANE-HOCKING

WHO WANTED TO HANG UP HIS STOCKING

"IT IS CHRISTMAS," HE SAID,

AS HE SAT ON HIS BED,

"I WONDER IF FOUR WOULD BE SHOCKING?

"NEIGH MASTER," REPLIED

HIS NURSE AS SHE SIGHED,

"ONE'S ALL THAT ST. NICK. WILL TAKE STOCK IN."



Puzzle—Find the Real Floor-Walker

On Meeting an Old Friend

(After Wordsworth)

BY CAROLYN WELLS

I WANDERED, wondering, through Italy;
Through aureate orchards, riotous with trees
One to another draped with grapery.
I saw far hills by dædal sunsets backed;
And skies that grasped and held my helpless gaze;
And poppies popping up continual.
And here and there I stumbled on a town:
Rome, Florence, Venice (names I'd heard before),
And in the towns were pictures several.
And pleasing statues, much to be admired,
And architecture of the braver sort.

Then came I unto Milan. Lo! I found
Not the Cathedral,—not da Vinci's feat,—
Those quickly sank to nothingness beside
The Treasure of the City. For I saw
In some Hotel-like place a Rocking-Chair!
Yea, verily, a real Rocking-Chair!
It was bow-legged, floppy as to arms,
Of a strange balance and uncertain pitch.
It threw one out as fast as one got in.—
But still a Rocking-Chair. I held my breath.
How came this alien on this foreign shore?
This coal, so far from any Newcastle?
This fish, out of its liquid element?
This cat, in garret so exceeding strange?
This pearl, cast before— (No, that's not polite.)
I mused, and ruminated as I mused,
But found no answer.
Now, I reminisce,
And, lolling in Italian memories,
Idly dream. But ever far above
All other architecture, other art,
Paramount looms that Milan Rocking-Chair!



The Bubble

*I blow a bubble big and round,
At first it skips upon the ground,
And then it flies up in the air,
And then—it isn't anywhere.*

*I try with all my might and main,
And blow again and then again;*

*But they're as mean as they can be,
And will not stay and play with me.*

*If they knew what lots of trouble
It takes to blow a single bubble,
Perhaps they'd act a little grateful,—
Not look so nice and be so hateful.*

F. B. B.

Didn't Need Help

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Helen wished to get into the play-room, but the gate (which had been put at the door to keep her baby brother in) was locked. She tried again and again to climb over it, when at last her mother heard her say, "Dear God, please help me get over this gate." Just then she tumbled over, and said, "Never mind; I got over myself."

Imagination

USUALLY little Mary was not at all afraid of the dark, but one night, after being put to bed, she called her mother and insisted there was some one in the closet.

"Nonsense, Mary," said her mother: "it's only imagination." The child was quiet for a little while, but presently called, in a frightened voice: "Mother, 'magination's in the closet again."



Painting by Howard Pyle

Illustration for "Lola"

"THE DANCER"

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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The First Ascent of Mount Huascaran

BY ANNIE S. PECK

THE conquering of Mount Huascaran will stand as one of the most remarkable feats in the history of mountain-climbing. That this first ascent has been accomplished by a woman renders it still more wonderful. Undaunted by her failure to reach the summit of Huascaran in the summer of 1906, Miss Peck started out some months ago in the interests of HARPER'S MAGAZINE to try again. The news of her success has already been cabled around the world, but this is Miss Peck's first account of her daring achievement.

THE conquest of a mountain like Huascaran is truly a gigantic task. Although more favorably situated than many others, in that it rises directly above a city of considerable size, the fact that 9000 feet of snow must be surmounted, of which the lower edge is higher than the loftiest elevation in the United States proper, and that the real climb begins only when one has surpassed the summit of Mont Blanc, renders the undertaking one of extraordinary hardship and difficulty. Not all mountains of approximately the same height present similar conditions. It is an astonishing circumstance that Mount Aconcagua, though much farther from the equator and with the reputation of a greater altitude, possesses no such vast extent of snow-field and glacier, so that any one who is able to endure the rarity of the air may walk without danger over ashes, rocks, and streaks of snow quite to the topmost ridge.

Far otherwise is it with Huascaran.

When in 1904 I first came to inspect this magnificent mountain, of the existence of which I had but recently learned, I was filled with dismay at my own temerity in dreaming for a moment of its conquest. Far, far above me rose the rocky slopes and buttresses, supporting at a tremendous height and startling angle the dazzling whiteness of the twin peaks and their lower broad substructure. The immense glacier was so visibly and terribly cut by a multitude of crevasses that it seemed impossible for the most skilful to thread his way through such a maze. I therefore gave the more willing heed to the few who declared that on the opposite side one could ride much higher and that other difficulties would there be less. But, alas! the east side of the mountain proved to be steeper than the west, its almost perpendicular faces affording opportunity for what might prove interesting rock climbs were it not that at such an altitude, perchance at any, it would be impossible the same

day to ascend and descend those enormous cliffs, which afford no room for a camping-place half way, and which are topped with snow ever ready to crush down the rash invader. From this side, to reach even the snow-covered saddle was impracticable, as several enormous avalanches were seen to sweep across the path which one would need to traverse.

The west side, then, was my only recourse. With five men who had never been on the ice before, Indians ill clad but provided by me with the essentials for climbing, I essayed the glacier, not so much expecting to reach a great altitude as to ascertain whether the natives had courage for the undertaking and would in better season with proper clothing prove efficient helpers. As this soon became evident, in 1906, earlier in the dry season, with suitable equipment for the poor *peones*, I again set forth upon this great task, as yet by no means realizing its magnitude, though always aware that Swiss guides only would render certain my success. How the best of my former helpers were now absent from the scene, and how two sets of untrustworthy assistants rendered abortive my later efforts, has already been rehearsed. Evidently Swiss guides were an absolute necessity.

But to what end this conquest? The ascent of any great mountain might interest a few, but if observations could be made showing that Huascaran overtops its more noted rival, Aconcagua, proving thus to be the loftiest known mountain on this hemisphere, a notable scientific achievement would be accomplished. By this means to draw attention to the magnificent scenery of a neglected district, to awaken interest in one of the richest sections of the globe, and thus to aid in promoting acquaintance, hence friendship and commerce, between the two countries, would be to render service not only to Peru, but to our great republic as well.

Once more, then, on June 29, 1908, I set forth from New York for Yungay, in the Huailas valley, now accompanied by two stalwart Swiss guides, who twelve days earlier had left their homes in Zermatt for this purpose. After the week's sail to Colon, our glimpse of the Isthmus in crossing showed a transformation in five

years from noisome wilderness to a busy hive of industry, with attractive, comfortable homes. A pleasant journey down the west coast of South America, and we landed, July 23, at the small port of Samanco, Peru, for our ninety-mile horseback ride into the interior. Here began the minor difficulties, but suffice it to say that, having crossed by a lofty pass the Black Cordillera, which almost rivals in height its more beautiful and imposing sister, the White Cordillera, we descended on the 3d of August into the Huailas valley and the charmingly situated town of Yungay, 8310 feet above the sea.

Once more installed in the household of the friendly Vinat a sisters who had so hospitably entertained me in the past, I sought again the kindly offices of Se or Yldefonso Jaramillo to procure as porters for the expedition the most stalwart and courageous *peones* obtainable. On the 6th of August we proceeded on horseback to the gold-mine Matarao, 2000 feet above Yungay, and on the 7th, with four additional porters to save the strength of the others, set out for the snow line 5000 feet higher. In the forenoon's walk I felt some slight discomfort, warning me to a slower gait, and the younger Swiss, Gabriel, afterwards remarked that I looked rather white when we paused for luncheon. However, later in the day, toiling up over steep rocks, I held my own with the rest, while Gabriel himself confessed to unwonted fatigue, and fell back to the rear.

One of the chief difficulties in a woman's undertaking an expedition of this nature is that, whatever her experience, every man believes that he knows better what should be done than she. So it is not strange that, in common with my previous helpers, the Swiss guides should conclude that my experience in three abortive efforts counted for nothing in comparison with their own judgment. When I suggested a certain place, previously found best, for the first camp and for our entrance next day upon the glacier, they said, especially Rudolf, the elder: "Oh yes, but then glaciers change every season as well as from day to day. Better this ridge!" Accordingly we encamped too far south, higher than was desirable, where no brushwood for fire



MILES OF INTERVENING SPACE FAIL TO DWARF MOUNT HUASCARAN'S GIGANTIC STATURE

was obtainable, and whence we were obliged next day to make a tiresome and unnecessary traverse.

Although our baggage had been confined to the narrowest possible limits, it seemed still too much for the two Indians and the guides to carry. Accordingly, Rudolf set out about seven with the porters, leaving Gabriel with me to pack up tent, sleeping-bag, etc., for which the others would return later, we following meanwhile with what we could carry. When our companions rejoined us above, at the spot where they had previously deposited their first loads, came the first symptom of trouble. Rudolf declared that he did not engage as a porter, and did not propose to double his route or carry heavy burdens. After luncheon, for some distance we proceeded together. Gabriel then returning with the porters for the rest of the baggage, while I assisted Rudolf to set up the tent and made preparations for supper. This was always a most tedious operation.

Snow when melted shrinks to one-third of its bulk. Though our kerosene stove was of the latest pattern, its gas flame afforded little heat. My labors began at night when the others' were nearly ended. In the morning, too, I must perform like service. Imagine me, then, early and late, sitting in or on my sleeping-bag, coaxing the stove to melt snow for soup and tea. While the others were resting I sat for hours cramped and motionless, save for pumping a little more pressure to the gas or adding chunks of snow to the kettle. How that stove would smoke, blackening the kettle and everything around; how we waited hour by hour for our *chaqui* (pea soup) at night, for water to drink, or for a little tea; and when the others had gone to sleep, how I still sat melting snow for the water bottle next day!

Our first camp on the snow was the seat of real trouble. Having just taken a photograph, I proceeded to insert in my camera a fresh film, when what was



HOUSE AT MATARAO, FROM WHICH THE START WAS MADE

my horror to discover that none of the rolls brought were of the right size. Previously I had had but one camera; now, with three (two left below), some films were four by five, others five by four. The covers being similar, I had hastily taken up those that came first, not remembering that there were two sizes. What to do? Return for others or send for them? We had made a good start; the way down was long and weary. After supper I broached the matter to the *peones*. If one would go back to Yungay for the films, I would give him ten *soles* extra. We would await his return, getting accustomed meanwhile to the altitude.

Domingo volunteered to go, and, accompanied by Gabriel to the rocks, set out on Sunday by 6.30 A.M. To us who were left behind, the unexpected rest was welcome; for not only had the preceding days been arduous, but the night had been full of disquiet, if not of terror. Our little tent was fastened by iron spikes driven into the snow and weighted down by five substantial persons. The door was tied with various tapes, but the wind was high. Flap, flap, went sides and door. The Spirit of the Mountain seemed to have risen in disgust to drive forth these

puny mortals. Fiercer grew the blast, ever louder howled the tempest; or so it seemed within, though the night was clear and cold. Fearfully I wondered if the canvas would stand the strain or be torn to worthless shreds. Long and sleepless was the night in the roar of wind and canvas, so a quiet morning nap was appreciated. In the afternoon Rudolf rather reluctantly set out with the porter Anacreo to ascertain whether it were more practicable to pursue our way straight up the middle of the saddle or pass to the left above one of the two great rocks which on either side guard its portal. On his return Rudolf complained of not feeling well. Gabriel, too, was tired; so I assisted in banking snow around the tent as a measure both of warmth and safety. After an early supper we sought our beds, and the more quiet night permitted slumber.

In the morning came a genuine calamity. Rudolf declared himself really ill and unable to proceed. I tried the efficacy of belladonna for *soroche* and made gruel of quinoa meal, in Bolivia regarded as a panacea. I suggested that other climbers had recovered from *soroche* within a day or two, and that we would await his convalescence; but in



AN INDIAN DWELLING NEAR THE MATARAO GOLD MINE

vain. His headache continuing, he decided in the afternoon to return, and going slowly down, arrived at Yungay the next morning. Gabriel meanwhile declared that he would do his best to lead me to the top, realizing that he would have an especial personal triumph if he could do it without the other. Although I had planned myself to carry nothing, as with even a slight burden I soon become exhausted, in this emergency I felt obliged to give aid; so when we set out in the afternoon to move camp a little higher I took up the awkward kerosene can, holding nearly a gallon. Gabriel grumbled at my slow progress and frequent halts, but better was impossible. Later I exchanged the kerosene can for the mercurial barometer, which I found much easier; yet carrying it the rest of the way up and all the way down added greatly to my discomfort and fatigue.

Domingo, the faithful, after making the tremendous journey, 8000 feet, down to Yungay, rejoined us before dark on Monday; but, alas! after all his labor, bringing the wrong films—a few rolls already exposed, and more of the wrong size, though the right ones were in the package and place described in my note.

No more views! Should we go on or return? Already so high, it seemed best if possible to push on to the top. A successful climb, after all, was the main thing, though I was desolate at the thought of being unable to verify my story with photographs, however faint the idea they would give of the tremendous features of the landscape.

Another terrible night! The wind, howling worse than ever, slapped and banged the tent, till in our exposed position near the edge of a steep incline it seemed as if we might be hurled to destruction. Little sleep for just or unjust! Tuesday morning, cold and windy, led to a short day's work. The going was more difficult, here and there soft snow, into which I sank to knees, rarely almost to waist, the slope so steep that we were forced to zigzag. We had now passed the faces of the mountain and were between the two peaks, surrounded on all sides by yawning crevasses, ice-falls, great hollows, perpendicular walls of snow, a heterogeneous combination of everything that could be fabricated out of ice and snow by the presiding genius of the upper world. Crevasses seem properly to belong in a glacier at one's

feet, but here of vast dimensions they gaped at us from below and from perpendicular walls above as if longing to swallow us up. At last above both rocks at the portal, we halted so near the steep ice walls confronting us as to give hope for less wind at night—a hope fortunately realized, as all needed sleep. A look outside after dark revealed a wonderful scene. Enclosed on three sides by almost perpendicular walls of snow, from the shadow below I looked up at the north peak in the brilliant moonlight, a mile above my head. White fleecy clouds hovered over the valley. The Black Range opposite loomed up, of equal height or of greater than we had yet attained. Slowly we were progressing, but, I hoped, surely.

In the morning I learned that Gabriel was suffering from a headache. His condition being of the greatest importance, I advised that his first ascent be without a pack, for the step-cutting now necessary most of the way proved exhausting labor. The difficulties were increasing, one

traverse having for a few rods, Gabriel said, an angle above 70° . Farther on was a bit of perpendicular blue ice, where the steps cut were most unsatisfactory; the barometer had to be handed up, and the rest of the baggage hauled with a rope. After passing places which seemed to me more perilous, and of course many crevasses, I was surprised to see Gabriel balk at one which was crossed by a small snow bridge. (I learned later that the crevasse was of unusual depth, and had Gabriel gone through at the end of the rope he believed the Indians could never have pulled him out.) Being lighter, I suggested going ahead myself, and when my second offer was accepted I carefully walked over, seated myself on the slope above, and held the rope securely around the ice-axe while Gabriel advanced on hands and knees.

Wednesday night found us still in the midst of ice walls and yawning chasms. Thursday was the worst of all. We had reached the steepest part of the saddle—a wall, Gabriel said, of 80° to 85° —



THE FIRST CAMP, BEFORE CROSSING THE SNOW LINE



RUDOLF WITH THE INDIAN PORTERS

where if I had not known that the men with packs had previously gone up I should have said, "It is impossible." The steps were so far apart that my thigh was often horizontal; the wall so nearly perpendicular that in taking a step I was frequently embarrassed by my knee striking the snow above. To climb at such an angle, not for a few steps only, but for a long distance, was terrifying. Beyond this it was easier, but Gabriel remarked while we were climbing in the afternoon that he was almost finished; so we camped at the first opportunity, and I persuaded the two *peones* to return alone for the rest of the baggage.

At last on Friday at one o'clock we arrived at the top of the saddle, thankful for an afternoon's rest in anticipation of a hard to-morrow. Yet not much rest for me, with the instruments to examine and snow to melt for soup and tea. The saddle seemed about half a mile in width, sloping gently to the east. To our surprise and gratification there was no wind at night. At 3.30 A.M. Gabriel did not seem inclined to stir; he thought it too cold to set out before light, so at 6.15 we left the tent for the great and final task.

According to a rough estimate from my observations we were already 20,000 feet above the sea. On either side loomed

the twin peaks several thousand feet higher. But the *arête* leading to the south summit, which I had fondly hoped would conduct us thither at a moderate angle, was broken at the bottom into impossible ice-falls, *bergschründe*, and yawning chasms. The whole side of the mountain was similarly cut, so that Gabriel at once declared this peak to be inaccessible. The one at the north was not so bad. It was steep but less broken. We could make a start, and by devious ways might even reach the summit.

How we toiled upward, Gabriel cutting steps much of the way in the hard snow, under which was harder ice; how we made a long oblique traverse to the left amid great caverns and crevasses, and many zigzags up those steep inclines, now 40°, now 50°, now 60°; how I was filled with continual apprehension as we proceeded higher lest we slide down some of those appalling slopes; how Gabriel became more and more weary, the incline ever steeper, the wind stronger, and our feet colder—may be imagined if not described. A little after two I inquired of Gabriel what he thought of our reaching the summit. He replied that it would take two hours more. Could we do it? I was climbing as well as ever; with an occasional pause for breath it seemed that I could go on in-

definitely; but if Gabriel gave out! The *peones* were doing well, but that awful descent, with Gabriel unable to hold the rope in the rear! Should we go on? Gabriel said it would be a risk. I felt that it would be a large one. "Almost finished," he reported on Thursday. He had eaten little since, and to-day, Saturday, was doing the work of two men. If we reached the summit and then slid 4000 or 10,000 feet to the bottom, what profit? No one would even know of our triumph, and of what value a triumph to a dead man? Better return alive to Yungay with "almost" than be dead at the foot of the peak. Besides, there was another day coming; so I said, "If you think it dangerous to continue, let us retreat." Word was given, the order was reversed, the descent began. At first it was alarming. The steps were too far apart for ease or safety, and a few shrieks, with the exclamation, "We shall all be killed!" were my prelude to

further action. But after a few struggles I found my gait, my extreme terror vanished, and we were soon making good time down the steep zigzag path.

The tent looked like home, and by half past four we were inside, Gabriel and I throwing ourselves headlong upon blanket and sleeping-bag, where I gave vent to a few grunts, which seemed to relieve my feelings. However, I was the first to revive, and half an hour later requested snow for water and tea. But the stove refused to burn. At last I discovered that I had poured the oil on the floor of the tent instead of into the stove. It was hours before we had tea; even then Gabriel was too tired to eat. He did not move at all for an hour and a half, forcing the conclusion that we had been wise in our retreat.

But there was still another chance. The steps being cut, we could now ascend with greater ease and rapidity. Would the *peones* try again after one day's rest

if Gabriel was able to lead us? Yes, they said they would; so Sunday was again a day of rest, except for my tedious hours over the stove. Fine weather with slight wind continued. Monday morning came the question, Up or down? Gabriel, who had continued much prostrated, said he was unable to go up; our food was nearly exhausted; so after spending nine nights on the snow we were compelled to descend, leaving my task unfinished. The *peones*, preferring to shoulder at once all of the now lighter baggage rather than go over the road twice, as the three men had done in the ascent, set out with perhaps seventy pounds each. Gabriel with rucksack only, and I taking the barometer. The various dangers of the way were successfully passed over, save that in lowering our baggage down that dreadful wall one piece escaped from the rope and disappeared into a deep crevice—a la-



A HALT HALF WAY TO THE SADDLE

The ascent was continued up this precipitous slope

mentable accident; for here went various articles of value—the Eskimo suit borrowed from the Museum of Natural History, and, worst of all, my stove, since in Yungay none could be obtained in which to burn alcohol or kerosene, and without a stove there could be no more climbing. One camp after another we passed, an hour after nightfall reaching the rocks.

Part way down next day we were met by Rudolf and three *peones* coming to our assistance with a chicken and other edibles, which were most welcome, as was also the relief we gained in transferring to them our burdens. We learned that much anxiety had been felt over our prolonged absence. Our friends had watched us day by day through a telescope, until we disappeared Friday noon at the edge of the saddle. When Monday came with no further sign there was much alarm, and the fact that we had disappeared for three days was telegraphed to Lima and thence all over the world. The government sent directions that search be made for us on the other side of the mountain and in all possible quarters. Monday being cloudy, in our descent over the snow we were for the most part invisible; but Rudolf, anxiously watching, was sure that about one o'clock he saw two persons moving. Accordingly search for us elsewhere had been suspended, and Rudolf had set out for the mine that afternoon with Señor Jaramillo, thus meeting us on Tuesday. On our return to Yungay that afternoon we were warmly greeted, for many believed we had perished. I am sure that my peaceful death in my native city would have occasioned far less excitement than my dis-



NORTH PEAK TOWERING A MILE ABOVE

The perspective is misleading, the camera pointing upward at a high angle.

appearance aroused among those friendly folk, which a little soothed my disappointment over the "almost, but not quite."

"Again!" they said. "*Pobre Miss Peck.*" A rest of a day or two, consultation with the guides, telegrams and messages to neighboring towns and mines to procure heavy shoes, woollen stockings, and flannel shirts for additional porters, above all, for an alcohol or kerosene stove; making two more pairs of unmentionables, as these could not be purchased; developing films, to find that all I had taken with the new camera were valueless! Quickly ten days were passed, and once more, August 28, I set out for the long-desired goal. The sky was now more cloudy, the weather colder (according to the season it should have been warmer), the mountain thickly veiled. Evidently there would be fresh snow. At the mine Saturday morning we decided to wait a day for clearing weather

with the hospitable *administrador* and his wife. Going up to the snow next day it soon appeared that all were in better condition. By the route which I had previously desired we reached the proper camping-place at 2.15 P.M. On Monday, at the early hour of 7.15, we entered upon the glacier, finding the snow, after two days of sunshine and nightly freezing, in better condition than before, so that from our more favorable starting-point we arrived in two hours at the site of our first camp. After a brief halt we pushed on to our second camp. Under excellent conditions, with no double work, we continued in the afternoon almost to the site of our previous fourth camp, about four o'clock, well pleased with our day's work, pitching the tent under

an overhanging ice wall. In spite of our sheltered position the night was windy, the morning cold, but soon after eight we were on our way. Having safely negotiated the steep ascent, which was concluded by the perpendicular bit of ice, we were soon at the foot of the great wall, in the midst of séracs, crevasses, and difficulties of every variety. The way we had previously taken was blocked by the disappearance of a snow bridge, but Gabriel found another route, threading his way through hollows and crevasses, till we came to the more solid wall, with an angle of 80° or 85°. We went up in two divisions, as we had been climbing previously, Gabriel leading one and Rudolf the other. Thankful was I to reach the top and throw myself down for rest and luncheon, knowing that the remainder of

the way to the top of the saddle was comparatively easy.

Our afternoon adventure was therefore more surprising. A *bergschrund* extending all the way across the saddle was crossed by a bridge of so doubt-

ful appearance that Rudolf, who was then leading, went over on hands and knees. I, being in the middle of the rope and much lighter, walked carefully across, and Lucas, who was at the end, followed in the same manner. Rudolf, on the slope above, was holding the rope around his ice-axe, while I, a little higher up, in the same manner reinforced his strength with mine. Suddenly I heard a cry. Lucas had disappeared. Of course the rope was strong, our hold good. Lucas, though uncom-



RUDOLF

fortable, was probably in no danger. Gabriel, at the head of the second rope, quickly exhorted the other three to untie, and threw down the end of his rope to Lucas, who luckily preserved his coolness and, though he had fallen head down, as is usual, was able to tie this rope to the one about his waist. The men on either side then drew him to the surface, but without his heavy pack, which, among many other articles, again contained the stove. As further advance was, without this, impossible, at a point farther north, where they had made the crossing, Lucas having declined the honor, Gabriel climbed down into the crevasse to a depth of thirty feet, walked along the bottom, and after several minutes of suspense appeared again with the bag. Later, at the top of the very last

wall, Adrian stumbled and almost fell backwards, dropping his alpenstock, which luckily lodged not far down, and was recovered by Gabriel.

Again we encamped at the top of the saddle, as I had earlier hoped to do in two days from the snow line. The exceptionally cold day was followed by a strong wind at night—a contrast to our previous experience. In the morning it seemed to me wiser to postpone our final effort until the fierce wind should abate, as it would probably be worse above; but the guides, though not anxious for an early start, were both in favor of going, asserting that it might be better higher up, and if not we could turn back. At eight o'clock we set out, carrying along for half an hour the can of alcohol, lest the *cholos* should drink this in our absence. When the can was deposited in the snow I inquired, "Are you sure you can find this on our return?" Both replied that they certainly could. For this cold ascent I was wearing all the clothing I had brought—three suits of light-weight woollen underwear, tights, sweaters, four pairs of woollen stockings, but I missed the Eskimo coat, relied upon to keep out the wind, now at the bottom of a

crevasse. My hands were made comfortable by a pair of vicuña mittens made with two thicknesses of fur. As the sun rose higher these became too warm, and were exchanged for two pairs of wool mittens.

Considering the altitude, our progress was rapid. The leading guide cut the steps, while the second held the rope for me. We pursued in the main the same course, after the first hour making a long traverse to the left among great séracs, crevasses, and appalling upward slopes. Coming out at length upon a ridge, we were more exposed to the wind, and I felt the need of my vicuña mittens. Rudolf, having taken these from his rucksack with some black woven sleeves to wear on my forearms, was holding the former under one arm while about to give me the latter. I was about to say, "Be sure you don't lose my mittens." But as the men had been rather impatient of my frequent cautions, I refrained. A second later Rudolf cried, "I have lost one of your mittens." I was indeed exasperated and alarmed, but it was useless to talk. I hastily put both brown mittens on my left hand, and one red one coming to the fingers, leaving the



THE CAMP IN THE SADDLE BEFORE THE FINAL ASCENT OF THE NORTH PEAK

From this level, 20,000 feet above the sea (a much greater altitude than that of Mont Blanc), the twin peaks rise several thousand feet higher

vicuña for the right hand, which generally held the iron of the ice-axe and was therefore colder.

Onward and upward for hours we pressed, at length pausing for luncheon, too cold and tired to eat the meat frozen in the rucksack and the almost equally hard bread, though we nibbled at chocolate and raisins along the way. About two o'clock Rudolf declared that he could go no farther, but finding that Gabriel and I intended to proceed, by adopting Gabriel's suggestion of leaving there his rucksack he was able to continue with us. The latter part of the distance was especially steep. All, suffering from cold and fatigue, required frequent halts. But we were nearing the actual top. Rounding an apparent summit, we found a broad way of slight grade leading gently to the veritable height. Here the wind was stronger than ever, and I suddenly realized that my left hand was freezing. Twitching off

my mittens, I found my hand was nearly black. Rubbing it vigorously with snow, I soon had it aching badly, which signified its restoration; but would it not happen again? A *poncho* which I had asked the guides to bring for the halt on the summit or in case of absolute necessity now proved my salvation. With this I remained fairly warm to the end.

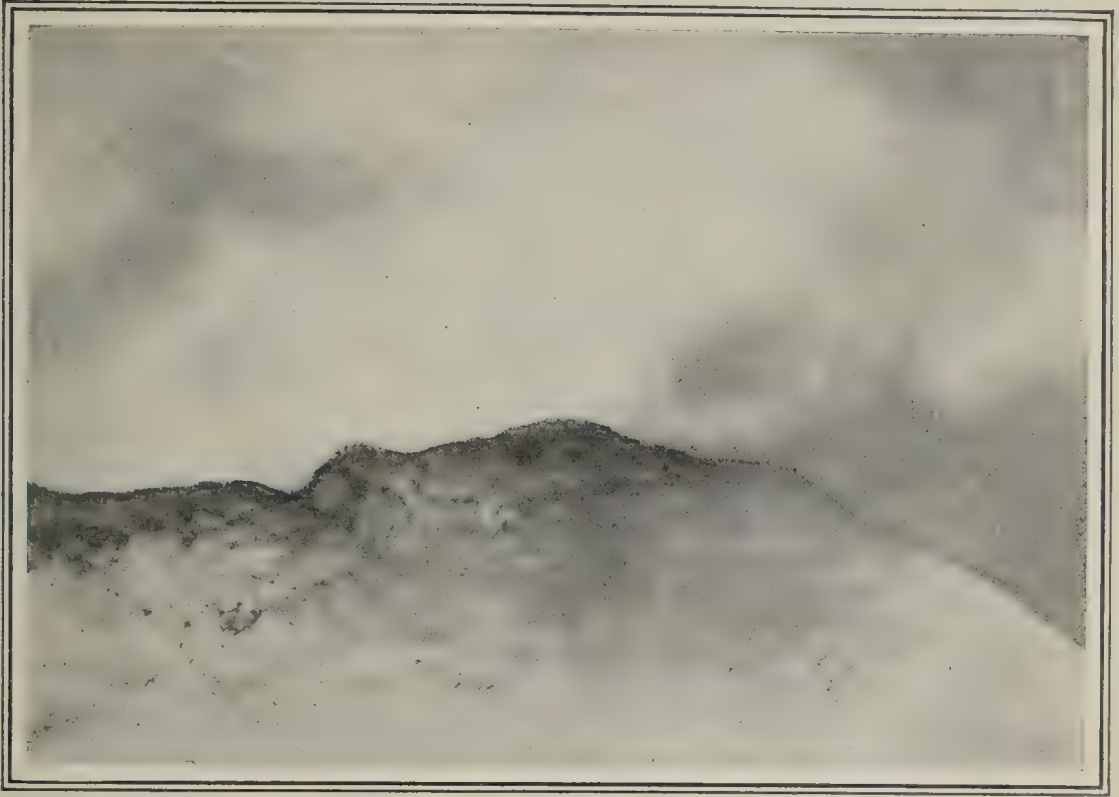
Gabriel now suggested our halting for observations, as the wind would be still worse at the very top. Surrounding the hypsometer with the *poncho*, match after match was struck, but to make the candle burn was impossible. It was already past three. That dread descent was still before us. Gabriel said, "It is useless; we must give it up." With Rudolf's assistance in holding the *poncho* it might have been accomplished, but he had disappeared. Sadly I packed away the instrument, believing it better to return alive, though ignorant of the exact

height which we had attained; but it was a terrible disappointment not to make the expected contribution to science and to have broken probably the world's record and not be able to prove it.

On the way to the summit, though the grade was slight, I was obliged to pause in the fierce wind, leaning my head on my ice-axe, before I could advance to the top. Gabriel stopped a little below, advising me not to go too far on account of a probable cornice. The edge of any such snow-field is a dangerous place, so I dared not go near enough to look straight down, as I should have been glad to do had it been rock. As rapidly as possible I took views towards the four quarters of the globe, including Gabriel in one; but clouds interfered with the prospect in some directions; the other peak shut out the range to the south. In the high wind and blowing snow I hardly expected results. There was no pleas-



GABRIEL CUTTING STEPS UP A PERPENDICULAR ICE WALL



SOUTH PEAK FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE NORTH PEAK

This final photograph was taken in a high wind, clouds and swirling snow greatly obscuring the view.

ure here, hardly a feeling of triumph, in view of my disappointment over the observations and my dread of the long descent. If I ever got down in safety, there would be time to rejoice. So we retraced our steps, at first making fair progress. Presently I saw something black fly away, one of Rudolf's own mittens, and I learned later that he afterwards lost the other. Such carelessness was inexcusable and brought terrible consequences.

My recollection of the descent is as of a horrible nightmare, though such I never experienced. The slopes, according to the guides, being for the most part between 40° and 60° , the snow was smooth and almost as hard as ice; steps had been cut nearly all the way, but they were small—too small, it seemed—for the descent, especially after dark. Now I regretted the absence of climbing-irons, which I had dispensed with all the way up because of having several toes frost-bitten on the previous ascent, circulation being impeded by the tightness of the straps. The little moon seemed always at my back, casting a shadow directly

over the way! My foot slipped and I fell on the hard snow—as always, in a sitting posture; but to my horror I did not remain where I was. Still sitting, I began to slide. A little shriek had informed Gabriel, who was above, and he held the rope firmly. On the long traverse Gabriel took the lead. Again I stumbled, sliding fifteen or twenty feet down, as far as the rope allowed. Unable to help myself, Rudolf joining Gabriel, they together pulled me back where I belonged. From the beginning of the descent I greatly feared for the outcome. After these slips my terror increased. Several times I declared that we should never get down alive. I suggested halting and making a cave in the snow, but Gabriel, saying this was impossible, continued without a pause. The snow was indeed too hard, but in some corner or crevasse I thought we might find shelter from the wind. Otherwise we should soon be frozen.

Again and again I slipped, but always Gabriel held his ground firmly. Always, too, I clung to my ice-axe; so to his shout, "Have you your axe?" I could

always reply, "Yes," and sometimes with it could help myself up again. I had previously thought myself sure-footed, but the cold and fatigue, the darkness and shadow, the *poncho* blowing before me, the absence of climbing-irons, the small steps, the smooth icy slopes, such as Gabriel said he had never seen in Switzerland except in small patches, made an extraordinary combination of difficulties. Once when I slipped I was astonished to see Rudolf dart by me, wondering how he could help by running far below. Later I learned that he too had slipped, and the strong arm of Gabriel alone saved us from destruction. For a moment I thought we were all lost. But his axe was well placed, with the rope around it, and though two fingers were caught between, knowing it was life or death, he stood firm till Rudolf recovered himself. Otherwise, Gabriel said afterwards, he never despaired, thinking only of going on; but Rudolf confessed that he never expected to reach the tent again. It seemed that the way would never end. I tried to comfort myself with the reflection that accidents do not run in our family, that nothing serious (more than broken ribs or kneecap—these not in climbing) ever *had* happened to me; but also I was aware that people generally do not die but once. I said to myself, "I *must* keep cool and do my best," and so I did, but after several of those horrible slides—Well, there was nothing to do but plod along. At last, *at last*—before I was aware that we had emerged from among those terrible abysses to the slope above the tent—Gabriel said, "Now we are safe; if you like you can slide." What a tremendous relief! I sat down happily, Gabriel walking ahead and guiding me with the rope. At first it was fun, then I went too fast, bobbing here and there, finally turning around, sliding on my back, and giving my head a hard whack before I came to a halt. However, we were nearly down, but it was half past ten when we reached the tent, thankful for rest and shelter. There was nothing to drink, we were too tired to eat or sleep, but glad indeed to sit down in safety.

Poor Rudolf! His hands were badly frozen, and he was rubbing them weakly with snow. I told him he should rub

them hard to get up circulation. I felt I ought to do it myself, but somehow could not. Gabriel did not offer to, either. The wind blew hard all night and the next day. No one proposed descending. Gabriel went up for the can of alcohol, but, as I had feared, was unable to find it; so, being without fire, we had no water, soup, or tea. Quinoa meal with sugar and snow, or the last two alone, were our best substitute. Friday we were somewhat rested, the wind abated, and we started down. We soon found another icy slope, where the Indians with climbing-irons passed easily, but I began to slide; so at the top of the great wall I asked for my irons. I preferred freezing my toes to losing my life. Gabriel had proposed that all go down together. I said no. One at a time, if it did take longer. Our three ropes, measuring 180 feet, were tied together. The others descended one after another, while Gabriel, aided by Lucas, lowered the rope from above. The 180 feet reached but part way down to a convenient ledge, below which it was more broken and difficult. On the upper part one of the Indians slipped, falling, he said, *dos quadras*—two blocks—an evident exaggeration; but it was well we were not together, or his slip would have been fatal to all.

After descending in a similar manner the shorter wall below we could go more rapidly, but on a steep traverse one of the *peones*, then another, slid down twenty or thirty feet. At length all danger was over; we passed one old camp after another, eager to reach the rocks before dark, where we could have fire and water. This we accomplished, and how we appreciated that water after two days' abstinence and three days' short rations! Saturday we hastened down to Yungay, anxious to procure a physician for Rudolf, whose condition greatly marred the satisfaction in our triumph. The fingers of both hands, the toes of one foot, had been frozen for three days. Everything possible was done for him, but the loss of some of his fingers and toes seems inevitable.

Concerning the height of this great mountain, observations taken at the saddle give the latter an approximate height of 20,000 feet. The snow line is about 15,000 feet. After the ascent I requested

the guides to estimate separately the height of the north peak above the saddle, considering the angle, rate of ascent, and hours taken. Rudolf said 4000 to 5000 feet; Gabriel, 3800 to 4200. My own opinion, comparing this with my ascent of Orizaba, the time being nearly the same, was 4000 feet, and I believe this to be a conservative estimate. From several photographs of the mountain it is perfectly evident that the height of the peaks above the saddle is not greatly inferior to the distance from the snow line to the top of the saddle.

It may therefore be regarded as certain

that Huascaran is above 23,000 feet, hence higher than Aconcagua (altitude 22,800 feet), and the loftiest mountain known on this hemisphere. If, as seems probable, the height is 24,000 feet, I have the honor of breaking the world's record for men as well as women, the greatest height previously claimed being 23,800 feet, attained some years ago by W. W. Graham in the Himalayas. When the railroad is built from Chimbote up the Huailas valley, which should happen before very long, accurate measurement by triangulation will, I trust, verify our careful estimate.

Lovers

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THEY sit within a woodland place,
 Trellised with rustling light and shade;
 So like a spirit's is her face
 That he is half afraid
 To speak—lest she should fade.

Mysterious, beneath the boughs,
 Like two enchanted shapes, they are,
 Whom Love hath builded them a house
 Of little leaf and star,
 And the brown evening-jar.

So lovely and so strange a thing
 Each is to each to look upon,
 They dare not hearken a bird sing,
 Or from the other one
 Take eyes—lest they be gone.

So still—the watching woodland peers
 And pecks about them, butterflies
 Light on her hand—a flower; eve hears
 Two questions, two replies—
 O love that never dies!

Another Way Home

BY GEORG SCHOCK

TWO young women came out of the house and went, side by side, with some quiet talk and laughter, toward the peach orchard. The little soft-cheeked one carried as if it held a libation a cup from which a thin cloud of steam arose before her smiling eyes. The other was pleasantly acquiescent; but she allowed her right hand, which enclosed an egg, to hang indifferently. Her walk was a gratification to the eye, and her tints were those of the nut and berry.

"If this were a morning in January, Annie, you would warm your hands in that steam," she said.

"Mornings in January are far off. Have you thought that this is the longest day?"

"Yes. The sun shines as if she knew that her time to-morrow would be less." The Teuton tongue made the sun a goddess.

"See how she laughs. You cannot look at her for one second, she is so bright. It seems that this should be a lucky day to tell your fortune, Christina."

The coolness of the orchard touched and then surrounded them. A swing was hanging from a crooked tree, under which the grass was worn away, showing the black ground; and here they settled themselves.

"I understand not how to do this; and I fear that the water is no longer hot enough to declare my future clearly," Christina said.

"Break the egg and drop it into the water, and you will learn your husband's trade, for it will take the shape of one of his tools. Come, try."

Christina cracked the lucky egg which had escaped a commonplace destiny. Annie's pink profile, motionless above the cup, was as grave as that of a classic maiden charming her Daphnis home.

"It changes and swims about," Annie said. "Give it here." She took out a hairpin and examined Fate's emblematic

reply; then she asked dejectedly, "Can you think of anything that this resembles?"

"I cannot. It must be that my man will strike out on a new line,—I like an original man. Yet I think that if you try a little you can imagine that that poached lump looks like your William's new thrashing-machine."

"You do nothing but make fun."

"Do you believe?" Christina asked.

Annie was very grave. "It is the truth that once I did the same, and my egg made a spade. And you know that William is a farmer."

"Were you acquainted with William then? Yes, I thought so. That egg had to make something agricultural. You might have found a sign if it had hatched a chicken; William has chickens."

"I believe you never think of marriage, Christina. Since we were little girls you have kept yourself so—so high."

Christina turned her neck proudly. "If my time comes, I leave my height; until then not; and then, I hope, not quickly."

There was a fine silence. These two were enriched by the special affection which sometimes unites sisterless cousins. Now they avoided looking at each other, aware that Christina's marriage would be a solemn thing to both of them. For the moment Annie almost forgot her absent husband, all her love seeming to go to this earlier friend, who was of her own blood.

"I want you to be married because I am so happy," she said, with tremulous daring. "And I had such a strange dream last night. I saw you standing up with a man whom not one of us had seen before; and when in the ceremony the preacher called him by his first name, I thought, 'I am glad to know so much, anyhow'; and I was so anxious, but you looked perfectly satisfied."

"I am satisfied, with my parents and



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"THIS SHOULD BE A LUCKY DAY TO TELL YOUR FORTUNE"

my home and my school. You have but one boy, Annie. I have twenty-seven, and I like them all."

Annie went on to another want. "Please do not go to-morrow. If William does come home, I know not how I shall do without you. And the baby will miss you so." She used a mother's last argument.

"To-night I make the supper," said Christina, postponing the issue. "I can show you how to do something with eggs which is new and also useful, and when it is done you will know what it is. After supper I go to the store for sugar, which I see you need."

She was facing the upper end of the orchard, a view which had a virginal quality, the green that covered it was so fresh and young. Through the vista of the peach trees, under which the grass was sunny, she looked up to where the uncleared timber-land began. She could see but a little way into the thick woods. It was hard for her to demonstrate affection; but as she gazed into that shadowy place, where, it seemed, everything must be different from what it was out in the light, expression became easier for her than if she had met the most responsive eyes.

She said, in a dreamy way: "Annie, I want you to know that I leave you unwillingly to-morrow. I am glad to be with you, and it makes me happy to see how happy you are with William, and the baby is so sweet, and it is pleasant here. I think I cannot see enough of your fields and trees, and I should like to spend many hours in those woods above us. We have not been up there once. I take that way this evening."

"No, no!"

Christina turned her head to understand the agitated tone, and saw a pale face.

"Your farm is on one side of this hill, the store is on the other, the woods cover the top, through them would be a shorter way than by the road around the hill. Why shall I not go through the woods?"

"It is stony and steep."

"Is there no path?"

"You could not find it." She tried to give the subject a turn of general interest. "I have heard that it is an old Indian trail."

"And why can I not find that Indian trail?"

Annie looked miserable over her inadequate diplomacy. "I think I hear the baby cry."

"You do not; and if you did, your girl takes care of him. Annie, I want to know why I shall not walk over this hill."

"They call it the *Spuckepath*."

"Well?"

Christina urged the question by a look. Annie glanced over her shoulder, and then whispered for some minutes, several times interrupting herself to make sure that nothing was coming from the woods to refute her.

When she had done speaking, Christina exclaimed: "I think it is an outrage that anywhere such things should be thought. Let the dead rest!"

"But it is not in our hands. It is her punishment."

"Have you yourself seen, then?"

"No; but there are those who say they have. I know not how they keep their right minds."

"There is some plain way to explain it. Annie, where is this path?"

"The path runs over the hill, past the house where she lived, and down on the other side to the first cleared field. It is not often used, as you will believe, and it is hard to find. She used to walk it, north and south, in every kind of weather,—so they say. Sometimes she would come down the wood-road, which you pass on the way to the store; and she would stand where it joins the main road, looking up and down. Once I saw her there. She was pale, with long blue eyes and a long mouth, bluish pink, and such hair as I never saw on any woman's head, so red it was."

Christina felt this personality as clearly as did Annie, who had evoked it. She almost whispered, "What was her name?"

"Roxana Geist."

"What became of the older boy, the one who did not die?"

"No one knows how it went with Matthew."

For both the day was changed. The sunshine was thin, the wind crept, the leaves had something to hide. The two girls sat with lowered eyes,—silenced by this history from which they averted their womanly souls.

Christina gave a long sigh, like the

wind before hot rain. "Is the house still there?"

"Oh yes. It is but one year since she died. By this time it must be forlorn. Christina, do not cry!"

"How could a woman be so punished, no matter what she did in life?"

"They say who have seen that if ever a man crosses this hill, then comes the red cat from he knows not where and follows him. But you and I need not believe nor think of it. After a while it will be forgotten. Please, Christina, cry no more."

"I pity her! Perhaps I ought not; but I cannot help to pity her. Let us go to see if the boy sleeps still."

He was not sleeping. He was pink like his mother, and very companionable, and he banished care cheerfully by the simple method of monopolizing it; so he soon brought back Christina's smiles. She was as tender with him as if he had been hers. When she started on her errand Annie stood at the gate, holding him and guiding his little hand in a gesture of parting, and from that group all twilight thoughts were far remote.

Christina went at a cheerful pace down the road which looped around the long ridge of the hill. The sky was as clear as fire, and blue shades premonitory of evening were beginning to appear. The cows in the meadow, eating and eating indefinitely, had each a big blue shadow by her side. Christina thought happily that all those were Annie's cows. She took deep breaths of air which had blown over the hay fields, and whistled answers to the birds. Until she saw it she did not think of the wood road, and it was peaceful, with grass and weeds overgrowing the old tracks. A laurel bush stood where Roxana Geist must have seen it many a time; and Christina fastened into her belt one of the pale, belated sprays.

She soon reached the store, around which had grown up a village of four houses. At sight of her the clerk's smile made creases in his thick red cheeks; he advanced with careful grace, and tied up the sugar stylishly. He kept glancing at the stately girl, who looked very bright among the odorous bales and barrels. At each glance she became more remote. She scarcely answered when he called her

attention to his jewelry, and declined to taste his new cheese. He scowled; but he held the door open for her with unrelaxed gallantry.

When she had passed she said, with a level look which indicated that she consulted him as she would a sign-post, "Can you tell me where the *Spuckepath* begins?"

His eyes and his moist lips widened and smiled. "I know not the *Spuckepath*, beginning nor ending either. Do you want to walk there?"

"Who lives on that farm above which the woods begin? I suppose they would know where is this path?"

"Yes, Simon Roth could tell you all about it." It was clear that he was uttering impudences with delight to this cold creature, and she heard him laugh as she walked away.

When she had climbed the steep road which ended at Simon Roth's farm she inspected the sun with her hand hollowed over her eyes. "The shoulder of the hill is toward the west," she calculated. "So the light will be with me until the last ray. There must be a clearing around Roxana's house. If I am there in time to see the sunset, it will be something to tell Annie."

She looked over Simon Roth's premises for some one to direct her, but nobody was visible, and the house had a desolate air, standing against the woods as though against a green screen. She was about to go without directions, when a man appeared from the barn and went slowly across the yard. He had a broad back, impressed by suspenders, and a weather-beaten chest which his shirt exposed. His head was bent. She experienced a strange feeling; it seemed that loneliness was walking by.

She hesitated to address this man, who moved farther away and did not see her. "*Gutenovet*," she at last persuaded herself to call.

He turned,—his eyes appeared very light in his tanned face,—he said, "*Gutenovet*?"

She put her question, ending pleasantly, "I suppose you know the path well, as it begins so near your house."

Then she stared at the amazing effect of her speech. The man's violent look conveyed a more insulting rebuke than

many words, of which he seemed to have none. Such rage evoked rage. Christina squared her shoulders.

"Excuse me," she said, in English; "I am a stranger here, and I did not know that there was a man in the neighborhood who objected to answer a civil question. I wish you a good evening."

She stood still, with an air of dismissal, and he went away to the house. Then she plunged into the woods. She held her basket high through the barrier of weeds and bushes, brushed away the gnats which came dancing up before her face, and began to hunt for this invidious path.

The oaks and chestnut trees rose magnificently, so close that she could see but a little way, and it seemed that it was never very light there. The moist earth, black as her shoe, was covered in every direction by growing things, which made a green sea and rose in waves against the protruding rocks. Not until she had climbed the highest of these rocks did she find the path, a mere furrow among the green. She reached it over a fallen tree which lay, very long and lonely, with little innocent-looking ferns battenning upon it.

The birds, it seemed, had all taken to the meadows. There was not a flutter nor a trill, and although she puckered her lips to call to them, she could not make the leap from silence into sound. Her steps were muted, the path was so soft. Many fungi, red, brown, gray, and white, appeared beside her among the green things, and fascinated her with their malignant likeness to every-day foods,—to oysters, steaks, and eggs. When she looked up from them there was no more sun at all; twilight was diffusing itself through the air, like wine through water.

She began to walk very fast, holding her basket before her to keep it clear of the trees and looking straight through the green tunnel. It was not long before she saw white light ahead,—the path became almost level,—there was a clearing, and she had reached the top, and half the *Spuckepath* lay behind her.

As she hurried on she saw between the trees that the clearing contained a one-story house, a little garden, and a little field. They were all forlorn. The house

front was without paint or panes and the door sagged open. Under one black window space stood some hollyhocks in a ragged, courageous row. The remains of the wood-pile were rotting. The garden was a curious sight, for there multitudes of daisies contended with the last legitimate possessors, the onions, which resisted the invaders and appeared to shake gray spears. In the field, enclosed by a disintegrating wall of its own stones, the daisies had possession, and all their little frilled faces were raised triumphantly, with the last of the daylight gathered on them.

Again Christina realized Roxana Geist. This was her allod; her memory dwelt here.

Christina's eyes were drawn away from the distance. In reverse order she saw the black arch in the opposite woods where the path recommenced,—the house's blind-eyed, wry face,—the field, the trees around her,—among those trees, just in her way, a red cat, which watched.

She stood still.

The cat stared. Then something moved,—something was moving in that house. A man appeared and sat on the door-stone with his elbows on his knees.

The cat relieved Christina of its eyes. It went smoothly toward him and began to rub against the stone. He did not look up.

Ten seconds later he came running, and found Christina backed into a bush and gripping her basket as a bird grips the perch.

He said, "Let me help you."

"Oh!" she whispered, between desperate breaths. "Oh! Are you real?"

He placed her where he had sat. She was scarcely able to hold herself up, but she turned and watched him into the house because she could not bear that he should be behind her. In the match-light which he struck, his face under his Panama hat was gray. The match-light also showed a rust-reddened stove, two wooden chairs and a table, a clock long stopped, and two calendars, pictured with gay ladies, tacked upon the wall. Dusty as they were, they had been cherished once; but he tore one down, and came out and fanned Christina with it.

She had not moved her eyes from him. When she saw his weight settling upon



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

SHE SAW, JUST IN HER WAY, A RED CAT

the stone beside her she said, "You are real!" and began to tremble.

He chose a tone which should not startle her. His English was slightly accented. "I am the commonest kind of a man. Agricultural machinery is my business. I go where people plough with a stick, and take them thrashing-machines—"

From the painful chaos of Christina's mind arose the question, "When did I last think of a thrashing-machine?"

"—and start them going. It is interesting: there are so many kinds of places. How would you like to live under palmetto thatch, and see callas blooming in ditches, and eat bananas from the trees? You would like that, wouldn't you? And they need the machinery so much that I feel like a missionary."

He saw that her trembling decreased as she listened. "Now," he asked, gently, "can you tell me what was wrong? It will not hurt you, whatever it is; and we can stay here until you are ready to walk, and then I will take you home."

"I saw the cat."

"And that frightened you?"

"When I did not believe in her! To meet her while I was alone, and the night was coming,—it was dreadful! *I do not believe in her now*,—how can I? Yet she was here, so near to you that you might have laid your hand on her."

"What cat is this?"

Christina's face was still entreating with terror. "This afternoon," she said, "my cousin told me that I must not come here. The woman who lived in this house, Roxana Geist, was—was—And after her husband died she did not care for her two sons. The younger one was sick, and she left him alone, and he died. The other she turned away. Then here she lived, and here, a year ago, she died, alone like her boy, and they would not have her in the churchyard; and since then the red cat walks this wicked path."

She sat still, frowning,—trying to lay hold upon her world, which must be readjusted to contain such horrors.

After a while she was made to look up by a laugh—a strange dissonance in the twilight. Her companion was staring straight out over her head, and he hummed to himself:

*"The thief to the left said never a word,
For the son of a gun had sand."*

With a curious, stiff movement he took off his hat and moved his hand across his forehead. His hair was bright red.

"Who—are—you?" she said.

"I—oh!—Matthew Geist."

Christina's feelings for herself were submerged. She could say nothing: but her outpoured sympathy could not but be felt. Artificial hesitations were impossible in this darkening forest which asked the manners of the heart.

He repeated, "Yes,—I am Matthew Geist."

"Among the people here you need not live. You need not care for them," she ventured.

"I care only that they have the right to say it. If they were not good people they would not notice. You, I see, know more of this than I. Can you tell me where to look for her grave?"

"That no one knows."

"She died one year ago?"

"One year ago." The voice had an echo's sadness.

"Does Simon Roth still live on the first farm below the woods? Ah!"

To speak at this strange hour and place to this unknown woman who knew his story was like speaking aloud to himself in the solitude of the plains; and he needed speech so much.

"It is difficult to believe that all is hopeless.—For some it were better if they had had no parents; if they had sprung up like mushrooms.—I came here to-night, and found nothing. Often as a boy did I come home so. Now, returning to the old place, I must feel the old way."

"It matters nothing, *nothing*, what others say,—only what you know of her imports. Have you no happy memories?"

The deepening of the furrows in his face and the look with which he caught at a stranger's straws of comfort wrung her heart.

"Not many. I think she never wanted Alvah and me. He was but a little fellow, sick in the middle room, and she sent me to work, and then she left, and when I came back he was dead."

"No happy memories?"

He reflected. "One Sunday I went out for nuts, and I brought back a good

bag. It was a sharp, sunny morning, and all the leaves were red and yellow. When I came near home I smelt the dinner, and I went in, and the kitchen was warm, and there were kettles bubbling on the stove—a chicken was in one,—and Mother was setting the table and singing. She looked so pleasant. That day her eyes were such a pretty gray.”

“Then think of her so.”

“What good will that do? A thing like this—you cannot get away from it. You can never get away from it.”

Christina was dulled by her own pity. Minutes went by, marked only by the increasing dusk and the rush of the evening wind.

Down in the woods a twig cracked, then another. Later a man stepped out into the gray circle of the clearing.

He came along with his bare head down, like an animal in a familiar haunt, and halted, on guard like an animal. Christina caught the light upon his faded eyes. Matthew leaned forward to stare,—leaped past Christina,—

“Simon Roth, where have you put my mother?” he said.

Simon peered at him. “And who are you?”

“I am Matthew Geist.”

“*Ach, so? You are still alive?*” He scanned Christina. “So it was for you that this enterprising young woman came inquiring for the *Spuckepath?*”

“She is none of your business. Answer my question.”

“It is long since your mother was your business. You deserted her twelve good years ago,” Simon said, leisurely.

“I deserted her! You liar, she turned me out!”

“Is that so?”

Matthew looked at him with a steady glare. “I went away,” he said, “on the day when I learned what for a woman my mother was. For some time I had misgivings, and that morning a boy I met in the road mocked at me, and as I pounded him he shouted up the truth from where he lay. I went home, and put it to her, and she would say nothing, only she looked at me. I said, ‘If I shall stay, say so; and if I shall go, say so’; and she looked still, and she gave me a roll of notes, and she said, ‘Go.’ Then I asked, ‘Is that Roth’s

money?’ and she said, ‘No. Your father’s. Go.’ So I went. That was how I deserted her. Afterwards I wrote and wrote, and had no word. Until I was twenty-one I waited; and back I came, and walked up here, and among these trees I stopped, for on the step she sat with you. Then I knew it was all over for me, and I went away, and my business took me far. But again, since seven more years have gone, I thought it could not be so bad, and I would come again to see at least what I could do for her. Now I hear that my mother left her younger son to die alone, and that is true: and that she turned out her older son, and that is true: and that she was a disgrace to me, and, my God, that is true! A red cat, they say, comes back to walk this path she used to walk! She was not admitted to the churchyard! Now, where is she?”

Christina’s blood ran fast.

“And is it possible that you think it weighty what the people say?” taunted Simon. “You, such a travelled man? *Ach, gewiss net!*”

“I see you agree not with me. What are you, anyhow? I know you are no fool.”

“Well, I am heartily sorry that I cannot return this compliment,” Simon said. “I regret that in your travels you have not learned how it is best for a man to speak of his mother.” His palm stung across Matthew’s mouth.

The two were locked when Christina ceased to be only a spectator. “If you know something about his mother which makes her out good, why do you not set him right instead of fighting with him, Simon Roth? Would she want to see you two like this?”

Simon flung Matthew off and stood still, looking at the door of the house, with an expression of miserable, resurgent hope. But no one came.

“I believe she would,” shouted Matthew.

“She would not,” said Simon.

There was a motionless pause. Simon visibly reached a decision.

“Matthew, she would never speak to justify herself, and I would not so degrade her as to explain her actions; but it may be that to her son I should make it clear. Listen now. Your father was

poor, he was a farm-hand only, and your mother did the work for him and you two boys—cooked and cleaned, took care of the garden, made most of the clothes—she worked hard. Then he died, and she kept on as before, and also she went out to work, for a little money to buy what you could not raise in this patch of ground. You worked too, on the farms, and brought in a little. Then I began to come here. You remember it?"

"I do."

"After my sister died I was alone on my land. I did not mean to stay alone: I intended that your mother should come there to live, and you and Alvah; but I could not persuade her. She thought only of your father—she was not like other women—well, it is all done with. But I could not give up to hope. So I came often, and she was willing to have me come. You never thought, did you, Matthew, that she might enjoy other company than a glowering boy like you?"

"Go on."

"Others would have come, but she stopped them. Then began the talk which has made it a slur upon a man to say that he walks the *Spuckepath*."

"So?" said Christina, half aloud.

"And now I tell what she would not explain to that wise sixteen-year-old son who called her to account. Alvah was not much sick, but he needed more than she had for him in food and clothing; and my forsaken house needed a woman; so she came down once to scrub and mend, and I agreed to pay her fair wages. That noon she found Alvah dead. It was his heart. The doctor said that he could have done nothing. And she was not one to show, if she felt—"

"Simon, is there more of this?"

"When you insulted her she gave you a roll of notes and said it was your father's money. It was every cent he left, except this clearing here. I asked her why she gave it to you and why she let you go, and she said that she saw how you felt and she wanted you to get clear away. Then I told her that she did wrong, for you had the right to think well of her, and she said, 'I will not hang on him.'"

"How was it afterwards?"

"The easiest time she ever had. She

could walk in the woods all day, or sit here in the sun. She was tired, poor soul. It had come to be a burden to her to be alive."

It seemed to Christina that now she knew this woman, who had approached through deceptive shadows and at last stood in the light and might be clearly seen.

"And how—?" said Matthew.

"I came up here one evening, and she was not outside. I waited long, and then I searched, and in the middle room I found her lying. And I raised her up—never had I been so near to her—"

After a little Simon looked at Matthew, whose face was as if haunted. "You have been brooding over it," he said.

The second silence was comfortable to both.

"Now you know the whole truth. Do you remember that your mother was a beautiful woman? I think no other ever had such kind brown eyes."

Christina whispered, "Look, look!"

The red cat came nearer. She could see the grass bending under its soft feet. It approached Simon, arching its back, but when he attempted a caress it sprang away.

"Poor thing," he said. "I have already seen her two or three times. She must have run wild up here in the woods."

"Simon," said Matthew, "I humbly ask your pardon."

"You need hers."

"I feel that. But I cannot reach her; and now I know that you were nearest."

Simon shook his hand like a father.

"Now let us go to visit her," he said. "At the last she came to my place. Where she is the people do not pass. Come too," he addressed Christina. "Since you have seen so much, come to see the end, and then you shall be taken safely home."

The cat kept close behind him, and Christina left much room for it. As they went down the path her skirts were brushed by the ferns, which sometimes reached her hands, touching them softly: under her feet were the fungi. The wind had gone down and the sweet air was heavy. The whole world seemed as unreal as though she were walking with her eyes shut.

When they came out of the woods the moonlight burst upon them. It covered the landscape like a heavenly veil. Simon led the way across the fields, and Christina still kept clear of the cat, whose little dark figure moved over the grass behind him.

"Here," he said.

Inside a triangular wall an apple tree shaded the place where Roxana lay and rested from her errors.

Matthew asked, "Did she suffer?"

Simon shook his head. His gratitude made him one with the diverse multitudes who have given thanks for the ultimate blessing.

Matthew went over the wall.

For a time the invisible woman was more present with all of them than they were with their own selves.

The moonlight deepened Simon's wrinkles and the hollows in his large neck. He did not look at the triangle, but out over the open country, and his eyes dwelt upon a gentle memory; but Christina felt for him too much pain to weep. "*Che farò senza Eurydice?*" his posture seemed to say.

He spoke first, after long minutes. "The cat has gone,—back to her woods no doubt. Matthew, will you take the young lady home?"

"Simon,—I cannot say what I think,—so steadfast—"

"I am glad that all is clear now."

He bade them a quiet good-night, and went his way with his air of vigorous patience.

"Now shall I take you home?" said Matthew, in a dull voice. "Where is your home? I do not know your name."

"My name is Christina Fisher; and I am visiting my cousin."

She led the way until they reached the road; then he walked beside her, and they began to round the hill. The longest day was over. In the valley the meadows were inundated by moonlight; silver patches lay among the black shadows of the trees, and passed over their faces as they walked. Sweet warm

airs swept out upon them from the woods. Their steps marked the passage of time.

Christina had not often touched life, and emotions swept her, one after the other, like the shadows: pity for the man beside her—she divined what a weight he carried; for Simon admiration and wonder; respect for Roxana, who could inspire so much. She felt upon her cheeks tears which were for all of them; but she was free from obtrusive sympathy, and spoke as though under a personal grief.

"He saw her as she was. Did you hear him say that her eyes were brown?"

"I did. Yes, he alone saw."

As they went on, all other thoughts made way in Christina's mind; she shared this man's mood, her own showing an adaptability which she had never conceded to any one.

He said, "This is an evening for which to live gratefully."

She responded to his tone; by this time she found every tone of his significant.

"I have had no home since I left the hilltop," he continued.

"No home?"

"I thought that once a woman heard this story she would not see me when she passed me by. Now the story is changed. You have heard it all. What have you to say of it?"

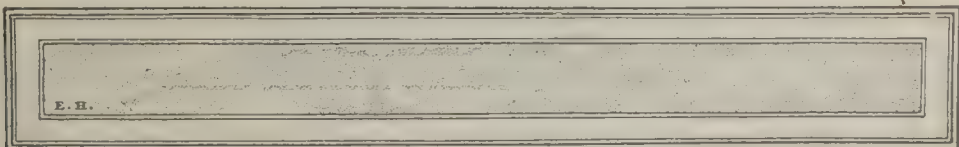
Time went more quickly now, marked by their heart-beats.

"I should gladly see you."

Having said it, she remembered the incantation and the dream.

They walked by the orchard. Christina was returning to her own—to Annie, to the baby, to an easy world. With the air of grasping at something beautiful which might vanish and leave him, he asked, "To-morrow night may I find you here?"

"Yes. I shall be here yet a little longer," she said, stopping at the gate. They did not look at each other, but their glances went side by side out over the meadows.



The Diwan of Ahmed Ased-Ullah

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

IN the windy November weather, blowing cold and dusty from the desert or sweeping a searching rain from the mountains, Ahmed Ased-Ullah, of Damascus, the writer, being now very old, sits indoors, employed with his art or trifling with the carpentry of chessmen. It is an ancient art, flourishing still, but in peril of failing, as all arts must fail, as Ased-Ullah rather sadly says, because of certain encroachments by way of an Anglieized Egypt; and it is an honorable occupation, too, for any man—or, at least, any Moslem—to follow, whatever evil the printing-press may have accomplished against the ideals of the forefathers of the faith. Though it may seem childish and pitifully little in importance—the mere art of writing with reed pens—it is an art still highly regarded in Damascus by the conservative scholars of the place, who stand, in a sort of desperate anger, against the corruption that creeps in from the West through the abominable Egyptian aperture whether it contaminates art, poetry, music, or religion, appearing, as the sheikhs complain, to destroy all. In the house of Ased-Ullah, where there is a more gracious tolerance than in other homes and minds of the

better born, it is an art practised with reverence, proceeding from a time when the Eastern aspiration was left free to express itself, as they say in Damascus, unrestricted, untroubled by the new, disturbing notions of haste and progress and exactitude with which the English occupation of Egypt has damned a better philosophy.

"In all beauty," said Ased-Ullah, "God resides; and as I deal with beauty, I am therefore His preacher. I have here," he continued, announcing his philosophy with engagingly childlike animation, "the tip of the nail of my little finger. It is less important to me than the nail; and the nail is surely not more important to me than—"

But this, of course, is at the moment out of place. . . .

Ased-Ullah's house is in what seems to be a mean quarter of the town. It is but a seeming: all Damascus houses front upon mean streets, and are hidden and barred. The street is narrow, walled, rough enough underfoot, painted thick with vivid sunshine and deep shadow—a mystery of direction, too, and of detail: turning unexpectedly, forever revealing the surprise of low arches and steep



VEILED WOMEN SLIP ALONG THE WALLS

alleys, of fenced tombs and wells in the wall. It is but a step from the flowing confusion of man and beast and noisy trading of the Sûk-et-Tawîleh, but remains quiet, traversed by apprentices upon errands, veiled women in black, who slip along the walls of unfrequented places, sheikhs and scholars in softly tinted robes. There is a gigantic porter at the gate, as at the gates of the men of wealth and quality of the town, to unlock the way and shout a warning to the wife of Ahmed Ased-Ullah, providing against the scandal of a surprise in the garden. Beyond the tiled courtyard, where the sun touches the striped stucco walls,—the whole green-leaved with orange trees and ivy, stirring with the play of water,—is the formal reception room of the artist: a shadowy place, dîwan and inlay and fountain and fabric, ancient ornamentation of wall and lofty dome, all subdued in the dusk. A stair, a low, arched door: whereupon, all of a sudden, a bright little workshop, overlooking the court, into which the warm sun, having penetrated the vine and topmost branches of the lemon tree, gratefully falls through a high window stretching the length of the place and set with small panes.

Here, then, upon cushions under the light, with his pens and his tools and his collection of old masterpieces, secluded from the vehement business of the bazaar and the troublous politics of the town, sits Ahmed Ased-Ullah, the writer, unused to the company of travellers from abroad, but mildly wishful for it.

"Your day be happy," says Ahmed Ased-Ullah, according to the form, beaming inquisitively over his great spectacles.

"And yours both happy and blessed."

"My house," he replies, his interest quite detached from the compliment, genially expressing itself rather in a glowing, diffident smile, childlike in frank delight, "is honored in your presence."

"But no!" is the protestation; "the honor is to such as may by grace be permitted to visit the homes of the distinguished."

"God forbid," says Ahmed Ased-Ullah, with pious formality, "that it should be considered so in this case!"

"God forbid, indeed, that it should be presumed otherwise!"



L.S.H.

AN APPRENTICE ON HIS ERRAND

Ahmed Ased-Ullah swiftly touches his breast, his thin white beard, his forehead, offering the service of his heart, his lips, his mind, in agreement with the polite custom, and accepts in return an expression of devotion precisely similar in form and sincerity, all the while continuing with remarkable rapidity to jump his finger tips from breast to brow, as if with the determination to multiply his politeness beyond the possibility of being matched, displaying in the ceremony an agility which nothing but lifelong practice could achieve.

"By your favor," says he at last, bowing an invitation to enter.

"It is by your grace."

And the gentle welcome to the dîwan of Ahmed Ased-Ullah is accomplished. . .

Ahmed Effendi is bent and gray and withered—so old now that all the winds of these days, whether they blow wet or warm, are chill, and excite his long, pale fingers to an automatic fumbling of the buttons of his fur-lined cloak, whilst he mutters his compliments in the draught or totters off to a remoter room, peering his way, to fetch the greater treasures of his collection. His face, diminishing to an attenuated white beard from a placid brow, capped with a loose red tarboosh, is as pale and dry as the parchment upon which he practises his art, tracing the words of the Prophet and the wisdom of the poets. It is still frank and sensitive to express emotion, however, set with mild, inquiring, patiently indulgent eyes, not warily reserved, like the faces of the disputatious theologians, the hunted politicians, the sheikhs of learning, who loll upon *dîwans* or in the gardens, their followers literally grouped at their feet. As for his hospitality, like any Damascene of culture and station, he would not shame the customs by denying a stranger the delights of his *dîwan*; and as for his piety, it is related that he has taken no money for his manuscript, rejecting material reward in the belief that the illumination of texts from the Koran and of wise sayings is concerned with the spread of truth, which may not yield an income to the pious, according to the Prophet or to the interpreters of the Prophet.

Ahmed Effendi's man servant, Mûsa, softly entered with a round tray of charcoal, now all gray, which, however, presently began to glow with more hospitable color in response to a vigorous blowing. Thereupon, whilst the white flakes still went dancing up a sunbeam, he began to prepare coffee, with the candor of a sleight-of-hand performer, prosecuting the operation under the very eyes of the guest, as though to avert the suspicion of some sinister purpose. Ahmed Effendi had meanwhile fetched a portfolio of masterpieces, spread it on the floor, where the sunshine played upon exquisitely gilded surfaces, and seated himself on the cushions in sufficiently close proximity to resemble a custodian of the crown jewels. Ignoring many brilliant leaves as his fingers ran along, he selected a

worn scrap of manuscript, written in celebration of the virtue of humility, by Al Emad al Hasanî Shiraz, some three hundred years ago. As it emerged from that gorgeous company, it seemed mean enough, plain script upon parchment, set diagonally, unadorned with color or decorative embellishment; but there was that in the old collector's manner of presenting it, the tenderness with which he held it, not to be observed when he had shuffled through the ornate examples of his collection—in his glance, too, as he looked up, expectant of some impression, perhaps, but yet sadly hopeless of arousing enthusiasm in the ignorant—there was that about the old collector to distinguish this soiled fragment above its fellows.

"Al Emad al Hasanî Shiraz," said he, gently; "there was none before him, nor has any come after. Observe," said he, "the mere arrangement of words, of letters: a perfect proportioning! Let your eye fall where it will, a casual glance, and it is not agonized by a crass disregard of the artistic necessity of balance. There is no crowding—but yet no barren spot. As all words are equally important to the expression of the perfect poet, so here, too, by the art of the perfect writer, no word is exalted above another by improper display. Even so, there is no monotony—an engaging, restful variety, indeed, such as the printing-press cannot command. Employ this microscope: discover if you can a ragged edge to any letter—the broadest shading, the thinnest line. What a pen-maker the man was! With what incredible accuracy he shaped his reeds! Note the grace of curve, the certainty of line: there is no interruption, no failure of symmetry, no deviation, no sign of wavering. This letter, extremely removed from a similar character, but not differing a hair's breadth! This broken oval—perfected by an imaginary line! This arc, a mere fragment of the whole, but yet suggesting the perfect circle! This accent, perfectly set within its allotted space—"

Mûsa interrupted with the coffee—served perfumed and steaming.

I wondered then concerning the discovery of the writing of Al Emad al Hasanî Shiraz: the whereabouts, the incident—the adventure of the thing.

"Ah!" Ahmed Effendi ejaculated, quite startled.

An extraordinary change came upon the old gentleman. He regarded me all at once with the shrewd reserve of a collector who knows more than he will tell. He cocked his head, dropped his eyelids a little; and there was a glint of amusement in his glance, I observed, as though he had the veriest bungler to confuse, and was rather pleased with the task. "We have in Damascus a proverb," said he presently: "'He who seeks with diligence will find.' I will answer your question by telling a story. A young Darwîsh of Al Busra, having come to Damascus upon some pilgrimage, fell in love with the daughter of a rich sheikh, whom he passed in the street. Overcome by passion, he followed the girl to her father's house, where, bold beyond belief, he knocked on the gate, and was presently admitted to the sheikh's presence. 'I have come,' said he, 'to ask the hand of your daughter.' The sheikh laughed heartily. 'He who would have the hand of my daughter,' he replied, 'must bring rich gifts to urge his suit.' By this scornful be-

havior the poor Darwîsh of Al Busra was not discouraged, but with good heart asked the quality of the gift he must offer. To be rid of him the sheikh set him an impossible task. 'Fetch to me,' said he, 'the stone that is more precious than diamonds.' To this the Darwîsh agreed, and, having borrowed two buckets from the kitchen, set out upon his quest, followed by the laughter

of the sheikh and all his servants. When he had traversed the desert to the south, he came at last to the Red Sea, where for two months he diligently employed his buckets, believing that a stone of rich



THERE IS A PORTER AT THE GATE TO UNLOCK THE WAY

price must be deeply hidden. Bail as he might, he made no impression upon the sea, but continued patiently to bail. When six months had passed he observed that the water was as high as ever. Not disheartened, however, he renewed his diligence, until, at the end of two years, one day when the tide was out, he came upon a curious stone, which he believed must be the stone the rich

sheikh desired. So, travelling in high hope, he came again to Damascus, and was admitted to the sheikh's presence, ragged as he was, and there related his adventures.

"‘Now,’ said he to the sheikh, ‘I have brought you the stone that is more precious than diamonds.’

"The sheikh took the stone, and perceived that it was a common stone, a mere pebble.

"‘In exchange,’ continued the Darwish, hopefully, ‘I shall have the jewel that is better than all.’

"‘By Allah!’ cried the sheikh, ‘such diligence should be rewarded!’ and immediately gave the hand of his daughter to the diligent young Darwish of Al Busra. And so,” concluded Ahmed Ased-Ullah, smiling quizzically, but with no flavor of discourtesy, “having sought with diligence an example of the genius of Al Emad al Hasanî Shiraz, I am rewarded in its possession.”

It was an answer characteristic of the town—at once an evasion and an agree-

who writes upon marble, a cloud of dust, raised by the industrious chisels of the little apprentices of the bazaar, whitening his tarboosh and abba and vacant brown face; there is Muhammed Salim, of the Street of the Wood-choppers, in a studio, like the attic of a poor painter, alien to all inspiration, who declares with his busy reeds, day by day, over and over again, upon paper or glass, as you will, that the proud shall be humbled and the pious exalted; there is Taufik Yûsuf Kessâb, of a family of writers numbering generations, whose youngest son, having displayed large promise, has been sent to Egypt, and is now praised by his master; there are the writers of petitions to the government, employed by the unfortunate who seek relief from its oppression, by the office-seekers, the touchy neighbors who go to law; there are the copybook writers, who supply the children with virtuous sentiments done in a model way, and could, if they but tried, surprise the Sultan himself, as did the monkey of the *Ara-*

bian Nights, which wrote poetry in five styles of caligraphy, to the amazement of the King; there are the writers to whom the minor poets carry their verses in sycophantic praise of the Vâli of Sûrîya or in consolation of the recently bereaved, custom demanding that these compositions shall not be printed in a press, but presented in a more honorable and alluring guise, such as gilt and color and the flourish of a pen may lend. There are indeed many writers;

there is but one by whom the supremacy of Ahmed Ased-Ullah in Damascus is impugned. It is Muhammed Thâbit, the Turk, who sits in a public place, where the idle donkeys may wag their long ears in his window and every passing caravan of camels may shut out his light.

"Ased-Ullah?" said he, with a shrug.



MÛSA BEGAN TO PREPARE COFFEE

able homily. There must somewhere be another example of the genius of Al Emad al Hasanî Shiraz, to be procured by the diligent. . . .

There are many writers: there is Mustafa Tali, the humble designer of inscriptions for the tombstone-makers,

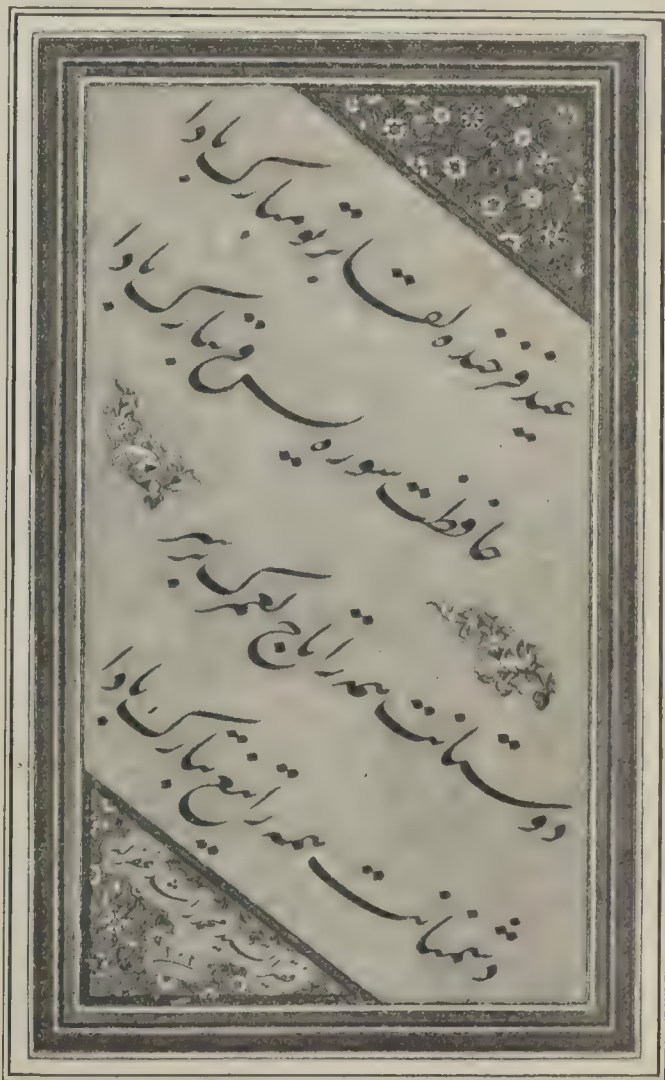
"Well, you may compare his writing with mine!"

In a fashion the most innocent, altogether above self-conceit, Ahmed Effendi is not slow to perceive the excellences of his own work.

Mûsa had now gone with the coffee, come with the cigarettes—vanished like a departing shadow. The sun had lost its slant and was pouring yellow light into the courtyard. A warm breeze, falling from the blue square above, had begun to switch the vine against the window panes. It was noon. "If you sat with me until sunset," Ahmed Effendi protested, "I should still be delighted. And," he added, hinting at some mystery of delight, like a child with hands hid behind, "I have something of my own to show you." He hitched his cushion into the sunshine, and here, with much grave ceremony and many swift little glances to catch the impression, unrolled, inch by inch, an interminable scroll, inscribed with the genealogy of the Prophet, whose name was most gloriously illuminated, as became his quality. It included the remotest ancestry—to Noah, who was liberally honored with gold leaf, and beyond, even to Adam, who was not robbed of the distinction, you may be sure, which the father of the human family deserves.

I expressed the conviction that this must surely be the masterpiece of Asad-U'llah. Was it not so? Ahmed Effendi was grieved at this mean appraisal of his powers, and he betrayed some irritation in a shrug as he remarked, amiably enough but still with tart emphasis, "It is *one*!" And still further to enlighten me he related the following story: It seems that seventy-five years ago, when he was twelve years old, having then learned to read from the Koran, in the way of all Moslem boys,

he was sent to the fashionable writing-master of the day to learn the polite accomplishment. Even then he displayed (as elsewhere they say of infant prodigies) a promise which his career did



SPECIMEN OF WRITING OF THE PERSIAN SCHOOL

The inscription in the lower left-hand corner reads, "Done by the master, Mohammed Rachid, may God forgive him."

not disappoint. After two years of diligent application, he observed that his master, instead of correcting his lines, as duty plainly required, was with great pains and skill spoiling all that was most commendable in the exercises. Enraged by this betrayal, Ahmed Asad-U'llah demanded an explanation.

"Why," said he, "do you destroy the beauty of all that I do?"

"Because," answered the writing-master, "it is not right that the pupil should be equal with the master."

"Then," said Ahmed Ased-Ullah, "I will be my own master, and neither shall be shamed."

After that, Ahmed Effendi's progress was not interrupted; and within twenty years—though the amazing compliment to his genius may be doubted—he was able to teach, and was beginning to be able to write. . . .

It is related of the more remote Bedouin that his interest is deeply engaged by a picture, so that he will solemnly stare, gravely delighted, just the same, whether the object of art is beheld upside down or otherwise. Ahmed Effendi himself, with the refinement of the city and a scholarship of breadth, failed to comprehend the nature of a landscape painting. Tree and sky and the brown earth—the colors of them? Ah, the Persians! *They* had employed color in their illuminations; and their sensational, somewhat vulgar, ideas had prevailed in Damascus for a season, but had happily withdrawn to the source of them: after all, there was no beauty like the perfect simplicity of line. Excluding the smart Damascene who has returned from America and now works the wonder of crayon enlargements in the Sûk-et-Tawîleh, there is no painter; but the exquisite art of the writer is so highly regarded that the names of the great fashioners of it—Wazir Muhammed bin Ali, Ali bin Hilal al Bauwab, Abu'd-Dur bin Yakut al Mustasami, whose handiwork may long ago have perished—are remembered to this day. Those who came after have crept into the safe fame of the proverbs of the desert itself. "Had I the pen of Ibin Muklah," is the saying among the Bedouin wanderers, "but could get no gain with it, of what use that reed?" There is another, of the wall, as distinguished from the tent: "O ye who study the great poems that ye may yourselves create poetry, learn first the arts of writing, for these are the adornment of such as ye." Such honor as the writers have, such fame as they have from the beginning commanded, there is still no history of the art, no biography of an artist. They are mentioned in books,

however, says Ased-Ullah, which treat more importantly of life and progress. And—with a little shrug and lifting of the eyebrows—it is sufficient. What more would you have?

Of the traditions old Ahmed Ased-Ullah is a repository.

"There are many stories," said he.

I observed that he leaned eagerly toward me, with much gentle interest to entertain.

"Would you like to hear one?" he asked. "Long ago," he began, returning to the sunbeam, retreating from the shadow with a little shiver, "there was a writer, Ahmed el Nirizi, who, having arrayed himself as became a man of his fame, set out upon a journey to the country of a powerful sheikh of Nejd, but was unhappily set upon by Bedouin robbers in the mountains between. Stripped to his shirt, dispossessed of all that he had except his ink and his paper, which he had fortunately concealed, he still proceeded to the city of the sheikh, hoping there to find favor sufficient for his re-establishment, but was denied at the door of the sheikh's palace because of his scanty apparel and beggarly, wobegone air. Day after day, however, he renewed his request, insistently repeating, notwithstanding the scorn of the sheikh's men; that he was Ahmed el Nirizi, the writer, until at last, in order that his importunity might be stopped, he was received by the sheikh's oldest son, to whom he told the tale of his misfortunes. 'What!' cried the sheikh's son, in amazement. 'Here, surely, is an impudent impostor. This naked beggar cannot be Ahmed el Nirizi, the writer!' Ahmed el Nirizi stoutly maintained that the shirt which measured the Bedouins' compassion did indeed cover the body of none other than the famous Ahmed el Nirizi. 'Though I have been robbed of my raiment,' said he, 'I have not been stripped of my skill.' Pleased with this alliteration, the prince commended him, but was still not convinced. So Ahmed el Nirizi took a reed from his silver horn, which was slung from his belt, shaped it with a knife, commanding such care as he could, and wrote nine of the ninety-nine names of Allah, with a hand that wavered, to be sure, but still in a way to shame neither the grace and propor-

tion which celebrated his manner nor the arrangement which still further distinguished him. "It is well done!" said the sheikh's son. "Observe, now," said he, "that though you shaped your pen with a knife, I shape mine with my finger nail." Having then fashioned a rude instrument, he wrote, with some art, an order upon his father's treasurer for five hundred *tomauns*, to be paid to whomsoever should present it, and gave the example of his skill to Ahmed el Nirizi.

"Which now," said he, "is the better writing, yours or mine?"

"Ahmed el Nirizi had not taught the sons of a Shah for nothing. He was ready for the puzzle. 'By all means,' he answered, delighted with the task, 'yours is the better.'

"Is it so?" cried the sheikh's son, enraged by this flattery. "Then," said he, withdrawing the order from the hand of Ahmed el Nirizi and tearing it in a thousand pieces, 'you shall prove it, or, by the Prophet! it shall be the worse for you.'

"As two are greater than one," answered Ahmed el Nirizi, readily, 'so is your writing greater than mine.'

"The prince demanded an explanation.

"My writing is beautiful, it is true," said Ahmed el Nirizi; 'but yours,' he added, touching his heart and lips and brow, 'is both beautiful and beneficent.'

"The sheikh's son was so delighted with the alliteration and with the answer," Ahmed Asad-Ullah concluded, much pleased with his story, "that he immediately drew an order for one thousand *tomauns* and presented it to Ahmed el Nirizi."

It was a good story.

"And how," Ahmed Effendi asked, with some embarrassment, "did you like the story?"

"It is a good story," said I, heartily.

Ahmed Effendi had already begun to run his lean fingers through the portfolio of masterpieces, in search, it seemed, of some incredible gem of caligraphy. But at this he paused—it was spoken with such frank meaning. I was regard-



A PUBLIC WRITER

ed for a moment with speculative, even guileful, eyes, as though the quality of my forbearance were in question. He smiled, pleased as a child with praise, and bent toward me, from the sunlight into the cold shadow, with the manner of a child about to communicate a secret.

"Ah," he asked, engagingly, as though wishing still further to display his accomplishment, his voice falling to a whisper, "wouldn't you like to hear another?"

Persuaded of this, Ahmed Effendi with great delight told the following story of the ugly writer of Teheran: Aba al Kasem al Darwish, a Persian, who held his skill in higher regard than his life, and, indeed, had nothing else to esteem, because he had no personal attractions, sought a commission from Ali Shah, thinking to establish his fame as a court writer and in this way be remembered. "If I please the King," thought he, "then, indeed, shall I be famous." It was a bold thing to do, and Aba al Kasem was warned, but continued ob-

durate, determined at whatever cost to be remembered. "What!" cried the Shah, when the petition was presented. "Shall I, who have to do with soldiers and scholars, speak with a mere penman? Dismiss the impertinent fellow! I will have nothing to do with a man of so mean an occupation." But this unfortunate disposition toward the fine arts was presently overcome, and Aba al Kasem al Darwîsh was admitted to the presence. No sooner had the unhappy man entered than the Shah started back with an ejaculation of horror and disgust. The writer was indeed the ugliest of creatures. No grace of the graces of form and feature had been vouchsafed to him, nor, to mend his appearance, had he acquired the least accomplishment of manner, so that, indeed, he was more agreeable to the company of camel-drivers than the audience of kings. He was hunchbacked and hairy, cross-eyed, clubfooted, bandylegged, and his hair fell wild and matted over his shoulders, his beard far below his middle, his hands repulsively below his knees. He had nothing to recommend him to the favor of the world but the delicate skill with which he employed his reed pens: and concerning this he knew very well. "This is not Aba al Kasem al Darwîsh," cried the Shah. "Conduct him hence. I shall lose sleep on account of him." The Shah was informed that this was Aba al Kasem and none other. "What!" cried he, covering his eyes from the sight of the writer's ugliness. "It is impossible. *This cannot be Aba al Kasem al Darwîsh, whose art has delighted me. How can the very perfection of beauty proceed from a form so horrible?*"

"It is I," Aba al Kasem insisted.

"Then," demanded the Shah, "in God's name! where were you when God distributed the various graces of person?"

"When God gathered the sons of men together to receive these pretty gifts," said Aba al Kasem, scornfully, "I was busily engaged."

"Got you no share?"

"I was absent," answered Aba al Kasem, "upon a quest."

"Unfortunate man!" cried the Shah; "what did you find to compare with that which you have lost?"

"That *very perfection of beauty*," an-

swered Aba al Kasem, quickly, "of which your Majesty has made mention."

By this the Shah was so delighted that he commended Aba al Kasem's devotion and commissioned him to inscribe a Koran with such illumination as had never been known before. "And here," Ahmed Effendi concluded, selecting a leaf of exquisite workmanship from his portfolio, "is an example—not a leaf from the famous Koran, of course, by which Aba al Kasem al Darwîsh is remembered, but still commendable—of the genius of the ugly writer of Teheran."

"It is a satisfaction," said I, "to possess it."

"There is no contentment in possession," Ahmed Effendi instantly replied. "Have you not learned it?" he asked, speaking gravely. "Then," he added, "permit me, by favor, to tell you the story of the only contented man. It is yet early—not far beyond noon, I think,—and there is some pleasant instruction in the tale. There was once a Sultan," he began, "who fell ill, and was greatly distressed by his ailment, which sadly interfered with certain plans he had made for the conquest of his enemy. 'A physician to cure me,' he cried, 'that I may proceed upon my business!' The court physician, failing to cure him overnight, was decapitated the next morning. 'Another!' cried the Sultan; 'and if he fails, as this one, he shall suffer the same fate.' The second physician, signally failing to ease the Sultan's pain before dawn, lost his head before noon. A third, with remarkable temerity, presented himself, and vanished from the sphere of his endeavor. And so it went on, day by day, until the kingdom was depleted of physicians, save only one, who was summoned to the Sultan's presence. 'Your Majesty is in evil case,' said he. 'Within my experience I have met with but one other so grievously situated, and he was a donkey-driver. To be cured of your affliction,' the physician unhesitatingly prescribed, 'your Majesty must sleep in the shirt of a contented man.' Pleased with this curious advice, the like of which no other physician had offered, the Sultan commanded seven contented men to be fetched before him, thinking to choose a shirt to his liking. But look high and low, as his ministers



Drawn by Lauren S. Harris

IN A SLOW, AGED MUSE UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE LEMON TREE

did, no contented man was to be found in the kingdom; whereupon the impatient Sultan commanded the search to be carried yet more distantly, even to the desert and mountains beyond his do-

"Upon this admission they haled him into the presence of the Sultan.

"Come," cried the Sultan, weary of his pain, 'off with your shirt!'

"But it was unhappily true," Ahmed Effendi concluded, laughing, "that the contented man *had* no shirt!"



THERE WAS EXCITEMENT IN THE SÛK-ET-TAWÎLEH

main. After three months, during which the Sultan suffered excruciating pain, a fortunate emissary chanced upon an object of the search, a contented man, who inhabited a wretched cave in the mountains, and was the most destitute of all the creatures of that neighborhood, a hermit, ill nourished, ill clad, and meanly housed.

"It is true," said the hermit. "I am a contented man. I possess all that I want. I lack nothing of my need or desire."

unconscious. "You ask me a question," said he. "It is important. Else why have I lived? Listen. Is it not true that God resides in all that is beautiful? Surely He has no other abode. Well, then, I have here the tip of the nail of my little finger. It is less important to me than the nail. But the nail is less important than the finger. Is it not so? How much less important to me, then, is the finger than the hand! I should be pitiable, indeed, without my hand; but

We were presently in the sunlit courtyard, close by the fountain, and Ahmed Ased-Ullah, his child-like old face beaming with courteous regard, his nimble hand protesting the service of his heart, his lips, his mind, was regretting in the fashion required that the valuable hours had sped. It was warm now, with the sun overhead—warm enough for the old man to forget the folds of his fur-lined cloak. The gigantic porter was waiting in the shadow of his arched quarters by the gate to usher me out, and from the barred window of an upper room, I observed, the wife of Ased-Ullah—he has but one—was gratifying her curiosity. But of these things—sunlight and water, orange tree and vine, servant and wife—Ahmed Effendi was

of how much less importance to me is my hand than my forearm, my forearm than my arm! Is my arm less important to me than my shoulder, my shoulder than my breast? Is the shell more important than the kernel? Is my breast more important than my heart? Surely not! But there is something more important than my heart. Is my heart more important than my soul? It cannot be so. You do not believe it. Very well, then! But the eye is the window of the soul; that which the soul perceives is by way of the eye. Then that which delights the eye delights the soul, and that which delights the soul uplifts it. Is it not so? And if the soul is uplifted, is not the race uplifted, according to the measure of the soul? There is a beauty, of heart and earth, which God generously scatters, and in which He appears; there is a beauty to be created by the hands of men, God willing. In all beauty, whether come by the intention of gods or men, God resides. You have admitted it. Well, then, with my pens and colors, if I deal in beauty, uplifting the souls of men, inspiring them, do I live in vain? My power, you, see, lifts me above the mean money-changer of the street, even above," he added, smiling, "the carpenters of the Little Bazaar, who employ both fingers and toes, which I could never think of doing."

"There are the poets," said I.

"There are the prophets," said he, indulgently.

"But," I answered, "you have said that there is no prophecy any more. You

have complained that there is no poetry, no art of any sort. It is a degenerate time, you say. But why?"

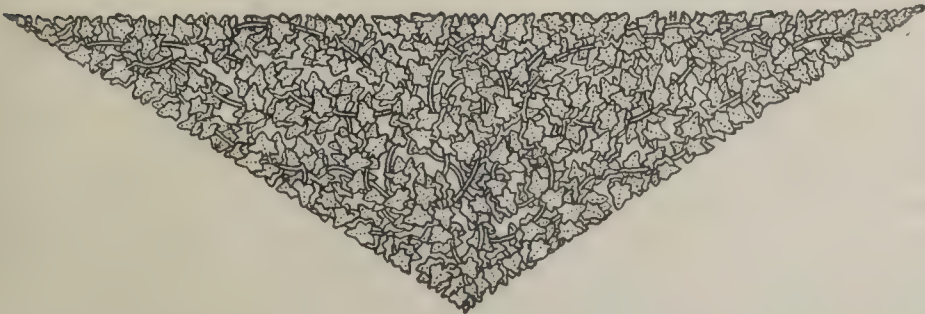
"Ah," he replied, significantly, with a finger on his lips, as though the walls of his own house were set with the ears of Turkish officials, "of these things the tongue may not speak."

And with that I shook hands and left him. . . .

It was but a step, by way of a narrow street, walled, rough enough underfoot, with veiled women to be brushed past, tombs and wells in the wall to distract,—but a step to the noisy confusion of the Long Bazaar. But I had turned in the porter's quarters, and from the shadow of the place had for a moment watched Ahmed Effendi Asad-Ullah pace from the shadow of the lemon tree, in a slow, aged muse, into the hot sunlight, with a mass of vine beyond; and I remembered him in this way. There was excitement in the Sûk-et-Tawîleh—the noontime of it: with sunlight breaking in upon the swarm through the dilapidated roof. Camel, donkey, and horse in the flowing human crowd: a difficult progress for the stranger afoot—not admitting of abstraction. But still I must ponder upon the old Moslem. I must remember the story that was told of him: how that, at the end of the discussion, he had kissed the Bible and reverently replaced it.

"There is no teaching," he had said to his friend, "like the teaching of Jesus Christ."

But of these things the tongue may not speak.



The Lie

BY MADGE C. JENISON

BESIDE a long window, showing faintly in the delicate light of evening, a woman sat, sunk in the shadow of the casement. She was speaking. Sometimes, as she talked, she leaned across the window toward her listeners; her face came sharply out of the dusk—the bent thick brows black and lustrous as stone, the blunt nose with the nostril uplifted, and the curling lips, the upper one modelled with sharp accent, so that it became a feature by itself. Sometimes she rose and paced the floor, reaching her arms high above her head as if her feet were caught in a trap; or stood against the opposite wall in the darkness. Those who heard her story listened in silence—a woman with her head upon her hand, moving restlessly sometimes, or looking up at the speaker with a face of cold white question; and far back in the room a man, the line of his collar, his hands, and the white of his face, vague in the falling night. Once he lighted a cigarette, which burned for a moment like a flower of fire, drooping and opening in the faint gray spaces; it made a circle of flame as he laid it down on the arm of his chair, and it went out.

"Let me speak of what has happened," said the woman who spoke. "It is so long—all that has happened—so old, going back to that strange childhood; and to my father, not like other men, from whom I have taken everything—even my destiny. I must try to make you understand—before I go away—that preparation which my father laid. It is that which is of importance.

"I was his favorite child. He distinguished me greatly from the others. I cannot remember a time when it was not so. It was so easy for me to excel in everything we did. My tyranny over Helene was absolute. It was never the same with my brothers. I never established myself over them.

"But it was the place I had with my

father upon which every emotion in me fed. I rejoiced in his favor with every element in me, with my brain, with that hunger for a great thing to worship—and with my pride. Strange relationship between a child and a man! It was enough even to sit in his study when he was writing or reading. Perhaps I loved him the more because so much of what he said to me was far beyond me. I passed those years thrilled by beautiful, mysterious, half-seized things, taken from him.

"He was the most respected man in the town. At home it was the same. We never thought so much of my mother's opinion. It was my father to whom we all looked. I know now what manner of man he was. I know that there are certain aspects of life he never saw. Perhaps he never saw cruelty. Perhaps he had no touch of it. I do not know. I understand my father better if I say that he was blind to certain things. But one virtue he knew. He understood truth and practised it. His word was like a bar of steel. It was known through all the county. A companionship does not teach; it saturates; and it was in this way I learned my father's love of truth.

"I was fifteen when I took the money. I remember the day it began. I was in his study reading at the window. The servant came in from a purchase she had made at the door and left the pieces of silver lying on the table. Money had never before appeared to me as an instrument of power. I stood a moment looking at it, and then I went over and took it. It was not the taking of money. That was an act merely. It was the certainty with which my mind seized on that which would make its end, the lack of hesitation. I did it against the centre of my life—all the accretion of my father's love—not with my will—not as if I considered and made a choice. Something organic acted. I had been thinking of



Drawn by S. de Ivanowski

"IT IS ALL SO OLD, GOING BACK TO THAT STRANGE CHILDHOOD"

a look one of my brothers had given me that morning; I felt in them always that unconquered indifference, never really broken—I saw what money would do,—you know what a little money is among children. The impulse in me to feel power—to turn those about me in my hand—we all have so much of this in us—even love is largely a sense of power. But we hesitate to use certain means. I did not hesitate. I did not yield.

“Well, I took it. I took it, and it made my end. It was not much. After that it was only a little each time, but it was enough. Months of exultation and misery began that day. I saw almost at once with what I had come face to face. It was like a creature of flesh and blood putting me away from my father with its hand. I remember standing once, as he went out of the room, looking at him with a long, long look of sick surrender. He began to notice the loss of the money, and I had to tell him a lie to protect myself. The theft had been bad enough, but it was not like the lie,—the lack of faith between us, immediate, and crystallized into a moment’s action passing from me to him. I can remember now the constriction of the heart with which I spoke that score of words. He did not suspect me. I had courage. I had all the virtues of my type and I did not flinch. But that night I could bear it alone no longer. I crept into bed with Helene and whispered it to her. It is this solitude which is not to be borne,—to meet anything alone.

“Well, after a while I was found out. One evening he called me into his study. Nothing else can ever be like that first look, the way he looked and spoke to me that night. I saw as clearly as if I had been a woman what I had slain. I remember that I stood there shivering as with some deadly illness. I do not know what he said. I heard him begin to speak,—whatever I had in me, I must never tell another lie, he said, never as long as I lived—and then I seemed to go into a kind of swoon standing there against the table opposite him. When I saw him again, he was silent, sitting with his head bowed in his hands. I have always been so glad that I could not remember anything but the way he looked. It was the one unarguable

thing with him—a lie,—as some women will bear any cruelty, any starvation, so long as they believe that there is not another woman.

“What is so strange is that I seemed after that first look, through all that scene, to have lost my own identity and to feel only what he felt. He whipped me with a whip that he had brought in from the stable. What must have happened in him? I do not know how long it lasted. Perhaps he struck me only once. I do not know. I felt nothing but burning, burning horror. I heard the whip drop from his hand, and he went out of the room and left me alone.

“I cannot tell how the next few weeks passed, though I remember them well,—like a curtain hung before me,—the restless sweet spring air, the pleasant spring sound of sawing of boards, and hammering echoing against the houses and barns. I lived wrapped in icy shame, that shuddering abasement, the sickening fear to meet the day. My brothers thought me ill, and so I was. At night Helene lay pressed against me,—I could feel her trembling; and I lay silent,—cold and alert. We did not talk. It was long years after, before she knew what had happened between father and me in the library that night. I was glad of my mother’s tenderness in those days—my act did not seem to her so monstrous—but I thought of it as something apart, not bearing on what I had done. For I was my father’s child, and I saw with his eyes.

“And it was this union between us which makes his action so strange and yet so inevitable. I was never anything to him again. From that day our old relationship ceased. It ended as suddenly and irretrievably as if it had been a crown dropped into the sea. The years never brought any attempt to re-establish it. I have wondered often that both of us accepted the change so unquestioningly. Even a servant in his house he would not have judged with so little mercy. A dog that steals, you whip, but you do not turn it forth. But love establishes different standards of judgment. It is true. I was not a dog nor a servant. I was the child of his heart. What thing in his life had he set me to fulfill and I failed him? It is all hidden,

unspoken, veiled. He seemed to set me aside as one relinquishes futile dreams. Sometimes I would find him looking at me strangely as if he had come upon something that he could not gauge or compass. Perhaps I suffered more because he took Helene to replace me in his love. It may be that I did. It was as if he turned from that which was brilliant to that which was safe. I never felt jealous of her. Jealousy is the fear of loss, and I had passed beyond that.

"I grew to love Helene very much, too. She grew sweeter and sweeter from year to year; and cleverer too, only in a more secret way than I. I lived much alone at home except for her. My mother and brothers had always been somehow outside the vital circle of my life, and they did not grow less so. But all my life at home was changed, and I myself changed widely. I grew more sombre and resentful, but more fruitful. It would have been different with a more gentle nature—that could bend—without breaking. But with me, what my father did, worked upon me like heat and acid. My father did not reason out or analyze; if he had been a less simple man, a single act would not have been to him so final; but he knew what he did, nevertheless. It is the merciless act which teaches us most. He discovered me to myself, and wide reaches of human relations to me at last. It took something which shook me to the heart to work upon me so. They are torture, these experiences which make one over into something else—oh, they are torture—like an operation—like birth—the birth of a trait. And never really done. It is there yet—I find it—that instinct of empire, to wield another—it is not enough to master any one—I want to possess them—their judgments too. This is the vital essence—the real woman. I could anything—I never know what I have in me.

"When I was seventeen I went away to college, and it was when I had finished that I came to Berlin for the first time. You know that my aunt, too, was a physician. I loved the mellow life here, the ripe suavity of their circle. I studied every one in those years, every personality, every situation; always this apprehension of the life behind those faces.

"And always I meditated upon that

second layer of writing which my father had put upon my soul as the Babylonians did with their tablets. This truth! I made it a god. I saw again and again what it is. If you can trust, you can bear anything—you can grapple—but it is these shadows in the dark—everything turned aside—the feeling of being tricked,—played upon—if the anguish that comes just from lies were gone—if people would only tell the truth—that one thing alone—so simple—but they try to judge, to alter,—and they cannot, because life moves on a plan where we do not see the ends.

"One morning, the second year, I wakened very early. I seemed to drift out of sleep like a boat that strikes upon a shore. I lay there for a long time—several hours—in a bright, dizzy peace. The sun rose upon the land, and still I lay wrapped in that giddy joy. I seemed to have come out of some long horror—free—as if I drank the air—breathing deep like one who has been under water a long time and comes up in the sunlight breathing for his life. At last I fell asleep, and before I was dressed I had a cablegram saying that my father was dead. He was dead, and I was delivered from his scorn forever.

"All the way home I was possessed of those two feelings. I suppose that I had always thought that I was going to reinstate myself. I must have believed that something as deep as the thing that had thrust us apart would come to bring us together again. The relationships between people swing around sometimes, back to a point from which they have gone very far. I have seen that too. My love of my father had been the deep place in me. I had never really abandoned it. Now I faced its loss forever; and back of my grief, that joy like liberty, that something awful was over. I did not condemn myself in my thoughts. I weighed what I felt and accepted it.

"I went home at once. The ocean lay under my eyes. The spring-time land stretched itself out before me and I saw it all with a mind white hot. When I got home I found Oliver Peel there. I had never seen him. Helene was engaged to him. He had come to his aunt's the fall before to spend the winter and finish a book on the people of Rus-

sia. He had been in the diplomatic corps at St. Petersburg, and had become a revolutionist. I remember with what amazement I listened to him the first night I was home. He was talking about the French working-man that night, and about the opium war, and the English policy in Khartoum,—I remember it all; and everything his mind touched seemed to take a sharper edge; it seemed to be picked out by a line of light. He had certain hasty and spirited gestures as if he had an impatience of the very expression of life. There was a magnificence about him, an air like a lord of minds. He talked a great deal that night. Something he had been reading had sent his mind descending in torrents. I can see him now; and Helene with that drooping grace, with that attentiveness, as if she caught something distant and faintly known; and I deep in the corner watching them.

“When he had gone, Helene and mother and I sat and talked of him for a long time. All day I had been watching Helene, conscious of the solemn change that had gone on in her. She had always been beautiful, but now her beauty had burst its sheath as if it had awaited the night. As I looked at her those first days, I felt an almost maternal passion in her scarlet cheeks, in her slender bent brows, in the drooping lines of her delicate figure, and, more than all else, in her sweet quiet eyes. For this new joy had changed all her attitude toward herself. Whenever she thought of Oliver, she valued herself more that he loved her, and marvelled. There had been in her, always, a secret despair which lay in our Polish blood, a weariness of the heart under this beautiful exterior, like a place of terror within a tranquil temple. Now it had melted, as if a warm and golden wine had been poured into her veins. Spring seemed to have passed over her, so that every branch of her being shook itself out in melting color. I could think of nothing else that night as we spoke of Oliver, except how beautiful she had grown, how beautiful and free.

“I can scarcely remember all that, so quickly was it replaced by something else. I do not know how it began. It seemed to have been there before we were. Almost from the first week I saw the quick

attention with which he listened when I spoke. I should have gone away—oh, I was mad,—but he resisted—if he had not done that,—I felt that thrill of domination,—I knew it—I knew it,—as if my muscles stiffened. Even though I said nothing, though I did nothing, a hand in me reached out and touched him. Often I thought that I was mistaken—I glozed my sin with every excuse—I did not want courage any longer—or tenderness, or strength, or wisdom—I had but one feeling, and it ate me like a fire—I rave when I think of it—I tried—I looked at my pictures—I looked at my books—all the things upon which I had built up my life—I touched them,—I held them close to my body and tried to get the strength from them,—but I did not go. I knew that I must get away—that last week I dared not be alone with him. Oh, can you not see—this demon turned upon me—I loved him.

“Then—I saw what I had done. I had never in all my life loved but three people, and I had played them all false. I had betrayed them all like game for the lust of the hunt. I was not even sure of what had happened; it had all been so silent, so insidious, so much a matter of looks, even of feeling. I seemed to feel him in the room from day to night. I did not even know his love; I guessed it, and fed myself upon it in guilty secrecy. I had not even a right to suffer. And when I thought of Helene, coming into her own, so dear to me, dearer to me in some way than I to myself, all of us caught in this cruel trap which I had set and baited with the pride of my power, grossly in my hunter's triumph—to have such a thing in yourself—so secret—so undisclosed—a strength—to be used—but in me accursed, accursed.

“I had spent many hours that summer in my father's study, and one day Oliver came. I could not have borne it much longer—I could not sleep. I had been trying to read that day—Paolo and Francesca—what innumerable lovers through the innumerable years have not bent over this old story! We spoke of Helene, who had gone away for the day. He began to read—he tried to speak of something else, but it was no use. He covered his face with his hands, but I saw

it—I saw it—he loved Helene, but he recognized me like a glove. I was like the flesh upon his arm. ‘What could we not do together, Constantia?’ he said, and we looked at each other for once, eye to eye. I could not think—I had to fall back on what I had thought was right before. I stretched my arms across the beautiful old book and laid my head upon it—and he was gone. I did not see Helene that night. The next morning they were gone a long time. I heard her coming up the stairs. I cannot speak of the things she gasped out in those first days—he had begged her for time—he had told her that there was another woman, but she did not know that it was I.

“And now slow horror fell upon us. We were at such close quarters, so near; I could not breathe without touching her. I scarcely felt my own pain for the most part; it was engulfed in hers. She seemed to bleed and bleed and grow cold. She was so gentle, almost like the dead. I used to shudder at that gentle silence. Some necessary murder seemed to be accomplished behind it. And I looked on in impotence. Then—I must tell you all I felt—there was one night that I could have—crushed her—in my hands. She had letters from Oliver—two; he had gone back to Russia. I scarcely dared to let myself think of him. There were thoughts that I thrust from me again and again. I cannot think as others think. Sometimes I wished that he would die as my father had died.

“If my father had stood by me in those first weeks I could not have told her. It is simple to speak when you sacrifice only yourself; it is almost joy. But this was the refinement of torture. She clung to me so. But I had my other soul, and at last I went to her. It was one morning late in January. She was sitting beside the fire in a little flowered dress, drooping over some soft wool. She had not lost her beautiful color, only her face had taken something delicately lustrous; it seemed as if the burning fires of her heart had floated like a butterfly from her. I remember just the way she turned toward me when I spoke to her,—with her chin lifted—for a moment she looked at me—I had never known before—how sweet—she was—that sweetness in her—

you know it—though you have seen her only once—not like other women—as if it were something kneaded into every inch of her flesh. Not for a moment, even for an instant, did her eyes change. She took my hands—she went whiter and whiter. I drank it like cool water—that look of trust—it was good—good. I told her everything—what I had done—what I had thought. I learned then what my father’s lesson was worth; for we passed together, like one, into a different zone of life.

“A new life began then for us. At first we could only keep saying over and over that we loved each other. We tried to catch at something. We learned Italian that winter. Helene gave me lessons on the piano. In the spring we let the man go and made the garden. We had to turn to things which would press upon us. So we began to live again, patiently, like all hurt things. We talked often of what had happened, and of Oliver, always as of something which was past.

“So after a time we seemed to come into another place. Our life grew peaceful. It is one of the strangest things in life, those windless times of peace that come. We lived on there afterwards for three years, in a kind of waiting quiet, like that of a sunny heath. And then, after my mother had died, we came over to Germany. I began at once to study medicine. It had been my father’s plan for me when I was born, Uncle Constantius told me. I had never known that. It was full of rapture, this life of the mind. I trembled sometimes because I was myself; I was afraid of the exhilaration I felt; afraid because I seemed so unguarded, so unleashed. It was long since I had known that feeling. One night we had a note from Oliver. He was in Berlin. We looked at each other as if we heard something after death. The next day he came. I do not think any of us believed at first that there was still a phantom among us. His outlines had grown very faint.

“It was almost a month before I began that old struggle. I strangled it. I watched—day by day. Well, I did not fail her. At first he resisted again—that was the easiest part, because I still felt my power. Then soon he began to care more for

Helene, as father had done. Oh, I felt joy; it came to me sometimes like a rich melody heard behind a tomb. But I suffered; if something vital were taken from me and I tried to live on, it would be like that; that human despair and loss, but more terrible, more sapping it seemed to me, the purple in me denied. Far, from far, the past rolled back upon me—always defeat—forever aside—and yet never surely—for a long time there was that in their relationship which I might perhaps touch if I put out my hand, preying upon me, seducing the strength. It was then that this truth between Helene and me had its test. I made no sign, but she saw—we were side by side, though we never spoke of it. She knew how things stood among us, but she saw farther than that—he is worthy of her—they drew nearer and nearer together. So after a year they were married, and this part of my life came to an end.

“And it was then—within a week after they had gone—that I saw you first. This new temptation came quick on the heels of my release, as if to catch me spent. That first night, when you came into the drawing-room, something gave me check, something told me to note you well—as if words were read to me, heavy with meaning. I have told myself at times that the panoply of circumstance gathered thick about us, but it is in reality only what we ourselves are which is of importance—I know that well—the disintegration going on in you—before my eyes—I had heard of it again and again—the sicklied ambition—the fatal irresolution which brought all your stacked treasuries to no end; and in me, the fierce will, implacable, seeking forever that which would justify it, seeking its consummation,—to thrust another up, to turn a destiny in my hand,—subtler now, finer than before, but still the same elemental passion, stronger than any emotion I ever knew, more spontaneous, more unmeditated. I understood—it was this. Soon I began to feel that sense of power—like the peal of a bell, tone upon tone,—like the cry of a prisoner unloosed—I cannot tell how we get these unrecognized connections with people, unacknowledged, unentertained. If I had not seen so clearly it would have

been different. But I saw what I could do. A fury possessed me sometimes when I thought of failing you, when I had sat with my eyes cast down, though I might have acted,—a fury as if Nature herself cried out in a great voice that she had made me to this end, to accomplish something through another by my will, and forever I failed her. Is it not necessary to use that strength which lies concealed in us, forever bound, forever checked, and thwarted, and sapped, accomplishing nothing? Oh, I asked myself the questions of the life established about us—what right I had to lay hands upon this man whom marriage held. I considered that. But what is this marriage that we put above everything? What is it, that one may not grow—that is beyond the waste of power, and despair which it tore me to see? I could not tell what was right. Our ideas of right and wrong are put upon us by many natures, great and small. But it was noble—noble beyond what is common—outside the relationship of one with another, coming into the secret and second life which the soul lives with itself.

“So—there began these six months in which I have held you to that piece of work, your soul, your brain, my will. It is accomplished. This is done—added to the slow accumulation of thought by which men work out the future. The joy of it—the joy! Page by page, made over from those fugitive thoughts lying in the fruited alleys of your mind—made into something that can be touched with the hand—passed from man to man—one deep pathway of action in this unemployed life of passing dreams, and I did it! I did it! I did it!

“And then there came the time when I could go no farther. All the rapture in which I had lived night and day, as if I stretched to my full height and lifted up my arms and sang to the sky, departed and left me shuddering. That which was primal in me had been accomplished. I had known no scruples until my work was done—I knew what would come, but I made it give way. Like a figure moving behind a wall I had seen it sometimes—I had heard its footsteps on my heart. Love came upon us. While we were at work I thought I could have used any tool,—any means,—but now I

can go no farther. It is no questions of the mind I ask myself now, put to that which is established merely. Perhaps I do wrong—perhaps this too is a power to be used—joy!—what may it do? I do not know—but I cannot use it—all my certainty is gone—I tamper with that which I do not understand—that bleeding feeling for another preys upon me. Let there be truth between us—all three—and then let me go.”

She broke off, leaning against the case-ment, staring at the floor with heavy brows, almost with the brooding lassitude of those who sink into the courts of sleep. The woman who had listened rose and went toward her quickly, and the man came out of the far darkness, his face white as ashes, with a certain look of brilliancy like a burning world. They

stood silently, all three, regarding each other. It was the woman who had listened who spoke.

“I hated you—” she said,—“but this is a greater world than mine. Side by side—” she said, breathlessly, after a moment,—“like one. What must we do?”

The woman who had spoken answered her almost with a cry of triumph. For a moment they drew close together, and then she turned to the man beside her, taking his hands in both hers and dropping her head upon them dizzily, with closed eyes and white lips.

“Cherish me,” she said, with an accent of despair so bitter, so accumulated, that it fell upon the heart with horror. “Oh, cherish me now, I shall be alone.” And so she left them together in the pale beauty of the early night.

Buried Love

BY SARA TEASDALE

I SHALL bury my weary Love
Beneath a tree,
In the forest tall and black
Where none can see.

I shall put no flowers at his head,
Nor stone at his feet,
For the mouth I loved so much
Was bitter-sweet.

I shall come no more to his grave,
For the woods are cold.
I shall gather as much of joy
As my hands can hold.

I shall stay all day in the sun,
Where the wide winds blow;
But oh, I shall weep at night
When none will know.

At the Land's End

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

THE temperament of Cornish landscape has many moods and will fit into no formula. To-day I have spent the most flawless day of any summer I can remember, on the sands of Kennack Bay, at the edge of that valley in Cornwall which I have written about in these pages. Sea and sky were like opals, with something in them of the color of absinthe; and there was a bloom like the bloom on grapes over all the outlines of cliff and moorland, the steep rocks glowing in the sunshine with a warm and rich and soft and colored darkness. Every outline was distinct, yet all fell into a sort of harmony, which was at once voluptuous and reticent. The air was like incense and the sun like fire, and the whole atmosphere and aspect of things seemed to pass into a kind of happy ecstasy. Here, all nature seemed good; yet, in that other part of Cornwall from which I have but just come, the region of the Land's End, I found myself among formidable and mysterious shapes, in a world of granite rocks that are fantastic by day, but by night become ominous and uncouth, like the halls of giants, with giants sitting in every doorway, erect and unbowed, watching against the piratical onslaughts of the sea.

About the Land's End the land is bare, harsh, and scarred; here and there are fields of stunted grass, stony, and hedged with low hedges of bare stones, like the fields of Galway; and, for the rest, haggard downs of flowerless heather, sown with gray rocks, and gashed with lean patches through which the naked soil shows black. The cliffs are of granite, and go down sheer into the sea, naked, or thinly clad with lichen, gray, green, and occasionally orange; they are built up with great blocks and columns, or stacked together in tiers, fitted and clamped like cyclopean architecture; or climb rock by rock, leaning inwards, or

lean outward, rock poised upon rock, as if a touch would dislodge them, poised and perpetual. They are heaped into altars, massed into thrones, carved by the sea into fantastic shapes of men and animals; they are like castles and like knights in armor; they are split and stained, like bulwarks of rusty iron, blackened with age and water; they are like the hulls of old battleships, not too old to be impregnable; and they have human names and the names of beasts. They nod and peer with human heads and wigs, open sharks' fangs out of the water, strut and poise with an uncouth mockery of motion, and are as if mysteriously and menacingly alive.

This is the land of giants: there is the Giant's Chair at Tol-Pedn, and the Giant's Pulpit at Boscawen, and the Giant's Foot at Tolcarne, and the Giant's Hand on Carn Brea. And there is a medieval humor in Cornish legends which still plays freakishly with the devil and with the saints. Here, more than anywhere in Cornwall, I can understand the temper of Cornish legends, because here I can see the visible images of popular beliefs: the Satanic humor, the play of giants, the goblin gambols of the spirits of the earth and of the sea. The scenery here is not sublime, nor is it exquisite, as in other parts of the county; but it has a gross earthly gayety, as of Nature untamed and uncouth; a rough playmate, without pity or unkindness, wild, boisterous, and laughing. There is an eerie laughter along these coasts, which seem made not only for the wreckers who bloodied them, and for the witches whose rocky chairs are shown you, where they sat brewing tempests, but for the tormented and ridiculous roarings of Tregeagle and the elemental monsters.

In this remote, rocky, and barren land there is an essential solitude, which

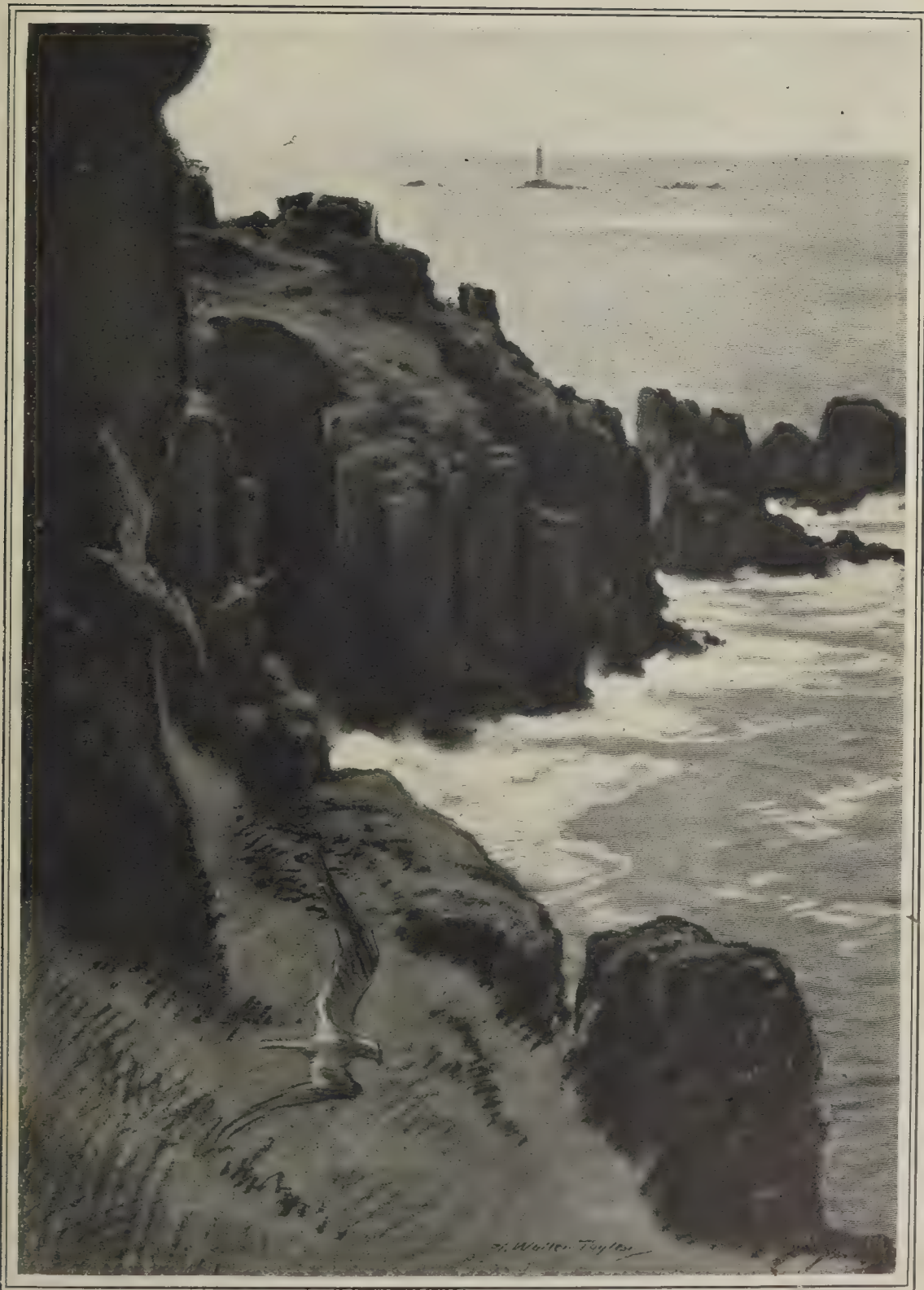
nothing, not the hotel, nor the coming and going of people in the middle of the day, can disturb. Whenever I get right out to the last point of rocks, where one looks straight down, as if between walls of granite, to the always white and chafing water, I feel at once alone and secure, like a bird in a cleft of the rock. There is the restfulness of space, the noise of sea-birds and the sea, and nothing else but silence. The sea-gulls cry and laugh night and day; night and day you hear the sea crying and laughing; sails and smoke pass on the sea, this side and that side of the Longships lighthouse, which stands, beautiful and friendly, on the reef in the water; and along the land, at morning and evening, nothing moves, all is waste, wide, and silent. Little brown donkeys start up among the rocks as you walk across the cliffs at night; fat slugs lie in the way of your feet, black and burnished as coal; you see a vague movement, gray upon gray, and it is "the slow, soft toads," panting and leaping upon the stones.

In this solitude, away from the people of cities, one learns to be no longer alone. In the city one loses all sense of reality and of relationship. We are hedged in from the direct agency of the elements; we are hardly conscious of the seasons but for their discomforts; we are in the midst of manufactured things, and might forget that bread grew in the ground and that water existed except in pipes and cisterns. And the moment we leave the city we come to remember again that men and women are not alone in the world, but have countless living creatures about them, not pets nor beasts of burden, and with as much right to the earth and sunlight. First, there is the life of the fields and the farmyards, a life attendant on ours, but familiar with us while we spare it. Then there is the unlimited life of birds, who, in these regions, have foothold in the sea as well as on land, and have two provinces, of water and of air, to be at home in. And, besides these, there is the tiny restless life of insects: the butterflies that live for the day, the bees with their polished mahogany backs and soft buzz that they call here "dummlerderries," and that come out in the evening, the toads and slugs that come with the first dark, and

the glowworms that light their little lonely candle of pale gold at night. The world suddenly becomes full of living beings, whose apparent happiness we are glad to be permitted to share.

In this air, in this region, an air of dreams, a region at once formidable and mysterious, every hour of the day has its own charm and character, which change visibly and in surprising ways. This morning was impenetrable with mist, and the lighthouse guns were firing until an hour after sunrise; grayness blotted out the whole sea. At last the brown reef of the lighthouse could be distinguished, but not the lighthouse; and then, suddenly, as one looked away and looked back again, there was a white, shining column, like a column of marble, glittering through the mist. As I started to walk along the cliffs towards the Logan Rock, I walked through wet vapors, soft, enveloping, and delicious. The mist faded and returned, showing one, in glimpses and under dripping veils, headland after headland, rivalling each other in boldness, in architecture of strangely shaped and strangely poised rocks, bare, splintered, crimped at the edges, cut into ladders, sheared into caverns, sundered by chasms, heaped crag upon crag with a romantic splendor. Now and then the path dropped to a little bay of white sand, and in the fishing-creek of Porthgwarra I met a little Italian boy with a concertina, who was quite alone, and spoke no English, and smiled with complete happiness, though shyly, as he told me that he did nothing, nothing. At St. Levan I saw the little church, hidden in a hollow, with its beautiful and elaborate wood-carving, a whole monkish symbolism of bold fancy, and, in the churchyard, the single grave where the fragments of fifteen men, lost in the Khyber, had been buried, hands and feet and bones, and two heads, and one whole man, a Japanese; and, near the new grave, the old Levan Stone of splintered granite, with grass growing in the gap, of which the people say:

When, with panniers astride
A pack-horse can ride
Through the Levan Stone,
The world will be done.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

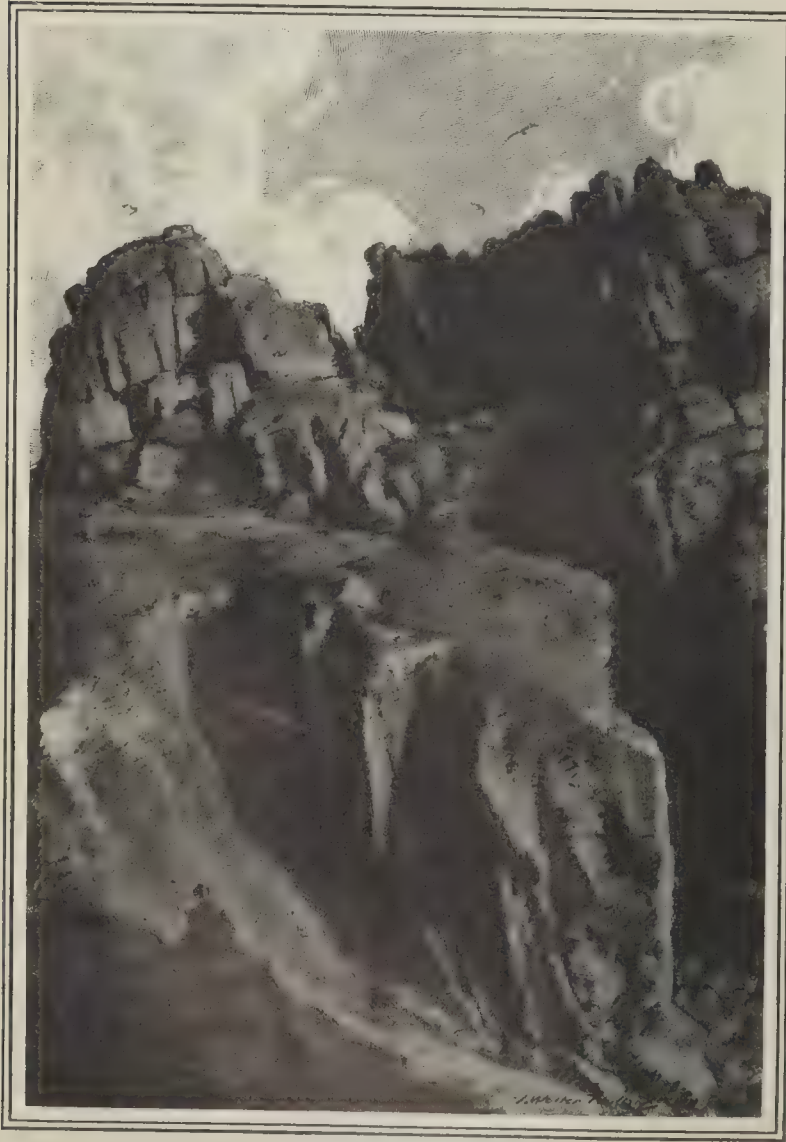
THE GRANITE CLIFFS GO DOWN SHEER INTO THE SEA

The moorlands, in from the cliff, are all desolate, covered with short grass and heather, strewn with gray rocks, and cut into square patterns by stone hedges. About the Logan the shapes of the rocks become less grotesque, seem less strange-

rejoicing exuberance, as if drawing into itself all the violence of the sun. It is exquisite, on a breathless July day about noon, to lie on the white sand without thought or memory, an animal in the sun, watching the painted sea,

throbbing with heat, purple, grape-colored, stained with the shadows of clouds and rocks; seeing the steamers pass as the clouds pass, with no more human significance; curious of nothing in the world but of the order and succession of the waves, their diligence, and when the next wave will obliterate the last wave-mark.

Twilight comes on most exquisitely, I think, over the cliffs towards Pardennick (the headland that Turner painted), looking down on Enys Dodman, the bare brown rock sheared off and pierced through by the sea, which is the loudest home of sea-gulls on the coast. There are rocky headlands to right and left, and that rock in the sea which they call the Armed Knight, but which to me seems like one of the Rhine castles, stands there, romantic and spec-



LOGAN ROCK

ly artificial; and the Logan point is like a house of rocks, chamber beyond chamber, with its corridors, doorways, and windows.

At midday I liked to go to Sennen Cove, because the sand there is whiter than any other sand, and the green slope above the sand more delicately green, and the water bluer and more glowing. At high tide the water comes in with a

tacular, not like any work of nature. Beyond, with the twilight-colored sea around it, is the lighthouse, like a red star alighted on a pillar; far off, the golden light of the Wolf, and the two lights of Scilly. The sky, where the sun has gone down, is barred with dark lines and half-obscured outlines, like the outlines of trees seen in some shadowy mirror. Faint stains of gold and green and pink remain



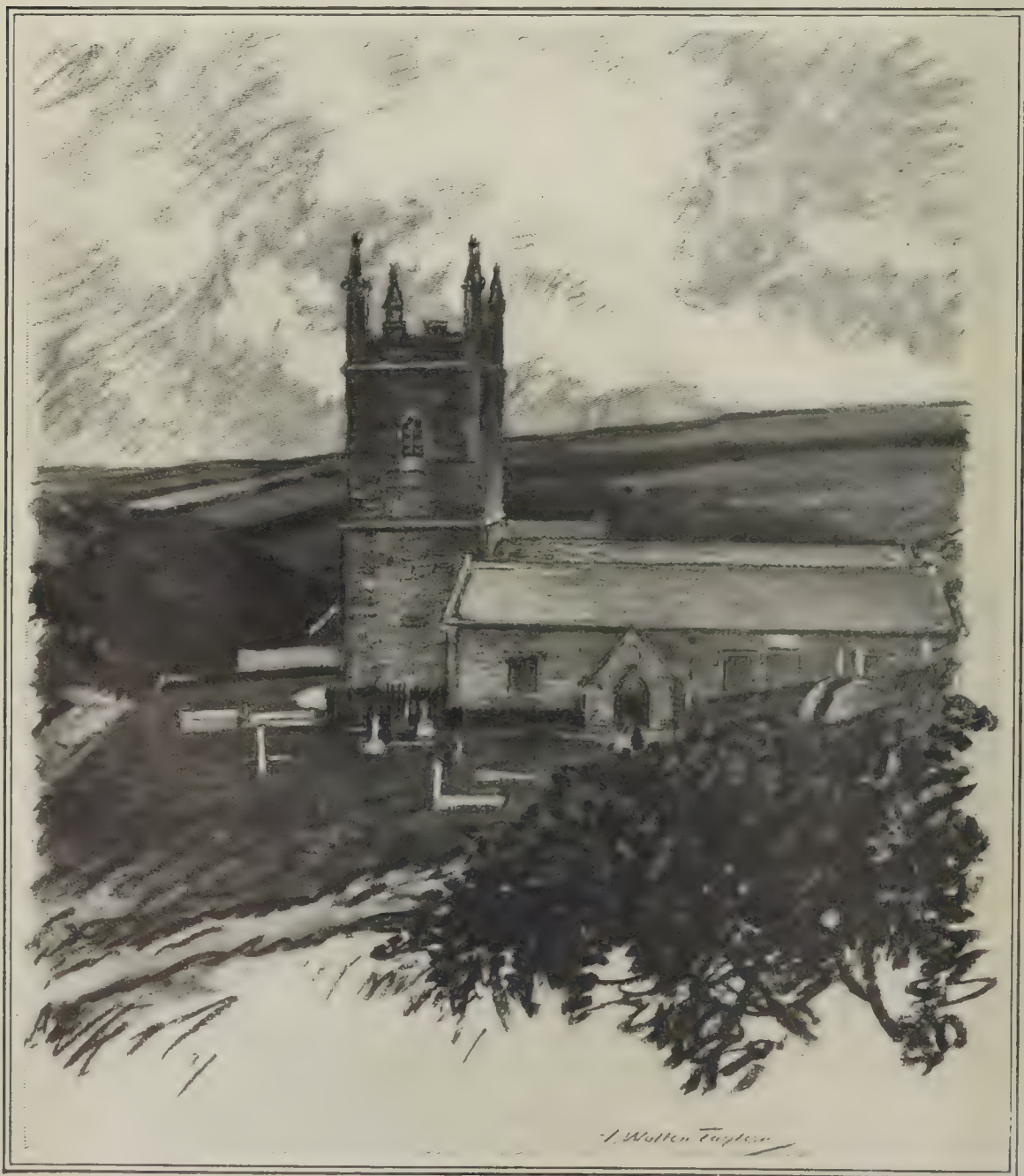
Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

ENYS DODMAN AND THE ARMED KNIGHT

in the sky, still bright, and yet softened as if seen through water. Opposite, the moon has risen, and hangs in the sky, round and white; the sea darkens and shines, with strange glimmerings and dim banks of shadow, under the two lights from east and from west. There is one boat on the sea: I see the two brown sails, and their shadows in the water. From the island of the sea-gulls there is a continual barking and chattering, as they walk to and fro, or stand and shout against the land. The rock

darkens, and the white birds shine like white lilies growing out of brown earth. The castle in the sea turns black, and every peak and spire is sharply silhouetted upon the palely glittering water. Now it is like a magic castle, Klingsor's perhaps; or perhaps the last throne and ultimate stronghold of the night.

Here at the Land's End one is enveloped by water. The hotel, where I have been so well and so quietly served, so much alone when the breaks and mo-

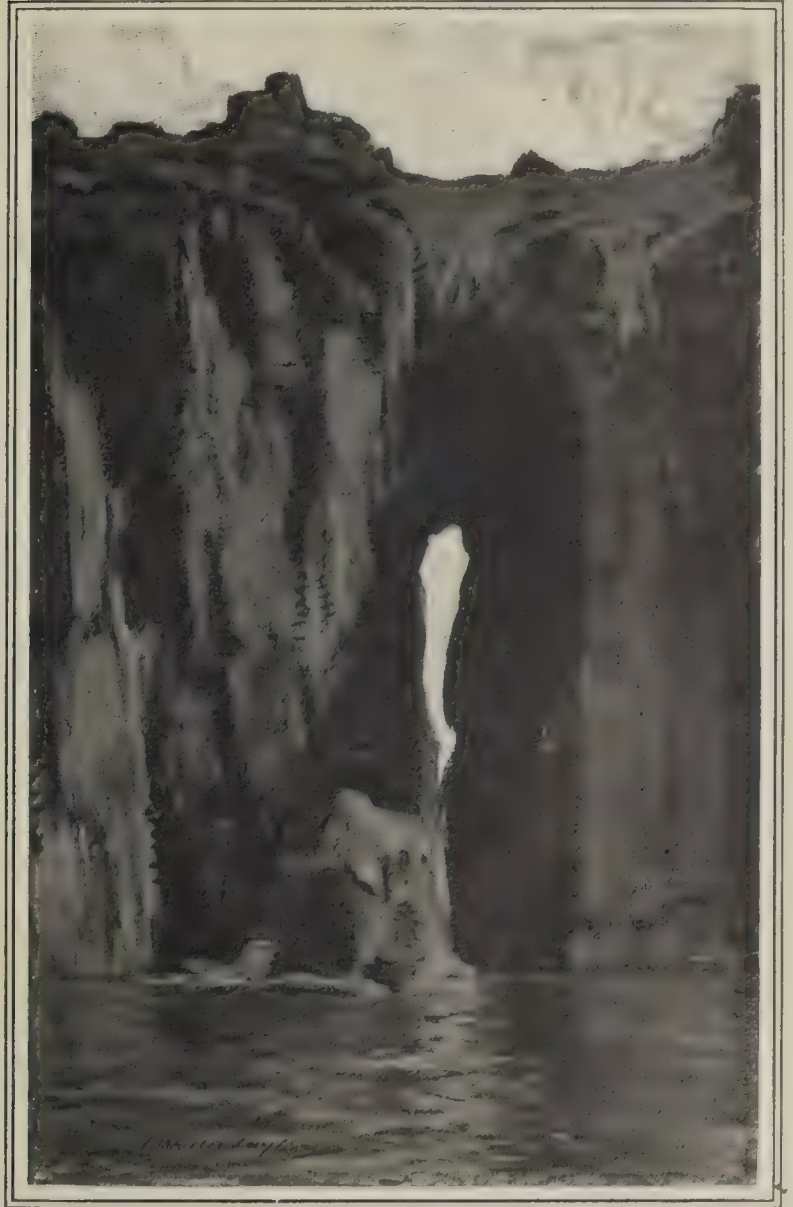


THE CHURCH AT ST. LEVAN

tors do not come in to spoil some of the middle hours of the day, is built on the farthest habitable peak of land, and from my window I looked straight down into the sea, which I could see from horizon to horizon. Nothing was around me but naked land, nothing in front of me but a brief foothold of rocky cliff, and then the whole sea. For the first time in my life I could satiate my eyes with the sea.

In the country, between the grass and the sky, one may taste a measure of happiness, and the sight may be refreshed, rested, healed of many evils. But it is as if one ate good food without drinking. There is a thirst of sight which must wait unsatisfied until the eyes drink the sea.

Is it not because it is always moving, and because one is not moving with it, that the sea means so much more to one than any possible inland scenery? A tree, a meadow, though it grows and changes, grows and changes imperceptibly; I cannot see it in motion: it seems to be always there, irritatingly immobile. But the sea is always moving past me; it is like a friend who comes and goes and is faithful; its motion is all I have to give me some sense of permanency in a world where all things grow old and pass away, except the sea. Byron was right, though he spoke pompously: "Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow." Every part of the earth's body is growing old, and shows



CAVERN THROUGH THE LAND'S END

the signs and scars of age; only the sea is without that symptom of mortality, and remains a witness to the original youth of creation.

And the land too, here, has in it something primeval. On this height, one seems to stand among fragments of the making of the world; and, at so few hundred yards from the hotel, the tea-house, the picture post-cards, the breaks, and the motors, to be cut off from all these things by an impregnable barrier; alone, at the edge of the world, with the immovable rocks, and with the sea which is always moving and never removed.

A Quest on Bayou Chicot

BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

A TINY trunk of ancient mien, packed with crumbling parchments, was my introduction to the extinct and all but forgotten family which was founded in America by Hyacinthe Beurnais, great-uncle of the first husband of that girl of Martinique whose charm and ambition eventually set her on the throne of France. The papers had a pathetic and romantic interest for me—an interest, indeed, which waxed so strong, as I continued to decipher and classify, that I was finally persuaded to try my hand on a “foot-note to history.” Of this foot-note, though, you have perhaps never heard.

In the beginning, the monograph entailed some drudgery; but as I warmed to my work I began to feel the thrill of the creator. The long-dead exiles to the reptilian wilderness of our Gulf coast seemed to shake off their grave-clothes, to take on again the hue of life, and to resume their manifold activities as lords and ladies of a new-world manor. Yet it was not until I stepped from the train at the little station of Nollychuckee, in Louisiana, and pressed my feet to earth which Hyacinthe Beurnais had acquired through a royal grant of the king of France, that this doughty cavalier and his sloe-eyed progeny, to the fourth generation, became real personages of the past.

Not that there was anything inspiring about Nollychuckee. It was merely a gash in a well-nigh trackless forest of live-oaks, gums, magnolias, and cypresses, with an unpleasantly suggestive number of buzzards wheeling in the hot blue overhead. Through the trees' mournful festoons of Spanish moss, stagnant water gleamed in every direction; and it was only after some scrutiny of the tangle of vegetation that I discovered the half-dozen scattered houses which comprise Nollychuckee. But one of these, so the bilious-looking station-agent informed

me, as he gnawed at a hunk of tobacco with his yellow teeth, was the home of Father René Berard.

It was this name which suddenly thronged the place with the ghosts of the past. For René Berard was a familiar name in my documents, and he had stood at the cradle, the bridal altar, and the grave of many a Beurnais. Yet, I reflected more soberly, if this Berard were *my* Berard, he could be not less than eighty-seven years old; and eighty-seven, it occurred to me, must be an age rarely attained in this sickly climate.

Nevertheless, as I walked up the flower-bordered, ground-shell walk to a cottage fairly sinking beneath a mound of vines and climbing roses, and glimpsed a wizened little man in a skull-cap, sitting in a secluded corner of his bower, my heart leaped. And when he came forward and extended his hand with that profound simplicity and serenity which few but those whose eyes are already turned from the things of this world ever acquire, I knew that he was *the* René Berard.

“The Beurnais!” he exclaimed, as if my word had waked him from a long trance. “Dead, *sieur*—all dead! The last one—Honoré—died July 5, 1857. I bury heem myself. I mean, *sieur*, with these, my own hands,” holding up the small, mummified members. “There was no other to do it. The servants had fly, and on the four day before hees death, hees four daughters had die. Hees wife, two week before. Hees mother, two day before that. Yellow fever, *sieur*. Ah, my heart broke that day! Yet I steel live; I steel cumber the earth which is my Father's footstool.”

After his emotion had subsided, I explained my errand and spoke of my desire to see the Beurnais house.

“That can be easily arrange,” he answered, in his quaint patois. “I will gif you a letter to Gad Dirks. I myself could

not go, to be sure." He smiled apologetically. "I am too ole. The short way ees soon long to me, now. Again, I haf not seen the house, believe me, *sieur*, since the day Honoré die, on w'ich same day I bury heem. To haf seen it would be only pain. To me it ees a spot accurst. But 'tis a long time since that day. All ees desolate there now. Oh, my son, how transitory thing, how fleeting thing, ees wealth and power—yea, even human love and beauty!"

His ash-gray eyes filled and his ancient lips quivered. I turned my gaze from him to the solitary landscape. A low-flying crane, flapping laboriously, silhouetted itself against the western sky, which was still purple and orange from the vanished sun. The guttural call of a marsh hen drifted to my ears from across the morass. The frogs tuned their wet pipes—at first an individual voice here and there, as if giving the key, but rapidly swelling into a multiplex, resounding, all-pervading chorus. From an adjoining thicket came the weird repetitions of a whippoorwill.

It was essentially such a scene as Narvaez or de Soto, with his grim band of arquebusiers, might have paused to look upon three hundred years before, while he dreamed, through the priest's vespertine chant, of golden empires in that mysterious land beyond the Father of Waters. Yet, after all, he could have seen no hawk-moths hovering over a petunia bed; nor have heard a softly padding, generous-bosomed African mammy appear at a cottage door, shoo away the mosquitoes with her apron, and announce

in the mellifluous tones of her race: "Ole marse, de pullet smokin' on de table. Will de gemplum have a twitch o' mint in his bitters or teck 'em jess so?" And though many a thrilling tale was doubtless spun



"DEAD, SIEUR,—ALL DEAD!"

about the camp-fire of those hardy Spaniards, none could have surpassed in tragic and romantic interest René Berard's story, that night after supper, of the family of Beurnais.

I was on the way to Gad Dirks' by eight o'clock the next morning. Gad was the descendant of a line of overseers on the Beurnais plantation who, fattening on the crumbs from their rich master's

table, had been people of some importance in the countryside for three generations back. But Gad—a child at the time of the event—had suffered in both prestige and prosperity through the extinction of his family's patron. This much the little priest had hinted, but so delicately that I was entirely unprepared for the deterioration which I found.

After crossing a bayou on an oak-slab bridge whose perforations would have swallowed a calf, and floundering for five miles over a boggy runway in the jungle which Father Berard had innocently described as the "highway," I neared a warped, weather-beaten house of decidedly uninviting appearance. No trees shaded it, though tens of thousands grew within a rifle-shot, and it fairly crackled under the fierce Louisiana sun. As a protection against overflows, which here seemed to have a periodicity almost as constant as that of the moon, it was perched on piling at a height of four or five feet from the ground. A palisade of oak puncheons, strong enough to turn a herd of elephants, but softened by a mantle of wild scuppernong grape-vines, enclosed an acre or so of ground about the house. Inside this enclosure was as feeble an attempt at agriculture as one would be likely to see outside an Indian reservation—a few crooked rows of corn, a sickly patch of potatoes, a scattering of pumpkins, squashes, and cabbages, and a bed of tobacco.

Chained to one of the corner posts was a sour-visaged coon, who kept his beady eyes fixed upon a brace of sleeping hounds. Just above, on the front "gallery," in a rocking-chair patched with wire and lath, sat the gentleman I was looking for—a big muscular fellow of fifty or more, with thick, unkempt black hair falling to his shoulders. Without rising, he cordially hailed me in and waved me to another crippled chair.

"You will excuse me retainin' this rocker, Majeh," he observed, affably, with a copious ejaculation of tobacco juice over the rail. "Truth is, Majeh, it's the only cheer in the house that eases my rheumatiz. Our climate's a trifle damp—hellish damp, I might say—and theh's some rheumatiz hyarabouts. Thar's some fever and ager, too. But *that's* all damn nonsense. A thimbleful of lickier now and

then 'll knock the ager galley west. By the way, Majeh, would you like a drap now, arfter your walk?"

I thought it best to assent, whereupon my host arose with considerable alacrity for a rheumatic and drew forth a jug and tin cup from behind the front door. Water, evidently, was not considered necessary.

I poured a fair drink.

"Pshaw, Majeh!" exclaimed Dirks. "What's the use of tantalizin' your irrigation canal thataway? What you got there won't wet your molars." When it came his turn, he poured the cup something over half full and tossed it off with practised celerity.

"We'll just leave the toddy sit hyar handy, ease either of us should git thusty agin, or somebody else should drap in," he observed, capping the jug with the cup. "But as a rule I seldom take more'n one or two, possibly three, never over four, drinks befo' dinner—unless dinner is very late indeed."

At this point two strapping young women, barefooted and loose-gowned, yet rather comely, and with their sire's wealth of black hair, came out of the house—attracted by our voices, evidently. They eyed me boldly, not to say coquettishly, and then squatted on the steps, like children. Their father ignored them exactly as if they had been children.

"If it wa'n't fur one er two things, this would be the finest kentry on the globe," he rambled on. "We git a leetle too much water, some seasons, and there air, no doubt, an overplus of skeeters. Yit, arfter all, I couldn't be contented in a dry kentry; I'd swivel up like a chunk of fat in the fire. I don't know but as I'd miss the skeeters, too. I reckon they suve a puppose, though I'm damned if I kin say yit what it is. Then some people complain of the hawks and cattle that run wild in the woods around hyar. But, goddlemighty, I call 'em a blessin'. 'Course, you've got to fence agin' 'em if you farm any, as you'll notice I do. But when you want pork or beef, all you got to do is take down your rifle and go git some. Same way with deer. Deer are dang near as thick around hyar as skeeters. If I git up airy enough, I kin sit right hyar on this gal'ry and plug one any time."



THE YOUNG WOMEN SQUATTED ON THE STEPS LIKE CHILDREN

One of the girls tittered at this. "Pap, your booze air shore goin' to your haid. You ain't shot a deer in three months."

Gad ignored the thrust and continued, placidly: "I kinder feared the railroad comin' thoo hyar would hurt the kentry. Thought it might bring in settlers and sich, and spile our huntin'. But it ain't, curus enough. It don't even seem to skeer the deer. They'll let a loc'motive git closter to 'em than a man."

At this juncture appeared two more big girls—black-haired, plump, uncorseted, with necks like a Venus's, and quite as free from shyness as their sisters. One of them, I suspected, had a quid of tobacco in her cheek, for she occasionally turned her head and spat furtively. Children of nature they were; yet I could not blink the fact that they were grown children, with a normal equipment, to say the least, of the attributes of their sex, and a voracious interest in a strange man.

Hence I could not ignore their presence with their father's ease, and in order to relieve the situation somewhat I observed:

"You have quite a family of girls, Mr. Dirks."

"Too many," he returned, tranquilly. "I wish I could marry some of 'em off. There's another one yit, but she stays in the kitchen and helps her mammy. *She's* a worker; and nachally, sich is the pure cussedness of things, she'll be the fust to go, though she's the baby. In fact, she's already got her feller picked out. Nice young feller, too. Name's Joe Emmons. Curus cuss, too, in a way. Don't smoke, drink, or chaw. True blue, though. I only wish I could find four more like him for these hyar gyurls. But somehow the boys seem to duck out of this hyar kentry about as soon as they git into pants."

"I reckon we'll do about as well as

maw did," retorted one of the daughters, with lazy sarcasm.

When dinner was announced, my host suggested that another "thimbleful" would not go amiss. I declined with thanks, but he poured himself another half-cupful of the baneful stuff. Meanwhile, the girls sprang up with alacrity, jostled one another down the hall hilariously, with many a cuff and push, and one or two jovial oaths.

The kitchen was hot and full of flies, but cleaner than I had expected to find it. Mrs. Dirks, a frail, stooped, tired-looking woman, did not speak to me, as I remember, or give me a chance to speak to her. Nor did Dirks introduce me. He simply drew up to the table an old horse-hair chair—once somebody's parlor pride, but now a wreck—and motioned me to another one. While I cautiously lowered myself to its level and braced its legs with my own, the rest of the family found seats on whatever came handiest—soap-boxes, kegs, and even blocks of wood.

"We got somethin' fur dinner to-day, Majeh, that I reckon will be a luxury to you," observed Mr. Dirks, with a touch of pride. "It's nothin' less'n young 'gator tail, and if you never et none before, you kin prepare to founder. Joe Emmons sent it over this mawnin'. Lucky thing, too, for we was plumb out of meat."

"I reckon we never yit sent a guest away hungry, Mr. Dirks," interposed his wife, sharply, as she pushed the thin, oily strands of hair from her beaded forehead.

"And never will, as long as pap kin sit on the gal'ry and shoot a deer, airly of a mawnin'," slyly added a daughter—a shot which was greeted with a burst of laughter. But Dirks was evidently a veteran to this kind of fire, and he continued, placidly, to me:

"Joe Emmons is the young man, if you'll remember, that I was speakin' of on the gal'ry. He'll be right pleased to know we had a guest to share this tail with."

A disposition on the part of the girls to harry their youngest sister on the subject of Joe Emmons brought her to my notice for the first time. She was dark, like the others, but her eye was softer, deeper, and more receptive than theirs, and did not turn one's glance like polished agate. Something else, too, set her

apart from her sisters. She met their half-malicious sallies with a dignified silence. Her glance did not waver, her face did not flush. Yet every lineament showed that she was made of finer, more sensitive stuff than her tormentors.

In a general way it is doubtless true, as Ruskin says, that it takes three hundred years to make a lady—three hundred years of working and reworking the clay of which we are fashioned. Yet it would also seem that on rare occasions Nature snatches up a handful of raw hillside stuff, blows her magic breath upon it, and, lo! there leaps into being a woman who could sit among the goddesses on Olympus and be unashamed. Such a woman, in spite of her mean parentage and squalid environment, I instinctively felt Eugénie Dirks to be. I believed then, as now, that she would have maintained her natural dignity in the glitter of a court, where her sisters would either have grovelled abjectly or put on the brazen mask of a harlot.

Hence, after dinner—at which, by the way, I did not founder on the alligator tail—I was not surprised to find that Eugénie wore shoes and stockings, and that she took no part in the raillery with which the other girls assailed one another, as well as their parents, on every occasion. Moreover, it was in her room, which I occupied that night, that I found the only pictures in the house. Poor and tawdry as they were, they took on a certain beauty in my eyes, while the few gewgaws on the packing-case, which had been converted into a dresser for her, struck a tender chord in my breast. They seemed to whisper of a soul struggling to escape from its shell into a larger, fuller, more beautiful life.

After dinner, when I reverted to the object of my visit, Dirks launched upon an ocean of anecdotes concerning the Beaurnais family. When, however, I asked him if he could conduct me to the old homestead, the wind shifted to another quarter.

"Why, I could, Majeh, of course. I ain't seen the place, though, I reckon, fur ten years. Truth is, 'tain't a pleasant neighborhood. When the ditches and drains all got plugged up, the water riz consid'able all around thar, so 'tain't easy to git at the house. And the skeeters—

well, to say that they air simply hell is a libel on 'em. I've seen skeeters over to'ds Burnay's [as he pronounced the name] with bills an inch long. God's truth, Majeh. Then, agin—though there ain't a drap of sup'stitious blood in me—queer things have took place at Burnay's. Women have been heerd to screech at night, and white hosses seen gallop-in' around. I don't say they was spurrits. As I said, I ain't got a drap of sup'stitious blood in my veins. I jist say it's damn curus. But, say, Majeh; if you really want to go to Burnay's, why don't you ask Genie there to take you? She knows the woods like a fox."

I turned toward the girl. From the first I had had a curiosity to sound her mind. This was impossible, of course, at the table, in the presence of her bullyragging sisters; and after they had tramped off with fish-poles over their shoulders, I found, to my disappointment, that Eugénie avoided me. I had made certain that she would eagerly welcome conversation with a representative of the great outside world; but she did not voluntarily enter my presence until Dirks and I again took up the Beurnais family. Then she slipped noiselessly on to the extreme end of the gallery, through a gap in the railing. Evidently her interest in our conversation was considerable.

"What do you say, Eugénie?" I asked.

She did not answer at once, or even look at me, though I could see the quickened lifting of her breast.

"I can't go before to-morrow mawn-in'," she finally answered.

"I should like very much to go this afternoon," I ventured, for the prospect of a night at Gad's was not alluring.

"I can't do it," she repeated, firmly.

"Has the cat got your tongue to-day?" demanded Dirks, roughly. "Why can't you go to-day?"

"Fur a good reason, and I'll say no more."

Her resolution was unmistakable, and I cheerfully announced my willingness to await her pleasure. This sugar caught no flies, however, and I failed to draw her into conversation. She stuck to her post, though, listening intently, and even resumed it after supper, and held it until a youth in a hickory hat and blue flannel

shirt strolled out of the jungle, about dusk, and paused at the puncheon gate. Then she slipped off the porch and passed gracefully down the path.

"That's Joe Emmons, the feller that sent the 'gator tail," explained Dirks, *sotto voce*, with the air of pointing out a Presidential candidate. Then, raising his voice, he called out, hospitably, "Come in, Joe, and set a while."

But the unexpected presence of a stranger had evidently abashed Joe.

"Oh, I be jist loafin' around," he answered, shyly. "Reckon I'd better be moseyin' home soon."

He tarried at the gate, however, for some time; and eventually the pair, with the elusive art of lovers, were seated on a bench around the corner of the house. They did not appear again, but after I had gone to bed up-stairs I could still hear the murmur of their voices. Finally they passed to the front of the house, and next I heard Eugénie's light foot-falls on the porch steps. At the door she called out "Good night." Something about her adieu—an unnatural loudness or a subtle insincerity—attracted my attention, and hearing no further movements of the girl inside the house, I slipped out of bed and tiptoed to the front window. My suspicions were confirmed. Her pronounced "Good night" was a blind. I was just in time to see her and Joe Emmons pass out the front gate.

I lay awake for an hour or two, combating the heat and the mosquitoes, but heard nothing further below. Finally I fell asleep. When I awoke it was with the consciousness of having been disturbed by something. The full moon was flooding my room with light; the distant chant of a mocking-bird floated dreamily to my ears. Then the gate creaked, and once more I stepped to the window. Eugénie Dirks was coming down the path. Her skirts were pinned up to her knees and she wore rubber boots. I glanced at my watch. It was just half past three.

The next morning the girl showed no trace of her nocturnal adventure and loss of sleep. Indeed, she was up before any of her sisters, who had turned in about nine o'clock. Before we started on our expedition she brought out a pair of overalls and some old shoes for me to wear, saying that I would spoil my own. She

also gave me a bottle containing an infusion of pennyroyal, with which to ward off mosquitoes.

For some reason her attitude toward me seemed to have changed overnight. Her reticence was gone. As she walked at my side, with a long, easy stride that I found it difficult to match, she confided that she liked to rise early, while the dew was still on. She loved flowers, she said, and always took home and pressed every new one that she found. She knew the names of all the birds of the neighborhood except the tiny, bright-colored ones that came every spring. When I told her that these were warblers, she admitted that they might be, but was sure that she had never heard them warble; on the contrary, most of them had little squeaky voices.

"But Joe Emmons," she added, with pretty lover's pride, "knows lots more about birds and flowers than I do. He picks moss and ketches 'gators fur a livin'."

After a half hour's tramp through a pitiful tract of dead, fire-blackened trees, we came to Joe's shanty. In front of it was a quantity of Spanish moss, piled in thick wet heaps to "cure," and destined eventually to go into "hair" mattresses. In a mud-hole, strongly fenced, were a dozen or two somnolent alligators, ranging from twelve inches to four or five feet in length. Outside the pen was an extra large fellow, with his jaws bound up as if he had the toothache, and his legs tied over his back. Joe was to carry him to the railroad station that day for shipment, Eugénie informed me.

Joe was not at home, but the girl entered his cabin as freely as if she were already its mistress, and proved her sweetheart's love of nature by exhibiting his collections of butterflies and moths, beetles, birds' eggs, small mounted mammals, and one stuffed rattlesnake. As a climax, she drew back a bit of chintz curtaining and revealed a shelf of worn books.

"Father Berard give him these. He's read every one of 'em through, and some of 'em four or five times. I've read most of 'em myself." She spoke with studied humility, but her dark eyes glowed proudly.

The landscape, as we journeyed on, proved dreary beyond description. Here,

one might say, was Nature at her worst. At nearly every step the water oozed from our footprints. Now we squeezed, in single file, through stifling jungles of prairie cane, the close-set stalks reaching far above our heads and forming an impenetrable wall on either side of the narrow path. Now we threaded marshes of flags and the vicious saw-grass. The numerous ponds which we were forced to skirt had no visible shore, for the rank aquatic grasses and the water insensibly merged into each other. The streams which connected these ponds were of the same character. Their bottoms were, I judged, of fathomless mud; and their viscous-looking contents were motionless except when disturbed by a startled frog, turtle, snake, or alligator.

A pitiless sun beat down upon our heads for the first hour. Then we plunged into a tract of forest so dense that one could feel the damp against his cheek. Leafless vines as thick as a man's arm encircled the boles of the trees like iron bands, or hung from the branches in knotted loops which, in the eerie twilight which ever broods over these depths, resembled clusters of serpents. No flower, no bird, broke the sombre spell, except that once I heard the nasal *yap-yap* of an ivory-billed woodpecker. Eugénie called it by another name, which I forget.

Equally weird was the scene when we glided out upon the waters of Bayou Chicot, in a boat which the girl drew from a concealed slip in the flags. The bleached skeletons of live-oaks flung out their great crooked arms and gnarled elbows above us, as if warning us back. Some of these branches were as bare as bones of the dead, in which case they were likely to form the perch of a buzzard or hawk; others were raggedly draped with the funereal Spanish moss.

A greater part of our way now, however, lay through dusky, umbrageous caverns, on water as black and smooth as a mirror of obsidian. No ray of sunlight pierced the matted vault above. Yet there was life, of a kind. The ghostly Indian-pipe, with its drooping head, glowed dully from its damp haunt. There were also giant mushrooms that might have been the tents of the gnomes with which one's fancy easily peopled this enchanted place. Sometimes, too, a sinuous ripple on the



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

IN THE GLOOM OF ANCIENT OAKS A GREAT HOUSE—DOORLESS, WINDOWLESS

water marked the hurried flight of a water-moccasin.

"It wouldn't be pleasant to strike a snag here and upset," I observed, after a prolonged silence.

"It's happened to me more'n once," answered Eugénie, calmly. "There ain't nothin' in the water to hurt you, specially, outside of cottonmouths. I think it's kind of pretty in hyar."

Her slender but muscular arms, bare to the elbow and brown as a harvest-hand's, bent in two or three more strokes. Then, with poised, dripping oars, she looked at me earnestly and asked, in her rich contralto voice:

"Why air you so anxious to see the Burnay house? It don't seem like anybody would come as fur as you have just to find some old papers."

I laughed. "You are not a historian. Old papers are often very valuable to historians. Besides, after seeing the house, I can write more enthusiastically."

She took another slow stroke or two, with a thoughtful, doubtful expression.

"Don't you expect to find nothin' else there—no money or silverware or anything like that?"

"As often as that house has doubtless been plundered, you don't imagine I'd find any valuables there, do you?"

"No. But if there *was* valuables there, would they be your'n?"

It was now my turn to hesitate. That I might find some old plate about the premises, concealed, maybe, by a faithful slave, after the family's sudden extinction, had indeed occurred to me as a remote possibility. Moreover, the girl's inexplicable absence of the night before had for some reason connected itself in my mind with my mission to the Beurnais home. Had she knowledge, I now asked myself, of any treasure in the house? But to voice this question would, of course, have been futile. So I answered:

"In the absence of heirs, and considering my position as biographer, I should say that I might honestly claim any valuables found there."

"I was thinkin' that, too," said she, slowly. "Especially as you have come from New Yawk clear down hyar. It must cost a lot of money to come so fur."

"Not so very much—about seventy-five dollars in all."

She stared at me in amazement. "Don't you call seventy-five dollars much?" she demanded. "Why"—and a slight flush overspread her olive cheek—"if me and Joe had seventy-five dollars we could git married to-morrow."

"Why can't you anyway?"

A subtle spark flashed from her eye. "Stranger, I'll tell you why. Me and Joe ain't goin' to live like hawgs, after we're married. We had enough of that already. We ain't goin' to stay in this country and have chills and fever all our life. We're goin' where we kin associate with decent people, and see something, and I'arn something. Joe ain't goin' to pick moss and ketch 'gators and parbille his feet in rubber boots forever. I'm waitin' fur him, and when he gits enough saved up we're goin' to be married and go off—a long ways off."

She eyed me steadfastly, as if suspecting ridicule from me. But the sober little figure on the seat, with the heavy oars in her hands—I was not allowed to row—was provocative of tears rather than laughter.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

She hesitated. "Will you promise not to tell pap or the girls?"

"Yes."

"Well, we're goin' up Nawth—'way up Nawth—as fur as Tennessee."

She awaited the effect of this tremendous announcement.

"Good!" I exclaimed. "Has Joe anything in view up there?"

"Yes. He's got an uncle up there some'r's—I forgit the name of the town—and he says Joe can git work there steady at a dollar and a half a day. I know it sounds kind of big, but that's what *he* says. He don't know, though, that Joe's engaged to me and won't go until I kin go with him. Mister," and her voice broke a little with the joy of anticipation, "I reckon that's God's country up there, shore, ain't it?"

"It certainly is," I returned; for any place is God's country compared with the Valley of the Shadow of Death in which she lived. "But why doesn't Joe go up there now and begin to save for a little home?"

"I reckon he'd ruther wait," she answered; and in her drooping lashes I found a sermonette on the Greatness of Love.

We finally landed on the low right bank, only a few inches above the water's edge, and struck out across the black, spongy humus which formed the floor of the forest. I anointed myself anew with the pennyroyal, but Eugénie refused it, saying that the mosquitoes never bothered her. Nothing seemed to bother her much. She slipped through the tangled growth as lightly as a wood-nymph, without a scratch or tear, and fluttered across the wettest places as if she had wings. My case was different. I pitched along over the treacherous footing like an elephant, butted through the viny barricades that seemed to open by magic for the girl, and ploughed ankle-deep through the mire. But at last, when I was beginning to lag, my guide halted.

"Thar's the place," she announced, with outstretched arm.

I paused an instant, with a quickened pulse, for now was to be revealed to the physical eye what the mind's eye had often seen. Then I stepped forward.

Stables, barns, gin-houses, slave quarters, cane-presses—outbuildings of every sort—had all been swept away as cobwebs from trodden grass. There was left of human handiwork only a great brick house—doorless, windowless, well-nigh roofless—with wide, two-storied galleries on three sides, standing in the gloom of ancient oaks and magnolias. Smaller trees, mostly gums and cypresses, which had sprung up since man's restraining hand had been removed, hugged the walls, pierced the rotten verandas, and all but blocked the wide front entrance. Yet the final touch of desolation, the sign of man's irrevocable banishment from the scene, was given by the water—the black, repellent water which submerged the grounds to the very foundation walls of the house.

"We'll have to wade the rest of the way," announced my doughty little guide; and gathering up her skirts about her slender limbs, she stepped into the water. It proved only knee-deep, however.

As I stood on the ancient veranda—or gallery, as it is called in the South—and leaned against a column that had been turned in France, it seemed as if I must have only dreamed that the sombre, silent, semi-aquatic forest before me had once been a smooth sward, the scene of many a gay fête or hushed moonlight

tryst; that the piquant, voluble, black-eyed Beaurmais girls had here once practised archery, or shot still subtler arrows at targets which thrilled and quivered under the stroke; that titled Frenchmen, in the splendid livery of a century and a half ago, had sat beneath these oaks whose butts were now submerged in slime; that these dusky, umbrageous aisles, which now echoed only the raucous cry of water-fowl, the scream of a panther, or the bellow of an alligator, had once answered to the note of mandolin and guitar. It seemed like a dream that this dank, watery waste had once been the heart of a princely estate of twenty-five square miles, with a population of two thousand slaves, who supported seven negro churches; that from this spot one could once hear, all the summer day long, the cheerful thump of the loom, the stroke of the cooper's mallet, the song of the black field-hand, and could look out over vast stretches of rustling sugar-cane and whitening cotton.

Of the magnificent garden which had cost Pierre Beaurmais one hundred thousand francs, only two tall stone gateposts were left. But of still more melancholy interest to me was the adjoining God's-acre, the family graveyard. Superstition had preserved it from the ravages of man, and it was still enclosed by a half-prostrate iron fence. But nature, alas! had not been so timid, and had covered the spot with a foot or two of water. Most of the stones had surrendered to this insidious foe and quietly sunk from sight; some, more tenacious, still held their heads above the water at a narrow angle, as if making a final obeisance to light and air, while not more than half a dozen retained anything like an upright position. All were as black as ebony. The bodies beneath them had turned, not to dust, but to ghastly ooze!

"I should love to decipher some of those inscriptions," I murmured to the silent girl at my side.

"You could wade out easy," she answered, softly, but in a matter-of-fact tone. "The water ain't much more'n a foot deep."

"But the bottom must be very soft," I demurred. "One would be likely to—to sink into a grave, I should think, and maybe strike a—well, a bone."

She surveyed me curiously—but not contemptuously, I think. “I reckon a bone wouldn’t hurt you none. I’ll go fur you, if you say so.”

But I shook my head. After all, what had we living to do with those dead?

A thorough search of the house, from which even the mantelpieces and stationary sideboards and bookcases had long since been torn out by vandal hands, resulted only in the discovery of a packet of mouldy, illegible papers in the attic, far back under a fragment of roof. If Eugénie knew of anything else, which seemed unlikely from the thoroughness with which the house had been plundered, she covered her knowledge with a subtlety which entirely disarmed my suspicions.

It was late in the afternoon when we got back to the Dirks home; but in spite of fatigue and Gad’s urgent invitation to tarry for a turtle supper, I walked back to Nol-

lychuckee and slept that night in the low-ceiled but spotless guest-chamber of Father Berard.

The next forenoon, as I stood waiting for the train, I saw Eugénie Dirks rapidly approaching, with a small package under one arm. Her face was flushed from either haste or excitement, so I stepped out of the little circle of natives which had formed about me and advanced to meet the girl.

“Mister,” she began, abruptly, in a tremulous voice, “here’s a cup of some kind. I reckon it’s silver. Me and Joe found it one day, about six months ago, behind the plaster in the old Burnay house. Joe was goin’ to sell it in New Awlins, so we could git married right

away and go Nawth. But he was kind of uneasy about takin’ it, and said we’d better wait a little longer to see if some heirs didn’t turn up. So we left it where we found it, because that was the safest place, now that people think the house is ha’nted. But when you come we was afraid you might find the cup, so we took it out night before last and hid it in Joe’s shanty until we could l’arn whether you was an heir or not. Last night, when I told Joe all you had said, he said you was as good as an heir, and that we couldn’t keep the cup ’thout bein’ thieves. I thought so, too. So hyar it is.”

I loosened the old newspaper only enough to peep at the object within,



“WOULD THAT BE TAKIN’ CHARITY?” SHE ASKED

for the knot of people at the station were by this time all staring our way. I saw a heavy silver loving-cup, black from time and neglect, but beautifully chased and engraved, and bearing the Beurnais coat of arms.

"My dear child," said I, slowly, for the cup was a sore temptation to a lover of antiques, "whatever I may have said yesterday, I do not feel that I am entitled to this any more than you. And I am sure that you need it more than I."

"'Tain't a question of who needs it most," she answered, severely. "It's a question of who it belongs to. If the Burnays could speak, I reckon they'd want you to have it, since you got all their papers."

"No. If they could speak, it would be for Love, not History. Take it!"

But she put her hands behind her, obstinately, and backed off a step or two. Just then the whistle of the train sounded.

"Look here, Eugénie," said I, hurried-

ly; "I'll find out what this cup is worth and send you the price. Then you'll have the money and I'll have the cup—just what each of us wants. That's perfectly fair. Will you do it?"

Under this new light, the determined lines of her face relaxed. "Would that be takin' charity?" she asked, slowly.

"Certainly not. You and Joe found the cup, or I should never have had it."

She struggled visibly to suppress any undue manifestation of joy. But when she asked, "Mister, do you suppose that cup could be wuth as much as fifty dollars?" her eyes glistened.

"I think, Eugénie, that it will prove to be worth twice that amount."

Her throat worked. She clasped her hands to still their trembling, and when she lifted her dark lashes they were wet with tears.

"Mister, Joc'll be so happy!" she choked out, huskily.

My last glimpse of her, from the car window, showed her still standing on the same spot.

Her Pilot

BY JOHN B. TABB

DEATH seemed afraid to wake her;
For, traversing the deep,
When home he came to take her,
He kept her fast asleep.

And haply in her dreaming
Of many a risk to run,
She woke, with rapture beaming,
To find the voyage done.

The Beginning of Things

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Professor of Industrial Chemistry at the University of Kansas

THERE is a picture, I think, that stands out prominently to all of us in the memories of our school-day knowledge; it is one of the first pages of the geography containing, with diagrams, a statement of the Nebular Hypothesis of Laplace. My own page, as I remember it, was much marked with little-boy thumbs and somewhat torn with use; it satisfied my childish demands for a consistent explanation of the beginning of things.

How the sun and the world and the planets and all their moons, millions of years ago, formed a vast sphere of fiery vapor extending out beyond the farthest planet, Neptune itself; how this vast fiery gas slowly cooled and contracted, and in contracting parted with rings like the rings of Saturn—one ring after another, one for every planet; how among these rings there was the earth-moon ring; how like the others it broke and collected into a sphere; how this sphere formed a secondary ring, which, in its turn, broke and formed the moon; how the earth sphere, so formed, cooled from a fiery gas into a globular liquid which ultimately became covered with a crust, upon which, when it became cool enough, the oceans collected; how in the oceans, by a miracle, God made living things, tiny living things, which evolved, after so many millions of years that it tired and frightened me to think of it, into grotesque forms that crept out upon the land, and after the longest time changed little by little into the little boy that was fingering the geographical page; it was all so satisfying, so explaining, that I forgot that it was called an hypothesis—a scientific guess—and accepted it for “really truly” true.

Now, what the little boy did, many very much “grown-ups” have also done. They have forgotten, virtually, that it was at best “a guess,” and have founded upon it, and upon it alone, many important doctrines concerning the interior of the

earth and its history. This is unfortunate, for the theory, impressive and satisfying as it has appeared, has always been open to certain grave objections, and these have become dangerously reinforced by others as science has brought new knowledge and new tools to bear upon the problem.

If, in accordance with the terms of the theory, the matter of the sun and the planets completely filled out, in the form of a fiery gaseous spheroid, the space within the orbit of Neptune, it turns out that the density of this gaseous matter could only have been about 1-240,000,000th of that of the air at the earth's surface. Does it not seem probable, then, that in matter so attenuated, and under the intense temperature postulated, the contracting matter at its equator would separate out, not in the form of a ring, but as individual particles under velocities possibly so great that they would fly away, never to return? Does it not seem probable, too, that the outside matter of the sphere, in contact, as it would be, with the cold of outer space, would separate out in the form of solid particles long before these particles could collect into a sphere? Are we quite sure that the separated ring of gas demanded by the theory would, on breaking, promptly collect itself into a sphere? Such a happening is by no means so simple as has been assumed. A recent objection to the hypothesis, and one of heavy import, assures us that the rate of rotation of this supposed spheroid would have been wholly incapable of detaching these rings. It tells us, too, that the quantities of motion possessed by the different planets ought to have recognizedly legal relations with one another, while nobody has ever found such relations. It is a fact that Phobos, the inner moon of Mars, revolves three times as fast as Mars itself; yet it is incredible on the basis of the theory that a satellite should revolve faster than its associated planet. Nor, in this peculiar-



A SPIRAL NEBULA IN URSA MAJOR

Showing a large dominant central mass, with symmetrical arms, well coiled, possibly somewhat advanced in evolution

ity, is Phobos unique, for the inner edge of the inner ring of Saturn revolves in half the time of the rotation of Saturn. Worst of all for the theory, the newly discovered ninth satellite of Saturn revolves in a direction *opposite* to that of Saturn and its inner satellites. Finally, if this ring formation is what happens to a nebula, some at least of the nebulae of the heavens ought to show these rings; they do not.

Therefore it has come about that the cherished "Nebular Hypothesis of Laplace" is no longer tenable; it is "an idol of the tribe"; it should be discarded. But discarded for what? Different attempts have been made to bolster up the hypothesis with modifying variants, but with conspicuous unsuccess. Professor Lockyer, Professor G. H. Darwin, and others have endeavored to substitute for it a "meteoritic" hypothesis, but its terms are unacceptable and its working altogether too full of contingencies. We must turn for our new hypothesis to Professor T. C. Chamberlin, of the University of Chicago, who with certain of his colleagues, and particularly with Dr. F. R. Moulton, to whom a very large share, indeed, of the credit is due, has evolved a theory of the beginning of things that

seems to stand four-square to all the winds that blow. It also is a "Nebular Hypothesis," but in its demands and in its consequences it is so unlike that of Laplace that it has been called by a wholly new name—the Planetesimal Hypothesis.

The nebulae of the heavens may be divided, in accordance with their spectra, into two great classes, the one possessed of bright-line spectra and the other of a spectrum that is continuous. These bright-line spectra mean, supposedly, that the nebulae showing them consist of incandescent gases, and those gases are, apparently, hydrogen, helium, and a hypothetical element, unknown upon earth, and provisionally called nebulium. The metals and other substances with which we are familiar on earth are absent from such nebulae, their forms do not seem to possess any significance, and they seem to promise nothing so far as the direct genesis of the earth is concerned.

But with the other class of nebulae it is wholly different. The fact that they yield a continuous spectrum infers that the matter of which they are composed lies there at a relatively low temperature and in a liquid or solid condition—probably solid. The fact that such nebulae are enormously spread out, that they ap-

parently intercept but little light, and that they seem to have but little attractive power leads to the inference that this solid matter exists in a finely divided condition. Their forms are profoundly significant. Out of the 120,000 nebulae which already are known to exist in the visible sky, there is one form among them that dominates every other—and that form is the spiral. To such an extent is this true that it is apparent that this spiral form “represents some prevalent process in celestial dynamics,” and this process is, in accordance with Chamberlin’s conception, with each one of them, the creation of a solar system, sun, planets, and attendant moons—that each one of these nebulae is a solar system *in statu nascendi*.

In order to grasp the argument which makes this conclusion reasonable, it will be well for the reader to examine attentively the beautiful photographs of these wisps of light as they actually appear in the heavens.

Notice how obvious is the spiral form; notice that this form is due in the main to two dominant arms that develop from the nucleus on opposite sides, and that then curve concentrically away; notice that on these arms, or near them, are knots or sub-nuclei; and notice, finally, that the whole system seems to be enveloped in a web of nebulous finely divided material. The contention of the hypothesis is that the central nucleus represents the sun of a future solar system, that the knots upon the arms of the spirals represent the nuclei of young and ungrown planets, and that the nebulous material enveloping the mass represents scattered and finely divided matter from which these young planets are growing by accretion; the theory assumes that our own solar system was once a nebula of this prevailing type.

In order to develop the theory persuasively it is as well to begin by saying “Let us suppose.” Let us suppose that our little system was once a star which we shall call our ancestral sun. Of the previous history of this star present-day knowledge offers no reasonable indication. It certainly had a previous history, possibly of former families of planets; of this we know nothing; it is just a star. Let us suppose next that into the neigh-

borhood of this star, and not the very near neighborhood, there came another star. This is by no means an unlikely contingency. There are probably at least 100,000,000 stars in our galaxy, to say nothing of the vast indeterminate number of those that are extinct and dark and now invisible. These stars move in all directions, with very varied velocities, and the contingency of an occasional close approach of one star to another is altogether likely to be realized in fact. With this approach certain events would apparently of necessity happen. Our sun, as it is to-day, is possessed of a prodigious store of explosive elasticity. This is seen in the enormous tongues of fiery matter, visible by special means, which day after day the sun shoots out into space for thousands of miles and with velocities as high as 300 miles a second. This explosive elasticity is restrained only by the equally enormous power of the sun’s gravity. But with the approach of another star the gravity which restrains this enormous elasticity would be reduced along the line of attraction between the two bodies, the pressure crosswise to this line of relief would be increased, and, granting, as we say, only a very moderate approach of the invading star, it seems a certain deduction from celestial mechanics that out from our ancestral sun, and from opposite sides of it, there would fly two great protuberant arms of matter, which, owing to the attraction of the passing star, would be twisted into spirals. We can easily see, as our ancestral sun with its visiting sun swung about one another in their transient approach, that secondary arms might be formed, that the outburst would be profoundly irregular and pulsatory with the formation of condensations in the arms, and that there would be a scattering of a large amount of ejected matter in the form of a nebulous envelope. We can see that, owing to the inequalities of the projecting force, those lumps in the arms would be rotatory in motion, vortices of matter, and attended presumably by subordinate vortices, and, finally, we can see that this far-sent solar matter in the utter cold of outer space would sooner or later, and probably sooner, be congealed into solid lumps and particles, which would yield to the observer a continuous spec-

trum. This description of the extremely probable result of the invasion of one star into the territory of another pictures equally well the nebulae of the sky as they actually exist in their prevailing habit. The theory assumes that the nebula from which we suppose our sun and planets to have originated arose as the result of a catastrophe to an ancestral sun. This catastrophe, while it seems prodigious, needs, relatively to the sun's mass and energy, to have been only very mild, for the amount of matter contained in our planets and their satellites taken all together does not comprise more than one-seven-hundredth of the mass of the whole system.

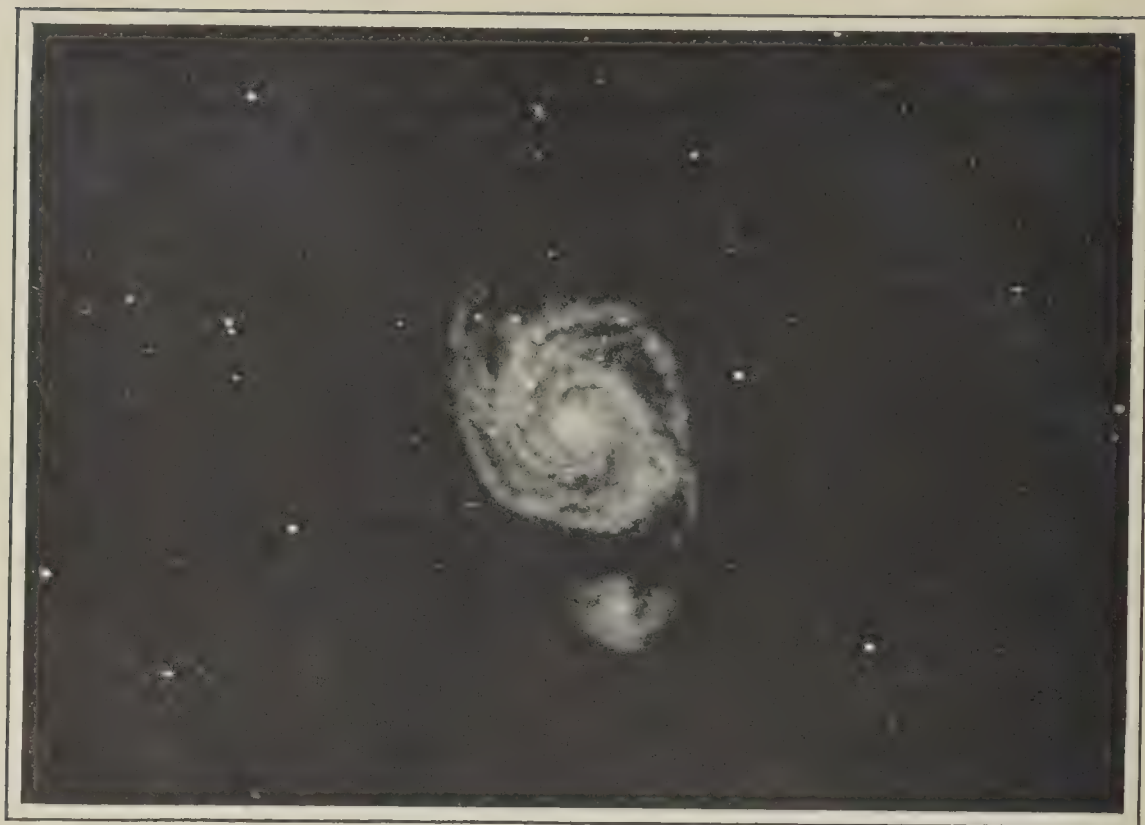
Understanding, then, that our nebula arose through a mere incident in the abyss of time—the approach of a foreign star to our ancestral sun—with the departure of this star our new-formed nebula was left to its own resources, left to reorganize itself from its disrupted fragments. It is in this reorganization that we see appearing the planets of which our earth was one. The large masses projected by the explosion, the knots or nuclei, lay enveloped by prodigious, incalculable numbers of smaller fragments—the planetesimals,—but large lumps and small fragments together must have revolved individually about the exploded sun as a common centre, and revolved, it is important to add, in orbits that were highly elliptical. This we must believe, unless the pull of the foreign star exactly equalled the propulsive force of the sun, which it would be absurd to imagine. This is borne out by the pictures of the nebulae of this type; they are elliptical in form.

From such a condition of things certain results would seem of necessity to flow through the application of the principles of celestial mechanics. First, in accordance with the relative attractions of the moving masses, the orbits would shift and would interfere. Next, because of these interferences, collisions would follow and the larger lumps would grow by accretion at the expense of the smaller ones. But with every increase in growth the capacity for growth would be augmented, and so it results that through the lapse of time, and the reader may have for this process as much time as

he chooses to demand, it may be predicted that the larger lumps would capture by collision the infinite swarm of smaller fragments, and, immensely grown through this accretion, would remain alone to revolve about the central mass—the planetary nuclei would become planets.

Notice that unlike the Laplacian hypothesis, our theory provides that the planets were all formed at the same time, that they are all of the same age; notice that, owing to the catastrophic character of their production, they may be of any irregularity of relative size, as they are; that, owing to the fact that the lighter matter of the sun's surface would be projected first and farthest, we should expect the outermost planets to have a specific gravity less than the innermost, which is in absolute accordance with the facts; that while these masses projected from the ancestral sun would probably share the direction of its rotation, this direction might readily be altered by several factors, and that, therefore, what is in accordance with the Laplacian hypothesis the wholly anomalous rotation of some of the satellites would herein find a reasonable explanation; notice that since the nuclei of the satellites were formed independently of the planets, their rates of rotation need have no legal relations with the rates of their associated planets, that, to place it concretely, it makes no difference to the validity of the theory whether or not Phobos goes faster than Mars; and most importantly of all, notice that the momentum of the outer parts of the nebula produced must be very high compared with the inner mass, and that in this respect the theory meets at once the facts of our solar system and the gravest objection that has been advanced to the hypothesis of Laplace. It seems to follow as well, from the application of these same laws of mechanics, that the orbits of these new-formed planets would gradually change from the elliptical condition to one that approached circularity, and that the planets would finally space themselves out into positions such as they occupy to-day.

Let us then imagine the beginning of our world not as an expanded molten mass that continuously cooled and contracted to the present day, but, on the contrary, as a small lump of cold and



A BRILLIANT NEBULA IN CANES VENATICI

A noticeable feature is the cometlike streamers of some of the denser portions. They seem to imply an active rotation. The secondary nucleus at the extremity of the lower arm may possibly be interpreted as the disturbing star

solid fragments that, moving about in accordance with its attractions, continuously fed upon its surrounding assemblage of smaller fry, and thus grew to its present size. About the young earth so engaged it is possible to read, on the basis of the hypothesis, something of its early history.

It could, we are persuaded, at the beginning of its career have had no atmosphere. The gravity of so small a body, let us say one-twentieth of its present mass, could not possibly have been of a magnitude adequate to hold the gaseous molecules of the enveloping cloud, or even, in fact, the dust and smaller fragments. But as the mass of the tiny earth grew by the accession of larger pieces, its attractive power would also grow, and finally there must have come a time when it could catch and hold the gaseous molecules through which it passed. The kinds of gases and the order in which they would be caught are important for what we have still to consider. The theory states, and on mathematical and physical grounds of what may be taken for perfect certainty, that the grow-

ing earth would obtain its gases in the following order: carbon dioxide, oxygen, nitrogen, and water-vapor. Considering, then, the free gases caught by the growing earth, there must have been surrounding it and blanketing it an atmosphere at first essentially one of carbon dioxide diluted with the gradual accumulation of nitrogen, oxygen, and, finally, with water-vapor.

But the gases caught by the growing earth were not the only gases it possessed. While it was atmosphereless, it nevertheless had gases hidden safely away in the very substance of the meteoritic fragments that comprised it—gases that were *occluded*, as the chemical phrase goes. We know that the igneous rocks of the world to-day contain on the average several times their volume of occluded gas, and we know, too, that meteorites falling out of the almost perfect vacuum of space also contain these occluded gases. The occluded gases we may ascribe to the young earth on the basis of meteoritic analyses and of analyses of the earth's rocks are hydrogen, carbon dioxide, carbon monoxide, marsh gas, and nitrogen.

These gases would remain hidden therein until forced out by heat.

This heat, it is deemed, was furnished to some extent by the pelting action of the colliding fragments, but most of all by the immense compressive forces of the earth's own gravity developing as it grew ever larger and larger, and culminating finally in an era of vulcanism. Under the expelling forces of that heat these occluded gases were driven from the rocks to add themselves to the primal atmosphere. This atmosphere, then, both from external and internal sources, was in very large measure carbon dioxide diluted little by little with oxygen, nitrogen, and, finally, with water-vapor. This water-vapor, when the earth was large enough to hold it, doubtless condensed on the barren surface in puddles, puddles which grew ever greater in volume and heavier in weight, until they had made for themselves the depressions in the plastic earth that now form the bed of ocean, and had washed out the soluble compounds of the earth's crust.

Concerning this era of vulcanism that drove the occluded gases of the rocks into the atmosphere, we are not to imagine, as with the Laplacian hypothesis, that it ever made of the earth an intensely heated body. We believe, rather, that of the cold rock fragments that comprised the original nucleus, certain mineral constituents melted while others did not; that these melted constituents forced themselves up, in the form of veins and tongues of molten matter, through the superincumbent rock, until some of it, arriving at the surface, overran it in the form of lava flows or in the form of explosive outbursts from blow-holes, such, for example, it may be, as we now see in the circular pits of the frozen moon. These lava-flows from the interior, mixed with the colliding fragments of the surrounding envelope, formed, probably, the Archean complex, the earliest rocks that we know, the entrance of recorded history, and the end of the beginning of things.

But some time during this eventful



THE SPIRAL NEBULA H. V. I. CETI

The nebula presents itself obliquely to our vision, thus revealing its disklike form



THE GREATEST OF SPIRAL NEBULAE

The great nebula in Andromeda is of immense dimensions and probably very distant. It has been thought to be in reality a stellar system outside our own

pre-history, life arose. When? and where? and how?

That vast multitudes of plants and animals existing to-day have resulted from simpler forms, and these from still simpler, and these again from simpler still, down and down to some ancient simplest types, needs no argument for the cultured reader of the present day. This is organic evolution, and while men are desperately disputations over the mechanism of this evolution, there is virtually no

quarrel as to its probability as a fact. Organic evolution, if it teaches any one thing, teaches this: That there was a time in the world when of living matter there was none; that there was a time after that when living matter *was*—ever to continue to this present day; and that at some period, some instant, it may be, between the time when the geologist knows that living matter was *not* and that at which the paleontologist knows that living matter *was*, living matter *began*.

Of course, it has been suggested that the source and origin of living matter was extra-terrestrial, that it was borne to the earth from another planet or on some flying meteorite, but the suggestion is without validity or probability. Particularly is this true on the basis of our theory, for in accordance with it *all the planets were formed at the same time*. As for meteorites, there is nothing in them to suggest an association with living matter. Meteorites consist of mineral bodies in the form of sharp fragments which show no signs of weathering due to the air and water that would be necessary for the existence of living matter. While it is true that they contain hydrocarbons, these hydrocarbons are readily assignable to an inorganic origin; and among the gases condensed in them there is neither free oxygen nor water-vapor.

It may be assumed, then, that living matter began on the earth, but as to just when it began, and in what form it began, organic evolution is silent, for on tracing it back into the remotest past, living matter vanishes from the records in the form of crustaceans and other organisms far too high up in the animal scale to give even a hint as to the nature of their origin, unless it be, indeed, that life, when it vanishes from the records, vanishes in the sea.

But the inorganic evolution that we have been considering has this, at least, to say: that since the earth from the time of its adolescence, so to speak, probably never at any time was too hot to render it unfit as an abode for living beings, the origin of life upon it may be placed millions upon millions of years back of the time during which even the most daring speculator, on the basis of the old "cooling-globe hypothesis," has ventured to place it.

As to where it began, organic evolution tells us that when life vanishes from the records it vanishes in the sea. The inorganic evolution of our paper provides this primal sea in the formation of puddles growing ever greater in volume and leaching out the soluble constituents of the earliest rocks. The composition of these dissolved compounds is significant. The elements contained in sea-water are sodium, calcium, magnesium, potassium, chlorine, sulphur, carbon, hydrogen, oxy-

gen, and iron. The composition of the air is nitrogen, oxygen, and carbon. *The elements contained in living matter are these identical things*. In the heavy carbonated air above, and in the solvent water on the land beneath, there lay in mobile contiguity the essential elements of living matter. Ages upon ages afterwards, after the drama of evolution had unrolled through three-quarters of its course to the present time, far away up in the pre-Cambrian period, these inorganic elements appear combined in living beings, strong-knit and full-armed in defence of the life they possessed. How did it happen? How did these simple molecules of contiguous substances evolve into the multitudinous complexities of living matter?

Before taking up this question I ought to emphasize the significance and the importance of the contiguity of these non-living substances in their relation to the living matter that was to arise from them.

Sea-water and air comprise the substance of man; but there is more than this to it; there is a relation between sea-water and living matter in the actual relative proportions of the elements that comprise each. For the elucidation of these important relations the world is indebted to Professor A. B. Macallum, of the University of Toronto. The relative proportions of the constituents of the living body are most diverse in different parts of it, but suppose we compare with Professor Macallum the composition of the inorganic constituents of the blood-plasma with the composition of sea-water.

	Sodium	Calcium	Potassium	Magnesium
Sea-water ...	100	3.84	3.66	11.99
Serum of the dog	100	2.52	6.86	0.81
Serum of the mammal ..	100	2.58	6.69	0.8

After a surprised glance at this column, the reader is likely to confess that the relative proportions of the elements sodium, potassium, and calcium in the plasma of the dog and, in general, the mammal, are certainly very like those that obtain in the ocean water of to-day. There is, however, a notable lack of similarity of proportion in the case of magnesium, for while in sea-water the proportion of magnesium to sodium is 11.99

to 100, in the blood-plasma there is of magnesium but the barest trace. It is this very difference of proportion in the case of magnesium that leads to an interesting conclusion. The fact is that there is good reason to believe that the percentage composition of sea-water is by no means constant, that in different epochs of the past it has varied widely. Consider, for example, this magnesium. It is a fact of every-day chemistry that superheated water converts the chloride of magnesium into insoluble magnesia. The consequence of this little fact is that, as the ocean first formed, the quantity dissolved therein must have been exceedingly small. But as time went on and the ocean cooled, whatever of magnesium the water dissolved, or obtained through river discharge, it must have retained, for there is for it, unlike calcium, no removing agency. Consequently, when paleochemistry teaches us that there must have been practically no magnesium in the early ocean, and that there must be, as there is, much magnesium in the present ocean, and when, related to this, there is discovered in the organic constituents of our blood a practical identity with sea-water with the exception of this magnesium which is almost missing, the conclusion seems almost inevitable that we have actually in our veins, fixed by heredity, the water of that early pre-Cambrian ocean in which the remote ancestors of man first assumed a closed circulatory system.

But this is not all. The inorganic constituents of the solid tissues of our bodies, the ash of muscle, and such like, vary widely from the constituents of the liquid blood-plasma that we have been considering. Yet these, too, have their relations. One remarkable characteristic of living tissue is the great preponderance of its potassium content over its sodium. Now, there is a great deal of evidence going to show that in the earliest sea there existed also this potassium preponderance. An analysis of the earliest rocks shows this high potassium content, and analyses of the fresh-water lakes in contact with these earliest rocks show this same thing; besides, on the basis of our theory, the earliest waters probably consisted of just such fresh-water lakes. The conclusion is forced upon us that the

ash of our bodily tissue registers the composition of that earliest of all seas, the primal ocean, which foregathered first with chemistry to the production of living matter. Strange, is it not? that we that quarrel so "about it and about"—about our lives and their origin—should bear with us in the fibres of our being the substance of our origin. We see, then, for there is no other way out of it, that not only did the air and water at the beginning of things contain in contiguity the elements of living matter, but that these elements did actually unite to form this living matter.

The *how* of their uniting is the eternal enigma. But what are we to think of these things? Are we to believe that far away, at the other end of time, a divine Chemist forcibly moulded these constituents of sea-water into those complicated molecules which possess the properties of living matter, and left them then to go their way through organic evolution? Or are we to believe that the properties inherent in these constituents brought them together in a wholly natural way? Or, finally, are we to believe that these constituents gradually folded themselves into living matter absolutely in accordance with chemical laws and properties, but that, nevertheless, there was a guiding action upon them to obtain this living matter without interference with those laws?

Between the first and second hypotheses the man of science cannot hesitate. He cannot believe that there was actually a break between the inorganic and the organic evolutions bridged over by the direct action of the finger of God. He must believe that there has been no break whatever—that waving palm-trees and toddling children and wave-beaten rocks are alike the present natural outcome of an absolute sequence of cause and effect passing back to the blazing star that formed the elements that comprise them. He must believe this because he believes in the Law of Continuity—the Law of Laws.

But between the second and the third hypotheses, what shall he say? Is this sequence that led to the creation of man self-guided, or guided without interference?

If it is self-guided, man ought, himself,

to be able to create living out of non-living matter. Why not? If Life arose from the chemical predisposition of certain inorganic salts and gases, then by carefully bringing together these salts and gases under suitable conditions he ought to be able to observe the manufacture of living matter in an Erlenmeyer flask. But this is just what man has not been able to do, or, at any rate, to prove he can do, and this leads us then to ask whether Nature in her vast laboratory could have succeeded better *without* intelligence.

Nature did succeed, there is no doubt about that, and succeeded through the normal operation of natural laws; but was it blindly, as in the fall of dice, or were not the dice loaded?

Concerning the first supposition that inorganic sea-water and air through blindly acting chemical laws evolved into substances of such transcendent complexity as living matter, all that can be said of it is that it seems one chance against all arithmetic; in other words, it is incredible.

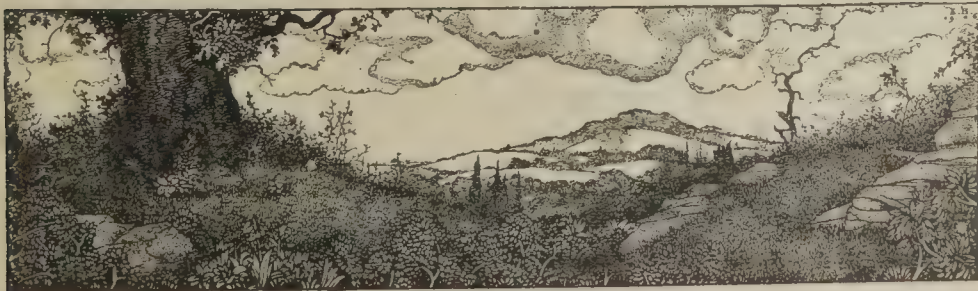
On the other hand, the supposition that there was a guiding Intelligence working the synthesis of living matter without interfering either with its chemistry or its energetics does not seem to be out of consonance with contemporary knowledge; it seems, indeed, to be the one reasonable, believable, and uplifting theory of the origin of life.

But the interesting Planetesimal Hypothesis that has given rise to these reflections on the beginning of Life is quite independent of them. It is an hypothesis that squares in a marvellous way with the related facts of contemporary

knowledge, physical, chemical, and mathematical, and it is a matter of surprise that it is not better known and appreciated among men of thought. It is true that it does not explain inclusively every fact—that, for example, it does not account for the peculiar luminance of nebulae, nor, again, for the remarkable fact that meteorites, which, supposedly, are a type of matter out of which the materials of the young earth were compiled, do not possess any free oxygen or water-vapor. While Professor Chamberlin has evolved very ingenious hypotheses to account for these weaknesses, it seems probable that the theory will be able to account for them with perfect naturalness only on the basis of knowledge yet to be born, and this knowledge seems not unlikely to be an immense process of elemental synthesis and disintegration which is now foreshadowed by the work of Sir William Ramsay on the radium emanation.

But however this may be, the distinguished authors of this great hypothesis are to be congratulated upon giving to the world the most dramatic and consistent picture of its genesis that has ever been evolved from the mind of man.

The beautiful photographs that illustrate this article appear through the courtesy of the Lick Observatory. They are the present outcome of a long and serious struggle on the part of the Observatory to conquer the mechanical difficulties connected with the reproduction of these delicate celestial photographs. The photographs, for the most part, were taken by the late Professor Keeler, of the Lick Observatory, and it is in large measure upon his work that the hypotheses of Chamberlin and Moulton rest.



Lola

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

Rubies ripped from altar cloths
Leered a-down her rich attire;
Her mad shoes were scarlet moths
In a rose of fire.

—A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

FROM the briskness of the street, with its lamps aglitter in the lingering May evening, O'Neill entered to the sober gloom and the restless echoes of the great studio. He had come to hate the place of late. The high poise of its walls, like the sides of a well, the pale shine of the north light in the roof, the lumber of naked marble and formal armor and the rest, peopling its shadows, were like a tainted atmosphere to him; they embarrassed the lungs of his mind. Only the name of friendship exacted these visits from him; Regnault, dying where he had worked, was secure against desertion.

Buscarlet opened the door to him, his eyes wide and bewildered behind his spectacles.

"How is he?" asked O'Neill, curtly, entering the great room.

"Ill," answered the other. "Very ill, so that one cannot tell whether he sleeps or wakes. There should be a nun here to nurse him, only—"

O'Neill nodded. The sick man's bed was set in the centre of the great room, shielded from the draughts of the door by a tall screen of gilt leather. From behind this screen, a shaded lamp by the bedside made an island of soft radiance in the darkness.

They went together past the screen and stopped to look at Regnault. He was lying on his back, with closed eyes, and his keen aquiline face upturned to the pallor of the "light" in the roof. The white hair tumbled on the pillow, and the long, beautiful hands that lay on the coverlet were oddly pathetic in contrast to the potency of the unconscious face. Even in sleep it preserved its cast of high assurance, its note of ideals out-

worn and discounted. It was the face of a man who had found a bitter answer for most of life's questions. By the bed sat Truelove, his servant, ex-corporal of dragoons. He rose noiselessly as O'Neill approached.

"No change, sir," he reported. "Talked a bit, an hour ago. Mr. Buscarlet was then 'ere."

"Any attacks?" asked O'Neill.

"One, sir, but I 'ad the amyl under 'is nose at the first gasp, an' 'e came round all right."

"Good," said O'Neill. "You go and get some supper now, Truelove. I'll attend to everything till you get back."

The corporal bowed and went forthwith. O'Neill set the capsules out on the table to be easily accessible, and joined Buscarlet by the great fireplace at the end of the room, whence he could keep watch on the still profile that showed against the gold of the screen. From without there came the blurred noises of the Paris street, mingled and blended in a single hum, as though life were laying siege to that quiet chamber.

Buscarlet was eager to talk. He was a speciously amiable little man, blond and plump, a creature of easy emotions, prone to panic and tears.

"Ah, he talked indeed!" he said, as soon as O'Neill was seated. "At first I thought: 'This is delirium. He is returning to the age of his innocence.' But his eyes, as he looked at me, were wise and serious. My friend, it gave me a shock."

"What did he talk about?" asked O'Neill.

Buscarlet coughed. "Of his wife," he answered. "Fancy it!"

"His wife? Why, is he married?" demanded O'Neill in astonishment.

Buscarlet nodded two or three times. "Yes," he replied; "that is one of the things that have happened to him. One might have guessed it, *hein?*—a life like

that! Ah, my friend, there is one who has put out his hours at usury. What memories he must have!"

O'Neill grunted, with his eyes on the bed. "He's had a beastly life, if that's what you mean," he said. "Who was the woman?"

"One might almost have guessed that, too," said Buscarlet. He rose. "Come and see," he said.

There was a recess beside the great mantelpiece, and in it hung Regnault's famous picture, "The Dancer," all scarlet frock and white flesh against an amber background.

"That?" exclaimed O'Neill. "Lola?"

Buscarlet nodded; he had forced a good effect.

"That is she," he answered.

The picture was familiar to O'Neill; to him, as to many another young painter of that time, it was an upstanding landmark on the road of art. He looked at it now, in the sparse light from the bedside lamp, with a fresh interest in its significance. He saw with new understanding the conventionalism of the pose—hip thrust out, arm akimbo, shoulder cocked—contrasted against the dark vivacity of the face and all the pulsing opulence of the flesh. It was an epic, an epic of the savage triumphant against civilization, of the spirit victorious against the forms of art.

He stared at it, Buscarlet smiling mildly at his elbow; then he turned away and went back to his seat. The face on the bed was unchanged.

"So Regnault married Lola!" he said, slowly. "When?"

"Ah, who knows?" Buscarlet shrugged graphically. "Many years ago, of course. It is twenty years since she danced."

"And what was he saying about her?" asked O'Neill.

"Nothing to any purpose," replied Buscarlet. "I think he had been dreaming of her. You know the manner he has of waking up—coming back to consciousness with eyes wide open and his mind alert, with no interval of drowsiness and reluctance? Yes? Well, he woke like that before I knew he had ceased to sleep. 'I should like to see her now,' he said. 'Whom?' I asked, and he smiled. 'Lola,' he answered, and he went on to say that she was the one

woman he had never understood. 'That was her advantage,' he said, smiling still; 'for she understood me; yes, she knew me as if she had made me.' After a while, he smiled again, and said, 'Yes, I should like to see her now.'"

O'Neill frowned thoughtfully. "Well, she ought to be here if she's his wife," he said. "Is she in Paris, d'you know? We might send for her."

"I do not know," replied Buscarlet. "Nobody knows, but I have heard she retired upon religion."

Their talk dwindled a little then. O'Neill found himself dwelling in thought upon that long-ago marriage of the great artist with Lola, the dancer. To him she was but a name; her sun had set in his boyhood, and there remained only the spoken fame of her wonderful dancing and a tale here and there of the fervor with which she had lived. It was an old chronicle of passion and undiscipline, of a vehement personality flaming through the capitals of Europe, its trail marked by scandals and violences, ending in the quick oblivion which comes to compensate for such lives. On the whole, he thought, such a marriage was what one would have looked for in Regnault; as Buscarlet said, one might also have guessed. He, with his genius and his restlessness, his great fame and his infamy, the high achievement of his art and the baseness of his relaxations—he was just such another as Lola.

Friendship, or even the mere forms of friendship, are the touchstone of a man. O'Neill was credited in his world with the friendship of Regnault. It had even been to him a matter of some social profit; there were many who deferred willingly to the great man's intimate. O'Neill saw no reason to set them right, but he knew himself that he had come by a loss in his close acquaintance with the Master. To know him at a distance, to be sure of just enough to interpret his work by the clue of his personality, was a thing to be glad of. But if one went further, incurred a part of his confidence, and ascertained his real flavor, then, as O'Neill once said, it was like visiting one's kitchen: it killed one's appetite.

While he pondered, he was none the

less watchful; he saw the change on the still face as soon as it showed. With a quick exclamation he crossed to the bed. Regnault's jaw had set; his eyes were wide and rigid. On the instant his forehead shone with sweat. Deftly and swiftly O'Neill laid his hands on a capsule, crushed it in his palm, and held it to the sick man's face. The volatile drug performed its due miracle. The face that had been a livid shell slackened again; the fixed glare sank down; and Regnault shuddered and sighed. Buscarlet, trembling but officious, wiped his brow, and babbled commiserations.

"Ah!" said Regnault, putting up a thin hand to stop him. "It takes one by the throat, this affair."

Though he spoke quietly, his voice had yet the conscious fulness, the deliberate inflection, of a man accustomed to speak to an audience.

"Yes," said O'Neill. "Were you sleeping?"

The sick man smiled. "*A peu près*," he answered. "I was remembering certain matters—dreaming, in effect."

He shifted his head on his pillow, and his eyes travelled to and fro about the great room.

"If this goes on," he said, "I shall have to ask a favor of somebody." His quick look, with its suggestion of mockery, rested on O'Neill. "And that would be dreadful," he concluded.

"If it's anything I can do, I'll do it, of course," said O'Neill, awkwardly.

He aided Buscarlet to set the bed to rights and change the pillow-cover, conscious that Regnault was watching him all the time with a smile.

"One should have a nun here," remarked Buscarlet. "They come for so much a day, and do everything."

"Yes," said Regnault; "everything. Who could stand that?"

He shifted in his bed cautiously, for he knew that any movement might provoke another spasm.

"Now, tell me, O'Neill," he said, in the tone of commonplace conversation. "That doctor—the one that walked like a duck—he was impressive, eh?"

O'Neill sat down on the foot of the bed.

"He's the best man in Paris," he answered. "He did his best to be im-

pressive. He thought we weren't taking your illness seriously enough."

"Well," said Regnault, his fingers fidgeting on the coverlet, "I can be serious when I like. I'm serious now, *foi de gentilhomme*. Did he say when I should die?"

"Yes," replied O'Neill. "He said you'd break like the stem of a pipe at the first strain."

Regnault's eyes were half closed. "Metaphor, eh?" he suggested, dreamily.

"He said," continued O'Neill, "that you were not to move sharply, not to laugh or cry, not to be much amused or surprised—in fact, you were to keep absolutely quiet. He suggested, too, that you'd had your share of emotions, and would be better without them now."

Regnault smiled again. "Wonderful," he said, softly. "They teach them all that in the hospitals. Then, in effect, I hold this—appointment during good conduct?"

"That's the idea," said O'Neill, gravely.

There was a long pause: Regnault seemed to be thinking deeply. The amyl had brought color back to his face; except for the disorder of his long white hair he seemed to be his normal self.

"It will not be amusing," he said at length. "For you, I mean."

"Oh, I shall be all right," answered O'Neill, but the same thought had occurred to him.

"No, it will not be amusing to you," repeated Regnault. "For this good Buscarlet it is another thing. I shall keep him busy. You like that, don't you, Emile?"

Poor Buscarlet choked and gurgled. Regnault laughed softly.

"Take the lamp, Emile," he said, "and carry it to the 'Dancer.' I want to see it."

Buscarlet was eager to do his bidding. O'Neill frowned as he picked up the lamp.

"Careful," he said in a low voice to Regnault.

"Oh," said Regnault, "this is not an emotion." He laughed again.

Across the room Buscarlet lifted the shade from the lamp and held it up. Again there came into view the white and scarlet of the picture, the high light on the bare shoulder, the warm tint of

the naked arm, the cheap *diablerie* of the posture, the splendid rebellion of the face. Regnault turned and stared at it under drawn brows.

"Thank you, Emile," he said at last, and lay back on his pillow. For an instant of forgetfulness his delicate face was ingenuous and expressive; he caught himself back to control as he met O'Neill's eyes.

*"Il est un âge dans la vie
Où chaque rêve doit finir,
Un âge où l'âme recueillie
A besoin de se souvenir,"*

he quoted softly. Buscarlet was fitting the shade on the lamp again.

"I think," Regnault went on, "that I have come to that, after all. He told you, eh? Buscarlet told you that she—Lola—is my wife?"

"Yes," answered O'Neill. "Would you like me to send for her?"

"She would not come for that," said Regnault. He was studying the young man's face with bright eyes. "Ah," he sighed; "you don't know these things. We parted—of course; but not in weariness, not in the gray staleness of fatigue and boredom. No; but in a splendid wreck of wrath and jealousy and hatred. We did not run aground tamely; we split in vehemence on the very rock of discord. She would not come for a letter."

"Is she in Paris?" asked O'Neill.

"No, in Spain," answered Regnault. "At Ronda, in a great house on the edge of the hill, a house of small windows and strong doors. She is religious, Lola is; she fears hell. Let me see; she must be near to fifty now. It is twenty years and more since I saw her."

"But if I wrote," began O'Neill again.

"She would not come for a letter," persisted Regnault. "What would you write? 'He is dying,' you would say. 'Poof!' she would answer, 'he has been dead this twenty years to me.'"

"Well, then, what do you suggest?"

Regnault opened his eyes and looked up sharply. He stretched out one long slender hand in a sudden gesture of urgency. His face, upon the moment, recovered its wonted vivacity.

"Go to her," he said. "Go to her, O'Neill. You are young and long-legged; you have the face of one to whom adventures are due. She will receive

you. Speak to her; tell her—tell her of this gloomy room and its booming echoes and the little white bed in the middle of it. Make your voice warm, O'Neill, and tell her of all of it. Then, perhaps, she will come."

There was no mistaking his earnestness. O'Neill stared at him in astonishment. Regnault moistened his lips, breathing hard.

"Really," said O'Neill, "I don't quite know how to answer you, Regnault."

Regnault put the empty phrase from him with a movement of impatience.

"Go to her," he said again, and his brows creased in effort. "Is it because she is religious that you hesitate? You think I am an offence to her religion? O'Neill, I will offer it no offence. I have myself an instinct that way now. It is true. I have."

"Wait," said O'Neill. He was thinking confusedly. "You know you're like a spoiled child, Regnault. You'd die for a thing so long as some one denied it you. Now, what strikes me is this. Your wife ought to be with you, as a matter of decent usage and—and all that. But if you want her here just so that you can flog up the thrill of one of your old beastly adventures, I'll not lift a finger to help you. D'you see?"

Regnault nodded. Buscarlet, standing behind the bed, was trembling like a man in an ague.

"I'll go to Ronda, and do what I can," said O'Neill, "so long as you're playing fair. But I've got to be sure of that, Regnault."

Regnault nodded again. "I see," he answered. "What shall I say to you? Will you not trust me, O'Neill, in a question of taste? Morals—I don't say. But taste—come now!"

"You mean, you want to see your wife in ordinary affection and—well, and because she is your wife?" demanded O'Neill.

"You put it very well," replied Regnault, placidly. "Give me some paper and I will write you her name and address. And, O'Neill, I have an idea! I will give you, for your own, 'The Dancer.' It shall be my last joke. After this, I am earnest."

He wrote painfully on the paper which they gave him.

"There," he said, when he had done. "And now I will compose myself."

Buscarlet saw O'Neill forth of the door, for he was to leave for Spain in the morning. On the threshold he tapped O'Neill on the arm.

"It is worth a hundred thousand francs," he whispered, with startled eyes. "And besides, what a souvenir!"

The little room in which they bade O'Neill wait for the Señora opened upon the *patio* of the house, where a sword of vivid sunlight sliced across the shadows on the warm brick flooring, and a little industrious fountain dribbled through a veil of ferns. There was a shrine in the room; its elaboration of gilt and rosy wax faced the open door, and from a window beside it one could see, below the abrupt hill of Ronda, the panorama of the sun-steeped countryside.

The cool of the room was grateful to O'Neill after the heat of the road. He set his hat on the small table, and took a seat, marking the utter stillness that reigned in that great Moorish house. Save for the purr of the fountain no sounds reached him in all that nest of cool chambers. The thought of it awoke in him new speculation as to the woman he had come to see, who had buried the ashes of her fiery youth in this serene retreat. He had thought about her with growing curiosity throughout the journey from Paris, endeavoring to reduce to terms of his own understanding the spirit that had flamed and faded and guttered out in such a manner. The shrine at his elbow recalled to him that she was "religious." It explained nothing.

He was staring at it in perplexity, when the doorway darkened, and he was conscious that he was not alone. He started to his feet and bowed confusedly to the woman on the threshold.

"Mr. O'Neill?" she inquired. Her pronunciation had the faultless precision of the English-speaking Spaniard. He bowed again, and drew out a chair for her.

It seemed that she hesitated a moment ere she came forward and accepted it. When she stood in the door, with the slanting sun at her back, O'Neill could see little of her save the trim outline of

her figure, wrought to plain severity by the relentless black dress she wore. Now, when she was seated, he regarded her with all an artist's quick curiosity. As Regnault had said, she was not much less than fifty years old, but they were years that had trodden lightly. There was nothing of age in the strong brows and the tempestuous eyes that were dark under them; the mouth was yet full and impetuous. Some discipline seemed to have laid a constraint on her; there was a sombre seriousness in her regard; but O'Neill recognized without difficulty the proud, hardy, unquelled countenance that stared from the canvas in Regnault's studio.

She had his visiting-card in her fingers. Lest he should be denied admittance he had pencilled on it, below his name, "with a message from M. Regnault, who is very ill."

She was looking at him steadily, aware of his scrutiny.

"I will hear your message," she said. "Please sit down."

O'Neill took a chair where he could continue to see her face.

"Señora," he said, "I must tell you, first of all, that M. Regnault is ill beyond anything you can picture to yourself. He sends this message, in truth, from his last bed, the bed he is to die on. And that may be at any moment. His is a disease that touches the heart; any emotion or quick movement—anything at all, señora, may cut off the very source of his life. I ask you to have this in mind while you hear me."

Her dark face was intent upon him while he spoke.

"What do you call this disease?" she asked.

"The doctors call it *angina pectoris*," he answered. She nodded, slowly. Her interest encouraged him to speak with more liberty.

"I could tell you a great deal about it," he went on; "but it might be aside from the point. Still—" he pondered a moment, studying her. "Still, imagine to yourself how such a malady sits upon a man like Regnault. It is a fetter upon the most sluggish; for him, with all his vivacity of temperament, his ardor, his quickness, it is a rack upon which he is stretched. You do not know the studio

he has now, señora? It is a great room, with walls of black panels and a wide window in the slope of the roof. Here and there are statues in marble, suits of armor—the wreck and débris of dead ages. And in one corner hangs a picture which the world values, señora. It is called ‘The Dancer.’”

A spark, a quick gleam in her eyes, rewarded him. Her hands, crossed in her lap, trembled a little.

“It is all of a dark and sombre splendor,” O’Neill continued. “A great, splendid room, señora, uncanny with echoes. And in the middle of it, like a little white island, there is a narrow bed where he lies through the days and nights, camping on the borders of the grave. There are some of us that share the watches by his bedside, to be ready with the drug that holds him to life; and I can tell you that it is sad there, in the hush and the shadows, with the noises of Paris rising about one from without.”

He ceased. She was frowning as she listened to him, with her resemblance to the pictured face in Paris strangely accentuated by the emotions that warred within her. For a minute neither of them spoke.

“I can see what you would have me see,” she said at last, raising her head. “It belongs to that world in which I have now no part, señor. No part at all. And it brings us no nearer to the message with which you are charged.”

“Your pardon,” said O’Neill. “It is a part of my message. And the rest is quickly told. It is Regnault’s request, his prayer to you, that you will come to him, to your husband.”

“Ah!” The constraint upon her features broke like ice under a quick sun. “I guessed it. I—to come to him! You should be his friend indeed, to be the bearer of such a message to me.”

Her dark eyes, suddenly splendid, flashed at him with strong anger. The whole woman was transformed; she sat up in her chair, and her breast swelled. O’Neill saw before him the Lola of twenty years before.

He held up one hand to stay her.

“I should be his friend, as you say,” he told her. “But he knows that it is not so. I came for two reasons: because now is not the time to be discriminating

in my service to him, and also because I am glad to help him to do right. I will take back what answer you please, señora, for I came here with no great hopes; but still I am glad I came, for the second reason.”

“Help him to do right!” She repeated the words in a manner of perplexity. “What is it you mean—to do right?”

O’Neill had a moment’s clear insight into the aspects of his task which made him unfit for it. “Right” was a term that puzzled his auditor.

“Señora,” he answered, gravely, “his passions are burned out. He is too sick a man to do evil. It is late, no doubt, and very late; but his mood is not to die as he has lived. He asks, not for those who would come at a word, but for his wife. And I am glad to be the bearer of that message even if I carry back a curse for an answer.”

It was not in O’Neill to know how well and deftly Regnault had chosen his messenger. His lean, brown face and his earnestness were having their effect.

The Señora bent her keen gaze on him again.

“Ah,” she cried, with a sort of bitterness, “he regrets, eh? He repents?” She laughed shortly.

“I do not think so,” answered O’Neill.

“No?” She considered him anew.

“Tell me,”—she leaned forward in a sudden eagerness—“why does he ask for me? If he is sober and composed for death, why—*why* does he ask for me?”

O’Neill made a gesture of helplessness. “Senora,” he said, “you should know; you have the key to him.”

Gone was all the discipline to which her nature had deferred. Twenty years of quiet and atonement were stripped from her like a flimsy garment. The fire was alight in all her vivid face again as she brooded upon his answer.

“Ah!” she cried of a sudden. “Everything is stale for a stale soul. Does he count on that? Señor, you speak well; you have made me a picture of him. He has heard that I have made religion the pillow of my conscience, eh? He folds his hands, eh?—thin, waxen hands, clasping in piety upon his counterpane, eh? He will wear the air of a thin saint and bless me in a beautiful voice? Am I right? Am I right?”

She forced her questions into his face, leaning forward in a quick violence.

"Goodness knows!" said O'Neill. "I shouldn't wonder."

She nodded at him with tight lips. "I know," she said. "I know. I have him by heart." She rose from her seat, and stood thinking. Suddenly she laughed and strode to the middle of the room. Her gait had the impatience and lightness of a dancer's. Quickly she wheeled and faced O'Neill, laughing again.

"Now, by his salvation and mine," she cried, "I will do what he asks. I will go to him. He thinks his heart is dry to me. I will show him! I will show him!" She opened her arms with a sweep. "Tell me," she cried, "am I old? Am I the nun you looked for?" Her voice pealed scornfully. "Scarlet," she said; "I will go to him in scarlet, as he pictured me when I posed for 'The Dancer'! His pulses shall welcome me; his soul was in its grave when I was in my cradle."

O'Neill had risen, too. "Señora," he protested, "you must consider—he is a dying man!"

He spoke to her back. Laughing again, she had turned from him to the gilt shrine and plucked a flower from it. She was fixing it in her hair when she faced him.

"To-night," she said, "we travel north. You are"—she paused, smiling—"you are my impresario, and Lola—Lola makes her courtesy again!"

She caught her black skirt in her hand and courtesied to him with an extravagant grace.

That was a strange journey to Paris that O'Neill made with the Señora. He had seen her humor change swiftly in response to his appeal; what was surprising was that that new humor should maintain its nervous height. It was soon enough apparent that the Lola of twenty years before lived yet, her flamboyant energy, her unstable caprice, her full-blooded force conserved and undiminished. It was like the bursting of one of those squalls that come up with a breathless loom of cloud, hang still and brooding, and then flash without warning into tempest. She faced him at the station with an electric vivacity; her

voice was harsh and imperious to her servants who put her into the train and disposed of her luggage. It occurred to O'Neill that she travelled well equipped; there were boxes and baskets in full am-
pleness. When at last the train tooted its little horn and started, she flung herself down in the seat facing him, and broke into shrill laughter.

"It is the second advent of Lola," she cried. "There should be a special train for me."

Her dress was still of black, but it had suffered some change O'Neill did not trouble to define. He saw that it no longer had the formal plainness of the gown she had worn earlier. It achieved an effect. But the main change was in the woman herself. It was impossible to think of her and her years in the same breath. She had cast the long restraint from her completely; all her sad days of quiet were obliterated. She was once again the stormy, uneasy thing that had dominated her loose world, a vital and indomitable personality untempered by reason or any conscience. Even when she sat still and seemingly deep in thought, one felt and deferred to the magnetism and power that were expressed in every feature of that dark and alert face.

O'Neill deemed himself fortunate that she did not speak of Regnault till Paris lay but a few hours away. The whirlwind of her mood was a thing that did not touch him, but it would have been a mere torment to battle on with that one topic. When she did speak of him it was with the suddenness with which she approached everything. She had been silent for nearly an hour, gazing through the window at the scurrying landscape.

"Then," she said, as though resuming some conversation—"then he is, in truth, sick to death?"

"You mean—Regnault?" asked O'Neill, caught unawares. "Yes, señora. He is sick to death."

Her steady gaze from under the level brows embarrassed him like an assault.

"And he is frightened?" she demanded.

"I don't think he is in the least frightened," replied O'Neill.

She nodded to him, with the shape of a smile on her full lips.



Painting by Howard Pyle

HIS EYES FELL ON THE DANCER IN HER SHIMMERING SCARLET

"I tell you, then, that he is frightened," she said. "I know. There is nothing in all that man I do not know. He *is* frightened."

She paused, still staring at him.

"People like us are always frightened in the end," she went on. She lifted her forefinger like one who teaches a little child. "You see, with us, we guess. We guess at what comes after. We are sure—certain and very sure—that we, at least, deserve to suffer. And *that* is why I have lived under my confessor for ten lifetimes. You see?"

O'Neill nodded. It was not hard to understand that the splendid animal in the Señora could never conceive the idea of its utter extinction. Death—to Lola and her kind—is not the end, it is the beginning of bondage.

There was another interval of silence while she twisted her fingers in her lap.

"Ah," she said. "I know. He will be beautiful in his bed, dying like an abbot. He is frightened—yes! But he thinks himself safe from me. He imagines me sour, decorous, with a skinny neck. Because he thinks me all but a nun, he will be all but a priest. We shall see, Señor O'Neill. We shall see!"

Soon after that she left him to retire to the compartment in which her maid travelled alone.

"We arrive at eight, do we not?" she asked him. "Then I must make my toilet." She smiled down on him as she spoke, and gave him a little significant nod.

The train was already running into the station when she returned. O'Neill, nervous and apprehensive, gave her a quick glance. She was covered in a long cloak of black silk that hid her figure entirely; the hood of it rose over her hair and made a frame to her face. Under the hood he could distinguish the soft brightness of a red rose stuck over one ear.

"Señora," he said, "I take the liberty to remind you that we are going to the bedside of a dying man."

She turned on him with slow scorn. "Yes," she replied. "It is, as you say, a liberty."

The long robe rose and fell over her breast with her breathing; her eyes travelled over him from head to feet and back again deliberately.

O'Neill took his temper into custody. "Still," he urged, "if you have it in mind to compass any surprising effect, remember—it may be his death."

She laughed slowly. "What is a death?" she answered. And then, with a hissing vehemence: "He sent for me and I am here. Should I wear a veil, then—I, Lola?"

He put further remonstrances by, with a feeling of sickness in the throat. Again realization surged upon him that he had no words with which to speak to people like this. They lived on another plane, and saw by other lights. He was like a child wandering on a field of battle.

He found a carriage, and got into it beside her, and sat in silence while they drove through the throng of the streets. He saw, through the window, the brisk tides of the pavement, the lights, and the cafés; they seemed remote from him, inaccessible. Inside the carriage, he could hear the steady, full breathing of the woman at his side.

"You will at least allow me to go first," he said, as they drew up at last. He was prepared to carry this point if he had to lock her out of the house. But she made no demur.

"As you will," she murmured.

He found her a place to wait, an alcove on the stairs. As he guided her to it, a touch on the arm showed him she was trembling.

"I will be a very little while," he promised, and ran up the stairs.

It was Buscarlet who opened the door to him, with Truelove standing behind his shoulder.

"Welcome, welcome!" babbled Buscarlet. "Oh, but we have been eager for you! Tell me, will she—will she come?"

"She is waiting on the stairs, in the alcove," answered O'Neill.

Buscarlet's mild eyes opened in amaze. "You have brought her with you?" he cried.

O'Neill nodded.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Truelove.

"How is he?" asked O'Neill. "Still—er—living, eh?"

It was Truelove that replied. "Still keeping on, sir," he answered. "But changed, as you might say. Softened would be the word, sir."

"What d'ye mean?" demanded O'Neill.

"Well, sir," said the ex-corporal of dragoons, with a touch of hesitation, "it isn't for me to judge, but I should say he's—he's got religion. Or a taste of it, anyway."

O'Neill stared at the pair of them in open dismay.

"Let me see him," he said, shortly, and they followed him through the little anteroom to the great studio.

Behind the screen, the narrow bed was white, and on it Regnault lay in stillness, looking up.

He started slightly as O'Neill appeared at the foot of his bed, and the faint flush rose in his face. "Hush!" he said, with a forefinger uplifted, and poised for a few seconds on the brink of a spasm.

"Ah!" he said, when he was safe. "That was a near thing, O'Neill. I am glad to see you back, my friend."

He was tranquil; even that undertone of mockery so familiar in his voice was gone. A rosary sprawled on his breast; O'Neill recognized it for a splendid piece of Renaissance work that had lain about the room for months.

"I have found my happiness in meditation," Regnault was saying, in a still, silken voice. "But tell me, O'Neill—will she come?"

"Yes," said O'Neill, wearily, "she will come."

Regnault made a gentle gesture of thanks and closed his eyes. His long fingers slid on the ivory beads and his lips moved. O'Neill gazed down on him with a weakness of bewilderment: his landmarks were shifting.

He was standing thus, looking in mere absence of mind, when a footfall beyond the screen reached his ear.

"O Lord!" he cried.

It was she. As his eyes fell upon her she was letting fall her long cloak. It lay on the floor about her feet, and she towered over it, in superb scarlet. Against her background of shadow her neck and arms and the abundance of her breast shone like silver. Ere he could go to her she waved him away with a sweep of a naked arm. A hand was on her hip, and she moved towards the bed with the sliding gait of the Spanish dancer.

It was an affair of an instant. Buscarlet and Truelove hastened upon his

exclamation, and Buscarlet, stumbling, brushed against the screen. He caught at it to save it from falling, and the bed was bare to the room. Regnault and his wife looked into each other's face. She, undisturbed by the suddenness of it all, held yet her posture of the stage, glowing in her silk with something dangerous and ominous about her, something blatant and yet potent, like a knife in a stocking. It was as though she wrought in violence for the admiration of the man on the bed. He, on his elbow, turned to her a thin face with lips parted and trembling; for an intolerable instant they hung, mute and motionless. Then, slowly, she turned with one foot sliding, and the light of the lamp was full on her face.

It seemed to break the tense spell; Regnault's face was writhing; of a sudden he burst into shrill, hideous laughter, and his right hand flung out and pointed at her. None moved; none could. His laugh rang and broke, and rang again, outrageous and uncontrollable, merry and hearty and hateful. The woman, at the first peal of it, started and stood as though stricken to stone; they could see her shrivel under the blast of it, shrivel and shrink and age.

Then, as though it had been overdue and long awaited, the laugh checked and choked. It freed them from the thrall that held them. Regnault's head fell back.

"The amyl!" cried O'Neill, and they were all about him. "The amyl—where is it?"

Regnault's face was a mask of paralyzed pain; but the silver patch-box that held the capsules was not on the table. It took a minute to find it on the floor. O'Neill smashed a couple, and thrust his hand into the waxen face. And waited. Buscarlet was breathing like a man in a nightmare. Truelove stood to attention. But Regnault did not return to the shape of life.

O'Neill let his hand drop, and turned to Truelove. "He's got it," he said; "but fetch a doctor."

His eyes fell on the dancer in her shimmering scarlet, where she knelt at the bedside, with her head bowed to the counterpane and her hands clasped over it.

He sighed. He did not understand.

The Inner Shrine

A NOVEL

CHAPTER IV

ON board the *Picardie*, steaming to New York, Mrs. Eveleth and Diane were beginning to realize the gravity of the step they had taken. As long as they remained in Paris, battling with the sordid details of financial downfall, America had seemed the land of hope and reconstruction, where the ruined would find to their hands the means with which to begin again. The illusion had sustained them all through the first months of living on little, and stood by them till the very hour of departure. It faded just when they had most need of it—when the last cliffs of France went suddenly out of sight in a thick fog-bank of nothingness; and the cold empty void, through which the steamer crept cautiously, roaring from minute to minute like a leviathan in pain, seemed all that the universe henceforth had to offer them. They would have been astonished to know that, beyond the fog, Fate was getting the New World ready for their reception, by creating among the rich those misfortunes out of which not infrequently proceed the blessings of the poor.

When that excellent aged lady, Miss Regina Van Tromp, sister to the well known Paris banker, was felled by a stroke of apoplexy, the personal calamity might, by a mind taking all things into account, have been considered balanced by the circumstance that it was affording employment to some refined woman of reduced means, capable of taking care of the invalid. It had the further advantage that, coming suddenly as it did, it absorbed the attention of Miss Lucilla Van Tromp, the sick lady's companion and niece, who became unable henceforth to give to the household of her cousin, Derek Pruyn, that general supervision which a kindly old maid can exercise in the home of a young and prosperous widower. Were Destiny on the lookout for still another

opening, she could have found it in the fact that Miss Dorothea Pruyn, whose father's discipline came by fits and starts, while his indulgence was continuous, had reached a point in motherless maidenhood where, according to Miss Lucilla, "something ought to be done." There was thus unrest, and a straining after new conditions, in that very family towards which Mrs. Eveleth's imagination turned from this dreary, leaden sea as to a possible haven.

Since the wonderful morning when the banker had brought her the news of her little inheritance her thoughts had dwelt much on Van Tromps and Pruyns, as representatives of that old New York clan with which she deigned to claim alliance; and she found no small comfort in going over, again and again, the details of the interview which had brought her once more into contact with her kin. James Van Tromp, she informed Diane, as they lay covered with rugs in their steamer chairs, had been gruff in manner, but kind in heart, like all the Van Tromps she had ever heard of. He had not scrupled to dwell upon her past extravagance, but he had tempered his remarks by commending her resolution to return to her old home and friends. In the matter of friends, he assured her, she would find herself with very few. She would be forgotten by some and ignored by others; while those who still took an interest in her would resent the fact that in the days of her prosperity she had neglected them. In any case she must have the meekness of the suppliant. As her means at most would be small, she must be grateful if any of her relatives would take her without wages, as a sort of superior lady's maid, and save her the expense of board and lodging.

"And so you see, dear," she finished, humbly, "it's going to be all right. George thought of me; and far more than any money, I value that. James Van

Tromp said that this sum had been placed in his hands some time ago to be specially used for me, and I couldn't help understanding what that meant. When my boy saw the disaster coming he did his best to protect me; and it will be my part now to show that he did enough."

If Diane listened to these familiar remarks, it was only to take a dull satisfaction in the working of her scheme; but Mrs. Eveleth's next words startled her into sudden attention.

"Haven't I heard you say that you knew James Van Tromp's nephew, Derek Pruyn?"

"I did know him," Diane answered, with a trace of hesitation.

"You knew him well?"

"Not exactly; it was different from—well."

"Different? How? Did you meet him often?"

"Never often; but when we did meet—"

The possibilities implied in Diane's pause induced Mrs. Eveleth to turn in her chair and look at her.

"You've never told me about that."

"There wasn't much to tell. Don't you know what it is to have met, just a few times in your life, some one who leaves behind a memory out of proportion to the degree of the acquaintance? It was something like that with this Mr. Pruyn."

"Where was it? In Paris?"

"I met him first in Ireland. He was staying with some friends of ours the last year mamma and I lived at Kilrowan. What I remember about him was that he seemed so young to be a widower—scarcely more than a boy."

"Is that all?"

"It's very nearly all; but there is something more. He said one day when we were talking intimately—we always seemed to talk intimately when we were together—that if ever I was in trouble, I was to remember him."

"How extraordinary!"

"Yes, it was. I reminded him of it when we met again. That was the year I was going out with Marie de Noailles, just before George and I were married."

"And what did he say then?"

"That he repeated the request."

"Extraordinary!" Mrs. Eveleth com-

mented again. "Are you going to do anything about it?"

"I've thought of it," Diane admitted, "but I don't believe I can."

"Wouldn't it be a pity to neglect so good an opportunity?"

"It might rather be a pity to avail oneself of it. There are things in life too pleasant to put to the test."

"He might like you to do it. After all, he's a connection."

Not caring to continue the subject, Diane murmured something about feeling cold, and rose for a little exercise. Having advanced as far forward as she could go, she turned her back upon her fellow passengers, stretched in mute misery in their chairs or huddled in cheerful groups behind sheltering projections, and stood watching the dip and rise of the steamer's bow as it drove onwards into the mist. Whither was she going, and to what? With a desperate sense of her ignorance and impotence, she strained her eyes into the white, dimly translucent bank, from which stray drops repeatedly lashed her in the face, as though its vaporous wall alone stood between her and the knowledge of her future.

If she could have seen beyond the fog and carried her vision over the intervening leagues of ocean, so as to look into a large, old-fashioned New York house in Gramercy Park, she would have found Derek Pruyn and Lucilla Van Tromp discussing one of the cardinal points on which that future was to turn.

That it was not an amusing conversation would have been clear from the agitation of Derek's manner as he strode up and down the room, as well as from the rigidity with which his cousin, usually a limp person, held herself erect, in the attitude of a woman who has no intention of retiring from the stand she has taken.

"You force me to speak more plainly than I like, Derek," she was saying, "because you make yourself so obtuse. You seem to forget that years have a way of passing, and that Dorothea is no longer a very little girl."

"She's barely seventeen—no more than a child."

"But a motherless child, and one who has been allowed a great deal of liberty."



Drawn by Frank Craig

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SHE STOOD WATCHING THE DIP AND RISE OF THE STEAMER

"Is there any reason why a girl shouldn't be a free creature?"

"Only the reason why a boy shouldn't be one."

"That's different. A boy would be getting into mischief."

"Even a girl isn't proof against that possibility. It mayn't be a boy's kind of mischief, but it's a kind of her own."

Unwilling to credit this statement, and yet unable to contradict it, Pruyn continued his march for a minute or two in silence, while Miss Lucilla waited nervously for him to speak again. It was one of the few points in the round of daily existence on which she was prepared to give him battle. It was part of the ridiculous irony of life that Derek, with the domestic incompetency natural to a banker and a club-man, should have a daughter to train, while she whose instinct was so passionately maternal must be doomed to spinsterhood. She had never made any secret of the fact that to watch Derek bringing up Dorothea made her as fidgety as if she had seen him trimming hats, though she recognized the futility of trying to snatch the task from his hands in order to do it properly. The utmost she had been able to accomplish was to be allowed to plod daily from Gramercy Park to Fifth Avenue, in the hope of keeping bad from becoming worse; and even this insufficient oversight must be discontinued now, since Aunt Regina would monopolize her care. If she took the matter to heart, it was no more, she thought, than she had a right to do, seeing that Derek was almost like a younger brother, and, with the exception of Uncle James in Paris, and Aunt Regina in New York, her nearest relative in the world.

As she glanced up at him from time to time she reflected, with some pride, that no one could have taken him for anything but what he was—a rising young New York banker of some hereditary line. As in certain English portraits there is an inborn aptitude for statesmanship, so in Derek Pruyn there was that air, almost inseparable from the Van Tromp kinship, of one accustomed to possess money, to make money, to spend money, and to support moneyed responsibilities. The face, slightly stern by nature, slightly grave by habit, and tanned by outdoor exercise, was that of a man

who wields his special kind of power with a due sense of its importance, and yet wields it easily. Nature having endowed the Van Tromps with every excellence but that of good looks, it was Miss Lucilla's tendency to depreciate beauty; but she was too much a woman not to be sensible of the charms of six feet two, with proportionate width of shoulder, and a way of standing straight and looking straight, incompatible with anything but "acting straight," that was full of a fine dominance. That he should be carefully dressed was but a detail in the exactitude which was the main element in his character; while his daily custom of wearing in his buttonhole a dark-red carnation, a token of some never-explained memory of his dead wife, indicated a capacity for sober romance which she did not find displeasing.

"Then what would you do about it?" he asked at last, pausing abruptly in his walk and confronting her.

"There isn't much choice, Derek. Human society is so constituted as to leave us very little opportunity for striking into original paths. Aunt Regina has told you many a time what was possible, and you didn't like it; but I'll repeat it if you wish. You could send her to a good boarding-school—"

"Never!"

"Or you could have a lady to chaperon her properly."

"Rubbish!"

"Well, there you are, Derek. You refuse the only means that could help you in your situation; and so you leave Dorothea a prey to a woman like Mrs. Wappinger. You'll excuse me for mentioning it; but—"

"I'd excuse you for mentioning anything; but even Mrs. Wappinger ought to have justice. You know as well as I do that Uncle James wanted to marry her; and that it was only her own common sense that saved us from having her as an aunt. You may not admire her type, but you can't deny that it's one which has a legitimate place in American civilization. Ours isn't a society that can afford to exclude the self-made man, or his widow."

"That may be quite true, Derek; only in that case you have also to reckon with—his son."

Derek bounded away once more, making manifest efforts to control himself before he spoke again.

"You know this subject is most distasteful to me, Lucilla," he said, severely.

"I know it is; and it's equally so to me. But I see what's going on, and you don't—there's the difference. What should a young man like you know about bringing up a schoolgirl? To see you entrusted with her at all makes me very nearly doubt the wisdom of the ends of Providence. She's a good little girl by nature, but your indulgence would spoil an angel."

"I don't indulge her. I've forbidden her to do lots of things."

"Exactly; you come down on the poor thing when she's not doing any harm, and you put no restrictions on the things in which she's wilful. If there's a girl on earth who is being brought up backwards, it's Dorothea Pruyn."

"She's my child. I presume I've got a right to do what I like with her."

"You'll find that you've done what you don't like with her, when you've allowed her to get into a ridiculous, unmaidenly flirtation with the young man Wappinger."

"I shouldn't let that distress me if I were you. As far as Dorothea is concerned, your young man Wappinger doesn't exist."

"That's as it may be," Miss Lucilla sniffed, now on the brink of tears.

"That's as it is," he insisted, picking up his hat. "It's to be regretted," he added, with dignity, as he took his leave, "that on this subject you and I cannot see alike; but I think you may trust me not to endanger the happiness of my child."

Even if Diane could have transcended space to assist at this brief interview, she would probably have missed its bearing on herself; but had she transported her spirit at the same instant to still another scene, the effect would have been more enlightening. While she still stood watching the rise and dip of the steamer's bow, Mrs. Wappinger, in a larger and more elaborate mansion than the old-fashioned house in Gramercy Park, was reading to her son such portions of a letter from James Van Tromp as she

considered it discreet for him to hear. A stout, florid lady, in jovial middle age, her appearance as an agent in her affairs would certainly have surprised Diane, had the vision been vouchsafed to her.

Passing over those sentences in which the old man admitted the wisdom of her decision in rejecting his proposals, on the ground that he saw now that the married state would not have suited him, Mrs. Wappinger came to what was of common interest.

"... You will remember, my good friend," she read, with a strong Western accent, "that both at the time of, and since, your husband's death I have been helpful to you in your business affairs, and laid you under some obligation to me. I have, therefore, no scruple in asking you to fulfil a few wishes of mine, in token of such gratitude as I conceive you to feel. There will arrive in your city by the steamer *Picardie*, on the twenty-eighth day of this month, two foolish women, answering to the name of Eveleth—mother-in-law and daughter-in-law—both widows—and presenting the sorry spectacle of Naomi and Ruth, returning to the Land of Promise, after a ruinous sojourn in a foreign country—with whose history you are familiar from your reading of the Scriptures."

"Is there a Bible in the house, mother?" Carli Wappinger asked, swinging himself on the piano-stool.

"I think there must be—somewhere. There used to be one. But, hush! Let me go on. 'They will descend,'" she continued to read, "'at a modest French hostelry in University Place, to which I have commended them, as being within their means. I desire, first, that you will make their acquaintance at your earliest possible convenience. I desire, next, that you will invite them to your house on some occasion, presumably in the afternoon, when you can also ask my nephew, Derek Pruyn, and Lucilla Van Tromp, my niece, to meet them. I desire, furthermore, that though you may use my name to the Mesdames Eveleth, as a passport to their presence, you will in no wise speak of me to my relatives in question, or give them to understand that I have inspired the invitation you will accord them. . . .'"

Mrs. Wappinger threw down the letter

with the emphasis of gesture which was one of her characteristics.

"There!" she exclaimed, in a loud, hearty voice, not without a note of triumph; "that's what I call a chance."

"Chance for what, mother?"

"Chance for a good many things—and first of all for bearding Lucilla Van Tromp right in her own den."

"I don't see—"

"No; but I do. We're on to a big thing. I've got to go right there; and she's got to come right here. She's held off, and she's kept me off; but now the ice 'll be broken with a regular thaw."

"Still, I don't see. It's one thing to invite her, to oblige old man Van Tromp; but it's another thing to get her to come."

"She'll come fast enough—this time; she'll come as if she was shot here by a secret spring. There is a secret spring, you may take my word for it. I don't know what it is, and I don't care; it's enough for me to know that it's in good working order—which it is, if James Van Tromp has got his hand on it. James Van Tromp may look like a fool and talk like a fool, but he isn't a fool— No, sir!"

It is commonly believed that a woman never thinks otherwise than gently of the man who has wanted to marry her; and if this be the rule, Mrs. Wappinger was no exception to it. As she sat on the sofa in her son's room, the mere mention of the old man's name, attended by the kindly opinion she had just expressed, sent her off into sudden reverie. While it was quite true that, in her own phrase, she "would no more have married him than she would have married a mole," it was none the less flattering to have been desired. The onlooker, like Lucilla Van Tromp or Derek Pruyn, might wonder what were those hidden forces of affinity which led a man to single Mrs. Wappinger out of all the women in the world; but to Mrs. Wappinger herself the circumstance could not be otherwise than pleasing.

Seeing her pensive, Carli swung himself back to the keyboard again, pounding out a few bars of the dance music in Strauss's *Salome*, of which the score lay open before him. He was a good-looking young man of twenty-two, of whom any mother, not too exacting, might be proud. Very blond—with well-

chiselled features and waving hair—not so tall as to make his excessive slimness seem disproportionate—there was something in the perfection with which he was "turned out" that gave him the air of a "creation." Mrs. Wappinger's joy in him was the more satisfying because of the fact that, relative to herself, he was in the line of progress. He was the blossom of culture, travel, and sport, borne by her own strenuous generation of successful material effort. To the things to which he had attained she felt that in a certain sense she had attained herself, on the principle of *facit per alium, facit per se*. In the social position she had reached it was a pleasure to know that Harvard, Europe, and money had given Carli a refinement that made up in some measure for her own deficiencies.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" he asked, breaking off in the midst of the cruel ecstasy of the daughter of Herodias, and swinging himself back, so as to confront her.

"I'm going to give a little tea," Mrs. Wappinger answered, with decision; "a *tay antime*, as the French say. I shall have these two Eveleths—or whatever their name is,—Lucilla Van Tromp, and Derek and Dorothea Pruyn."

"You may accomplish the first and the last. You'll find it difficult to fill in the middle. To say nothing of the old girl, Derek Pruyn is too busy for teas—*intime*, or otherwise."

"I'm going to have him," she stated, with energy. "You go round and tell Dorothea she's got to bring him—she's just got to, that's all. He'll come—I know he will. There are forces at work here that you and I don't see, and if something doesn't happen, my name isn't Clara Wappinger."

With this mysterious saying she rose, to leave Carli to his music.

"How very occult!" he laughed.

"Nobody knows James Van Tromp better than I do," she declared, with pride, turning on the threshold, "and he doesn't write that way unless he has a plan in mind. You tell Dorothea what I say. Let me see! To-day is Tuesday; the *Picardie* will get in on Saturday; you'll see Dorothea on Sunday; and we'll have the tea on Thursday next."

With her habitual air of triumphant

decision Mrs. Wappinger departed, and the incident closed.

CHAPTER V

IT must be admitted that Diane Eveleth found her entry into the Land of Promise rather disappointing. To outward things she paid comparatively little heed. The general aspect of New York was what she had seen in pictures and expected. That habits and customs should be strange to her she took as a matter of course; and she was too eager for a welcome to be critical. As a Frenchwoman, she was neither curious nor analytical regarding that which lay outside her immediate sphere of interest, and she instituted no comparisons between Broadway and the boulevards, or any of the tall buildings and Notre Dame. It may be confessed that her thoughts went scarcely beyond the human element, with its possible bearing on her fortunes.

In this respect she made the discovery that Mrs. Eveleth was not to be taken as an authority. She had given Diane to understand that the return of Naomi de Ruyter to New York would be a matter of civic interest, "especially among the old families," and that they would scarcely have landed before finding themselves amid people whom she knew. But forty years had made a difference, and Mrs. Eveleth recognized no familiar faces in the crowd congregated on the dock. When it became further evident that not only was Naomi de Ruyter forgotten in the city of her birth, but that the very landmarks she remembered had been swept away, there was a moment of disillusion, not free from tears.

To Diane the discovery meant only that, more than she had supposed, she would have to depend upon herself. This, to her, was the appalling fact that dwarfed all other considerations. To be alone, while the crowds surged hurriedly by her, was one thing; to be obliged to press in among them and make room for herself was another. As she walked aimlessly about the streets during the few days following her arrival she had the forlorn conviction that in these serried ranks there could be no place for one so insignificant as she. The knowledge that she must make such a place, or go

without food and shelter, only served to paralyze her energies and reduce her to a state of nerveless inefficiency.

She had gone forth one day with the letters of introduction she hoped would help her, only to find that none of the persons to whom they were addressed had returned to town for the winter. Tired and discouraged, she was endeavoring on her return to cheer Mrs. Eveleth with such bits of forced humor as she could squeeze out of the commonplace happenings of the day, when cards were brought in bearing the unknown name of Mrs. Wappinger.

That in this huge, overwhelming town any one could desire to make their acquaintance was in itself a surprise; but in the interview that followed Diane felt as though she had been caught up in a whirlwind and carried away. Mrs. Wappinger's autocratic breeziness was so novel in character that she had no more thought of resisting it than of resisting a summer storm. She could only let it blow over her and bear her whither it listed. In the end she felt like some wayfarer in the *Arabian Nights*, who has been wafted by kindly *jinn* across unknown miles of space, and set down again many leagues farther on in his career.

Never in her life did Diane receive in the same amount of time so much personal information as Mrs. Wappinger conveyed in the thirty minutes her visit lasted. She began by explaining that she was a friend of James Van Tromp's—a very great friend. In fact, her husband had been at one time a partner in the Van Tromp banking-house; but it was an old business, and what they call conservative, while Mr. Wappinger was from the West. The West was a long way ahead of New York, though Mrs. Wappinger had "lived East" so long that she had dropped into walking pace like the rest. She traced her rise from a comparatively obscure position in Indiana to her present eminence, and gave details as to Mr. Wappinger's courtship and the number of children she had lost. Left now with one, she had spent a good deal of money on him, and was happy to say that he showed it. While she preferred not to name names, she made no secret of the fact that Carli was in love; though for her own part

a feeling of wounded pride induced her to hope that he would never enter a family where he wasn't wanted. The transition of topic having thus become easy, the invitation to tea was given, and its acceptance taken as a matter of course.

"It 'll only be a *tay antime*," she declared, in answer to Diane's faint protests, "so you needn't be afraid to come; and as I never do things by halves I shall send one of my automobiles for the old lady and you at a little after four to-morrow."

With these words and a hearty shake of the hand, she bustled away, as suddenly as she had come, leaving Diane with a bewildering sense of having beheld an apparition.

It was not less surprising to find herself, on the following afternoon, face to face with Derek Pruyn. Though she had expected, in so far as she thought of him at all, that chance would one day throw them together, she had not supposed that the event would occur so soon. The lack of preparation, the change in her fortunes, and the necessity to explain, combined to bring about one of those rare moments in which she found herself at a loss.

On his side, Pruyn had come to the *thé intime* with a very special purpose. In spite of the stoutness of his protest when young Wappinger's name was coupled with his child's, he was not without some inward misgivings, which he resolved to allay, once and for all. He would dispel them by seeing with his own eyes that they had no force, while he would convict Miss Lucilla of groundless alarm by ocular demonstration. It would be enough, he was sure, to watch the young people together to prove beyond cavil that Dorothea was aware of the gulf between the son of Mrs. Wappinger—worthy woman though she might be!—and a daughter of the Pruyns. He had, therefore, astonished every one not only by accepting the invitation himself, but by insisting that Miss Lucilla should do the same, forcing her thus to become a witness to the vindication of his wisdom.

Arrived on the spot, however, it vexed him to find that instead of being a mere spectator, permitted to take notes at his ease, he was passed from lady to lady—

Mrs. Wappinger, Miss Lucilla, Mrs. Eveleth, in turn—only to find himself settled down at last with a strange young woman in widow's weeds, in a dim corner of the drawing-room. The meeting was the more abrupt owing to the circumstance that Diane, unaware of his arrival, had just emerged from the adjoining ball-room, which was decorated for a dance. Mrs. Wappinger, coming forward at that minute with a cup of tea for Diane, pronounced their names with hurried indistinctness, and left them together.

With her quick eye for small social indications Diane saw that, owing to the dimness of the room and the nature of her dress, he did not know her, while he resented the necessity for talking to one person, when he was obviously looking about for another. With her teacup in her hand she slipped into a chair, so that he had no choice but to sit down beside her.

He was not what is called a lady's man, and in the most fluent of moods his supply of easy conversation was small. On the present occasion he felt the urgency of speech without the inspiration to meet the need. With a furtive flutter of the eyelids, while she sipped her tea, she took in the salient changes the last five years had produced in him, noting in particular that though slightly older he had improved in looks, and that the dark-red carnation still held its place in his buttonhole.

"Very unseasonable weather for the time of year," he managed to stammer, at last.

"Is it? I hadn't noticed."

His manner took on a shade of dignity still more severe, as he wondered whether this reply was a snub or a mere ineptitude.

"You don't worry about such trifles as the weather?" he struggled on.

"Not often."

"May I ask how you escape the necessity?"

"By having more pressing things to think about."

With the finality of this reply the brief conversation dropped, though the perception on Derek's part that it was not from her inability to carry it on stirred him to an unusual feeling of pique. Most of the women he met were ready to entertain him without putting him to any

exertion whatever. They even went so far as to manifest a disposition to be agreeable, before which he often found it necessary to retire. Without being fatuous on the point, he could not be unaware of the general conviction that a wealthy widower, who could still call himself young, must be in want of a wife; and as long as he was unconscious of the need himself, he judged it wise to be as little as possible in feminine society. On the rare occasions when he ventured therein he was not able to complain of a lack of welcome; nor could he remember an instance in which his hesitating, somewhat scornful, advances had not been cordially met, until to-day. The immediate effect was to cause him to look at Diane with a closer, if somewhat haughty, attention, their eyes meeting as he did so. Her voice, with its blending of French and Irish elements, had already made its appeal to his memory, so that the minute was one in which the presentiment of recognition came before the recognition itself. In his surprise he half arose from his chair, resuming his seat as his words came out.

"It's Mademoiselle de la Ferronays!"

His astonished tone and awe-struck manner called to Diane's lips a little smile.

"It used to be," she said, trying to speak naturally; "it's Mrs. Eveleth now."

"Yes," he responded, with the absent air of a man getting his wits together; "I remember; that was the name."

"You knew, then, that I'd been married?"

"Yes; but I didn't know—"

His glance at her dress finished the sentence, and she hastened to reply.

"No; of course not. My husband died at the beginning of last summer—six months ago. I hoped some one would have told you before we met. But we have not many common acquaintances, have we?"

"I hope we may have more now—if you're making a visit to New York."

"I'm making more than a visit. I expect to stay."

"Oh? Do you think you'll like that?"

"It isn't a question of liking; it's a question of living. I may as well tell you at once that since my husband's death I have my own bread to earn."

To no Frenchwoman of her rank in life could this statement have been an easy one, but by making it with a certain quiet outspokenness she hoped to cover up her foolish sense of shame. The moment was not made less difficult for her by the astonishment, mingled with embarrassment, with which he took her remark.

"You?" he cried; "you?"

"It isn't anything very unusual, is it?" she smiled. "I'm not the first person in the world to make the attempt."

"And may I ask if you're succeeding?"

"I haven't begun yet. I only arrived a few days ago."

"Oh, I see. You've come here—"

"In the hope of finding employment—just like the rest of the disinherited of the earth. I hope to give French lessons, and—"

"There's always an opening to any one who can," he interrupted, encouragingly. "I'm not without influence in one or two good schools that my daughter has attended—"

"Is that your daughter?" she asked, glad to escape from her subject, now that it was stated plainly, "the very pretty girl in red?"

The question gave Pruyn the excuse he wanted for looking about him.

"I believe she's in red—but I don't see her."

He searched the dimly lighted room, where Mrs. Wappinger sat, silent and satisfied, behind her tea table, while Mrs. Eveleth was conversing with Lucilla on Knickerbocker genealogy; but neither of the young people was to be seen. His look of anxiety did not escape Diane, who responded to it with her usual straightforward promptness.

"I fancy she's still in the ballroom with young Mr. Wappinger," she explained. "We were all there a few minutes ago, looking at the decorations for the dance Mrs. Wappinger is giving to-night. It was before you came."

The shadow that shot across his face was a thing to be noticed only by one accustomed to read the most trivial signs in the social sky. In an instant she took in the main points of the case as accurately as if Mrs. Wappinger had named those names over which she had shown such laudable reserve.

"Wouldn't you like to see them?—the decorations? They're very pretty. It's just in here."

She rose as she spoke, with a gesture of the hand towards the ballroom. He followed, because she led the way, but without seeing the meaning of the move until they were actually on the polished parquet. Owing to the darkness of the December afternoon, the large empty room was lit up as brilliantly as at night. For a minute they stood on the threshold, looking absently at the palms grouped in the corners and the garlands festooning the walls. It was only then that Pruyn saw the motive of her coming; and for an instant he forgot his worry in the perception that this woman had divined his thought.

"There's no one here," he said at last, in a tone of relief, which betrayed him once more.

"No," Diane replied, half turning round. "Perhaps we had better go back to the drawing-room. My mother-in-law will be getting tired."

"Wait," he said, imperiously. "Isn't that—?"

He was again conscious of having admitted her into a sort of confidence; but he had scarcely time to regret it before there was a flash of red between the tall potted shrubs that screened an alcove. Dorothea sauntered into view, with Carli Wappinger, bending slightly over her, walking by her side. They were too deep in conversation to know themselves observed; but the earnestness with which the young man spoke became evident when he put out his hand and laid it gently on the muff Dorothea held before her. In the act, from which Dorothea did not draw back, there was nothing beyond the admission of a certain degree of intimacy; but Diane felt, through all her highly trained subconscious sensibilities, the shock it produced in Derek's mind.

The situation belonged too entirely to the classic repertoire of life to present any difficulties to a woman who knew that catastrophe is often averted by keeping close to the commonplace.

"Isn't she pretty!" she exclaimed, in a tone of polite enthusiasm. "Mayn't I speak to her? I haven't met her yet."

Before she had finished the concluding

words, or Wappinger had withdrawn his hand from Dorothea's muff, she had glided across the floor, and disturbed the young people from their absorption in one another.

"Mr. Wappinger," Derek heard her say, as he approached, "I want you to introduce me to Miss Pruyn. I'm Mrs. Eveleth, Miss Pruyn," she continued, without waiting for Carli's intermediary offices. "I couldn't go away without saying just a word to you."

If she supposed she was coming to Dorothea's rescue in a moment which might be one of embarrassment, she found herself mistaken. No experienced dowager could have been more amiable to a nice governess than Dorothea Pruyn to a lady in reduced circumstances. A facility in adapting herself to other people's manners enabled Diane to accept her cue; and presently all four were on their way back to the drawing-room, where farewells were spoken.

While Miss Lucilla was making Mrs. Eveleth renew her promise to come and see her, and "bring young Mrs. Eveleth with her," Pruyn found an opportunity for another word with Diane.

"You must understand," he said, in a tone which he tried to make one of explanation for her enlightenment rather than of apology for Dorothea,—“you must understand that girls have a good deal of liberty in America.”

"They have everywhere," she rejoined. "Even in France, where they've been kept so strictly, the old law of *Purdah* has been more or less relaxed."

"If you take up teaching as a work, you'll naturally be thrown among our young people; and you may see things to which it will be difficult to adjust your mind."

"I've had a good deal of practice in adjusting my mind. It often seems to me as movable as if it was on a pivot. I'm rather ashamed of it."

"You needn't be. On the contrary, you'll find it especially useful in this country, where foreigners are often eager to convert us to their customs, while we are tenacious of our own."

"Thank you," she said, in the spirit of meekness his didactic attitude seemed to require. "I'll try to remember that, and not fall into the mistake."

"And if I can do anything for you," he went on, awkwardly, "in the way of schools—or—or—recommendations,—you know I promised long ago that if you ever needed any one—"

"Thank you once more," she said, hurriedly, before he had time to go on. "I know I can count on your help; and if I require a good word, I shall not hesitate to ask you for it."

As she slipped away, Pruyn was left with the uncomfortable sense of having appeared to a disadvantage. He had been stilted and patronizing, when he had meant to be cordial and kind. On the other hand, he resented the quickness with which she had read his thoughts, as well as her perception that he had ground for uneasiness regarding his child. That she should penetrate the inner shrine of reserve he kept closed against those who stood nearest to him in the world gave him a sense of injury; and he turned this feeling to account during the next few hours in trying to deaden the echo of the French voice with the Irish intonation that haunted his inner hearing, as well as to banish the memory of the plaintive smile, in which, as he feared, meekness was blended with amusement at his expense.

CHAPTER VI

IF the secret spring worked by James Van Tromp had been an active agency in bringing Diane and Derek Pruyn once more together, as well as in creating the intimacy that sprang up during the next two months between Miss Lucilla and the elder Mrs. Eveleth, it had certainly nothing to do with the South American complications in the business of Van Tromp and Co., which made Pruyn's departure for Rio de Janeiro a possibility of the near future. He had long foreseen that he would be obliged to make the journey sooner or later, but that he should have to do it just now was particularly inconvenient. There was but one aspect in which the expedition might prove a blessing in disguise—he might take Dorothea with him.

During the six or eight weeks following the afternoon at Mrs. Wap-pinger's he had bestowed upon Dorothea no small measure of attention, ob-

taining much the same result as a mastiff might gain from his investigation of the ways of a bird-of-paradise. He informed himself as to her diversions and her dancing-classes, making the discovery that what other girls' mothers did for them Dorothea was doing for herself. As far as he could see, she was bringing herself up with the aid of a chosen band of eligible, well-conducted young men, varying in age from nineteen to twenty-two, whom she was training as a sort of body-guard against the day of her "coming out." On the occasions when he had opportunities for observation he noted the skill with which she managed them, as well as the chivalry with which they treated her; and yet there was in the situation an indefinable element that displeased him. It was something of a shock to learn that the flower he thought he was cultivating in secluded sweetness under glass had taken root of its own accord in the midst of young New York's great, gay parterre. Aware of the possibilities of this soil to produce overstimulated growth, he could think of nothing better than to pluck it up and, temporarily at least, transplant it elsewhere. Having come to the decision overnight, he made the proposition when they met at breakfast in the morning.

A prettier object than Miss Dorothea Pruyn, at the head of her father's table, it would have been difficult to find in the whole range of "dainty rogues in porcelain." From the top of her bronze-colored hair to the tip of her bronze-colored shoes she was as complete as taste could make her. The flash of her eyes as she lifted them suddenly, and as suddenly dropped them, over her task among the coffee-cups was like that of summer waters; while the rapture of youth was in her smile, and a becoming school-girl shyness in her fleeting blushes. In the floral language of American society, she was "not a bud"; she was only that small, hard, green thing out of which the bud is to unfold itself, but which does not lack a beauty of promise specially its own. If any criticism could be passed upon her, it was that which her father made—that there was danger of the promise being anticipated by a rather premature fulfilment, and the flower that needed time forced into a hurried, hot-house bloom.



Drawn by Frank Craig

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

PRESENTLY ALL FOUR WERE ON THEIR WAY BACK TO THE DRAWING-ROOM

"What! And leave my friends!" she exclaimed, when Derek, with some hesitation, had asked her how she would like the journey.

"They would keep."

"That's just what they wouldn't do. When I came back I should find them in all sorts of new combinations, out of which I should be dropped. You've got to be on the spot to keep in your set, otherwise you're lost."

"Why should you be in a set? Why shouldn't you be independent?"

"That just shows how much you understand, father," she said, pityingly. "A girl who isn't in a set is as much an outsider as a Hindoo who isn't in a caste. I must know people; and I must know the right people; and I must know no one but the right people. It's perfectly simple."

"Oh, perfectly. I can't help wondering, though, how you recognize the right people when you see them."

"By instinct. You couldn't make a mistake about that, any more than one pigeon could make a mistake about another, or take it for a crow."

"And is young Wappinger one of the right people?"

It was with an effort that Derek made up his mind to broach this subject, but Dorothea's self-possession was not disturbed.

"Certainly," she replied, briefly, with perhaps a slight accentuation of her maiden dignity.

"I'm rather surprised at that."

"Yes; you would be," she conceded; "but I couldn't make you understand it, any more than you could make me understand banking."

"I'm not convinced of the impossibility of either," he objected, knocking the top off an egg. "Suppose you were to try."

Dorothea shook her head.

"It wouldn't be of any use. The fact is, I really don't understand it myself. What's more, I don't suppose anybody else does. Carli Wappinger belongs to the right people because the right people say he does; and there is no more to be said about it."

"I should think that Mrs. Wappinger might be a—drawback."

"Not if the right people don't think so; and they don't. They've taken her

up, and they ask her everywhere; but they couldn't tell you why they do it, any more than birds could tell you why they migrate. As a matter of fact, they don't care. They just do it, and let it be."

"That sort of election and predestination may be very convenient for Mrs. Wappinger, but I should think you might have reasons for not caring to endorse it."

"I haven't. Why should I, more than anybody else?"

"You've so much social perspicacity that I hoped you would see without my having to tell you. It's chiefly a question of antecedents."

Dorothea looked thoughtful, her head tipped to one side, as she buttered a bit of toast.

"I know that's an important point," she admitted, "but it isn't everything. You've got to look at things all round, and not mistake your shadow for your bone."

"I'm glad you see there is a shadow."

"I see there is only a shadow."

"A shadow on—what?"

Pruyn meant this for a leading question, and as such Dorothea took it. She gazed at him for a minute with the clear eyes and straightforward expression that were so essential a part of her dainty, self-reliant personality. If she was bracing herself for an effort, there was no external sign of it.

"I may as well tell you, father," she said, "that Carli Wappinger has asked me to marry him."

For a long minute Derek sat with body seemingly stunned, but with mind busily searching for the wisest way in which to take this astounding bit of information. At the end of many seconds of silence he exploded in loud laughter, choosing this method of treating Dorothea's confidence in order to impress her with the ludicrous aspect of the affair, as it must appear to the grown-up mind.

"Funny, isn't it?" she remarked, dryly, when he thought it advisable to grow calmer.

"It's not only funny; it's the drollest thing I ever heard in my life."

"I thought it might strike you that way. That's why I told you."

"And what did you tell *him*, if I may ask?"

"I told him it was out of the question—for the present."

"For the present! That's good. But why the reservation?"

"I couldn't tell him it would be out of the question always, because I didn't know. As long as he didn't ask me for a definite answer, I didn't feel obliged to give him one."

"I think you might have committed yourself as far as that."

"I prefer not to commit myself at all. I'm very young and inexperienced—"

"I'm glad you see that."

"Though neither so inexperienced nor so young as mamma was when she married you. And you were only twenty-one yourself, father, while Carli is nearly twenty-three."

"I wouldn't compare the two instances if I were you."

"I don't. I merely state the facts. I want to make it plain that, though we're both very young, we're not so young as to make the case exceptional."

"But I understood you to say that there was no—case."

"There is to this extent: that while I'm free, Carli considers himself bound. That's the way we've left it."

"That is to say, he's engaged, but you aren't."

"That's what Carli thinks."

"Then I refuse to consent to it."

"But, father dear," Dorothea asked, arching her pretty eyebrows, "do you have to consent to what Carli thinks about himself? Can't he do that just as he likes?"

"He can't become a hanger-on of my family without my permission."

"He says he's not going to hang on, but to stand off. He's going to allow me full liberty of action and fair play."

"That's very kind of him."

"Only, when I choose to come back to him I shall find him waiting."

"I might suggest that you never go back to him at all, only that there's a better way of meeting the situation. That is to put a stop to the nonsense now; and I shall take steps to do it."

Dorothea preserved her self-control, but two tiny hectic spots began to burn in her cheeks, while she kept her eyes persistently lowered, as though to veil the spirit of determination glowing there.

"Hadn't you better leave that to me?" she asked, after a brief pause.

"I will, if you promise to put it through."

"You see," she answered, in a reasoning tone, "my whole object is not to promise anything—yet. I should think the advantage of that would strike you, if only from the point of view of business. It's like having the refusal of a picture or a piece of property. You may never want them; but it does no harm to know that nobody else can get them till you decide."

"Neither does it do any harm to let somebody else have a chance, when you know that you can't take them."

"Of course not; but I couldn't say that now. I quite realize that I'm too young to know my own mind; and it's only reasonable to consider things all round. Carli is rich and good-looking. He has a cultivated mind and a kind heart. There are lots of men, to whom you'd have no objection whatever, who wouldn't possess all those qualifications, or perhaps any of them."

"Nevertheless, I should imagine that the fact that I have objections would have its weight with you."

"Naturally; and yet you would neither force me into what I didn't like to do, nor refuse me what I wanted."

With this definition of his parental attitude Dorothea pushed back her chair and moved sedately from the room.

Physically Derek was able to go on with his breakfast and finish it, but mentally he was like a man, accustomed to action, who suddenly finds himself paralyzed. To the best of his knowledge he had never before been put in a position in which he had no idea whatever as to what to do. He had been placed in some puzzling dilemmas in private life, and had passed through some serious crises in financial affairs, but he had always been able to take some course, even if it was a mistaken one. It had been reserved for Dorothea to checkmate him in such a way that he could not move at all.

That the feminine mind possessed resources which his own did not was a claim Derek had made it a principle to deny. The theory on which he had brought up Dorothea had been based on his belief in his own insight into his daughter's character. Though he was far from abjuring that confidence even yet,

nevertheless, when the succeeding days brought no enlightenment of counsel, and the long journey to South America became more imminent, he was forced once more to turn his steps towards Gramercy Park, and seek inspiration from the great, eternal mother-spirit of mankind, as represented by his cousin.

Miss Lucilla Van Tromp passed among her friends as a sort of diffident Minerva. Though deficient in outward charms, she was considered to possess intellectual ability; and, having once been told that her profile resembled George Eliot's, she made the pursuit of learning, music, and Knickerbocker genealogy her special aims. Derek had, all his life, felt for her a special tenderness; and having neither mother, wife, nor sister, he was in the habit of coming to her with his cares.

"You're a woman," he declared, now, in summing up his case. "You're a woman. If you'd been married, you would probably have had children. You ought to be able to tell me exactly what to do."

Flushes of shy rapture illumined and softened her ill-assorted features on being cited as the type of maternity and sex, so that when she replied it was with an air of authority.

"I can tell you what to do, Derek; but I've done it already, and you wouldn't listen. You should send her to a good school—"

"It's too late for that. She wouldn't go."

"Then you should have some woman to live in your house who would be wise enough to manage her."

"No."

He jerked out the monosyllable, and began, according to his custom when puzzled or annoyed, to stride up and down the library.

"That is," Miss Lucilla went on, "you wouldn't like it. It would bore you to see a stranger in the house."

"Naturally."

"And so you would sacrifice Dorothea to your personal convenience."

"I wouldn't, if there was a woman competent to take the place; but there isn't."

"There is. There's Diane Eveleth."

"Who?"

The dark flush that swept into his face made it clear to Lucilla that his question was not put for purposes of in-

formation. She had remarked in Derek during the past few weeks a manner of fighting shy of Diane at variance with his usual method with women. Safety in flight was the course he commonly adopted; but since Diane appeared on the scene, Lucilla had noticed that it was flight with a curious tendency to look backwards.

"I said Diane Eveleth," she replied, in tactful answer to his superfluous question; "and I assure you she's fully equal to the duties you would require of her. I suppose you've never noticed her especially—?"

"I used to know her a little," he said, in an offhand manner. "I've seen her here. That's all."

"If a woman could have been made on purpose for what you want, it's she."

"Dear me! You don't say so!"

"It's no use trying to be sarcastic about it, Derek. She's not the one to suffer by it; it's Dorothea. Though, when it comes to suffering, she has her share, poor thing."

"I suppose no decent woman who has just lost her husband is expected to be absolutely hilarious over the event."

"She hasn't *just* lost him; it's getting on towards a year. And besides, it isn't only that. As a matter of fact, I don't believe she ever loved him as she could love the man to whom she gave her heart. If grief was her only trouble, I am sure the poor thing could bear it."

"And can't she bear it as it is?"

"The fact that she does bear it shows that she can; but it must be hard for a woman, who has lived as she has, to be brought to want."

"Want? Isn't that a strong word? One isn't in want unless one is without food and shelter."

"She has the shelter for the time being; I'm not sure that she always has the food."

"What? You don't know what you're saying."

"I know exactly what I'm saying; and I mean exactly what I say. There have been days when I've suspected that she's pinching in the essentials of meat and drink."

"But she has pupils."

"She has two; but they must pay her very little. It's dreadful for people who

have as much as we to have to look on at the tragedy of others going hungry—"

"Good Lord! Don't pile it on."

Striding to a window, he stood with his back to her, staring out.

"I'm not piling it on, Derek. I wish I were."

"Well, can't we do something? If it's as you say, they mustn't be left like that."

"It's a very delicate matter. The mother-in-law has money of her own; but Diane has nothing. It's difficult to see what to do, except to find her a situation."

"Then find her one."

"I have; but you won't take her."

"In any case," he said, in the aggressive tone of a man putting forward a weak final argument, "you couldn't leave the mother-in-law all alone."

"I'd take her," Lucilla said, promptly. "You have no idea how much I want her, in this big, empty house. It's getting to be more than I can do to take care of Aunt Regina all alone."

Minutes went by in silence; but when Derek turned from the window and spoke, Lucilla shrank with constitutional fear from the responsibility she had assumed.

"Go and ring them up, and tell young Mrs. Eveleth I'm waiting to see her here."

"But, Derek, are you sure—?"

"I'm quite sure. Please go and ring them up."

"But, Derek, you're so startling. Have you reflected—?"

"It's quite decided. Please do as I say, and call them up."

"But if anything were to go wrong in the future you'd think it was my—"

"I shall think nothing of the kind. Don't say any more about it, but please go and tell Diane I'm waiting."

The use of this name being more convincing to Lucilla than pledges of assurance, she sped away to do his bidding; but it was not till after she had gone that Derek recognized the fact that the word had passed his lips.

CHAPTER VII

DURING the half hour before the arrival of Mrs. Eveleth and Diane, Miss Lucilla's tact allowed Derek to have the library to himself. He was thus enabled to co-ordinate his thoughts, and

enact the laws which must henceforth regulate his domestic life. It was easy to silence the voice that for an instant accused him of taking this step in order to provide Diane Eveleth with a home; for Dorothea's need of a strong hand over her was imperative. He had reached the point where that circumstance could no longer be ignored. The avowal that the child had passed beyond his control would have had more bitterness in it, were it not for the fact that her naïve self-sufficiency touched his sense of humor, while her dainty beauty wakened his paternal pride.

Nevertheless, it was patent that Dorothea had been too much her own mistress. Without admitting that he had been wrong in his methods hitherto, he confessed that the time had come when the *duenna* system must be introduced, as a matter not only of propriety, but of prudence. He assured himself of his regret that no American lady who could take the position chanced to be on the spot, but allayed his sorrow on the ground that any fairly well-mannered, virtuous woman could fulfil the functions of so mechanical a task, just as any decent, able-bodied man is good enough to be a policeman.

It was somewhat annoying that the lady in question should be young and pretty; for it was a sad proof of the crudity of human nature that the mere residence of a free man and a free woman under the same roof could not pass without comment among their friends. For himself it was a matter of no importance; and as for her, a woman who has her living to earn must often be placed in situations where she is exposed to remark.

To anticipate all possibility of mistake it would be necessary that his attitude towards Mrs. Eveleth should be strictly that of the employer towards the employed. He must ignore the circumstance of their earlier acquaintance, with its touch of something memorable which neither of them had ever been able to explain, and confine himself as far as possible, both in her interests and his own, to such relations as he held with his typewriters and his clerks. What friendliness she required she must receive from other hands; and, doubtless, she would find sufficient.

Having entrenched himself behind his fortifications of reserve, he was able to maintain just the right shade of dignity, when, in the half-light of the midwinter afternoon, Diane glided into the big, book-lined apartment, in which the comfortable air induced through long occupancy by people of means did not banish a certain sombreness. She entered with the subdued manner of one who has been sent for peremptorily, but who acknowledges the right of summons. The perception of this called an impulse to apologize to Derek's lips; but on reflection he repressed it. It was best to assume that she would do his bidding from the first. Standing by the fireplace, with his arm on the mantelpiece, he bowed stiffly, without offering his hand. Diane bowed in return, keeping her own hands securely in her small black muff.

"Won't you sit down?"

Without changing his position he indicated the large leathern chair on the other side of the hearth. Diane sat down on the very edge—erect, silent, submissive. If he had feared the intrusion of the personal element into what must be strictly a business affair, it was plain that this pale, pinched little woman had forestalled him.

Yes; she was pale and pinched. Lucilla had been right about that. There was something in Diane's appearance that suggested privation. Derek had seen such a thing before among the disinherited of mankind, but never in his own rank in life. With her air of proud gentleness, of gallant acceptance of what fate had apportioned her, she made him think of some plucky little citadel holding out against hunger. If there was no way of showing the pity, the mingled pity and approbation, in his breast, it was at least some consolation to know that in his house she would be beyond the most terrible and elemental touch of want.

"I've troubled you to come and see me," he began, with an effort to keep the note of embarrassment out of his voice, "to ask if you would be willing to accept a position in my family."

Diane sat still and did not raise her eyes, but it seemed to him that he could detect, beneath her veil, a light of relief in her face, like a sudden gleam of sunshine.

"I'm looking for a position," was all she said, "and if I could be of service—"

"I'm very much in need of some one," he explained; "though the duties of the place would be peculiar, and, perhaps, not particularly grateful."

"It would be for me to do them, without questioning as to whether I liked them or not."

"I'm glad you say that, as it will make it easier for us to come to an understanding. You've already guessed, perhaps, that I am looking for a lady to be with my daughter."

"I thought it might be something of that kind."

The difficult part of the interview was now to begin, and Pruyn hesitated a minute, considering how best to present his case. Reflection decided him in favor of frankness, for it was only by frankness on his side that Diane would be able to carry out his wishes on hers. The responsibility imposed upon him by his wife's death, he said, was one he had never wished to shirk by leaving his child to the care of others. Moreover, he had had his own ideas as to the manner in which she should be brought up, and he had put them into practice. The results had been good in most respects, and if in others there was something still to be desired, it was not too late to make the necessary changes, whether in the way of supplement or correction. Indeed, in his opinion, the psychological moment for introducing a new line of conduct had only just arrived.

"It is often better not to force things," Diane murmured, vaguely, "especially with the very young."

To this he agreed, though he laid down the principle that not to take strong measures when there was need for them would be the part of weakness. Diane having no objection to offer to this bit of wisdom, it was possible for him to go on to explain the emergency she would be called in to meet. Briefly, it arose from his own error in allowing Dorothea too much liberty of judgment. While he was in favor of a reasonable freedom for all young people, it was evident that in this case the pendulum had been suffered to swing so far in one direction that it would require no small amount of effort on his part and Diane's—chiefly

on Diane's—to bring it back. In the interest of Dorothea's happiness it was essential that the proper balance should be established with all possible speed, even though they raised some rebellion on her part in doing it.

He explained Dorothea's methods in creating her body-guard of young men, as far as he understood them; he described the young people whose society she frequented, and admitted that he was puzzled as to the precise quality in them that shocked his views; coming to the affair with Carli Wappinger, he spoke of it as "a bit of preposterous nonsense, to which an immediate stop must be put." There were minor points in his exposition; and at each one, as he made it, Diane nodded her head gravely, to show that she followed him with understanding, and was in sympathy with his opinion that it was "high time that some step should be taken."

Encouraged by this intelligent comprehension, Derek went on to define the good offices he would expect from Diane. She should come to his house not only as Dorothea's inseparable companion, but as a sort of warder-in-chief, armed, by his authority, with all the powers of command. It was no use doing things by halves; and if Dorothea needed discipline she had better get it thoroughly, and be done with it. It was not a thing which he, Derek, would want to see last forever; but while it did last it ought to be effective, and he would look to Diane to make it so. As it was not becoming that a daughter of his should need a body-guard of youths, Diane would undertake the task of breaking up Dorothea's circle. Young men might still be permitted "to call," but under Diane's supervision, while Dorothea sat in the background, as a maiden should. Diane would make it a point to know the lads personally, so as to discriminate between them, and exclude those who for one reason or another might not be desirable friends. As for Mr. Carli Wappinger, the door was to be rigorously shut against him. Here the question was not one of gradual elimination, but of abrupt termination to the acquaintanceship. He must request Diane to see to it that, as far as possible, Dorothea neither met the young man, nor held communication with him, on any pretext

whatever. He laid down no rule in the case of Mrs. Wappinger, but it would follow as a natural consequence that the mother should be dropped with the son. These might seem drastic measures to Dorothea, to begin with; but she was an eminently reasonable child, and would soon come to recognize their wisdom. After all, they were only the conditions to which, as he had been given to understand, other young girls were subjected, so that she would have nothing to complain of in her lot. The probability of his own departure for South America, with an absence lasting till the spring, would make it necessary for Diane to use to the full the powers with which he commissioned her. He trusted that he made himself clear.

For some minutes after he ceased speaking Diane sat looking meditatively at the fire. When she spoke her voice was low, but the ring of decision in it was not to be mistaken.

"I'm afraid I couldn't accept the position, Mr. Pruyn."

Derek's start of astonishment was that of a man who sees intentions he meant to be benevolent thrown back in his face.

"You couldn't—? But surely—?"

"I mean, I couldn't do that kind of work."

"But I thought you were looking for it—or something of the sort."

"Yes; something of the sort, but not precisely that."

"And it's precisely that that I wish to have done," he said, in a tone that betrayed some irritation; "so I suppose there is no more to be said."

"No; I suppose not. In any case," she added, rising, "I must thank you for being so good as to think of me; and if I feel obliged to decline your proposition, I must ask you to believe that my motives are not petty ones. Now I will say good afternoon."

Keeping her hands rigidly within her muff, and with a slight, dignified inclination of the head, she turned from him.

She was half way to the door before Derek recovered himself sufficiently to speak.

"May I ask," he inquired, "what your objections are?"

She turned where she stood, but did not come back towards him.

"I have only one. The position you suggest would be intolerable to your daughter and odious to me."

"But," he asked, with a perplexed contraction of the brows, "isn't it what companions to young ladies are generally engaged for?"

"I was never engaged as a companion before, so I'm not qualified to say. I only know—"

She stopped, as if weighing her words.

"Yes?" he insisted; "you only know—what?"

"That no girl with spirit—and Miss Pruyn is a girl with spirit—would submit to that kind of tyranny."

"It wouldn't be tyranny in this case; it would be authority."

"She would consider it tyranny—especially after the freedom you've allowed her."

"But you admit that it's freedom that ought to be curbed?"

"Quite so; but aren't there methods of restriction other than those of compulsion?"

"Such as—what?"

"Such as special circumstances may suggest."

"And in these particular circumstances—?"

"I'm not prepared to say. I'm not sufficiently familiar with them."

"Precisely; but I am."

"You're familiar with them from a man's point of view," she smiled; "but it's one of those instances in which a man's point of view counts for very little."

"Admitting that, what would be your advice?"

"I have none to give."

"None?"

She shook her head. Leaving his fortified position by the mantelpiece, he took a step or two towards her.

"And yet when I began to speak you seemed favorably inclined to the offer I was making you. You must have had ideas on the subject then."

"Only vague ones. I made the mistake of supposing that yours would be equally so."

"And with your vague ideas, your intention was—?"

"To adapt myself to circumstances; I couldn't tell beforehand what they would

be. I imagined that what you wanted for your daughter was the society of an experienced woman of the world; and I am that, whatever else I may not be."

"You're very young to make the claim."

"There are other ways of gaining experience than by years; and," she added, with the intention to divert the conversation from herself, "the small store I happen to possess I was willing to share with your daughter, in whatever way she might have need of it."

"But not in my way."

"Not in your way, perhaps, but for the furthering of your purposes."

"How could you further my purposes, when you wouldn't do what I wanted?"

"By getting her to do it of her own accord."

"Could you promise me she would?"

"I couldn't promise you anything at all. I could only do my best, and see how she would respond to it."

"She's a very good little girl," he hastened to declare.

"I'm sure of that. Though I don't know her well, I've seen her often enough to understand that whatever mistakes she may make, they are those of youth and independence. She is only a motherless girl who has been allowed—who, in a certain way, has been obliged—to look after herself. I've noticed that underneath her self-reliant manner she's very much a child."

"That's true."

"But I should never treat her as a child, except—except in one way."

"Which would be—?"

"To give her plenty of affection."

"She's always had that."

"Yes, yours; she hasn't had her mother's. Don't think me cruel in saying it, but no girl can grow up nourished only by her father's love, and not miss something that the good God intended her to have. The reason women are so essential to babies and men is chiefly because of their faculty for understanding the inarticulate. With all your daughter has had, there is one great thing that she hasn't had; and if you had placed me near her, my idea, which I call vague, would have been—as far as any one could do it now—to supply her with some of that."

Derek retreated again to the fireside,

alarmed by a language suspiciously like that he had heard on other occasions, concerning the motherless condition of his child. Was it going to turn out that all women were alike? There had been minutes during the last half hour when, as he looked into Diane's face, it seemed to him that here at last was one as honest as air and as straightforward as light. But no experienced woman of the world, as she declared herself to be, could forget that this was a ludicrously delicate topic with a widower. She must either avoid it altogether, or expose herself to misinterpretation in pursuing it. It took him a few minutes to perceive that Diane had chosen the latter course, and had done it with a fine disdain of anything he might choose to think. She was not of the order of women who hesitate for petty considerations, or who stoop to small manœuvrings.

"I'm afraid I must go now," she said, when he had stood some time without speaking.

"Don't go yet. Sit down."

His tone was still one of command, but not of the same quality of command as that which he had used on her entry. He brought her a chair, and she seated herself again.

"You said just now," he began, resuming his former attitude, with his arm on the mantelpiece, "that you didn't expect me to be so definite. Suppose I had been indefinite; then what would you have done?"

"I should have been indefinite too."

"That's all very well; but, you see, I have to look at things from the point of view of business."

"And is there never anything indefinite in business?"

"Not if we can help it."

"And what happens when you can't help it?"

"Then we have to look for some one to whose discretion we can trust."

"Exactly; and, if you'll allow me to say it, Miss Pruyn is at an age and in a position where she needs a friend armed with discretion rather than authority."

"Well, suppose we were agreed about everything—the discretion and all—what would you begin by doing?"

"I shouldn't begin by doing anything. I should try to win your daughter's con-

fidence; and if I couldn't do that I should go away."

"So that in the end it might happen that nothing would be accomplished."

"It might happen so. I shouldn't expect it. Good hearts are generally sensitive to good influences; and beneath her shell of manner Miss Pruyn strikes me as neither more nor less than a dear little girl."

Again he was suspicious of a bid for favor; but again Diane's air of almost haughty honesty negated the thought.

"I'm glad you see that," was the only comment he made. "But," he added, once more taking a step or two towards her, "when you had won her confidence, then you would do the things that I suggested, wouldn't you?"

"I shouldn't have to. She would probably do them herself, and a great deal better than you or I."

"I don't see how you can be sure of that. If you don't make her—"

"When you've watered your plant and kept it in the sunshine you don't have to make it bloom. It will do that of itself."

"But all these young men?—and this young Wappinger?"

"I should let them alone."

"Oh no! Not young Wappinger!"

"What harm is he doing? I admit that the present situation has its foolish aspects from your point of view and mine; but I can think of things a great deal worse. At least you know there is nothing clandestine going on; and young people who have the virtue of being open have the very first quality of all. If you let them alone—or leave them to sympathetic management—you will probably find that they will outgrow the whole thing, as children outgrow an inordinate love of sweets."

There was a brief pause, during which he stood looking down at her, a smile something like that of amusement hovering about his lips.

"So that, in your judgment," he began again, "the whole thing resolves itself into a matter of discretion. But now—if you'll pardon me for asking anything so blunt—how am I to know that you would be discreet?"

For an instant she lifted her eyes to his, as if begging to be spared the reply.

"If it's not a fair question—" he began.

"It *is* a fair question," she admitted; "only it's one I find difficult to answer. If it wasn't important—urgently important—that I should obtain work, I should prefer not to answer it at all. I must tell you that I haven't always been discreet. I've had to learn discretion—by bitter lessons."

"I'm not asking about the past," he broke in, hastily, "but about the future."

"About the future one cannot say; one can only try."

"Then suppose we try it?"

His own words took him by surprise, for he had meant to be more cautious; but now that they were uttered he was ready to stand by them. Once more, as it seemed to him, he could detect the light of relief steal into her expression, but she made no response.

"Suppose we try it?" he said again.

"It's for you to decide," she answered, quietly. "My position places me entirely at the disposal of any one who is willing to employ me."

"So that this is better than nothing," he said, in some disappointment at her lack of enthusiasm.

"I shouldn't put it in that way," she smiled; "but then I shouldn't put it in any way, until I saw whether or not I gave you satisfaction. You must remember you're engaging an untried person; and, as I've told you, I have nothing in the way of recommendations."

"We will assume that you don't need them."

"It's a good deal to assume; but since you're good enough to do it, I can't help being grateful. Is there any particular time when you would like me to begin?"

"Perhaps," he suggested, drawing up a small chair and seating himself nearer her, "it would be best to settle the business part of our arrangement first. You must tell me frankly if there is anything in what I propose that you don't find satisfactory."

"I'm sure there won't be," Diane murmured, faintly, with a feeling akin to shame that any one should be offering to pay for such feeble services as hers. She was thankful that the winter dusk, creeping into the room, hid the surging of the hot color in her face, as Derek talked of sums of money and dates of payment.

She did her best to pretend to give him her attention, but she gathered nothing from what he said. If she had any coherent thought at all, it was of the greatness, the force, the authority, of one who could control her future, and dictate her acts, and prescribe her duties, with something like the power of a god. In times past she would have tried to weave her spell around this strong man, in sheer wantonness of conquest, as Vivian threw her enchantments over Merlin; now she was conscious only of a strange willingness to submit to him, to take his yoke, and bow down under it, serving him as master.

She was glad when he ended, leaving her free to rise and say his arrangements suited her exactly. She had promised to join Miss Lucilla Van Tromp and Mrs. Eveleth at tea, and perhaps he would come with her.

"No, I'll run away now," he said, accompanying her to the door, "if you'll be good enough to make my excuses to Lucilla. But one word more! You asked me when you had better begin. I should say as soon as you can. As I may leave for Rio de Janeiro at any time, it would be well for you to be in working order before I go."

So it was settled, and as she departed he opened the door for her and held out his hand. But once more the little black muff came into play, and Diane walked out as she had come in, with no other salutation than a dignified inclination of the head.

Derek closed the door behind her and stood with his hand on the knob. He took the little rebuke like a man.

"I'm a cad," he said to himself. "I'm a cad."

Returning to his former place on the hearth, he remained long, gazing into the dying embers, and rehearsing the points of the interview in his mind. The gloaming closed around him, and he took pleasure in the fancy that she was still sitting there—silent, patient, erect, with that pinched look of privation so gallantly borne.

"By Jove! she's a brave one!" he murmured, under his breath. "She's a brick. She's a soldier. She's a lady. She's the one woman in the world to whom I could entrust my child."

Then, as his head sank in meditation, he shook himself as though to wake up from sleep into actual day.

"I've been dreaming," he said,—“I've been dreaming. I must get away. I must go back to the office. I must get to work.”

But instead of going he threw himself into one of the deep armchairs. Dropping off into a reverie, he conjured up the scene which had long been the fairest in his memory.

It was the summer. It was the country. It was a garden. In the long bed the carnations of many colors were bending their beauty-drunken heads, while over them a girl was stooping. She picked one here, one there, in search of that which would suit him best. When she had found it—deep red, with shades in the inner petals nearly black—she turned to offer it. But when she looked at him, he saw it was—Diane.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Hermit

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

LISTEN! O listen! 'Tis the thrush—God bless him!
 How marvellously sweet the song he sings!
 All Nature seems to listen and caress him,
 And Silence even closer folds her wings
 Lest she should miss one faintly throbbing note
 Of high-wrought rapture, from that flutelike throat.

The warbling world, itself, is hushed about him;
 No bird essays the amœbean strain:
 Each knows the soul of Music—full without him—
 Could bear no more, and rivalry were vain.
 So, Daphnis singing in the tamarisk shade,
 All things grew silent, of a sound afraid.

The aspens by the lake have ceased to shiver,
 As if the very zephyrs held their breath:
 Harken how, wave on wave, with notes that quiver,
 It rises now—that song of life and death!—
 “O holy! holy!” Was it Heaven that called
 My spirit, by love's ecstasy enthralled?

More Precious Than Rubies

BY FRANCIS WILLING WHARTON

MISS HERRON sat in her motor and waited while the man took in the big hat-box and returned her last fancy in hats; its flaming feathers had not suited her when she tried it on at home, and so she had brought it back. It had taken her some little time to choose it, it took time to take it back, and to destroy time was always something. She fingered her string of pearls, and wondered idly why a man who walked slouchingly along the street near the motor swayed in his walk. Was he drunk, perhaps? Then, having an imagination, and keen-sighted eyes as well, she made another diagnosis—sick or starving, more likely. She leaned out of the window, but he was gone—and then, if he had not been, one can hardly call to a strange man in the street and offer him food.

She leaned back and stared absently at the crowd. The pressure of many unveiled glances did not disturb her; she was used to being stared at. When you have eyes and hair as black as night, small delicate features, a skin the color of an opal, and wear velvet and sables, you should be stared at. She only wondered why one woman who lingered longest in her step to note her appearance should have dyed her hair that particular color, it was so hard to dress to. And yet she might have wondered why, with her softly rounded white chin, and eyes like an unlighted night, no man gave her a gentler glance. She could not have been aware how wicked a luxury she seemed to stand for, how costly and idle an expense.

The chauffeur came back, got into the machine, and waited for directions. She sat silent. Where was she going? She had had an idea when she had left home, but she had forgotten it. Not to Lucy's, not to Marie's, not to any of the places she usually went to—that at least she would not do; she felt her boredom rise almost to a scream within her.

"Anywhere," she threw out between those even small teeth of hers, and the machine drew smoothly down the avenue. He was going to the Park—oh, well, why not?—and to the Park they went, unaccustomed route though it was, for people did not drive in the Park nowadays; it was dowdy to ride in the Park—oh, well, again, why not?—and Miss Herron leaned back and stared out of her window.

She wanted one thing in the world—one thing only. For two weeks she had dined out, supped out, gone to the play, the opera, talked and danced and dressed, and through it all she had wanted one thing, even a glimpse of which she had been denied! One man in a city-ful of men, and never to lay eyes on him! Never to hear his name, and endless other names bellowed in your ears; never to hear his voice, and endless other men talking to you, dining with you, making love to you.

All the autumn and winter she had seen him every day or two at the play, sitting by some man at the opera, dining next her at various houses, and until these last horrible blank weeks she had seen him every day for one whole week. Was he sick, she wondered, and felt a stab at the thought; and always they were sliding through the icy landscape of the Park.

"Go back to Manaud's," she said, and in some curious way felt comforted as the car sped back into the city. She might see him here; in the Park, never.

They traversed block after block and reached the crowded bustling thoroughfare where business, pleasure, folly, and sordid life mingle in a throng. The machine moved slowly, held back by the traffic; it stopped under the imposing order of an official, then moved on again, stopped, and so took its way slowly along close to the sidewalk.

It was the hour before twilight, but the lamps were lit; a faint radiance in

the sky showed that somewhere the sun was setting; there was a sparkle in the frosty air, and suddenly Miss Herron saw the object of her unswerving thoughts walking slowly through the crowd, not many feet away from her. She leaned forward; the name died on her lips; she leaned back.

He was a fair man of considerable height, slight of build, with the angles of a frame below weight. His smooth-shaven, well-cut features were savagely defined by care, by something not far from want. As Miss Herron had read another case correctly that afternoon, she read this. He did not need bread, but perhaps wine; he did not lack a roof, but more sunshine in the room in which he lived,—and yet all work and no play had certainly not made this Jack a dull boy.

He watched the crowd with interest, greeted a man or two, and for a space of precious time was right within her hail and never knew it; and then, as she nerved herself and approached the window—then he crossed the street and was gone.

Gone—gone for another two weeks perhaps, another fourteen days, each one heavy to lift and force through its paces; another fourteen nights of empty pleasure-seeking—oh, my soul! Miss Herron spoke.

"Get out of the crowd!" she said; her voice sounded flat and hoarse—she was suffering. Those people who watched her from the sidewalk had a kind of unused interest in the darkness under her big eyes, the hurt curve of her red mouth; she felt their eyes suddenly, and hated them.

"Turn into the first cross-street," she added, and wheeling about, unencumbered by opposing vehicles, they took their smooth, rapid way. It was a long, expressionless street into which they had passed, and as they approached an avenue of traffic the car slowed, waiting her command; she gave none. They went on through another stretch of unmeaning houses, growing more dejected in their featureless uniformity; then another avenue, another street, and now they were frankly in the part of the town where poorer people lived. This was the quarter of the poor who have only become so by a downfall, who can hardly

believe in their own failure; the people who are still fighting for their own gentility, who would still deceive their neighbors, whatever harsh truths they may have told themselves.

Here, among others, she saw approaching a row of houses with iron balconies, houses of another day when they had been well thought of, but which now bore the stigma of defeat upon them, and her eyes read a number, 327—another, 329—he lived in 329 East Livingston Street; this was the place.

"Stop!" she said.

The machine stopped.

The street was so quiet that there was no one to notice the unusual sight of a motor on its broken pavement. She sat looking at the house. It was dark, and she realized suddenly that he must be still safely at a distance; she could know some of the things she wanted to know more than anything else in life.

She got out and mounted the two low steps and laid her hand upon the bell; then, turning, felt the incongruity of her possessions; she walked to the little iron gate again.

"Go home," she said. "I won't want you till this evening at eight."

The machine backed, turned, backed again in the narrow street, and glided smoothly out of sight, and she stood alone on the door-step.

She rang the bell and waited. Some moments passed before the door opened; looking at the old woman in the doorway, she could picture the heavy step that had brought her slowly to the threshold.

"Mr. Quincy's room," she said, composedly, with the abruptness of her class and kind. "I will wait for him—which is it?"

The old woman blinked, hesitated; but the sables, perhaps the manner even more, carried the day. "Up two flights to the back; the key is under the mat," she said, and watched the wonderful figure sweep its draperies up the staircase with a kind of tired speculation in her eyes.

Miss Herron mounted two flights, and in the small landing there were but two doors—one in front and one in back. Stooping, she found the key, and opened the back door, and, going in, closed it behind her, and leaned her back against it, breathless.

It was some moments before she recovered herself. Then she saw that everything was just as she had known it would be—fatally as she had known it would be. It was cramped, ill-lit, ill-furnished, with a few books on a shelf, some clothes piled on two chairs, a table with some papers—and nowhere warmth or light, nowhere ease.

She sank down on a chair by the table, the only one free in the room, and resting her arms on the table she covered her face. She forgot time, forgot everything but that he should live like this and she never be able to tell him. She had no conception of friendship between men and women. Who about her practised such an obsolete relation? She understood love-making or bargaining, that being what she was familiar with. She went over their meetings, trying to piece out a belief that he might cross the river of convention that lay between her money and his poverty, and knew by instinct that the only ford he would travel by would be his own passion. She fell into a reverie so deep that she heard nothing until the door opened and Quincy stood in the doorway.

He stood a moment looking at her, and then came quickly forward.

"Are you ill?" he said. "Has anything happened? The old madwoman mumbled something, but I could not guess what had happened."

She had risen; they stood quite near each other, and even in the twilight there was no escape.

"It is nothing," she said, and drew in her breath. "I—I—I wanted to know how you lived." Her cool, callous voice, her unveiled eyes, played her a cruel trick; they expressed nothing but arrogant curiosity, and he believed her. It was possibly superb to look like that and be like that, but it was something else, too, and for the moment he hated her. He stared, he hardened, he petrified.

"It is a remarkable age in which we live that makes a woman like you," he said. "Have you satisfied your curiosity? May we go?"

She did not answer him; she bowed her head, and, moving swiftly past him, went down the stairs, and, reaching the lower hall, opened the door and found herself in the blessed outer air. She stumbled

on the low step near the little iron gate, and might have fallen but that Quincy caught her arm and steadied her. They came to a stop on the sidewalk and faced each other.

The lamps glittered through a wonderful blue twilight; they could see each other's faces with distinctness; but the lights and shadows had a different value from those at midday, and facing her proud outlines in their luxurious wrappings, he blazed again.

"If your machine is round the corner," he said, "I'll go for it and put you in." His voice could not have expressed a more biting contempt, and Miss Herron felt her blood surge within her.

"No," she answered, "it isn't here. I sent it away. I'll go home in a car, or walk—I don't need you—thanks." The last drawl gave her courage, and she met his eyes with her own shining like some wonderful hard jewels set amid opals, then turned away.

Quincy felt her glance like a challenge. "By no means," he said. "I prefer to escort you as far as the gates of your own world, at least," and he walked beside her.

She moved swiftly in her slippered feet, her velvet cloak barely held out of the mire in which they walked, and as they moved in silence along block after block, he saw her slender satin toes plant themselves firmly in the snow and mud, and felt a pang—half pleasure and half pain. His gaze moved upward to her set profile under the waving plumes of her hat, her soft chin resting on the fur. Something indefinable in her expression struck him in a light he had never seen before, and on the impulse he slowed his steps.

"Why did you do this?" he said.

They were on a great avenue of the city. She faced him; her eyes seemed to smite his cheek with their light.

"It's a little late for mercy, don't you think?" said Miss Herron, and quite suddenly she made a swift movement forward, stepped on a crowded car before them, and disappeared amid the crush. An instant and she was a block away from him, and Quincy, turning slowly, walked back to his room.

It was a week since Miss Herron had motored to Livingston Street, and she had

passed seven impossible days and seven unspeakable nights. She often slept only five hours in a night, but now it seemed to her that she hardly slept at all—and she showed it. Her pallor had less iridescent beauty, her eyes had dark lines under their blackness; but the man her mother wanted her to marry had asked her for every cotillion they had been to, had buried her in flowers; and Mrs. Herron was already choosing the diamonds she intended to give her daughter on her wedding-day.

It was a stormy afternoon, and the hurrying snowflakes had piled a mass of white on the window-ledges, when Miss Herron sat in the small drawing-room by the fire and, shivering a little, drank her tea.

The room was a cheerful one, a note of warm green throughout, lighted by a blazing fire, and on a table behind her stood some of Raynor's roses—gorgeous Jacqueminot blazing like the fire. On a stand near the tea table stood a jar holding six great rose-trees, with their deep pink crowns exhaling a wonderful odor, and Raynor himself sat opposite her across the fireplace, and, balancing his teacup on the slender arm of his chair, brought out the abrupt sentences in which the set of people in which they moved expressed themselves.

Mrs. Herron would have felt the psychic moment to be near, but Miss Herron, far away in her mist of wearied conjecture and reiterated surmise, hardly heard what he said.

It is wonderful, thought Raynor, to meet a woman who does not evidence the slightest interest in the trembling in the balance of twenty million; and it was so wonderful that he prepared to speak.

"Miss Val," he began—games of polo had brought them to that; she did not even look up from the cup she was filling—"Miss Val, you are unlike any other woman I know—do you know it?"

Here was something out of the common—Raynor growing analytical. She did look up and stared at him.

"Am I?" she said. "No, you are wrong; I'm just like the rest of them. Only once—once—" She stopped.

"Once—once," repeated Raynor, gently. "Go on."

She leaned back and drew a deeper breath. "How absurd I am," she said, "to take you seriously for a moment! I thought you meant something. You didn't, of course; no one ever means anything. How absurd I am!"

Raynor was coarse, crude, and not a good man; but he had some instincts, and he was not dull. Besides, he was enough of a sportsman to enjoy stalking game instead of having it driven up to his gun-barrel.

"Are you absurd?" he returned. "Then I must be also. I was quite serious; never more so. You are different from other women—and tell me what once happened; I want to know."

She still stared at him, and, wandering in the labyrinth of her misery, was tempted. He would not understand, and he was, somehow, sympathetic—sympathetic without the pitfall that lay in the sympathy of most of the women she knew. She forgot that he perhaps wanted to marry her, that every woman of her acquaintance wanted to marry him; she forgot everything but the desire to utter some few words that bore some relation to her thoughts, to break the silence in which she lived, and she spoke.

"Once," she said, slowly,—“once I had a vision.” She hesitated, met Raynor's studying, wondering, absorbed eyes, and stopped short, and he put out his hand with a gesture of encouragement.

"Please go on," he said. "You had a vision—I think I am having one myself. Please go on." But she had recovered her bearings as suddenly as she had lost them.

"My dear M. H.," she returned, which was his familiar name in the hunt to which they belonged, "what an angel you are! and to reward you for listening to my sibylline utterance I will do what I have not done before—begin thanking you for the roses. First for the white ones, and then for the red, and then for my beautiful American Beauties. They are heavenly; but on what principle do you choose flowers? Why white? If white, why then red? Once red, why not always red? Answer me, Sir Banneret of the tricolor!"

She was laughing at him openly, but dazzlingly too, leaning toward him over the tray, her eyes shining, her pale skin

tinted with a faint flush, her red lips laughing. Raynor did not like to be laughed at, as a rule, but he did not care now; he was in for something big—it was worth while, this contract; he would leave it to no smaller man.

He got up and brought his chair within a foot of hers, and sitting in it, was close beside her.

"Aren't you the most ungrateful woman in the world," he said, "and the most lively? Abuse my roses, if you like—why not?—but marry me, Val, won't you?"

There was an instant in which they looked at each other, and then the door opened and Raynor pushed back his chair unanswered, with a good-natured curse below his breath. He would get his answer later—the moment was too delightful not to feel that even delay had its charms; and it only meant delay, of course—he knew his world.

"Mr. Quincy, madam," said Dance, the butler, and across the slippery parquet floor Quincy advanced.

"How'dydo?" said Miss Herron. "Won't you pull up to the fire? It's cold out, isn't it? Dance, get some muffins."

Quincy came forward and disposed his slender form in its shabby clothes composedly before the flames.

"Muffins!" he said. "Heavenly sound! How'dydo, Raynor?" They nodded. "I hope you have forgotten, Miss Herron, how I behaved once before; there are some things one should do only once, and yet—"

Miss Herron smiled. "I remember perfectly," she returned, "but you won't be able to, for Mr. Raynor likes muffins as much as you do, and Dance only brings three at a time; it is his rule." She laughed, and each man scored it to his own account.

Raynor tilted back his chair dexterously; only long practice could enable any one to do it on that floor, and he stared at the newcomer idly while he listened to his sallies and sword-play with his hostess.

Clever chap, he decided. He had seen him several times before; queer clothes—awful tailor—and he worked in some chemical shop or other. What was he doing up-town at this hour—four-thirty?

he thought all poor chaps worked late or were shirkers—he didn't look like a shirker; and then he looked at Miss Herron and forgot everything but how well she would wear her diamonds; and just then he caught up again with their talk. It was still light, of anything and nothing, but his ear caught this from Quincy:

"No, I've not been anywhere this week, or for three weeks past, for that matter. But this week, besides some work at the laboratory, I've had a problem of my own I've been stewing over, and I think—I think I am on the right track."

Something in Miss Herron's face, which Raynor was watching while Quincy spoke made him set value on Quincy's words.

"Making a discovery of your own, are you?" he observed, good-naturedly. "Get a patent, then, or you will be robbed most unmercifully; and be secret as the grave."

Quincy shook his head. "It won't need a patent," he answered, with a faint smile. "I sha'n't mind the world knowing if I work it out; if I don't—well, then there will only be myself to suffer. But I had an inspiration the other night, and perhaps—perhaps—"

He stopped; his eyes were fixed on Miss Herron, who was looking at the fire; and Raynor, still watching her, wondered why she seemed to flush a little. Was it a belated tribute to his question of a while ago? And then Dance came in with the muffins, and when Raynor had eaten one it seemed to be expected in some way that he should go—it was in the air; and being only in the air, he obeyed the pressure of the weighted atmosphere, and before he knew what he had done he got up, and standing by the big jar of American Beauties, looked down at Miss Herron.

"See you later," he said, "at the Roberts's; you promised me the cotillion, you know, and—" he hesitated; he intended to refer to what had happened between them, but he did not want to let Quincy in, naturally.

"Exactly," said Miss Herron, with a brilliant smile; "it's only a breathing-space between runs, isn't it? See you at twelve," she nodded to him, and he was dismissed, and with a barely visible salutation to Quincy, he carried his sleek

head and creaseless frock coat out of their sight.

There was a silence, broken by the crackling of the fire; only the roses scented the air so poignantly that Quincy spoke.

"Those wonderful flowers!" he said. "They pour out such a perfume that it is like a sound on the air, isn't it? Like the faint tinkle of a bell."

Miss Herron, who sat with her handkerchief in her hands, twisting it mercilessly under cover of the tea tray, looked across at him.

"It is rather like that," she answered, "only I never thought of it before; or if I felt it, expression is not my strong point—nor that of the people I live among; they have some feelings, no thoughts, and few words."

"You are severe," he returned, "and I have been counting on finding you in a softened mood. I read in the morning's paper that you had bewildered a duke and enslaved a prince at the Forresters' last night—you should be gentle with a mere commoner."

"You are pleased to be ironical," she answered, slowly. "Please don't be. I'm not worth your steel. I've only a limited sporting vocabulary with which to meet your refinements; subtlety I have none. Who has, in this barbarous world where everything is reduced to what it costs? I know a few plain wants, and those are keen. I feel hunger, cold, and thirst; just now I feel them all three, so do not be hard upon me."

Quincy clasped his hands between his knees and leaned toward her.

"You feel those things," he murmured; "and the duke, the prince, and Raynor—will they not feed and warm and refresh you?"

"Mr. Raynor would give a woman diamonds if he loved her. I want bread, not stones." She rose as she spoke, and pushing aside the tea-table, she dropped on her knees before the fire, and tossing on two birch sticks, knelt there to watch them blaze. It was a more natural human setting than he had ever had for her, and it moved him to his depths. He sat still, his clear light-blue eyes fixed on her.

"I did not know," he said, "that you could put a stick on the fire—I thought

Dance always did it—and it upsets my ideas."

She knelt before the blaze, her color deepening a little from the heat. Her light scarlet dress was rather like a flame, too, and wrapped her slender figure to the throat with its soft cloud of chiffon fire, and out of it her black hair curled up into the knot on top of her head.

"How you insult me!" she said, in her low voice, with its clear-cut, almost foreign exactness of accent, that Mrs. Herron had acquired for her with the aid of a string of French governesses. "How you like to insult me! My sporting world has one fine principle—'don't hit a man when he's down.'"

She turned and met his eyes. Quincy leaned toward her; his clean-shaven lips quivered a little. "Are you down?" he said. "How can one be down, with princes, dukes, and millionaires to fall into the arms of!"

Their eyes had not separated. Miss Herron's lip curled.

"I had forgotten," she said. "Of course I have everything I am fit to appreciate; that is what you mean, isn't it? And the better, deeper, truer things—why should I not do without them—I who no doubt am not worthy to have them?"

Quincy got up and took a few steps about the room, coming to a standstill by the roses; he leaned over them and drew in a deep breath of their scent.

"I want to make a bargain with you," he said, slowly. "I want to tell you something about myself, and, in reward for my confession, I want you to answer one question which I will ask you—will you agree?"

To have thrown at your feet the treasure you despaired of even seeing is an experience which makes impossible nights and unspeakable days shine with a kind of retroactive glory. To lie on the ground in your spirit before a closed door, which you believe will never be opened, and, watching it, to see it turn upon its hinges, and to crawl into the fire-lit room within, turns your bitter vigil into a mere preparation. Miss Herron turned her delicate profile to him, flushed with the firelight.

"Will you agree?" questioned Quincy, eagerly, and accepted her little nod as acquiescence.

"Well, then," he began, "we have talked of many things, but little of ourselves in any serious way. I have told you that heliotrope is my favorite flower; how I want my garden when I have one; that I like to ride, and don't care for boats; what I think of the English conduct of Irish affairs; what I think of the Catholics in France—and much more, all of which is to the point, too; but what manner of man I am, you hardly guess. Frankly, I am a bitterly ambitious man. I have worked, slept, eaten, and drunk all in an atmosphere colored by one desire—to add to the sum of human knowledge. I was born with this craving; it has pursued me through youth, upheld me in manhood, and, by throwing aside every other object, I have seen a reasonable hope shine always before me that I would succeed. I have dedicated thirty-four years, then, to one object. I am poorer than when I began, I am unknown in the world in which my fathers lived, I am unsought, an ill-dressed, ill-fed workman; but I have had my hand on the elements of things, and by this winter's end I trusted to accomplish my purpose. Now comes the hitch—the usual hitch, you will say. I met a woman; I thought a little about her—only a little at first, but it bothered me in my work; then I thought more about her; she became entangled in the meshes of my imagination, and I could not get her out. My work suffered, suffered horribly, and I suffered with it; for, as I tell you, I love it better than anything in the world. Three weeks ago I decided to go to no place where I might meet this woman, and I held to it; it was not easy. One week ago I came home to find her sitting in my room. She said she had come from curiosity; she wanted to see how I lived, and barbarous, ruthless as it sounded, it was possible in one who had lived with the people among whom she lived. I accepted the explanation, and I hated her—and we parted."

Quincy came to a standstill, his eyes on the profile turned to him, watching the quiver of the dark lashes on her cheek.

"I walked back to my room," he went on, "and all that night, accepting the explanation she had given me, I—hated

her, and the next day was a *dies non*, and the next night, sitting at my table, with my dull head in my chilled hands—for it is cold sometimes without a fire,—I had an inspiration—I doubted her explanation—and I loved her."

The girl at the fire stirred, put up her hand to smooth her hair, and left it there to shade her cheek.

"I thought," Quincy proceeded with passion, "that she had come moved by interest and perhaps tenderness, had wanted to know, really to know, something of my life, and I loved her for it. The pillars that had upheld my resistance to my feeling for her had been grounded in the belief that she probably could care for no man—and here was a hope that she had the beginning of a feeling perhaps even for myself. I"—he spoke slowly—"I fought with this hope; I demolished it many times, but it built itself up again, and remained in spite of every effort, a magic casement through which I looked into another world."

There was silence in the warm scented room. The girl's eyes travelled up the threadbare seam of Quincy's coat sleeve as it shone in the firelight, until her eyes reached his face, but at the moment he had turned it to the outer room with a discouraged gesture.

"Ah," he went on, "no doubt I looked into that world for the last time before I came here; no doubt it is all a confusion of my overworked brain—you will tell me so now—gently, no doubt, for I feel I was right in that, at any rate, you have something in you that can be tender, only—only—it is not meant for me—it has been a delusion, my casement, and closes in my face—that is my question—tell me the truth."

Miss Herron faced him. She saw his tall figure, his lean countenance, his ardent, inspired eyes, his curled lips that alone spoke of a love of beauty in his ascetic face, and by the flame that shot through her she lighted an inner torch for which she had been groping these weeks past—life as an opportunity—life as a passion—life as a battle—life known to God. She put out her slender, strong fingers and touched his sleeve.

"You will let me look through it, too, sometimes," she said, and Quincy saw the light of the torch in her eyes.

Some New American Painters in Paris

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

DURING my recent visit to Paris I was particularly interested in the work of some of our younger artists whose names have crept into the open since the Paris Exposition of 1900. On that occasion none of those whom I have in mind were represented, but subsequently, at the St. Louis Exposition and in our annual exhibitions, especially those of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the pictures of one or another of them have attracted some attention. It is on this account, and not because they have any traits in common which give them the distinction of a group, that I here bring together four of them: Robert Mac Cameron, Henry Salem Hubbell, Frederick Karl Frieseke, and Jean Mac Lane Johansen. The only ties which in any way unite them are negative ones; on the one hand, though following the traditions of French painting, they show no trace of the latest influences that are affecting the younger generation of American students in Paris; and on the other, they are prolonging their stay in Paris, although their student days, in the strict sense of the term, are concluded.

There is a tendency at home to regard those who do this as holding aloof from the real progress of art in America. Instead of pushing toward the van, they seem to be sulking in the rear, or hovering on the outskirts of the advance; guerrillas, selfishly interested in themselves, rather than fighters in a common cause. While this charge may not be alleged openly, it has formulated itself more or less clearly in the minds of a good many. Well, apropos of this delay in returning to America, I have before me a letter from one of the painters whom I am considering, in which, among other things, the writer says: "I feel the restless state of an American painter living in a foreign land; I sincerely hope to return soon to New York and join that force of American artists that are doing so

much to build up a national art. You will notice by the unsettled and varied subjects of my art that I have not yet 'arrived,' and that I must trust to find in my own land the better inspirations for work."

Now this seems to me to give a clue to the reasons that keep many American painters from speedily returning home. They delay their return until they have "arrived." And this not in the ordinary sense of having obtained some official recognition; for such the writer in question has received. The "arrival" aimed at is not from the outside, but the inside; it has to do with the individual's own attitude of mind towards art. He or she has not yet arrived at a clear realization of himself or herself. Their period of experimentation is not yet completed; they find themselves still uncertain as to motive, still undecided as to technique. Their very object in going abroad was to awaken their minds to a variety of impressions. This they have succeeded in doing, but are not yet assured that they have attained the resultant process of assimilating the impressions. It is this, I am sure, that makes many a young painter, after his days of actual studentship are completed, hesitate to return home. Before doing so he wishes to be sure of himself.

Whether the environment of his own country would not tend to precipitate the impressions that his mind holds in solution, and the perspective of distance would not help him to view the impressions in more accurate relation to his own personality, are questions which may readily occur to us, but must be answered by himself. In some cases, no doubt, it has to be decided by the condition of his pocketbook. He dares not undertake the risk of what may be to him a beginning all over again in an environment that for a time, at least, will be not only new, but so different;



Em. Crevaux, Paris

THE SAMOVAR—HENRY SALEM HUBBELL

one too that, unless he is pretty sure of himself, may check, at any rate for a while, his development. For at home in art matters there is a tendency to get into a rut and stay there.

In Paris, on the contrary, there is continually a ferment of ideas. Much of it may be yeasty, some of it unwholesome; but even over here the mental condition affecting art is not always congenial to a sensitive stomach, while in Paris, no less than elsewhere, the sturdy digestion can assimilate its food without any ultimate harm. Meanwhile, no one of artistic sensibility can visit Paris even for a short time, much less prolong his stay there, without being conscious that the mental atmosphere is alert with suggestions. That you need accept all or any of these is not the point. The benefit to yourself is in being compelled to find reasons for accepting or rejecting them; in having your mind stimulated, it may be even for a time disconcerted, by contact with other minds, stirred by the prevalence of ideas to reconsider your own. For it is the activity of ideas, as

compared with a habit of convention, that distinguishes Paris. While such artistic atmosphere as we have congeals into convention, that of Paris is fluid and quick with ideas, which constantly encourage the artist to view his art in relation to abstract principles, and not everlastingly as a concrete manifestation of his facility in covering so many feet of canvas agreeably with paint. So I, for one, have full sympathy with the young painter as he finds the needle of his purpose hesitating between the two poles of his desire to return home and his desire not to do so until he feels sure of himself.

I was specially drawn to the work of the four whom I have selected for this sketch by their pictures in the late Salon. Robert Mac Cameron, Jean Mac Lane Johansen, and Henry S. Hubbell were represented in the old Salon, and Frederick K. Frieseke in the new, of which he is an Associate Member.

Mac Cameron's contribution bore the title, "A Group of Friends," which, however, he has since changed to "Worm-



LES HABITUÉS—ROBERT MAC CAMERON

Em. Crevaux, Paris



PORTRAIT OF THE MISSES EMERSON—JEAN MACLANE JOHANSEN

wood." For the bond between the two men and the woman in this picture is a common enslavement to absinthe. They are seated round a table in a dim-lighted café, each wrapped in stupor. One of the men is white-haired, with a pale emaciated face and a hanging jaw that proclaims the emptiness of the brain. The other, fat and bloated, stares stolidly before him. Their companion, scarcely more than a girl, has a face naturally comely, but ravaged with premature decay, while her figure is slovenly and sunk in apathy. In place of the unity of feeling which one looks for in a picture, there is here a unity of non-feeling, a concerted vacuity of expression, poignantly terrible. Yet, despite the drear horror

of its theme, the canvas has æsthetic beauty, for the blacks and browns of the costumes, sparsely illuminated with sluggish light, and the white table with its accentuated notes of pale-green and amber liquor in the glasses, form a color scheme which is rich and luminous.

Several other subjects of café life and of life behind the scenes of the Opéra have occupied Mac Cameron's brush; and, while they have not the melodramatic intensity of "Wormwood," they brim with actuality. They suggest, in fact, a clue to the way in which the foreign environment may, and undoubtedly does, help the American student. It stimulates him with the novelty of appearances and also with the invitation to regard



Em. Crevaux, Paris

THE LAST SUPPER—ROBERT MAC CAMERON

them impersonally. It is not only that in whatever direction he turns he finds subjects for study; but, which is perhaps more important, he is detached from them by both sentiment and association, and consequently can maintain that impersonal attitude of the painter who is intent first and finally upon the pictorial problems that the subject involves. In a word, he is continually encouraged to study the facts of life at first hand, and at the same time from the painter's point of view, rather than from that of the sentimentalist or anecdotist.

Does the home environment offer corresponding opportunity? I suppose the fairest answer is yes and no. Life everywhere unquestionably presents unfailing opportunities of study to a painter gifted with the truly seeing eye; on the other hand, in the subject drawn from the home environment, not only the painter himself but also the public to whom he appeals will be less readily capable of viewing the subject impersonally. On both sides there will be a *parti pris*, the product of sentiment and association, which tends to remove the subject from the range of the purely pictorial and to confuse it with

ethical or anecdotal considerations. As a matter of fact, the chief example of actuality of subject in painting in America is to be found in illustrations; when the very necessity of contributing to the author's story and his view of life clips the individuality of the painter and interferes with his own personally impersonal study of the facts of life at first hand.

A year ago Mac Cameron painted "The Last Supper." It is a reverent and intelligent effort to reproduce not only the dramatic suggestion of the scene, but also its spiritual purport. In pursuance of the former, the artist has deviated from the usual arrangement of placing the Saviour in the centre, thus imposing upon himself the technical problem of still maintaining the prominence of the Sacred Person while creating a balance between the two unequal groups of, respectively, three and nine apostles. By the distribution of the light, so as to regulate the accents in the picture, he has successfully solved his problem of composition. Whether he has been equally successful in suggesting the spiritual significance must be decided by each spectator for himself. If I doubt

it, it is to say no more than that Mac Cameron, so far as I am concerned, has failed in company with very nearly all modern artists of sacred subjects, and for the same reason; that, to my thinking, the modern mind is too far away from the need of receiving spiritual impressions through pictures to be able to accept them as adequate interpretations. The simple words of the Scriptures and, maybe, the associations of experience are infinitely more poignant and suggestive than a presentation to the eye can be.

However this may be, the fact of approaching a subject so serious, and of rendering it with so sincere a purpose of subordinating its obvious dramatic possibilities to the higher significance of the theme, is proof, I think, that Mac Cameron is not satisfied to be merely a clever and ingenious painter, but feels that his art should be one of interpretation—first and foremost an interpretation of abstract æsthetic qualities, and

scarcely less so of mental and spiritual impressions. He has painted also many portraits; but his true *métier*, in my opinion, is rather to be found in subjects that more directly involve an imaginative interpretation of phases of character or facts of life.

Mac Cameron studied painting under William M. Chase, and then entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts under Gérôme. After the latter's death he received criticisms from Raphael Collin, who was also the teacher of another subject of this sketch—Henry Salem Hubbell.

Hubbell began his studies at the Chicago Art Institute, as did also Friesseke and Jean Mac Lane Johansen. His original training was in illustration, and he was still practising this branch when he reached Paris in 1898. It was not until two years later that he entered upon the study of painting proper, working first of all with Collin, and then visiting Spain, where he studied Velas-



LADY ON A GOLD COUCH—FREDERICK KARL FRIESEKE

quez and made copies of some of the Spaniard's works. In this year's Salon he was represented by two canvases—"Caprice" and "Autumn Leaves." Each of these compositions presents a decorative pattern of forms and spaces and a color scheme that is choice and reserved.

They offer a marked contrast in the way of motive to his picture of a Paris *cocher* that is owned by the Union League Club of Philadelphia. Here it is the very pronounced character of the subject which attracted him—the shiny water-

completely fulfilled, I am inclined to doubt. Is the suggestion of the man's solid stolidity so fully realized as a first glance at the picture may suggest? It would be impossible for a model of this shape and amplitude not to convey some impression of bulk and weight; and the merest indications of the figure would suffice to create the suggestion. But has Hubbell followed up this unavoidable impression and enforced it? Had he himself such a lively comprehension of the character and significance of this

mass of *avoids* as to excite in ourselves that vivid tactile sense which the actual or imagined handling of so massive a figure would arouse? Even here he seems to have been more attracted by the pattern of the surfaces than by the bulk and solidity of these protuberant planes and their structural formation.

In fact, a certain sacrifice of constructive quality to the patterning of surfaces I find throughout this painter's work. It is a tendency that every artist who turns from illustration to painting may have to encounter. For the motive of modern illustration, whether of book or magazine, is to combine with the story-telling quality a decorative composition for the page.

And it is a good one; but may, and more often than not does, involve a slurring over of the real problems of drawing. The rendering of the significance of form as form is slighted in favor of securing a handsome silhouette of masses and arabesque of lines. It may be said that in a composition so dainty as "Caprice" there is no need to be made



THE YELLOW TULIP—FREDERICK KARL FRIESEKE

proof hat overtopping a rubicund face that has been swollen and hardened with all kinds of weather; a short neck disappearing into the breadth of shoulders; the barrel-like stomach encased in a scarlet waistcoat. These are all assertive features that vigorously arrest attention, and are rendered with vigor of intention. Whether the intention has been

conscious of decision of drawing. Certainly it should not be obtruded into notice; but just as certainly there should be no suggestion of tameness or timidity in the handling. Be the motive as airy and unsubstantial as gossamer, it should be woven over something that leaves no doubt of its own substantialness. And it is just this that I miss in these delicate inventions of Hubbell's.

On the contrary, it is the underlay of firmly handled form that gives point and piquancy to the otherwise slight and airy conceptions of Frederick Karl Friesseke. Born in Owosso, near Detroit, in 1875, he studied drawing at the Chicago Art Institute, and thence went to Paris to study painting. Except for a short period at Julian's Academy and a week with Whistler, he was his own teacher. In the late Salon there were four examples to his credit, the best of them being "Woman on Sofa."

It was a study of the nude, curled up on a couch that was covered with damask of a gray hue with pinkish design, while the walls of the room were white. An exceedingly charming picture, as fragrant and suggestive as a flower, and as delicate in the pure tones of its color scheme; it was fairly characteristic of this artist's motive. For Friesseke is a painter of feminine grace; and the type that under a variety of individualities and moods he leans toward is invariably gracious, as free from sentimentality as from merely physical allure. The theme is always presented with a decorative accompaniment that envelops the figure with an

atmosphere of correspondence. In one case, that of a "Lady on a Gold Couch," he has enlarged this harmony between the figure and its surroundings to life size. To my thinking, it is a mistake; since over so large a surface the delicacy of the feeling and its interpretation be-



MOTHER AND BABE—JEAN MACLANE JOHANSEN

comes attenuated. There is a propriety of scale inherent in every motive; and just as the *ensemble* of chamber-music cannot hold its own in a large concert-hall, so many kinds of pictorial technique demand a smallish canvas. Friesseke's seems to be one of these. While it is not at all meticulous in manner—often, indeed, involving a broad use of the brush—it is in its feeling so reserved and tender, that it craves the intimacy of close companionship.

One of the pictures of the old Salon that particularly attracted me was Jean Mac Lane Johansen's "On the Hill Top."



LORETTE—HENRY SALEM HUBBELL

There was a whitish sky with bubbles floating across it, blown by one of a group of four children, who, in dresses of gray, pink, and bottle-green, are sporting on a hilltop. This color conveyed a suggestion of freshness and invigoration that was heightened by the bold patterning of the figures and open spaces and by the ease and breadth of brushwork. It was a buoyant canvas, alert with the abounding wholesomeness and spacious exhilaration of the upper air; and typical in a heightened form of what one has become accustomed to look for in this lady's work.

The source of the impression is not merely a certain freedom and boldness of brush-strokes. We have ceased to be surprised when what at first sight appears to be masculinity of technique characterizes a lady's style. It is a quality which cleverness can imitate, and has imitated so successfully that it may well start the question whether, after all, this manner, which the supreme adroitness of a Sargent has imposed upon the imitative faculty of so many painters, does really involve masculinity. Whether, in fact, it is not rather to be compared to a suit of male attire, the wearing of

which suggests at first sight the masculinity of the wearer, so that even if it is worn by a woman, we for a moment mistake her for a man.

The masculinity of the attire, however, is not an essential, but an accident of sex. Such masculinity as Sargent's style suggests is less the product of his brushwork than of the point of view and comprehension of subject which prompted it and gave it vitality. On the other hand, some other painter may don his brave attire and yet be unable to disguise the essential narrowness of his point of view, or the superficiality with which he has studied the subject. But these strictures cannot be sustained in the case of Jean Mac Lane Johansen. The impression that her art creates is of breadth of vision and clear comprehension; qualities which make themselves felt independently of the breadth and certainty of the brushwork that form their outer integument. These qualities are felt in her standing portrait, "Girl in Gray," with which she first attracted particular notice. It still exhibited the influence of William M. Chase, and even more of her earlier teacher, Frank Duveneck; yet, when we

compare it with her later work, we may conclude that it was already to a large extent a product of her own way of seeing and feeling her subject.

Four years later, when she painted "Mother and Babe," she had become assured of her own individuality. It is characterized by a determination to comprehend the essentials of the subject and to represent them with unaffected simplicity. How successfully she has justified her point of view and proved her capacity of comprehension! Her picture possesses that real mark of masculinity that no mere simulation of legerdemain or pyrotechnic brushwork can imitate. Her technique, in fact, is as unaffected as her motive. The child's head, hand, and knee, the mother's face and hands—these are the definitive spots in a composition that is as easy and decorative as it is expressive and full of character and wholesome sentiment. For wholesomeness, as she has demonstrated so admirably in her latest picture, "On the Hill Top," is a distinguishing quality of her art. And not in a negative sense, but in the positive one of infusing the subject with an actual stimulus of tonic suggestion.

A Ghost and a Dream

BY MADISON CAWEIN

RAIN will fall on the fading flowers,
Winds will blow through the dripping tree,
When Fall leads in her tattered Hours
With Death to keep them company.

All night long in the weeping weather,
All night long in the garden gray,
A ghost and a dream will talk together—
And sad are the things they will have to say:

Old sad things of the bough that's broken;
Heart-break things of the leaf that's dead;
Old sad things no tongue hath spoken;
Sorrowful things no man hath said.

The Plagiarist

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

THE studio window had been dark with frost all day, but now at four o'clock, so far as painting-light went, it might as well have been mid-night. The sun was so low that he was no more than the last red coal in burned-out ashes, and the moon, slipping into view, stood boldly right in the middle of the pale sunset.

The Plagiarist knew that the moon and the sunset were there, because the last time she stamped her silver dollar into the white plush of the frosty pane she had first held it against the stove until it was so hot that in holding it she had to protect her fingers with the hem of her skirt, and then at the top of the window where the frost was thinnest (the bottom was covered by an impenetrable glacier two inches thick that overflowed the frame and extended upon the sill) she had deftly made a hole which reached clear to the glass and thus gave access to the entire west side of outdoors. Here she watched, occasionally touching her tongue to the rough frost under the pretext that it was ice-cream, until the little star that always goes with the new moon came out. Then she yawned, snuffled, and looked back at her father sitting in his overcoat by the big box stove. The only light came from the stove's single red eye, a disk three inches in diameter, and this uncertain illumination mischievously represented the friendly father as a crouching, melancholy monster, possibly dangerous. But to be afraid of one's father is too absurd a notion to entertain for a moment, so the Plagiarist briskly joined him, burrowed under the overcoat, and thence thrust forth her head to relish the other shadows. Chief of these was the lay figure, nothing but wood and a delightful doll by day, but at twilight a creature with sinister possibilities of life—or, if not life, exactly, with a suggestion of eyes behind the helmet which it generally wore.

The three large ladies upon Father's large canvas were pleasant enough—Guinevere, Elaine, and Vivien were their names—but they had ceased to have mystery long ago. So far as the Plagiarist knew, they were as old as her father and mother. Certainly they had been there ever since she could remember, and as she was nearly five, she could remember back four years at least. They had been there the first time she was carried up to the studio in somebody's arms. She had supposed them people then, and later learned her mistake. Sometimes one of the ladies lost an arm, sometimes a head, sometimes was obliterated altogether, but she always came back, and always the canvas stood on the easel, unchangeable in the main like the sky, the trees, and the mountains.

Her eyes travelled beyond the painted three to the window where her accumulation of frosty wealth showed dimly—dollars and dollars in neat rows, and reading backwards, "In God We Trust," which sounded dignified and solemn.

"If those were all truly dollars," inquired the Plagiarist, suddenly, "what could we buy?"

The artist's eye computed the frosty wealth.

"A silk gown for the Plagiarist," he estimated, "a cord of wood, and—and a frame for Respected Parent's picture," he concluded, with a sigh.

"Is that all?" The Plagiarist seemed disappointed. "I thought there was enough for six or eleven dolls and a pink party dress for mamma. Now, tell me about Gareth and Lynette."

The Respected Parent first opened the door of the big box stove, so that it was as good as a real fireplace, and inserted a log of wood which had lain all day in the studio without melting its casing of ice. Even now it melted but grudgingly, spluttering on the coals, and turning many of them black before it consented



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

KNEELING DOWN, SHE BARED THE SLEEPING CHILD'S ARM

to take on any of their genial red. But it yielded at length and became mountainous country and wilderness behind Camelot—Camelot being the collection of shining coals in front. And Gareth and Lynette set out from Camelot and passed torrents of bubbling sap and melted ice among those hills, and with great difficulty, and a variety of adventures not elsewhere set down, went to seek the Lady Lyonors, who must certainly be rescued before tea time or there was no telling what might happen. This evening Gareth was to marry Lyonors—Lyonors and Lynette shared him that way because it says in the poem:

And he that told the tale in olden times
Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors,
But he that told it later, says Lynette.

On this evening the Plagiartist seemed drowsy and even a little inattentive, until they came to the banquet scene and left Lynette sitting alone and haughty by the peacock.

"Do peacocks taste good?" she asked, plaintively.

"Pretty fair, I fancy, but tougher than chicken."

"We had chicken last Thanksgiving. I remember," said the Plagiartist, and suddenly, out of a clear sky, came tears.

"Why, Plagiartist!" Her father turned up the small wrinkled face by the chin. "Why, Plagiartist?"

"I don't want pork gravy for supper, and I want butter that will melt on my bread. I'd rather you'd use my dollar to buy some new kind of butter. . . . I don't care about playing with it any more—"

"Well, I'll be— Eva, warm her butter to-night, will you?" said the artist to his wife, who, hearing the sound of grief, had come up-stairs to see about it, instead of calling up the announcement of supper from the hall below.

"You've been letting her play by the window again," she said, impatiently, feeling the little hands; and the Plagiartist, pretending to be a smaller girl than she was, whimpered,

"My froat's sore."

Ordinarily she would not have admitted such a thing, knowing that it was sure to get her father into trouble, but to-night the throat really was pretty sore, and the idea of roast peacock had roused

an appetite which could never, she knew, be appeased. Moreover, she resented something, she did not know exactly what. Perhaps it was the dawn of dissatisfaction with an environment which heretofore she had accepted without question as the most enviable of all environments. She did not know of any other child with a father who could make paper dolls. *There* was distinction! And yet—she knew a girl whose parents had cake and real creamy milk every day.

In the dining-room the walls were wet from the steam that had come in from the kitchen—wet as a glass of ice-water in a warm room, and trickling great drops. The window was darkened not only by frost, but by a mighty snow-drift which had curled up outside, making itself into the semblance of a white head and neck—for the Plagiartist had been outside to see. It was exactly like a polar bear trying to look into the window.

The Plagiartist knew right well she had scared her parents with her untimely tears and sore throat, so she took her supper sitting on her father's lap and smiled angelically when he faintly toasted the sour bread over the lamp and then melted her frozen butter in a tablespoon in the same manner. Besides the bread and butter there were boiled salt codfish, and some tea that had been made and remade with the same grounds until it had lost whatever flavor it had once possessed and would have made *very* good spinach.

"I don't wonder she cried about the peacock," muttered the artist, sadly.

Mrs. Artist was wearing an air of strained excitement which the Plagiartist's sore throat hardly justified. One cheek was red and the other pale, and her eyes, hard and bright, were so fastened upon the Plagiartist's little face that she was inattentive to her food, and dropped a morsel of it. Even when she drank her tea her eyes still stared queerly over the rim of the cup and her teeth chattered against it. The Plagiartist laughed at this, though not very heartily, and forgot her sore throat long enough to chatter her teeth on her cup in her mother's manner. It was this imitative faculty that had earned her the ill-sounding name

she bore—that, and the way she was always caricaturing her father's designs (though she did not mean to caricature) and trying to pass them off as original ideas of her own. For example, the house was always flooded with strange replicas of his "Guinevere among her Maidens," done on all sorts of paper in her wax crayons, Guinevere in the centre, Elaine at her back, and Vivien sitting at the Queen's feet—and all of them with large eyes from which the lashes radiated like sun rays in the almanac. She thought she did eyes better than her father.

This was the picture which was to take the Morley prize some day. Each year it had been thought it would surely be ready to go, but always something could be better—sometimes a whole figure must be done over. It was a trial that Mother had to pose for all three figures, when he so needed different types. When the Plagiarist suggested, out of pure good nature, that when she grew up she could pose for one of them herself, there was a hollow sound in the laughter of her parents—and they had been on bad terms for a long time, hardly speaking except to ask each other to "pass the butter, please"; but then one day she had come upon her mother in the trailing robes of Guinevere, crying into her father's velveteen shoulder. "I didn't mean," she was saying, "that I didn't believe in your ultimate success. Only; it's so long—so awfully long—and I can't bear getting into debt, and that child needs so many things."

The Plagiarist stole away and meditated pleasantly. It was a good thing that they realized she needed things. "So many." She ran over the list: dolls—oh, any number—and a china tea set, and a doll's baby-carriage, and a rocking-horse. She had always wanted a rocking-horse, and it seemed an inadequate reason for refusing it on the ground that it wasn't a little girl's toy. She had run over the list later with her father, who considered it seriously and jotted down the items, and with her mother, who had said, "Oh, hush!" and kissed her very hard, and left a wet spot on her cheek (which the Plagiarist had calmly mopped off, not knowing it to be tragedy)—but nothing had come of it. "That child" had gone right on needing the "so many things," and

that was last summer when things were comfortable. Now it was winter and they were not.

"You had a letter," said Mrs. Artist, "from Smith, Barton and Company this morning."

"Oh yes. I'd almost forgotten. Barton can't get it through his head that when I left commercial work I dropped it for good and all. Of course he can't realize what 'death in the soul' it is. His sort never do. About once a year he writes as if it were something wonderful and desirable, that the position is there if I want it, that my work has—or had—so much individuality and so on, and so forth—that no successor is possible. He even raised the ante this time and offered me three thousand instead of twenty-five hundred. He doesn't know any other standard of value than the dollar."

Mrs. Artist drew a deep breath. With the handle of her fork she had been drawing aimless patterns on the tablecloth; now the design took shape—" \$3000—\$3000," traced the fork almost as many times as the Plagiarist had stamped her dollar on the window-pane.

"And—you said—?"

"Said? Oh, I haven't written yet. I shall when I get time, of course. Barton's an awfully good fellow and means well. Are you sorry you didn't marry him?"

This was a family joke of long standing, always asked with the twinkling smile that made the artist's face most attractive, and answered with a laugh by the artist's wife. But this time she only kept on with her fork pattern on the cloth—\$3000 . . . \$3000. At last she said it aloud: "Three thousand—dollars!"

"At stone-breaking. Making lots of joyful little girls dancing in circles around a box of Ohowiwanta Breakfast Crackers . . . drawing Twinkling Tommies in every attitude of rejoicing over the Ball-bearing Match Safe Razor . . . doing it day after day, and hearing it called Art . . . when you know you have the real thing in you."

"Yes—but—"

"We talked it over at the first, you know, dear," the artist gravely reminded

her, "and you thought it would be worth it, for a few years, to bear hardships."

"Yes—but—oh, *I'm* willing! I'd live at the north pole or on the equator and eat nothing but salt codfish and oatmeal . . . But . . . Don't you think we might take a few boarders? You see, living so near the High School— The principal was speaking to me about it yesterday. So many girls and boys come in from the country. They would go home every Friday night and they'd be at school all day and wouldn't interfere with your work."

The artist leaned back in his chair with an expression of distaste.

"I thought we'd decided that, too. Can't you wait a little longer for me? I thought I had such a *Griselda*."

"I said I'd wait," she answered, with dry lips, "but there wasn't any Plagiarist then."

"Why,"—the artist looked down at the Plagiarist as she lay in calm half-sleep against his breast,—"*that's* true; but seems to me the Plagiarist is doing very well."

"Oh, you *Man!*" she cried out, dropped her head upon her arms among the doleful tea-things and wept. The Plagiarist lifted her keen voice in sympathy and the artist stared dumbly, patting the child's shoulder with a mechanical hand.

"Are you asking me . . . to give it up . . . after all?"

"I am asking nothing." She lifted her head from her arms. "And I'll keep my promise . . . but . . . I had a letter, too, this morning, from—from your sister Helen. She offers a position to . . . to . . . the Plagiarist . . . and if you don't accept Barton's offer, then the Plagiarist must accept this."

"What?"

"I've been thinking it over for a long time. The other children aren't nice to her because I can't dress her properly, and the time is coming when she ought to be in school. And she can't keep warm in this house. You know those holes in the kitchen floor where the plumbing was ripped out the last time it froze? Her pet occupation now, when she isn't making dollars on the windows, is fishing through those holes into the cellar, and I'm so busy, what with the washing and scrubbing and trying to think up new ways of cooking corn meal and pork, that

I can't keep her away from such things . . . and . . . it would be easier to let your sister have her than . . . than to lose her in some other way."

The Plagiarist was quite asleep now. The hand which held the dollar was tightly shut, the other lying limply against his neck. He looked at her in sudden fright.

"You don't think she's ill?"

"She's underfed, and that, in this climate . . . Oh, I can't talk of it. . . ."

"Would you really give up the Plagiarist?" asked the artist, sternly.

"Yes," she answered, in a voice of great weariness. "I would."

"And to Helen—whom you don't like. Neither do I, for that matter, though she is my sister."

"She has a big warm house and plenty to eat, and no babies of her own, and nothing to do but please herself. Plagiarist would have more dolls than she could count, and—ice-cream every day, probably, and pretty clothes. We'd have to give her up entirely, you know. Helen stipulates that. We could never see her, and she'd have to take their name. There's the letter."

She flung it across the table.

The artist looked at it as if it were something unclean and dangerous; then, leaning over, carefully, not to disturb the Plagiarist, he held it over the flame of the lamp while it curled and blackened and burst into flame.

"Helen," he said—"Helen dared—"

"Why not? She might not be kind, but Plagiarist could at least have a chance to grow up."

"Do you really think," he asked, speaking slowly, as one does when confronted with something terrible and gigantic—Giant Despair or Apollyon—"that it's as bad as that?"

She crossed over quickly, and kneeling down, bared the sleeping Plagiarist's arm, rolling up the clumsy sleeve and under-sleeve to show how it was the same size all the way up except where the bones bulged at the elbow, and indicating with a trembling forefinger where the thimble-top was prominent, like a berry. She spread out the long, thin fingers, that he might read the signs there also, and see, as he had so often seen before with pride, how the small hand was a copy

of his own in every line and embryonic muscle.

"And look here—" she pointed to a bluish mark about the eyes. "And see how big the top of her head looks. It wouldn't be out of proportion except that her cheeks are so thin. She's getting precocious and weak. Even if these winters don't—if they don't—she will be stunted. And you know what a lovely healthy baby she was. . . . Helen could give her plenty to eat. We—we really haven't any right to keep her, just because we'd rather. We must look ahead, you know."

"That's what I've been doing. I thought—one wants to do one's best, and that takes time. Nothing worth while is done in a hurry. I'm just getting nicely into the swing of these snow pictures—and Guinevere and her Maidens—of course it takes time to grow. When you've started out to be one of those self-taught chaps, why, you don't hurry, you know—"

"Yes. The Plagiarist has waited five years."

The artist was silent for a long time, his elbow on the table, and shading his face with his hand as he looked down at the Plagiarist. At last he sighed—but not sadly—more like one waking out of a sleep.

She waited, her burning eyes fixed on that hand so like the Plagiarist's, that hid his expression from her. Finally he removed it and looked up with a kind of smile.

"Why, then—if that's the case—"

The Plagiarist was aware that she was asleep, technically at least, inasmuch as she was limp and sandy-eyed, and wondered why she was still being carried around in people's arms instead of being tucked into bed with a hot brick at her feet, and the head of her very ragged only doll companionably pressing the same pillow. However, she had no criticism for the arrangement—indeed, as often as she roused enough to be sure where she was, her instinct of self-protection made her at once simulate the slumber that prevented a very interesting sensation from being turned into other channels.

"A flat is so convenient," her mother purred. "And I really think we could

afford a piano. I could give Plagiarist lessons. It would all come back, I'm sure."

"It will be nice to have you singing again," said her father. "I've missed it more than I realized."

"And we can put by—oh, ever so much! so she can go to college, if she wants to, or, if she doesn't, can go on with her music. She has a good ear, you know."

"Yes."

"I can make *all* our dresses. I haven't been working so hard trying to make something out of nothing all this time, to be unable to make something out of something when I get it."

The sand got thicker in the Plagiarist's eyes, then cleared into a dream that showed how all her frosty dollars had turned, not into silver only but gold—ah, that explained it, she thought, as she again stood before the window and observed how solid and yellow they shone, so that the whole window was of gold. How nice that she had thus stumbled on the art of making money! She would now give her parents all they needed; she would do that first, *of course*, being a dutiful child; and then go at once to the store and get the dolls she had noticed there—all of them—there must be twenty; maybe even sixteen; but that was none too many for her avaricious maternal instinct. And then she would spend her time making more money, and buy more, and more, and *more*. The excitement of it woke her quite up; the disappointment at not finding the dollars real made her whimper, but she stopped short—what was this? A roaring fire in the studio stove and no word of economy about it, so that it was warm—warm as summer! A glance at the window showed a big melted black spot in the white frost, and right in the middle of it a little star. And was that Mother, with her pretty hair all loose, although she wasn't posing for the three ladies? For she sat on the floor looking into the fire and her eyes were laughing. She looked up at her father's face, but it was too much in shadow to be sure of its expression. However, when she put up her hand to make sure how the mouth corners went, she felt the cheek wrinkle and bulge into a smile, so *that* was all right, and she smiled too.



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

"WANT TO DO SOMETHING SYMBOLICAL?" HE INQUIRED

"Well, old girl," said her father, "did you have a pleasant journey?"

He considered a moment, then looked thoughtfully over his shoulder at the three shadowy ladies in the Great Picture—the ladies who, like the Plagiarist, were five years old.

"The last of the wood's gone," said Mother, but she did not add, as she had done so often, "I don't know what we're going to do"; instead she yawned and made as if to go down-stairs after more, but Father stopped her.

"Here, Plagiarist, I've thought of a new game." He dropped her into her mother's lap, and going to the easel, removed the big canvas and returned to the fire, holding the shears in his hand.

"Want to do something symbolical?" he inquired of the baby.

"Something 'bolical?" she repeated.

He cut the canvas from the stretcher, though his wife vehemently protested, twisted the joints of the stretcher apart, and then broke the sticks across his knee.

"There," he said. "Now we'll have a fire!"

And they did.

"And now, Plagiarist, here are the

mustn't-touch scissors; you take 'em, and cut right up through the middle lady."

"Can I cut out her eyes?" inquired the thoroughly awakened Plagiarist, joyfully.

"Yep. Eyes, nose, mouth, anything you like, and put 'em in the fire and watch 'em sizzle."

And she did so. But it took so long that by the time the task was completed the dreams were again closing over her head. She seemed to hear mother singing a lullaby,—but that was improbable, because it hadn't happened so for years and years; not since she had grown up and became a little girl instead of a baby:

"Sail, Baby, sail. . . ."

Odd, how real the voice was!

*"Out upon the sea;
Only don't forget to sail
Back again to me."*

Mother's voice went queer and wrong on the last words. There was a dream of Mother's hair closing in soft and tingingly around her face, and a dream of warm wet drops smearing her cheeks. . . . Then the beautiful dream of the dollars came back.

Tamburlaine

BY FLOYD DELL

SHEPHERD of thoughts, by day and night
My watch upon the hills I keep;
The captains scorn me, passing by—
A simple tender of the sheep.

But scorn for scorn I give them back,
And in my heart I think of this:
That they shall bow, when I shall ride
In triumph through Persepolis!

The Charge of the Six Hundred

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE BATTLE OF BALACLAVA, AS TOLD
BY A SURVIVOR, AT HIS HOME IN BATTERSEA, AND SET DOWN

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

The Battle of Balaclava was fought on October 25, 1854, in the Crimea, the peninsula on the north shore of the Black Sea which gives name to the war of 1854-55 between the Russians on one side and the allied forces of Great Britain, France, Sardinia, and Turkey on the other. The object of the war was to humble and check Russia, although pretext was found in alleged causes relating to the care of the holy places of Palestine. The Battle of Balaclava was really five distinct conflicts, but the name is by common consent given to that one of the five which is known as "The Charge of the Six Hundred."

"I WAS wearing a shakey and a horse's tail—one o' them tall straight hats, glazed black, with a sort of a peak, and with a white horse's tail, as we called 'em, over the front: a hat about two hands high." In this the trooper giving a trooper's measurement.

And so it was in "shakey and horse's tail" that the dragoons of the first line made that famous charge at Balaclava, such being the pomp and circumstance of glorious war.

"And our coats," went on the veteran, slowly thinking back to the sartorial glories of that wonderful day, "were blue, with white collars and cuffs, and our breeches were blue, with pipe-clayed stripes, and our boots came up to our knees, and we wore big spurs. And each man had a sword and a carbine.

"And we were the 13th Light Dragoons, and we led the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava.

"But we 'Light' Dragoons wern't so very light; not all of us. I was light, and there was others like me, but there was big men among us, too—some on 'em over six feet and weighin' up'ards of fourteen stone.

"There was more than the 13th in the charge. There was five regiments of us: two of dragoons, two of hussars, and a lancer regiment.* And we five made up

*The 13th Light Dragoons, the 17th Lancers, the 11th Hussars, the 4th Light Dragoons, and the 8th Hussars were the regiments that took part in the charge. There were in all 673 horsemen.

the Light Brigade. But regiments! Lord bless you! There wasn't much more than six hundred of us in all. And of my own regiment there wasn't more'n about one hundred and twelve."

"James Lamb. Register No. L82806. Age (September 12, 1907), 77 4/12 years. Service, 23 5/12 years. Rank, private. Character, very good. Badges, 5. Pension, June 1, 1874, 14*d.*; specially increased as a wounded Crimean survivor, October 7, 1902, 18*d.* Wounded in the leg at the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava on the 25th of October, 1854."

Such is the official record of the man, and he lives a happy, cheery life, with his aged wife and his son and grandchildren, in one of a long row of workmen's cottages which are ranked close against one another, with none in the least to be differentiated from its neighbor, in dreary Battersea. An erect, active man, even yet; of medium height, spare and sinewy, with a nose that is slightly arched, as the nose of a fighter so often is; a man with rough-trimmed, shortish beard, close-set ears, square forehead, and eyes of grayish blue which look at you with open frankness.

"My medals? Here's one from the Queen, God bless her! And it shows a hangel putting a bit o' vine (laurel, they tell me, though why laurel I don't know) on a soldier's 'ed." This explanatorily:

clearly there had been cogitation in barracks over that design.

"And here's a medal that came from the Sultan o' Turkey. I can't make it out, with its queer markings, but I dare say it's about my fighting there in the Crimy." Like all other soldiers of the Crimea that I have talked with, he pronounces the word in two syllables.

"And here's my long-service medal, and here's bars of honor for Alma and Inkermann and Sebastopol and Balaclava. For I fought through it all; I fought through all that there campaign; and I've got a pension of one bob and sixpence a day." If I hadn't been an American he would merely have said, "one and six."

"Well, on that day of the great charge we was in the saddle early, and there was a good deal o' fighting and cavalry charging and guns blazing away, and we were standing back, looking down into a lowish, longish kind o' valley. And up there on the side was some batteries, and we saw the Rooshans go at 'em. And we saw red-capped Turks that were a-holdin' of 'em go scooting away.

"I don't mean that we could see the red on their caps at that distance, especially it's usually bein' a dullish, dirtyish red; it was too far for that, and I want you to have it straight; but we knew they was Turks, and we knew they was running away, and we knew they wore red caps. And it never seemed right to let such poor things wear red, that being our own color," he added, indignantly.

"That whole war always did seem queerlike to me. Some men they said it

came about through something to do with pilgrims to Jerusalem. It was certainly queer. There we was, and there was the French. They wore red, too—red breeches; but they was good soldiers, the French. And there was Italians. Dark men, little chaps, fast talkers. And there was the Turks. Isn't it queer that we should all be there, fighting side by side

against the Rooshans! But it's all down in history, the ins and the outs of it, they tell me." This with an air of finality, as if history were a sort of strong-box in which explanations are locked up for reference.

"Well, there we were, at the elbow of the 93d Highlanders, and the Rooshans tried to rush 'em, and the 93d volleyed, but it was too far off to take effect, and then the Rooshans were all about 'em like mad. Then

the Enniskillens and the Scotch Greys came a-tearin' up to repulse 'em, and there was a fine fight as they charged in. And there we sat in our saddles watching 'em, and a sort of cry broke out all along our line: 'Now's our time! Now's our time!' You see, we was all a-tinglin' to dash in, along with the Scotch Greys and Enniskillens, instead o' standin' there quiet. But our general he looked around sharp and fierce, and his lips moved, and I suppose he said, 'Silence in the ranks!' and we was all silent again."*

Lamb paused for a little. "But we soon had fighting enough," he said to

* Lamb is here telling of the famous "Charge of the Heavy Brigade," which preceded the still more famous "Charge of the Light Brigade."



JAMES LAMB

A survivor of the Charge of the Light Brigade

himself, softly; "we soon had fighting enough.

"It got along between eleven and twelve, and we was still there. And the Rooshans was still holding the guns on the heights that they'd took from the red-capped Turks. And then all at once Captain Nolan, a staff officer, came with orders, and we all straightened up ready to cheer. Lord Raglan, the commander-in-chief, had sent to Lord Lucan, the commander of the cavalry, an order to charge, and Lord Lucan he told Lord Cardigan, the commander of the Light Brigade, to go in." (Curious, to note the unctuous awe in the voice of this private of a quarter of a century's faithful service when rolling off the lordly names.)

"There was a mistake, you've likely heard. We didn't go at the guns that Lord Raglan meant us to attack. And whose fault it was nobody could ever rightly make out, they tell me, though many think that Captain Nolan carried the order wrong.

"He was a brave man, was Captain Nolan, and he asked leave to charge with us, and then he went down the valley, out in front, but we hadn't much more'n got to a trot and were beginning to gallop when a piece of shell hit him and knocked his breast in, and his horse turned and galloped back with him through our ranks, with him a-yelling an awful yell, and sitting in his saddle with his sword raised just as it was when the shell knocked him in the heart. And then he pitched from his horse, and that was the last of Nolan. A good horse it was he rode. 'Twas a roan; I knew it well, for it used to be one of our own regiment, and my chestnut was often tethered alongside of it, and I suppose Captain Nolan saw it and bought it. Anyhow, the roan came back to make its last charge with its old regiment, for it was killed too."

It may be interesting here to interrupt Lamb's story, and to give the facts as history records them.

Captain Nolan carried an order in writing to Lord Lucan, commander of the cavalry: "Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Immediate."

Lord Raglan meant the guns on the heights that the Russians had that morning captured from the Turks, and intended the order to be interpreted in connection with a previous order sent to Lord Lucan and still unexecuted: "Cavalry to advance and take advantage of any opportunity to recover the heights."

But Lord Lucan, misled by the words "to the front" in the new order, thought that he was directed to attack a powerful battery at the end of a long valley—a battery which could only be approached through a flanking fire from both sides. He did not think of the guns on the heights, as they were not at "the front," but on the right flank.

But, although the order seemed clear, he felt doubts, for such a charge appeared the extreme of recklessness. "The guns! What guns?" he asked.

Whereupon Nolan, an eager, hasty, excitable man, not thinking of any possible misconception, and apparently deeming Lucan's hesitation to arise from weakness, replied with taunting insolence: "The enemy and the guns are there!" at the same time waving his hand toward the Russians.

Lucan ignored the tone and manner, knowing that Nolan came direct from the side of the commander-in-chief. He took the indefinite wave of the hand to mean a definite pointing out of the central battery, and, his effort to obtain further information having been so insolently checked, there seemed nothing to do but order the advance, especially as there was the word "Immediate."

With the two orders in his hands, Lucan ought not to have misunderstood, especially as he knew that his interpretation of the second order meant a charge contrary to all rules of warfare; but there is no doubt that his mistake was a sincere one. He was dismissed from his command; and his request, to England, for a military inquiry was coldly refused.

Lamb, telling what he saw and judging from what he saw, does not understand about the conduct of Nolan. Nolan did not ask permission to charge with the brigade, but did say to a friend, one of the junior officers, that he intended to take part in the charge. The charge had little more than begun when Lord Cardi-

gan, who rode two horses' length in front of his staff, who in turn rode several horses' length in front of the first line of the brigade, saw Nolan galloping out in front shouting and waving his sword. Cardigan became instantly angry, for it seemed to him as if Nolan was presumptuously trying to usurp the place of leader and was cheering on the men. As a matter of fact, however, Nolan was heading his horse a little to the right, and calling out something which in all human probability was an entreaty to Cardigan to move in the direction which he, Nolan, was pointing out, it not having come to him till he saw the charge actually begun that the intent of the order had been fatally misunderstood.

"But I'm getting ahead of my story, being so interested in Captain Nolan," Lamb went on. "I really hadn't got us started yet.

"For there we stood, ready for the charge, when Lord Lucan rode up and told Lord Cardigan what to do. We couldn't hear anything, of course, but I was near enough to see that Lord Cardigan looked a sort o' queerlike as he looked in the direction we was to go. And he and Lord Lucan said a few words to each other, and then Lord Lucan went off, and Lord Cardigan, he turned and looked us all over, quietlike, and there was some shifting of the regiments—it was all over in a minute or so—and we kind o' felt we was goin' to do something desperate, although it never came to us that we could be sent in there without any of the rest of the army to support us. And Lord Cardigan said, quiet, but loud enough for at least all of us in front to hear, 'The brigade will advance.' And then we were off. And do you know, sir," and he slapped his knee resoundingly, "that we went down that valley, just a little more than six hundred of us, against thousands and thousands of Rooshans and their batteries!*

"And Lord Cardigan—the Earl of Cardigan he was—he rode out there in front, all alone, sitting stiff and straight—he was

a tall man and always rode sort o' stiffish—and he never turned to look around once, not even once, after we started, but just rode on stiff and straight as if he had been passing at a review instead o' charging the whole Rooshan army.*

"And we did it pretty nearly on empty stomachs. By George! sir" (his voice rose in a sort of triumph), "we went at the whole Rooshan army pretty nearly on empty stomachs, for each man had only had that morning a hard biscuit and a little bit o' pork and a drink o' water. 'Twas the way to give us a ration o' rum once a day, morning or evening, but we hadn't had it that morning. We didn't fight the Rooshans at Balaclava on rum! And whether," he went on, laboriously trying to picture in his memory an important detail of the past—"whether or not we had it that night, after it was all over, I can't just rightly remember.

"Well, our trumpeter sounded the charge, and we went off at a trot. I was in the front rank, and from the first it looked like a stiffish bit o' work—but, Lord bless ye! we didn't have any real idee till we was well under way. Then it came to us, for we saw what we had started to do.

"And I said to my mate on the right of me, 'Well, Bill, I'd rather be shot in front than stabbed behind.' I didn't really mean to say anything, I suppose, an' it was just by way o' speaking. But, anyhow, I remember that I said, 'Well, Bill, I'd rather be shot in front than stabbed behind.' But like enough he didn't hear me, for I didn't speak up loud, being in the ranks in a charge. Those were the only words I said as we went down in the charge, but I remember that a little prayer came to me, and I found myself a-saying of it to myself as we went on.

"Pretty soon we got into a gallop." The old fighter drew himself up, and now his mind was altogether with that mighty day of the past. "We broke into a gallop, and the shells and the round shot from the batteries began to fall among

* Lord Cardigan never even turned his head until after he had led his men right through the powerful battery at the lower end of the valley. Without turning, he doubtless could see that the men at the extreme right and left were coming on, and he could hear the sound of the galloping behind him.

* Lord Cardigan respectfully pointed out to Lord Lucan that the order meant destruction, but Lucan replied: "Lord Raglan will have it so"; whereupon Cardigan made no further comment or protest.

us. Just at first there was a big silence, for it didn't seem to anybody that we was really going to try to do it, and then the batteries began, and the shot and shell fell thick.

"I don't know just how far it was down that valley, but it must have been close on to a mile and a half. But maybe I'm wrong. Anyhow, it was a goodish distance, and the valley seemed to narrow, down at the end where we was charging at, and we went down it like water down a funnel. And still, not a hard gallop, for Lord Cardigan out there in front wouldn't let his horse go too fast, it being a long way we had to charge, and of course the brigade behind him couldn't go faster than the pace he set.*

"There was batteries on our right blazing down at us, and batteries on our left blazing down, and batteries right in front, and I felt in my face the bits of rock or pebble thrown up by the shot hitting on the hard ground. And there was great clouds of cavalry and infantry stirring about and getting ready for us. We was looking right ahead, of course, but the ride was so long that we couldn't help seeing a good deal of what was going on. And we knew that up on the heights were not only those Rooshans, but thousands of our own men looking down on us and on what we was doing as if they were watching a play. But as we got nearer the end of the valley the smoke got so much thicker that they couldn't see so much then.†

"All about us were shells bursting, and smoke and yells, and shot hitting us and flying past our ears, and men pitching from their saddles, and horses getting torn to bits by exploding shells. And still on we went. Did you ever have a

* Lord Cardigan's own idea, when it was over, was that the charge covered three-quarters of a mile. It was really a mile and a quarter, Tennyson's poetical "half a league" being within a quarter of a mile of literal exactness.

† It was really like looking down at a stage, and soldiers of the several armies watched the charge at first with incredulity, then with amazement, and, in the case of at least one of the bravest of the officers looking helplessly on, even with tears. And a French spectator, General Bosquet, with the instinct of genius hit off words that have become part of the phraseological treasures of the world: "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!*"

feeling in a dream of falling down, just falling and falling? Well, it was something like that. Or, rather, I don't know just how to put it in words.

"I was in the front rank, and I saw that behind us dragoons came the lancers, and I remember thinking it queer that they had put us swordsmen to charge in front of lancemen. I don't know why I thought of it—it just came to me in a flash that it was queerlike.

"All the time was the terrible plunging fire from the batteries on the hills at our sides, and there were cannon blazing away in our front, and there we were, with our men falling, and the order, 'Close up! Close up!' coming all the time from the officers, and we kept closing up and galloping on, with the noise getting louder and the smoke thicker and our ranks getting thinner. And many was the riderless horse that had joined us and was galloping right on in the charge.

"There wasn't anybody wanted to turn back. I don't suppose anybody thought of such a thing. There was our general going on ahead of us, and the other officers, and o' course there we was all going on too. All we wanted to do was to get at the Rooshans and begin cutting them down and stopping their firing at us. Queer, that, about wanting to kill the men of the other army. We don't hate 'em, and yet we want to kill them. The first Rooshan in that whole war that I killed was at Alma, a little before Balaclava, and I remember how glad I felt when I got him down.

"Shot and shell plunging, men falling—rifle bullets, grape, round shot, and shell—and I was spurring my chestnut fierce, and I suppose I was yelling, and I know that all I wanted to do was to get right there at the end of it with the rest of us, when all at once I went over my horse's head.

"I fell clear, but even while I was in the air—or at least it seems so to me now—the thought came to me that there was I, an English-born dragoon of four years' service—for I 'listed in '50—disgracing myself and the regiment by being thrown. But in a minute I knew it was my horse, for she was killed, and in falling had pitched me. A fine horse she was; she was my best friend; and there she laid, blowed open by a shell.

"I got to my feet and looked ahead. Everything was wild and smoky, with great flashings, and I tried to catch a horse that ripped past me, and then I tried to run ahead and get at where our men was gripping with the enemy. I suppose I must have laid on the ground stunned-like for a minute or so, for the men that had been behind me was all in front of me.

"Men falling, pitching off in all sorts of ways, and other men, like me, on their feet, and wounded horses screaming and kicking. Awful, the noise a wounded horse makes, but it's the kicking that's the worst, for it lashes out in every direction with its hoofs, and many a wounded man was kicked as he was trying to get up or to crawl away.

"I could just make out what my comrades were doing, just in front of me, riding around and cutting and slashing—right among the guns and even past the batteries—just our handful against an army. And I tried to hurry forward on foot, and I could have cried that I wasn't right in with them.

"And then—it seemed all in a moment, and it was only a minute or so—there they was, coming back, still striking and slashing and firing their pistols, and big crowds of Rooshans trying to surround them or get in front to head us off.

"And of course I started back too, and so we went up the valley that we'd been a-charging down—all that was left of us—all that was left.

"Some was still on horseback, and some was on foot, and many a man was bleeding, and some was limping, and some was falling.

"I don't know how long it took us to get back. But still, although all we wanted now was to get back, just like a little before all we wanted was to get at the enemy, we didn't particular hurry. There was shot and shell still falling, but I suppose we'd got so used to it that we didn't seem to notice it so much. I don't pretend to understand. I just know that we went back, without stopping any, but not as men go back in a rout or a defeat. We just struggled back, in a manner of speaking, as a man might push on through a storm to 'is 'ouse.

"T'other day I was in the city and crossing the Strand, and what with cabs

and 'buses and big roaring motors, and the crowd, and perhaps me getting old, I was glad to get for a minute or so to what they call an isle o' safety. And as I stood there resting, the noise and the clatter and clatter and rush and hurry and tangle of people and horses all made me think of that retreat up the valley. Only there warn't no isle o' safety there!

"As I went on I saw one of the captains—Captain Webb it was—lying on the ground, and there was two troopers trying to help him. And one of them called to me. 'Lamb,' he says, 'can't you give Captain Webb a drink of water?'

"Now, my water bottle was strapped to my saddle; we could carry our bottles that way if we wanted, or strapped to ourselves, and I always kept mine strapped to my saddle to keep my sword arm free.

"So I hadn't any water, and there was Captain Webb, wounded and suffering. And afterwards he died, sir.

"Well, I felt that of course I must get that water for the captain, and so I went back, picking my way over horses and men, looking for an unsmashed bottle. I suppose it seemed queerlike, to see me just walking back again the wrong way, but I never took thought o' that. I just wanted to get some water for Captain Webb, for he was a fine officer, and he was suffering. I wouldn't think of calling it bravery. I just wanted to get some water, and pretty soon I found it, strapped to the saddle of a dead horse.

"I unfastened it, and all in a minute it came to me that I never was so thirsty in all my life. That thirst, it was something awful the way it come over me the minute I got that water bottle in my hand. Till then I never thought of such a thing—you don't, while you're fighting, you know. Well, I had never knowed such thirst, and there I was with water in my hand, and so I took a pull at it before I started back for Captain Webb. There was enough for us both," he added, naïvely.

"I got back to the captain. 'Men, leave me and save yourselves,' he was saying; but he felt better with the drink of water, and then the two troopers helped him to get ahead.

"And now I saw a lancer close by, and I helped him on, and carried him on my back for a little.

"Now, don't think it was bravery at all. When there's something to do like this you don't notice shells or such things; that's all.

"Well, we got back. We got back by ones and twos and little groups, riding or walking, perhaps staggering in wounded, and perhaps on a horse that was pretty nearly killed. And as each soldier or each party came in there was a cheer went up from all the other soldiers waiting there that had seen us go into the valley.*

"And so we got back, all that was left of us. I've heard the verses that calls it that, and good soldier verses they are. Good soldier verses, just like galloping and slashing and the sound of guns. They got some of us on a stage, you know, a few years ago, at a public benefit concert or show, and one of the big actresses—I think it was Miss Terry—she recited all those verses about the charge, and the people in the theatre they just cheered for us old Balaclava men sitting there."

He was silent for a little, going over and over the events of the long-past battle. Then he said, wistfully:

"I almost got the V.C. for that little matter of the drink of water. For some of the men or the officers saw it, and so, when it was decided to pick a man from each of the five regiments for the V.C.—for they said that though every man deserved it, yet they couldn't give it to every one of us—well, for the 13th, it was decided that it was between my comrade Malone and me, and we were told to draw lots for it. And Malone he drew first, and so he got it."

To Lamb's mind it is clear that Malone won because he drew first. "He drew first, and so he got it," he repeated, still

* Not over twenty minutes elapsed from the beginning of the charge to the time when the wrecks of the brigade got back.

Of the 673, 113 were killed and 134 wounded, and sufficient prisoners were taken to make the total loss over half the force. The loss would have been still heavier had not the French, without any request from the English, but moved by intense admiration for the gallantry of the exploit being performed under their eyes, sent in the Chasseurs d'Afrique in a fierce charge which silenced the guns on one of the flanks of the Six Hundred.

aggrieved after all this time. "Well, he's dead this many a year. A fair man he was, and he got the V.C. fair, but he had the first draw. But I've got all these other medals, and I've got my pension, and so I oughtn't to complain. The pension wasn't so big as it is now, but lately they gave me fourpence a day more to make it up to one and six. God bless the King!

"And it's something for my grandchildren to hear and remember," he said, as a little boy came tumbling into the room.

"Oh, they'll hear it enough, never fear," said his wife, dryly, who had entered as he neared the close of his tale. "I tell Lamb he talks about it too much," she said, turning to me; "he thinks it's the only thing ever happened."

"Now, mother," said the old veteran, deprecatingly, "the gentleman wanted to hear." And then turning to me: "We're getting old, and there won't be many more years for the telling of it. Seventy-eight I am—and my wife, you wouldn't believe, would you, sir, that she's eighty-four!—young as she looks," he hastened to add, as he caught a warning truculence of eye.

I asked him about his wounds.

"Oh, not bad ones. A shot in my leg—I've always carried the scar of it—and a flesh wound right across my breast. I got my wounds in front," he added, with pride; and then: "Not but what they might just as likely have been anywhere else, for the breast wound came from a shot plunging down from one of the hill batteries on our flank, and so might easy 'a' 'it me be'ind."

"My first husband—Lamb, he's my second," put in the wife—"my first husband was a soldier, too, and he had five wounds."

"It all seems like a dream," said Lamb.

"Like a nightmare, I say," came antiphonally.

"I often," said Lamb, bravely trying to ignore the anger roused by his unfortunate remark about eighty-four—"I often wake in the night fighting it all over again."

"He shouts and roars like a nelephant," said his wife.

The Calvert Conspiracies

BY CLARE BENEDICT

"I HEARD them say they were going to-morrow."

The boy gave this information unconcernedly; the girl received it with evident perturbation.

"They usually stay a week," she murmured, half to herself.

"Who cares whether they stay?" he asked, still unconcernedly; "though Stanley seems all right, as far as he goes."

"Oh, do you like him best?" the girl cried. "I always thought Mr. Dean was more our kind." There was intense anxiety in her tone; the boy noticed it.

"What's up?" he demanded. This was their first private talk since his arrival.

Cecilia Calvert glanced over her shoulder, as though to assure herself that no one was behind her. Then she spoke with breathless solemnity.

"Oliver, I have something to tell you."

The boy surveyed her critically. "It's bad," he decided. "I know by your mouth."

"Don't joke," she cried. Her fingers trembled.

"I won't, if you won't be tragic," he stipulated.

He resented the threatened intrusion of gloom into his holiday good spirits.

"You are awfully afraid of real life, aren't you?" she murmured.

"How much do you know about real life?"

"Not nearly so much as you do," she answered, with sudden humility. "That's why I thought you could help me. You are the only one I can trust—the only man, that is."

Oliver Calvert straightened himself; he was nearly nineteen, and Cecilia was seventeen and a half. They were close friends, though they met but seldom; only when Oliver was invited by his great-uncle—Cecilia's grandfather—to pass a few weeks at the Calvert house on the river. These visits were eagerly anticipated and enjoyed.

"I'll do anything reasonable," he said, "but you always imagine a lot more than exists."

The girl threw her hands out tragically. "I'm a mistake, Oliver," she announced in a strained voice. "No one wanted me—they wanted a boy. I've always known it; they didn't tell me, but I felt it. If papa had lived, it might have been different. But when he died, and grandfather was left alone, there was no one to carry on the firm. He has brooded over that continually. I can see it whenever he looks at me. I used to think that when I grew up he wouldn't mind so much. But he does mind—"

"Why do you talk like this just to-day?" the boy asked, discontentedly.

She confronted him in growing excitement. "Because, for the first time in my life, I believe I can do grandfather a real service."

Oliver did not seem particularly impressed. "If he's been against you all your life, I wouldn't do it."

"He hasn't been. Oh, that's the trouble of talking—words don't express your inner meaning."

"Your words don't even express your outer meaning," he rejoined, with masculine candor.

"Well, listen, then. Grandfather has given me everything—I owe him everything. I also have reason to believe that he has left me the whole of the property."

Oliver whistled. "Great fishes—what an heiress!"

"That isn't the point," Cecilia persisted, impatiently; "it's the obligation. I am bound to make him some return. Don't you see that? I thought men were so punctilious about—about debts of honor?"

The boy's response was reluctant. "You ought to consider him, of course, and all that, but what return could you possibly make him?"

She broke in eagerly: "That's what

I'm trying to tell you. Do you know why Mr. Stanley and Mr. Dean are here?"

The question was startling in its abruptness.

"To talk over hobbies with Uncle Edgar."

Cecilia shook her blond head. "They are here because grandfather wants me to marry one of them."

The boy gave an exclamation of loud dissent, but the girl went on without heeding. It was easier, now that the announcement had been made.

"He needs a man in the family," she explained. "Some one he can trust with the firm. Grandfather is getting pretty old, and it worries him to leave things at loose ends. So he has selected two competent lawyers, and he is giving me my choice between them. *Now* do you see?" she demanded, triumphantly.

"No, I don't," Oliver cried in great indignation. His indignation seemed to stimulate the girl.

"You will, when you think it over," she assured him. "I see it all quite clearly. He has had them here several times, and he has praised them pointedly to me. He never praises people, you know. Then once he said he hoped I wasn't the kind of girl who rushed blindly into foolish love-affairs. He said that older people were much better judges of safe permanent investments. I thought that *very* significant."

"They haven't proposed, have they?" His tone was still sceptical.

"No; but I have a feeling that they will, and I must know which one to take."

Oliver gave an angry snort. "I wouldn't take either of them unless I wanted to," he cried. "It's downright tyranny, making you marry for a law firm. Who cares about it, anyway?"

"Grandfather does—that's the whole point—he cares about it more than anything in all the world. And as I've disappointed him in everything so far—I haven't even a line of my own; he believes in special lines even for women—I must seize this one chance of pleasing him. Don't you see that?"

"I don't admit the premises," he retorted. "You're an all-round clever girl. Who wants women specialists? They're a nuisance! Then you're nice-looking, and all that sort of thing—he has no

right to call you a disappointment. And you've never given him a moment's anxiety, whereas boys are usually terribly worrying."

Her gray eyes rested on him gratefully.

"That doesn't alter the situation. I ought to have been a boy, and you know it."

"I don't know any such thing," he objected. "And, anyway, it isn't your fault. If you're making out that he blames you for being a girl, you're making him out a regular lunatic."

Cecilia glanced at the clock. Then she spoke in another tone. "I am resolved to do as grandfather wishes; nothing you can say will make any difference. It is only a question whether I shall make my choice blindly or whether I shall have the benefit of your assistance?"

The boy was fairly caught. "Oh, if it comes to that," he said, ungraciously, "of course I shall have to stand by you. But what on earth do you want me to do?"

"I want you to read their faces," she said, eagerly. "You were always splendid at telling people's characters. Don't you remember how you found out the gardener, years ago, just by his expression?"

The boy's manner became more genial. "I am rather good at seeing through shams, but a lot depends on the kind of game you strike. Dean and Stanley are regular old stagers—and lawyers at that. Have you any choice between them?"

"No," she faltered,—“at least, Mr. Dean seems more agreeable."

Oliver frowned. "He's awfully insincere. Now, *I* should prefer old Stanley—he's more honest, and there isn't *much* difference in their ages."

"How old do you think they are?" she asked, rather faintly.

"Why, between them, I should think they'd mount to ninety-five."

The girl's face quivered; she turned it away, but the boy had seen, and it had affected him poignantly. With an impulse that he could neither resist nor explain, he laid his hand on the drooping shoulder nearest to him.

"Cheer up, Cecil—you'll get the best man—trust me for that."

She brightened; his touch was comforting. "If I could know which was the kindest to animals, I think I should be perfectly satisfied."

"It would take more than that to satisfy me," was Oliver's dark rejoinder.

She did not pursue the subject; she was thankful to leave details to her champion—for she had a champion! In the ample solitude of her girlhood she had read of splendid knights who succored maidens. And now she had a knight of her own. She gazed at the boy with dreamy eyes.

"I place myself entirely in your hands." The maidens had always spoken thus, she remembered.

"Goodness! I have enough on my hands!" But he repented of this sally immediately. "I shall have to waylay both old fogies before dinner," he explained, apologetically. "In the evening it will be too risky. The only trouble is—"

"What trouble?" she asked in trepidation.

"What if they should propose before I can get at them?"

"Oh, I sha'n't stir from my room the whole afternoon. I shall have my hair washed."

The boy looked relieved. "That's all right, then," he said. "By seven p. m. at latest I shall know all there is to know—no matter what it costs."

She let this hint, too, pass unchallenged; she felt the importance of despatch at this juncture.

"How am I to know?" she questioned, anxiously.

"Oh, I'll tell you before dinner."

"But if you can't? And if they should speak directly afterwards?"

The boy considered. "In that case, watch me closely at dinner—I'll shake my head at the chap who has lost, then you'll know it's the other fellow. That secures you against possible surprise."

The scheme was beginning to interest him; it had elements of adventure, too, that were as yet undeveloped.

"Be careful how you do it," she advised him; "grandfather notices everything. Don't you remember how he found out our signal that we used when we wanted to meet as soon as possible?"

"Yes, but it was ridiculously conspicuous; who wouldn't have noticed when two people made goats'-ears at each other with their fingers? Twice over—that was the rule."

She smiled. "We had fun, though, didn't we?" she murmured.

Oliver did not respond to this sentiment; he was absorbed in weightier matters. "Then it's understood that you don't commit yourself with either codger until you've heard my verdict?" He indulged himself in calling them names; it let off steam, and it injured no one.

"Yes," she agreed, obediently; she did not venture on the thanks of the maidens.

Oliver looked at her musingly; she flushed in sudden self-consciousness.

"Do you think it's horrid of me to—to—think about such things?" she stammered.

"I'm not thinking of you—I'm thinking of Uncle Edgar—my opinion of him is altered. Probably I sha'n't visit him again. When you're gone it will be different, anyway. I suppose you'll live in town when you're married?"

At these words a great terror came upon her. She stretched her hands out.

"Oh, Oliver, I'm a coward!"

He took her fingers. "No, you're not—you're awfully plucky. I'll tell Uncle Edgar so at my first opportunity."

The frightened look left her eyes; greatly relieved, the boy assumed a jocular manner.

"Now fly up-stairs," he cried. "I can't start the hunt while you're in the field. I'll track old Stanley first—he'll be the easiest game."

"Be careful," she warned him.

He did not reply; his plan of action was already practically completed.

That evening, a few minutes before half past seven, Cecilia went down to the drawing-room. She had not left her room since three o'clock; she had hoped against hope that Oliver would seek her there. But he had not, and she was still in the dark regarding his investigatory encounters. Moreover, there was now no chance of seeing him alone until the long dinner should be over, for Mr. Calvert was old-fashioned in most ways; in none more so than in the deliberateness of his repasts.

Cecilia was wearing her prettiest dress, a soft pink gauze with dainty finishings of lace roses. She trusted that the favorable tint would conceal her conspicuous pallor. It did somewhat, but nothing could conceal the traces of tears about her usually clear gray eyes. Her spirit was resolute, however; no Calvert had

ever shown the white feather; she had heard her grandfather say so repeatedly, though he had been referring to male Calverts, of course.

She entered the drawing-room quietly. Augustus Dean and Oliver were standing together near the mantelpiece; evidently they had been discussing something earnestly. At her entrance they ceased abruptly. Her first impression was that Dean had been angry. On seeing her, however, his face cleared immediately. Gaining her side, he devoted himself to her with such assiduity that it was out of her power even to exchange a glance with her champion.

When dinner was announced, the other two men having meantime appeared, Mr. Calvert motioned to his granddaughter to lead the way into the dining-room. She did so nervously. Stanley walked behind her; she tried to gather from his step whether he, too, was angry. But his step was decidedly elastic.

They took their places, the girl opposite her grandfather; she looked very fair in the sombre stateliness of the apartment. At her right sat Stanley, at her left Augustus Dean; beyond him Oliver Calvert. In this manner all possibility was removed of any private talk between the cousins, for Mr. Calvert had had experience in the past of disconcerting colloquies in undertones—colloquies which, just because they were unintelligible, had invariably attracted the attention of the entire dinner-table.

As soon as Cecilia had unfolded her napkin she cast a swift glance in Oliver's direction. To her dismay he did not respond; he was eating his soup; his eyes were lowered. She tried again, still with no result. Was he waiting for a more propitious moment? But she could not wait; he ought to know it; the suspense was unendurable. She made a slight noise with her glass in the hope of attracting his attention. Instead, she attracted that of her left-hand neighbor, who began to talk to her with much animation; nor did he pause until the fish was served. Then a respite came, for Stanley did not take his turn, as she had expected; he seemed absent-minded. This alarmed her; everything alarmed her; her thoughts leaped forward with great bounds into the future. For a time she was

oblivious to her surroundings; presently she became conscious that her grandfather was speaking; he had made a remark about coins; Dean had risen to it. Cecilia seized her chance. Fixing her eyes firmly on her cousin, she resolved to make him feel the urgency of her appeal. He did feel it; for, after fidgeting uneasily, he shook his head, though in no particular direction. Cecilia nearly cried out. What could he mean? She stared at him again; this time he met her gaze, whereupon he shook his head at Dean. There could be no mistake; then Mr. Stanley had won! The girl drank a glass of water; her throat was dry; she wondered if she could speak. She turned to Stanley, a desperate calmness had come over her; she decided to ask him a few questions. He answered with eager surprise; while he spoke she studied his face. He had a pleasant smile, but, oh, how old he was! Her eyes wandered back to Oliver; to her amazement he was shaking his head at her vehemently; or rather, he was shaking it at Stanley. Cecilia grew very red; Oliver must be playing her a trick. How cruel of him, when he knew how she was suffering! She looked again; she did not care now who noticed. As it happened, however, the elder Calvert had just propounded a legal problem, into the solution of which both lawyers had thrown themselves with ardor. The young people were therefore left to their own devices, which consisted, on Oliver's part, of a series of signals. He frowned, coughed, set his teeth, and shook his head, first at one man and then at the other. Finally the goats'-ears appeared, twice over in reckless prominence. The girl nodded; her stupefaction was plainly visible, though no one saw it except Oliver and the butler; the three lawyers were too much absorbed in their argument.

As soon as the long meal was over, Cecilia fairly flew to the drawing-room, where she expected that Oliver would join her, while the other men smoked with her grandfather. She had hardly flung herself into a chair, however, before Augustus Dean entered the room, closely followed by Oliver Calvert. The latter, seating himself ostentatiously by the reading-lamp, proceeded to unfold the evening paper. Dean placed himself beside the girl, murmuring apologies for

the legal talk in which they had indulged. Thereupon he did his best to entertain her. At another time she would have been interested; as it was, she listened mechanically.

This went on for nearly an hour; Cecilia's cheeks grew more and more flushed. From time to time she threw her comrade a furtive glance; she saw that he was reading advertisements,—for Oliver, having finished the paper and not wishing to change his position, had been driven to this expedient. He was studying the servant column with deep attention, wondering vaguely why so many perfect treasures should be temporarily out of places.

At last they were interrupted by Stanley, who appeared alone, and seemed strangely excited. He stammered something about having been shown some rare coins. Dean sprang up, inquiring where they might be seen. Stanley mentioned their host's private study; whereupon Dean betook himself thither, after excusing himself hurriedly to Cecilia.

There was an instant of hesitation, the conspirators scarcely breathed, then Stanley took the seat that Dean had left. Cecilia sank back in utter dejection; Oliver resumed his study of advertisements, choosing this time those of houses to let. Again he wondered why so many perfect abodes should be empty temporarily.

In the midst of her real distress, however, Cecilia was supported by one great thought—neither suitor could propose with Oliver in the room, and Oliver would not leave her; she knew that by his expression.

Poor Stanley made desperate efforts to talk easily, but he had not the gift; moreover, he was fatally hampered by his fixed idea that young people were bored in his company.

After another long interval, Dean reappeared, accompanied by his host; both men looked perturbed. Stanley rose; Dean surveyed him suspiciously, after which he glanced at Cecilia. The girl's fatigue was apparent.

"Miss Cecilia is tired," he remarked in a suave tone. "I think we ought to say good night."

Stanley acquiesced reluctantly; to him the evening had been full of keen enjoyment; he was the only one, indeed,

of the five to whom it had brought no serious disquietude.

When the three Calverts found themselves alone, Cecilia edged instinctively towards her cousin, but her grandfather intercepted her intention.

"I should like to speak to you, Cecilia, in my study. Good night, Oliver." The dismissal was peremptory.

Oliver retreated with visible chagrin; he longed to answer the dumb query in Cecil's face. The girl's eyes followed him despairingly; she felt like crying as he slowly disappeared; but at the same instant, in the dimness of the hall, she thought she caught sight of the goats' ears once more. She took heart; then he would wait for her somewhere; and straightway the coming interview lost half its terror.

Mr. Calvert's study was a kind of museum, for in it he kept choice specimens of his collections—the plums, so to speak, which he could at any moment examine, without the trouble of seeking them in their official habitations. There were medals and miniatures and majolicas, and ivory carvings and rare engravings. The whole effect was that of a high-class curiosity shop, and Mr. Calvert himself, with his sensitive hands and shrewd eyes, might have figured as the chief showman of the establishment, except that it was, somehow, quite apparent that he would at no price have parted with a single treasure.

He had seated himself; Cecilia had done the same. There was a perceptible pause, then Mr. Calvert began.

"I have something to tell you," he said, abruptly. "As you know, I believe in frankness—two men have proposed for you this evening."

The girl started. Her grandfather continued; he wished to give her time to recover herself.

"No doubt you are amazed. So was I. What struck me especially was that they should have chosen the selfsame moment. There was something almost spectacular about it. I half expected to see the other personages of the comedy file in and go through their paces!"

He threw her a quizzical glance; he seemed in the highest spirits. This confirmed her worst imaginings.

He was gazing at her meantime in

growing surprise; girls were unfathomable creatures, to be sure!

She avoided the scrutiny of his gaze. "They didn't speak to me," she murmured, half inaudibly.

"Oh, that's the trouble, is it?" he queried. "Well, there I am with you entirely. If you are old enough to marry, you are old enough to receive your own declarations. To us, of course, you seem very young, but that is all a matter of perspective. I suppose Stanley, for instance, seems old to you?"

She looked up; in her grandfather's eyes she saw a gleam of amused curiosity, behind which there was something that she did not see—a dawning of a new interest in herself.

"He seems as old as he is," she replied with circumspection.

Calvert laughed. "Bravo!" he exclaimed. "May I use that when I want to be withering?"

"I didn't mean to be withering," she said.

Her grandfather surveyed her more critically. Cecilia was certainly attractive. Gray eyes, a delicate skin, and gold hair made a very satisfactory combination. Moreover, his granddaughter had distinction, which, in a woman, was supremely desirable. Her self-command, too, at such a moment, showed that she possessed a strong will. No ordinary girl of seventeen could have received such news with such apparent equanimity.

"I've done my part," he remarked, cheerfully,—“the heavy uncle; now it's your turn to speak.”

Cecilia clutched the edge of the table; her grandfather's manner was extremely disconcerting; in all her mental pictures of the scene, she had never imagined that the comic element would predominate.

"Take care of those coins!" her grandfather interposed. There was no comedy here.

Cecilia withdrew her hand. "I must have time to think," she faltered. "I will tell you to-morrow morning."

Edgar Calvert's expression altered. "Do you mean that you are considering one of them?" he inquired.

"I am considering both of them," she replied, with much truth.

"Both of them?" he repeated. "Good Heavens, are you a Mormon?"

Her cheeks burned; his banter was unbearable; he might have spared her that, she reflected indignantly.

"I am not sure which one I like best," she explained, stiffly.

The man took counsel with himself. Girls were a peculiar species, he recollected—not lace nor ivory nor porcelain, and yet resembling all these in the delicacy of their texture. They must, therefore, be handled with caution.

"My dear," he began, soothingly, "hadn't you better confide in me? It would make everything so much easier; mystifications break down in the end. Besides, I'm your best adviser, for you can tell me just how things are. If you fancy either of these men, say so frankly. They are both good fellows, they are comfortably off, and highly thought of in the profession. On the other hand, you will be rich, you are young, and not bad-looking." He smiled at her. "There might be other chances—who knows? Now, I think I've put the case fairly!"

Cecilia set her lips; she had not expected him to weigh and balance in this fashion. It was his idea of fair play, she concluded.

"But there is the firm," she reminded him, gravely.

Mr. Calvert seemed taken aback. For the first time he showed signs of embarrassment.

"The firm?" he echoed.

She studied his features furtively; she believed she saw in them distinct traces of perturbation.

"I should like the night to decide," she reiterated, desperately.

"But you must know now which man you are considering—why not eliminate the other? There is something positively dissipated in your position."

His good humor had returned; it was increased by Cecilia's next remark.

"Where both seem equally desirable, it is difficult to make a definite decision."

The listener threw up his hands. "By all that's innocent, don't make such speeches to any one else! So they both seem desirable?" He broke off with a laugh.

The girl's eyes flashed. "I meant," she persisted, proudly, "that when two things are equal, one has to spring to

conclusions, and as one does not wish to jump in the dark, one takes the precaution to secure light before one leaps."

"Cecilia," he cried, "you are either masquerading superbly, or you have lost your senses! But your leap interests me scientifically. Are you sure you ought to make it, little girl?"

His eyes were very kind; there was an appeal in them which she did not understand.

"I will tell you to-morrow morning," she repeated.

Mr. Calvert's expression darkened. If she had been a boy, she would have been frank with him.

"Very well," he agreed, rather coldly; "I see that you do not mean to confide in me."

Cecilia rose; she was thankful to escape. She gained the door with rapid steps. "Good night, grandfather."

"Good night," he said. "May your guardian angel send you enlightening dreams!"

As Cecilia crept through the hall, she heard a well known cough close at hand. She paused.

"Are you there?" she whispered.

Oliver Calvert immediately made his appearance; his face was flushed, his manner flurried; he had been concealed behind the heavy silk curtains.

"I've been nearly smothered," he muttered. "Great fishes, how I hate these stuffy hangings!"

Without answering, Cecilia opened a door, motioning to the boy to follow her. The light from the hall dimly illumined the room which they had entered. It had belonged to Cecilia's father; nothing had been changed in it since the latter's early death. There were numerous trophies of the hunt and of sport, pathetic examples in their desolate decrepitude of how even inanimate things can pine away when left to themselves.

The girl sank into a chair, laying her head on her father's writing-table. "Oh, Oliver, what a night this has been! Don't you feel a thousand years old?"

Oliver mumbled a confused assent.

"They have both proposed," the girl announced, in a choked voice.

Oliver's embarrassment ceased; stupefaction took its place. "The limit they have!" he cried. "But how could they?"

he added, almost fiercely. "I never left you a single instant."

"They told grandfather, and he told me—I've had an awful interview. I couldn't commit myself an inch in any direction, and yet I couldn't tell him I was waiting for your verdict." She lifted eager eyes. "What *did* you mean by shaking your head at both men? Have you found them *both* out in something disgraceful?"

He shook his head. "Just the reverse," he said, gloomily. "I couldn't catch them in anything worth mentioning. I put them full in the light, but they didn't show up a bit; at least, not as I expected. I'm awfully sorry; I know you'll feel badly, but it wouldn't be honest of me to give either chap my clear vote, though, personally, I still prefer old Stanley—especially after what you've told me," he concluded, enigmatically.

The girl's face fell. "Didn't you find out anything about their characters? I never dreamed you could possibly fail." Her voice was sharp with disappointment.

"I haven't failed," he answered, sullenly, "but you can't collar men and ask them their characters. I went pretty far, as it was—" He broke off, clearing his throat rather nervously.

Cecilia clenched her fingers. "It is settled, then—I shall marry Mr. Dean."

Oliver Calvert gave a suppressed exclamation. "What do you mean? I said Stanley was the best."

The girl shrugged her shoulders impatiently. "Yes, but you have no reason for saying so—it's just your fancy—now, I happen to fancy Mr. Dean."

The boy grew very red. "You sha'n't take him, if I know it," he muttered.

She made no answer; he continued urgently. "I have a reason for preferring old Stanley."

"What is it?" she asked, nearly in tears.

He shifted his position. "I would rather not say."

She began to cry hysterically. "If you're going to hide things from me," she sobbed, "I may as well give up. I always counted so on you!"

The boy gazed at her miserably.

"Look here, Cecil, that's awfully unfair. You know I didn't want to touch the thing, anyway—I only went into it

because you made me. It's not my fault if I haven't succeeded, it's the fault of the beastly situation—no good can come of marrying for a law firm."

He paused; the girl's tears had not ceased.

"I've thought of something," he went on, with forced confidence. "Tell Uncle Edgar you're not ready to marry—he won't mind as much as you think—he can't, if he has a grain of self-respect. Great fishes! wouldn't I like to tell him what I think of him?"

The girl slipped her hand into his. "I've got to go through it," she murmured, "because it's the only return I can make him. But it makes me feel dreadfully every minute—and—and—you mustn't try to shake my resolution."

He pressed her hand in silence; but the girl understood, and was comforted. They walked hand in hand to the door.

And thus—hand in hand—Mr. Calvert discovered them, as he made his way presently along the passage.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded, sharply. "Why is this room open?"

Cecilia dropped Oliver's hand. "We sometimes come here—it's so quiet—and—and—" she stammered, "I like to look at papa's things."

Mr. Calvert's expression softened. She made a pretty picture against the dull red of the hangings. Then he recalled their recent interview, and his softness became disapproval.

She seemed to divine his train of thought.

"Grandfather," she said, quite steadily, "I can tell you now which gentleman I will accept."

Both her hearers were seized with dismay; the elder made a gesture of prohibition.

"Not now—we will wait until to-morrow."

"I would rather tell now," she insisted, with gentle firmness. In truth, she desired Oliver's presence.

The boy, meantime, was making uncertain movements, as though to prepare himself for some decisive action. He squared his shoulders and threw back his head; he looked very big and determined all at once.

"Uncle Edgar," he began, in a loud

voice, "I want to say something first—I believe in frankness as much as you do. Cecil would go through fire rather than complain, but in my opinion it's awfully sharp practice—making a girl marry for a law firm."

Cecilia was paralyzed into silence. Her grandfather's manner, on the contrary, had become more alert.

"Who is making her marry for a law firm?" he inquired.

"Why, you, sir—indirectly, of course. She knows how you feel about the thing—her not being a boy, and all that, though, I must say, I think she exaggerates. Still, the fact remains that you had the men here, and that you praised them pointedly to her. She's not slow, she took the hint; in other words, she fell in with your scheme. But my point is that if she doesn't know which chap to choose—and she doesn't," he added, frowning at Cecilia—"that she ought to wait until she does."

"Oliver," she gasped, "you have no right to speak for me!"

The boy waved her aside. "I don't care whether I have a right—I'm going to speak. Uncle Edgar, she's got the nerve of ten men—she went through this evening like a hero. It was an awful strain on her, for I couldn't tell her the result of my investigations. The men wouldn't leave us—it was fiendish. But she didn't flinch. I must say I was proud of her. I should think you would be, too, as you care so much for Calvert pluck."

Cecilia no longer attempted to stop him; she was gazing at him with shining eyes. It was all of no use, of course; but it was so good to be championed.

Mr. Calvert had listened intently; his irritation had given place to bewilderment.

"What were your investigations?" he asked. He deemed it wiser to take one point at a time.

Oliver hesitated, the assurance of his bearing somewhat abated. "Oh, she wanted me to sound them," he explained.

"And you did it?" his uncle queried.

"I tried, but I didn't exactly succeed. They're awfully clever at managing their expressions, and I depend on expression mostly in judging strangers' characters."

"But you knew right away which one you were surest of," the girl put in,

not wishing her champion to underrate himself.

"Yes, I knew that," he admitted, "and it was confirmed by what I heard afterwards."

This was a slip; Oliver's countenance proclaimed it. The questioner immediately seized the advantage. "What did you hear that confirmed your good opinion? I expect frankness, as you said you believed in it."

Oliver moved uneasily; then a bright idea occurred to him.

"Not where a lady is concerned," he retorted, triumphantly.

Mr. Calvert glanced at Cecilia; her elation was marked at her champion's happy inspiration.

"But it's due to her to clear up the mystery, and it's due to me to tell me what you said to my guests. If it was anything uncivil—"

"Oh, it was nothing of that kind," the boy assured him. "I just—" He paused, looking uncomfortably at the girl.

"Haven't you told Cecilia?" Mr. Calvert questioned, severely.

"Not in words—but she understands the gist."

Cecilia nodded. Mr. Calvert proceeded. "Well, now we will have words as well as gist, if you please. To begin with, when did you speak to the men?"

"Before dinner and in the afternoon."

"Ah!" Mr. Calvert exclaimed, a burst of light having made several things plain. "And they both proposed directly after—the connection seems to me obvious."

"It is with one of them," Oliver agreed, thrown off his guard by his uncle's quiet manner. "But I'll be hanged if I see it with the other!"

"Suppose we begin, then, with the connection that you do see?"

Oliver threw the girl a warning look; she returned it trustfully. The byplay was not lost on Mr. Calvert.

"I had to tell lies," Oliver announced, "but I don't regret them."

This defiance rather pleased the elder Calvert. He made a sign of acquiescence. "When a lady can be served, they have always been excusable. But what particular lie did you tell my friend Stanley?"

Oliver's color rose; he did not enjoy this part of the affair. "I said she

wouldn't have any money to speak of," he confessed, unwillingly. "I explained just how you had left things—all divided up into legacies. I gave him a sketch of the will—though I was afraid I'd get tripped up. But it went off without a hitch—old Stanley seemed perfectly satisfied—he didn't care about the money a bit—that's how I knew he wasn't mercenary. But I couldn't be sure about the other part—his caring for her—that's why I didn't give him the clear vote."

The girl had listened breathlessly; she now broke in enthusiastically. "It was splendid of you—I should never have thought of it! To invent a whole will in your head!"

But Oliver was not entirely reassured; his uncle's expression caused him considerable anxiety.

"As Cecilia forgives you," the latter remarked, rather dryly, "I suppose I must, though you've made me out, to say the least, unwarrantably eccentric. It also seems a little hard on poor Stanley. I dare say his side has never occurred to you?"

"I have advised her all along to take Stanley," the boy exclaimed, as though in self-justification. "If he wasn't so old, I shouldn't have a single objection. The trouble is that Cecil doesn't fancy him."

Mr. Calvert surveyed the speaker; the rising generation was certainly remarkable. He cast a glance at the girl; she, too, seemed quite undisturbed. In truth, after the suspense of the evening, this interview was a comparative respite to Cecilia. But her grandfather did not fully comprehend this.

"Now for Dean," the latter resumed. "What test did you use for him? I am curious."

Cecilia was, too; she fixed questioning eyes on her champion.

Oliver Calvert set his teeth hard. He had been praying that this one thing might pass unasked. But here it was, and he must meet it.

"I said she loved Stanley," he blurted out.

Both listeners started, the girl violently; her cheeks grew crimson, the tears sprang to her eyes. At the sight, the boy forgot everything.

"Cecil!" he begged, "wait until you've heard the whole. I wanted to see whether he really cared for you; I knew that

jealousy was the quickest way to show it. Well, it did—he was perfectly furious. He has a temper, I can tell you, underneath his fine manners. It was that that lost him my vote, for I do think he likes you awfully.”

He broke off, throwing Cecilia an anxious glance. Something in her aspect cut him to the heart. He moved nearer.

“It was rough on you,” he admitted, remorsefully, “but I couldn’t think of anything else that was sure—and, anyhow, no one will know—Dean won’t tell—he’s too disgustingly conceited. Besides, it’s so palpably false—any one can see that you can’t bear old Stanley.”

He searched her face, which was partly averted; her silence was disconcerting.

Mr. Calvert now intervened, addressing the discomfited champion. “I am afraid I am too old-fashioned fully to appreciate your methods, though I can see that they were efficacious, even if not in the direction you intended. But there is one thing I wish to say. Look at me, Cecilia.”

She obeyed with reluctance, but, in doing so, she caught a full view of her comrade. His dejection was very apparent. She gave him a troubled smile.

“I don’t mind,” she assured him, bravely, “but—but—” breaking down, “what is to become of me?”

Mr. Calvert laid his hand on her shoulder. “Suppose you let me tell you? I will inform your two suitors to-morrow that you decline their kind offers with thanks. Stanley will need some consoling, for he has proved that he is sincerely attached to you. As for Dean, he will console himself more easily, since he is attached to a thing more easily obtainable. And just here, allow me to say that you were totally mistaken. I had no thought of your marrying either gentleman—not even for the sake of keeping up the law firm.”

The two young people received this in dazed silence. Before they could recover themselves Mr. Calvert went on speaking.

“You and Oliver will now, I hope, enjoy your fortnight with no drawbacks in the shape of future contingencies. The future will take care of itself. And one thing more,” he added,—“I want Cecilia to promise that she won’t trouble herself about not being a boy. She makes a very good girl, as it happens, and that is as much as ought to be expected of her.

He held his hand out to her smilingly. She sprang forward, throwing her arms about his neck. He drew her head to his breast, stroking her hair with hands that trembled a little. Presently he turned to Oliver, still holding the girl fast, however.

“Then the conspiracy is ended?”

The boy laughed rather shamefacedly. “It wasn’t a conspiracy against you, sir,” he protested.

“No? Somehow I fancied that it was. So I have made one of my own—you didn’t know that there could be a conspiracy of one? But I go in for simplicity, as I told you; your schemes are far too complicated for my understanding. Perhaps mine will be easier to grasp.”

He touched the girl’s hair significantly; then he looked straight at the boy. The blood rushed into Oliver’s face; there was a queer buzzing sound in his ears. Mr. Calvert made a warning gesture, after which he bent over his granddaughter.

“This little girl is very tired,” he murmured. “Suppose she says good night?”

Cecilia raised her head; she was very tired, but she kissed her grandfather gratefully. He had been most considerate under the circumstances; moreover, he had told her she need not marry.

“Good night,” she said, nodding to Oliver. He, on his part, could do nothing but stare at her.

“Aren’t you going to thank your champion?” Mr. Calvert suggested.

She went to the boy hesitatingly. She had not recovered from his disclosures.

“Thank you, Oliver—I know you did your very best.” Then, seeing his disappointment, “You were splendid,” she added, impulsively.

He gazed at her in silence; the great new thought overwhelmed him utterly. But that thought must be hidden deep down. He could not hide, however, what shone out in his eyes.

Mr. Calvert surveyed them benignly. “Kiss her, Oliver,” he commanded. “You deserve it.”

The boy stooped; his eyes were blurred; there were odd roaring sounds in his ears. The girl lifted her face; her eyes were clear, there were no strange noises in her ears.

Thus the first kiss was exchanged, and with it a new Calvert conspiracy began.

Editor's Easy Chair

LATER in the summer, or earlier in the fall, than when we saw him newly returned from Europe, that friend whom the veteran reader will recall as having so brashly offered his impressions of the national complexion and temperament looked in again on the Easy Chair.

"Well," we said, "do you wish to qualify, to hedge, to retract? People usually do after they have been at home as long as you."

"But I do not," he said. He took his former seat, but now laid on the heap of rejected manuscripts not the silken cylinder he had so daintily poised there before, but a gray fedora that fell carelessly over in lazy curves and hollows. "I wish to modify by adding the effect of further observation and adjusting it to my first conclusions. Since I saw you I have been back to Boston; in fact I have just come from there."

We murmured some banality about not knowing a place where one could better come from than Boston. But he brushed it by without notice.

"To begin with I wish to add that I was quite wrong in finding the typical Boston face now prevalently Celtic."

"You call that adding?" we satirized.

He ignored the poor sneer.

"My earlier observation was correct enough, but it was a result of that custom which peoples the hills, the shores, and the sister continent in summer with the New-Englanders of the past, and leaves their capital to those New-Englanders of the future dominantly represented by the Irish. At the time of my second visit the exiles had returned, and there were the faces again that, instead of simply forbidding me, arraigned me and held me guilty till I had proved myself innocent."

"Do you think," we suggested, "that you would find this sort of indictment in them if you had a better conscience?"

"Perhaps not. And I must own I

did not find them so accusing when I could study them in their contemplation of some more important subject than myself. One such occasion for philosophizing them distinctly offered itself to my chance witness when an event of the last seriousness had called some hundreds of them together. One sees strong faces elsewhere; I have seen them assembled especially in England; but I have never seen such faces as those Boston faces, so intense, so full of a manly dignity, a subdued yet potent personality, a consciousness as far as could be from self-consciousness. I found something finely visionary in it all, as if I were looking on a piece of multiple portraiture such as you see in those Dutch paintings of companies at Amsterdam, for instance. It expressed purity of race, continuity of tradition, fidelity to ideals such as no other group of faces would now express. You might have had the like at Rome, at Athens, at Florence, at Amsterdam, in their prime, possibly in the England of the resurgent Parliament, though there it would have been mixed with a fanaticism absent in Boston. You felt that these men no doubt had their limitations, but their limitations were lateral, not vertical."

"Then why," we asked, not very relevantly, "don't you go and live in Boston?"

"It wouldn't make me such a Bostonian if I did; I should want a dozen generations behind me for that. Besides, I feel my shortcomings less in New York."

"You are difficult. Why not fling yourself into the tide of joy here, instead of shivering on the brink in the blast of that east wind which you do not even find regenerative? Why not forget our inferiority, since you cannot forgive it? Or do you think that by being continually reminded of it we can become as those Bostonians are? Can we reduce ourselves, by repenting, from four mil-

lions to less than one, and by narrowing our phylacteries achieve the unlimited Bostonian verticality, and go as deep and as high?"

"No," our friend said. "Good as they are, we can only be better by being different. We have our own message to the future, which we must deliver as soon as we understand it."

"Is it in Esperanto?"

"It is at least polyglot. But you are taking me too seriously. I wished merely to qualify my midsummer impressions of a prevailing Celtic Boston by my autumnal impressions of a persisting Puritanic Boston. But it is wonderful how that strongly persistent past still characterizes the present in every development. Even those Irish faces which I wouldn't have ventured a joke with were no doubt sobered by it; and when the Italians shall come forward to replace them it will be with no laughing Pulcinello masks, but visages as severe as those that first challenged the wilderness of Massachusetts Bay, and made the Three Hills tremble to their foundations."

"It seems to us that you are yielding to rhetoric a little, aren't you?" we suggested.

"Perhaps I am. But you see what I mean. And I should like to explain further that I believe the Celtic present and the Pelasgic future will rule Boston in their turn as the Puritanic past learned so admirably to rule it: by the mild might of irony, by the beneficent power which in the man who sees the joke of himself enables him to enter brotherly into the great human joke, and be friends with every good and kind thing."

"Could you be a little more explicit?"

"I would rather not for the moment. But I should like to make you observe that the Boston to be has more to hope and less to fear from the newer Americans than this metropolis where these are so much more heterogeneous. Here salvation must be of the Jews among the swarming natives of the East Side; but in Boston there is no reason why the artistic instincts of the Celtic and Pelasgic successors of the Puritans should not unite in that effect of beauty, which is an effect of truth, and keep Boston the first of our cities in good looks, as well

as good works. With us here in New York a civic job has the chance of turning out a city joy, but it is a fighting chance. In Boston there is little doubt of such a job turning out a joy. The municipality of Boston has had almost the felicity of Goldsmith; it has touched nothing which it has not adorned. Wherever its hand has been laid upon Nature, Nature has purred in responsive beauty. They used to talk about the made land in Boston, but half Boston is the work of man, and it shows what the universe might have been if the Bostonians had been taken into the confidence of the Creator in the beginning. The Back Bay was only the suggestion of what has since been done; and I never go to Boston without some new cause for wonder. There is no other such charming union of pleasance and residence as the Fenways; the system of parks is a garden of delight; and now the State has taken up the work, no doubt at the city's suggestion, and turning from the land to the water, has laid a restraining touch on the tides of the sea, which, ever since the moon entered on their management, have flowed and ebbed through the channel of the Charles. The State has dammed the river; the brine of the ocean no longer enters it, but it feeds itself full of sweet water from the springs in the deep bosom of the country. The Beacon Street houses back upon a steadfast expanse as fresh as the constant floods of the Great Lakes."

"And we dare say that it looks as large as Lake Superior to Boston eyes. What do they call their dam? The Charlesea?"

"You may be sure they will call it something tasteful and fit," our friend responded in rejection of our feeble mockery. "Charlesea would not be bad. But what I wish to make you observe is that all which has yet been done for beauty in Boston has been done from the unexhausted instinct of it in the cold heart of Puritanism, where it 'burns froze and does the effect of fire.' As yet the Celtic and Pelasgic agencies have had no part in advancing the city. The first have been content with voting themselves into office, and the last with owning their masters out-of-doors; for the Irish are the lords, and the Ital-

ians are the landlords. But when these two gifted races, with their divinely implanted sense of art, shall join forces with the deeply conscientised taste of the Puritans, what mayn't we expect Boston to be?"

"And what mayn't we expect New York to be on the same terms, or, say, when the Celtic and Pelasgic and Hebraic and Slavic elements join with the old Batavians, in whom the love of the artistic is by right also native? Come! Why shouldn't we have a larger Boston here?"

"Because we are *too* large," our friend retorted undauntedly. "When graft subtly crept among the nobler motives which created the park system of Boston the city could turn for help to the State and get it; but could our city get help from our State? Our city is too big to profit by that help; our State too small to render it. The commonwealth of Massachusetts is creating a new Garden of Eden on the banks of the Charlesea; but what is the State of New York doing to emparadise the shores of the Hudson?"

"All the better for us, perhaps," we stubbornly, but not very sincerely, contended, "if we have to do our good works ourselves."

"Yes, if we do them. But shall they remain undone if we don't do them? The city of New York is so great that it swings the State of New York. The virtues that are in each do not complement one another, as the virtues of Boston and Massachusetts do. Where shall you find, in our house or in our grounds, the city and the State joining to an effect of beauty? When you come to New York what you see of grandeur is the work of commercialism; what you see of grandeur in Boston is the work of civic patriotism. We hire the arts to build and decorate the homes of business; the Bostonians inspire them to devote beauty and dignity to the public pleasure and use. No," our friend concluded with irritating triumph, "we are too vast, too many, for the finest work of the civic spirit. Athens could be beautiful, Florence, Venice, Genoa, were, but Rome, which hired or enslaved genius to create beautiful palaces, temples, columns, statues, could only be immense. She could only

huddle the lines of Greek loveliness into a hideous agglomeration, and lose their effect as utterly as if one should multiply Greek noses and Greek chins, Greek lips and Greek eyes, Greek brows and Greek heads of violet hair, in one monstrous visage. No," he exulted in this mortifying image of our future ugliness, "when a city passes a certain limit of space and population, she adorns herself in vain. London, the most lovable of the mighty mothers of men, has not the charm of Paris, which, if one cannot quite speak of her virgin allure, has yet a youth and grace which lend themselves to the fondness of the arts. Boston is fast becoming of the size of Paris, but if I have not misread her future she will be careful not to pass it, and become as New York is."

We were so alarmed by this reasoning that we asked in considerable dismay: "But what shall we do? We could not help growing; perhaps we wished to overgrow; but is there no such thing as un-growing? When the fair, when the sex which we instinctively attribute to cities, finds itself too large in its actuality for a Directoire ideal, there are means, there are methods, of reduction. Is there no remedy, then, for municipal excess of size? Is there no harmless potion or powder by which a city may lose a thousand inhabitants a day, as the superabounding fair loses a pound of beauty? Is there nothing for New York analogous to rolling on the floor, to the straight-front corset, to the sugarless, starchless diet? Come, you must not deny us all hope! How did Boston manage to remain so small? What elixirs, what exercises, did she take or use? Surely she did not do it all by reading and thinking!" Our friend continued somewhat inexorably silent, and we pursued: "Do you think that by laying waste our Long Island suburbs, by burning the whole affiliated Jersey shore, by strangling the Bronx, as it were, in its cradle, and by confining ourselves rigidly to our native isle of Manhattan, we could do something to regain our lost opportunity? We should then have the outline of a fish; true, a nondescript fish; but the fish was one of the Greek ideals of the female form." He was silent still, and we gathered courage to press on. "As

it is we are not altogether hideous. We doubt whether there are not more beautiful buildings in New York now than there are in Boston; and as for statues, where are the like there of our Macmonnies Hale, of our St.-Gaudens Faragut and Sherman, of our Ward Indian Hunter?"

"The Shaw monument blots them all out," our friend relentlessly answered. "But these are merely details. Our civic good things are accidental. Boston's are intentional. That is the great, the vital difference."

It did not occur to us that he was wrong, he had so crushed us under foot. But with the trodden worm's endeavor to turn, we made a last appeal. "And with the sky-scraper itself we still expect to do something, something stupendously beautiful. Say that we have lost our sky line! What shall we not have of grandeur, of Titanic loveliness, when we have got a sky-scraper line?"

It seemed to us that here was a point which he could not meet; and, in fact, he could only say, whether in irony or not, "I would rather not think."

We were silent, and upon the reflection to which our silence invited us, we found that we would rather not ourselves think of the image we had invoked. We preferred to take up the question at another point. "Well," we said, "in your impressions of Bostonian greatness, we suppose that you received the effect of her continued supremacy in authors as well as authorship, in artists as well as art? You did not meet Emerson, or Longfellow, or Lowell, or Prescott, or Holmes, or Hawthorne, or Whittier about her streets, but surely you met their peers, alive and in the flesh?"

"No," our friend admitted, "not at every corner. But what I did meet was the effect of those high souls having

abode there while on the earth. The great Boston authors are dead, and the great Boston artists are worse—they have come to New York; they have not even waited to die. But whether they have died, or whether they have come to New York, they have left their inspiration in Boston. In one sense the place that has known them shall know them no more forever; but in another sense it has never ceased to know them. I can't say how it is, exactly, but though you don't see them in Boston, you feel them. But here in New York—our dear, immense, slattern mother—who feels anything of the character of her great children? Who remembers in these streets Bryant, or Poe, or Hallock, or Curtis, or Stoddard, or Stedman, or the other poets who once dwelt in them? Who remembers even such great editors as Greeley, or James Gordon Bennett, or Godkin, or Dana? What malignant magic, what black art, is it that reduces us all to one level of forgottenness when we are gone, and even before we are gone? Have those high souls left their inspiration here, for common men to breathe the breath of finer and nobler life from? I won't abuse the millionaires who are now our only great figures; even the millionaires are gone when they go. They die, and they leave no sign, quite as if they were so many painters and poets. You can recall some of their names, but not easily. No, if New York has any hold upon the present from the past, it isn't in the mystical persistence of such spirits among us."

"Well," we retorted, hardily, "we have no need of them. It is the high souls of the future which influence us."

Our friend looked at us as if he thought there might be something in what we said. "Will you explain?" he asked.

"Some other time," we consented.



Editor's Study

IN a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review* there appeared an article on "The Decay of the Short Story." Strange as this caption must seem to an American reader, we to some extent recovered from our surprise when we found that the writer of the article, Mr. Edwin Pugh, had mainly in view the present decadence of the English short story, a situation which he hopefully assumes to be merely temporary. He seems to blame the magazines of his country for this sudden falling off, and we confess that we do not find in the best of these—even in *Blackwood's*—stories at all comparable to those of the last generation. Perhaps if he would read our best American magazines he would take heart again, finding there the most excellent current examples of the work of the greatest living English short-story writers. He, too hastily, we think, attributes such excellence as English writers have attained in this branch of literature to the fact that they were disciples of Poe. In America the principal writers in this field, rejecting Poe, "have followed in the footsteps of Bret Harte, who followed in the footsteps of Dickens, who was never quite at his best in the short story." Putting aside this exaggerated estimate of Bret Harte's influence, we cannot even agree with Mr. Pugh's more guarded statement that all the great short-story writers of America, "with the doubtful exception of such arch-humorists as Mark Twain and Artemus Ward, bear traces of the influence of English authors." If anything is clearly impressed upon one who follows the course of the American short story, it is the fact of its ever-increasing departure not less from the lines taken by English fiction than from the example set by Poe.

It was in America that the short prose story, as we understand it, was first developed, a little before the middle of the nineteenth century, when we had very

little to show in the field of imaginative literature—a Bryant for Wordsworth, a Cooper for Scott, an Irving before Dickens. Irving's work is hardly to be reckoned in any treatment of the short story; it consisted rather of sketches. It is to Poe and Hawthorne that we must look for representative examples. Of the two Hawthorne was the more creative, and he meant far more than Poe in the evolution of a distinctively American literature. He was directly subject to the new currents of New England thought and sentiment which reacted against a hitherto oppressively dominant Puritanism, and which at the same time gave us Emerson. The importance of Hawthorne in this contact with the old and the new was due to his appreciation of the rare imaginative values of the old for the purposes of his creative art. No such importance attaches to Poe, who was an eccentric, in this historical respect, without American genesis or succession. Hawthorne's fiction was unique; it had no precedent, and we do not regret that its most striking peculiarities have not been perpetuated; but the most modern of our American writers feel a spiritual kinship with his genius which they cannot feel with Poe's. Nevertheless a cosmopolitan distinction has been conceded to Poe, as to no other American writer of fiction. The English critics confess his leadership in the field of the short story, and the French acclaim it, while even more impressed by his poetry. This enthusiastic appreciation of him by the countrymen of Guy de Maupassant is especially significant. Poe was most deliberately a master of the technique of the short story; he for the first time announced its formula; his poetic temperament made his work impressive in tone and atmosphere. The technical mastery and the impressiveness won for him especial regard in France, where the insistence was greatest upon academic canons.

Poe's marvellous ingenuity in the con-

struction of plots and in the contrivance of effects resulted in work which appealed to mental curiosity and to æsthetic sensibility, and which strikingly contrasted with the sentimental tales already in fashion and fostered by popular miscellanies—weak stuff that the more highly cultivated taste of the next generation refused to tolerate. For Poe did not invent the American short story, but only a kind of it which was worthy of consideration. Indeed it may be said that the tendency toward the short prose tale in that period, as well as the character of the work then most in vogue, indicated a crude literary development. Else we should have had more examples of excellence in longer fiction. In a more advanced stage of culture, when we came to have a considerable number of such examples, the short story persisted, but for a different reason and on a higher plane. It was the distinction of Poe and Hawthorne that this exaltation of the short story was anticipated in their work.

Why was it that these two short-story writers had no contemporary peers in England? In France there was Balzac, a contemporary of Poe. If the short story were to be accounted for by the press and hurry of modern life, England was then commercially and industrially the busiest country in the world. In America, life was quiet, society scattered, culture comparatively provincial. We cannot attribute the very late and slow development of the short story in England to the higher culture of its people, since in æsthetic sensibility the French were at least equally advanced, and we of to-day know that the best instances in this branch of literature, if not due to superior cultivation, are inseparably allied with those qualities of mind and heart—comprehensive insight and sympathy—which are the ripest fruits of modern civilization.

Culture followed in England lines that widely diverged from those taken in France. Perhaps insularity accounts for much of this difference; it secured certainly comparative independence of development. Leaving out of view distinctive peculiarities in the arts of painting and music, and confining ourselves to literature, the language itself appears as a most compelling and determinant

factor. The Norman could not impose his language upon the English people, and the native strain which held to its own in speech remained dominant also in every other main trait of character and disposition, selecting and assimilating such alien language material as suited its peculiar genius. Thus a language of exceptional variety and flexibility grew in the course of centuries from the main stem, readily lending body to thought and feeling and apt to express mood and temperament and every humor of the spirit. But with its vast accumulation of vocables applicable to everything within the range of human knowledge and to the general aspects and traits of nature and humanity, it has not kept pace with the chromatism of modern thought. No language has; but the French has come nearer to perfection in this respect—in the expression of infinitely varied shades of meaning—than any other. It is, because of its unerring precision, the language not only of science, but of definite clear-cut delineation and of qualitative analysis in every field which engages the human intellect. With such tools at his hand it would seem that every Frenchman who uses them diligently and intelligently must inevitably be witty and artistic. The language is a temptation to art, to classic form, so that we expect a Balzac, a Flaubert, and a Maupassant.

But the achievement, however much it might seem to us a matter of course, involved difficulty. Technical excellence in expression, whatever advantages a language, fortunate for the uses of art, may offer, does not come by nature. After what patient conscious effort was it attained by Balzac and Flaubert! The important thing was that the difficulty was clearly seen by these French writers of fiction, fully recognized, and their language, which tempted to the artistic venture, though elusive and hiding its treasure, as if to heighten the ardor of the quest, yielded every veil to the daring hand. The promise of conquest was as clearly recognized as the difficulty. The line of pursuit was direct. The coquetry of the writer with his language admitted of no dalliance. Even dilettanteism, of which there is so much in French literature, and which is the vice of the kind of art that this literature most affects, re-

jected stray fancies and conceits. This direct procedure secures constructive economy as well as economy of expression. As a result, in French fiction—in all of it that lays claim to art,—the *form* stands out clearly.

Thus every condition for the success of the short story, in accordance with Poe's formula, was supplied in France, while in England not only was every essential condition lacking until a comparatively recent period, but the trend and disposition of English fiction were averse from this form of literary expression. An English Balzac was as impossible as a French Wordsworth. English fiction did not lack humor or quaintness or generous comprehension of life—it had more of these than the French, and was larger in its scope. Its concern was with the material rather than the form. It regarded life in its general and obviously typical aspects, seriously rather than with æsthetic intent. The greatest of English novelists would have violated every Continental canon of art, as Shakespeare had done in his plays, and not know it. Whereas, in like case, the very texture of the work would have confronted a French writer with instant accusation and conviction.

We are saying these things not in depreciation of English fiction before the middle of the nineteenth century, but only to show how alien to its mood was any artistic impulse toward the undertaking of the prose short story. Such impulse as there was prompted the poet rather than the prose writer. Some sense of artistry led the Englishman, from the time of Chaucer, to make up for that wherein his language was inferior to the French by assonance, measure, and rhyme. In the play, which so long served for the short story, blank verse furnished a form of art in expression. The lyrical ballad was another instance. Crabbe excelled in realistic tales in verse, portraying the lives of plain people. Scott and Byron and Wordsworth used the same medium for plain, legendary, or romantic story. In Keats's "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," we have a poetic version of a prose *conte* by Boccaccio. English poetry since the Romantic revival abounds in examples of this class. The elder Dana's poem,

"The Buccaneer," published in 1827, was a striking American instance, of which Longfellow's "Evangeline" and Whittier's narrative poems were worthy successors. It is to be noted that the elder Dana wrote, also, several short prose stories before Poe was known, upon whom he had some influence, as he himself had been influenced by Charles Brockden Brown—tales as sombre as the autumn fields of his native New England, and soon buried in oblivion.

Though Bret Harte was the first eminent successor of Poe and Hawthorne as a writer of short stories, but having no kinship with either, being in some respects a disciple of Dickens, he was preceded by a number of writers—by John Esten Cooke and William Gilmore Simms in the South, and by Mrs. Stowe, Rose Terry Cooke, Elizabeth Barstow Stoddard, Fitz-James O'Brien, Edward Everett Hale, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, W. D. O'Connor, J. D. Whelpley, Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, T. B. Aldrich, and Harriet Prescott Spofford in the North—who had given the magazine story in this country a new dignity and beauty, lifting it out of its insipid sentimentalism, and some of these—notably Aldrich and Mrs. Spofford—had invested it with rare artistic charm. Even George William Curtis had made graceful and humorous ventures in this field, and certain racy character sketches by Lowell are still memorable.

Few of these writers show any trace of English influence: their imaginations were stimulated by the Victorian fiction, then at its prime; their opportunity came through the better class of American periodicals established in the fifties; but they were in the main original and independent in theme. Too much, indeed, has been made of Bret Harte's following of Dickens; he would himself have overmuch confessed his indebtedness to one who had so intimately stimulated his genius. In him, as in most of the writers above mentioned, we note the prominence given to American traits, provincial, or incident to the peculiar circumstances of American life. This idiomatic portraiture characterized the short stories of the remarkable group of Southern writers which emerged after the war: Cable, Page, Mrs. Stuart, Miss King, R. M.

Johnston, Joel Chandler Harris, M. E. M. Davis, James Lane Allen, and Charles Egbert Craddock. Of all but one or two of them it may be said that they owed nothing to English writers or to their American predecessors. Cable, Miss King, and Mrs. Davis were more influenced by French than by English fiction. Amélie Rives, who belonged to this group, though she excelled in idiomatic portraiture when she chose to attempt it, had a more distinctively poetic imagination than any story-writer of her time, and held a place apart.

The New England character sketch was at the same time being developed on far different lines than those followed by Mrs. Stowe and Rose Terry Cooke. Miss Sarah Orne Jewett not only made it an exquisite work of art, but divested it of its typical and idiomatic guise, showing us the mental and spiritual habit beneath the moods and temper of people she had dwelt with, or, as she once called it, "their weather." Miss Wilkins's appearance on this field was a distinct event in American literature—a genuine surprise. With no attempt at effective organization of her material, with no conscious art, apart from the deliberate intent to "round up" her sketch so as to give it the form of a story, her naïve impressions of New England life and character seemed more like divinations than the result of studious observation, and yet were presented in a most carefully and precisely detailed narrative, covering every moment of its straight course, with only here and there a pregnantly reflective phrase. More signally, perhaps, than any other writer of the same generation as Bret Harte, Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson illustrated the new phases of the art of the short story in this country. She was an accurate observer, with as keen a sense of the striking situation as Maupassant had, and some of her bolder ventures—such as "Misery Landing"—have not been surpassed.

In the mean time, with the appearance of William Dean Howells and Henry James, an entirely new era of American fiction had been opened, in which the stress upon the obvious features of life—its externality—was disappearing; the psychical motive was becoming dominant. The two writers we have just

named, though so unlike in many respects, agreed in one thing—insistence upon truth in the interpretation of life, and, we should add, upon the whole truth and nothing but the truth—for so runs the oath of modern realism. Truth about life is something very different from truth of life.

What this new attitude means for fiction—what divestiture of conventional habits and guises, and what repudiation of old tricks and devices and glosses—is more clearly manifest in our immediately contemporary short story than in the novel, because it is free of the necessity of any contrivance whatever. The novelist seems compelled by certain demands of an old art handed down to him; he must take in hand the material of his story and give it structural consistency, and this implies more or less of detachment on his part from his work, and to that extent he is tempted to become the showman. In the short story the creation takes more natively and spontaneously—we might say, inevitably—its own form and investment. This, at least, is possible if the writer has creative imagination—which means, in the terms of the new realism, the power to see truly, to feel truly, and thus permit rather than masterfully fashion the embodiment. This is the essential difference between the new and the old fiction; and it is toward the new art that, during the last generation, the short story has been steadily advancing. We note the advance in the complete transformation of this kind of literature since Bret Harte, involving a departure from his methods as well as from those of previously accepted masters. We note it in the writers we have mentioned—Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, Miss Woolson—and still more perceptibly in Owen Wister, Alice Brown, and Mrs. Deland; in some of Mark Twain's more serious stories; and it is most emphatically illustrated in the recent work of Georg Schock, Muriel Campbell Dyar, Mary Austin, Mrs. Channing Stetson, and other short-story writers—some of them familiar to our readers and others freshly arresting their attention.

Of course those critics whose sense of life and art is restricted to old values and canonized excellences see in this advance only the signs of decadence.

Editor's Drawer

The Passenger's Dog

BY CLARENCE B. KELLAND

"**S**PEAKIN' of dawgs," said Captain Saturn Horgin, "did I ever tell you 'bout Big Foot's purp an' Cap'n Swiggs?"

The Cap'n always prefaced a story by asking if he had told it before; but whether or no he had retailed that very incident no longer ago than yesterday, and were told of that circumstance, he would spin it again. It was as easy to stop Cap'n Saturn from telling a story upon which he had set his heart as it would be to hold an eel in the naked palm.

"Big Foot he come fr'm nowheres. All of a suddin he turned up in Algonac, an' didn't do nothin' but stan' on this here very dock lookin' at th' river. He didn't speak to no one nor do nothin' noticeable 'cept wear them feet of his'n—which was somethin' of an accomplishment. Along with him come a dawg. That there dawg wa'n't like no dawg I ever see, still you cud tell it was a canine critter 'cause 'twan't nothin' else. I admit they was consid'ble speculatin' on the subjee' fer a while, though.

"Well, Big Foot an' that purp come fr'm nowheres and began occupyin' this here dock an' meditatin' together. They don't never address no remarks to no one. Big Foot he don't wax sociable, an' his dawg don't pick no fights, so th' populace of Algonac sees they is neither pleasure nor profit to be got outen them, an' leaves them to themselves.

"One day Cap'n Swiggs' vessel is tied up to this dock, coalin'. As usual, Big Foot is standin' here lookin' as if he was fresh fr'm a funeral or a hangin'.

"Cap'n Swiggs, bein' short-handed, looks over the side an' sees Big Foot. Big Foot sees him, too, but he ain't admittin' it—neither is th' dawg. They both continuoos to look like they was on th' p'int of applyin' fer perpetool jobs as pall-bearers.

"'Say!' yells Cap'n Swiggs.

"Big Foot makes no reply.

"'Say, you with th' feet!' shouts the Cap'n agin.

"Big Foot looks up at him kinda sad an' expectant—jus' as though he was hopin' he'd fall in an' drown then an' there.

"Cap'n Swiggs he leans onto th' rail an' studies Big Foot careful.

"'Talkative chap, ain't you?' says Cap'n.

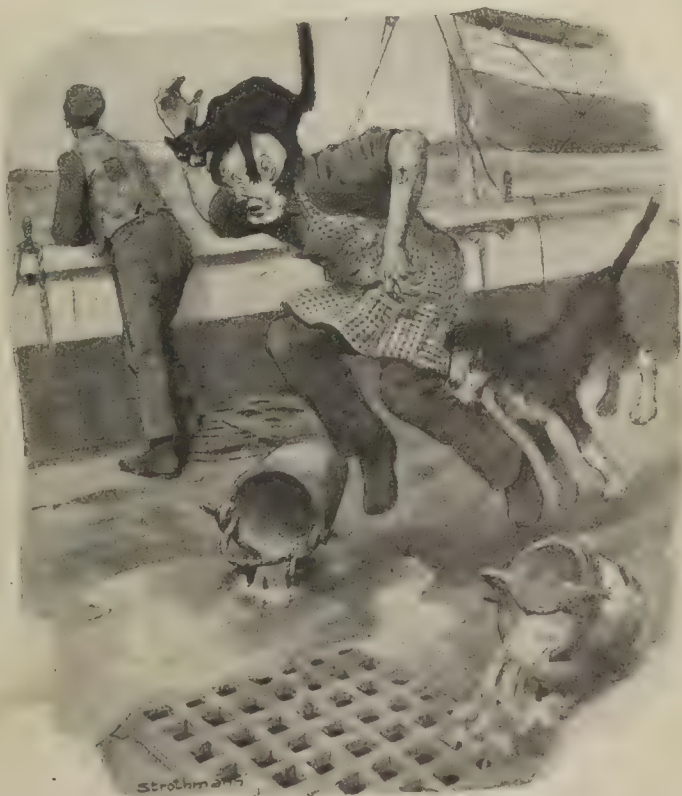
"Big Foot he continuoos t' say nothin', an' th' dawg he follers suit.

"'Be you a sailorman?' asks Cap'n.

"Big Foot he nods his head, an' looks regretful at th' fate he hopes is comin' to th' other.

"'Wanta ship?' asks Cap'n.

"Big Foot then, unexpected like, up an' breaks th' fast he'd been givin' his vocabulary.



"PUSSY GETS MORE AN' MORE DISCONCERTED".

"'Wot fur?' he asks.

"'Wot fur!' repeats th' Cap'n. 'Wot does any man wanta ship fer? To cure rhumytism, er t' grow a beard, er t' cultivate a tenner voice. Them is wot fur.'

"'Kin I ship my dawg?' asks Big Foot.

"'Naw,' says Cap'n, disgusted like.

"Big Foot he starts movin' away like he's lost intrust. Cap'n he needs a man bad, so he hollers fer him t' stop a bit.

"Big Foot comes back an' addresses th' Cap'n abrupt.

"'See that there dawg?' he asks.

"'I ain't got no cataracts into my eyes,' says Cap'n.

"'That there dawg,' goes on Big Foot, 'is boun' t' me by undissoluble ties, that dawg is. Him an' me is took each other fer better er fer worse. That there dawg has a warmth of affection fer me. I occupy th' position of apple into his eye. If I sh'ud desert he'd pine away inter a shadder an' die.' Then he quit talkin' suddin an' looked at Cap'n Swiggs' boat.

"Th' dawg he looks at th' boat, too.

"Pretty soon Big Foot he h'ists th' dawg into his arms an' puts it aboard gentle. Then he climbs aboard hisself.

"'We ships with you,' he announces, an' calmly walks forrard without no more playin'.

"Cap'n he don't know what t' do. He is knocked all of a heap—an' a pretty big heap, too. So there he stands at th' rail, leanin' thereon an' not able t' move. He

stands there an' ponders an' ponders, and don't reach no conclusion whatever; an' as he ain't reached none when th' vessel is coaled an' has swung out into th' river, Big Foot an' his dawg remains aboard in a party, one an' indivisible.

"They ain't much time give Cap'n fer ponderin', howsumever, fer th' dumdest racket ever heard onto th' St. Clair River begun t' shatter th' ea'm of th' peaceful day. Words sich as seldom frequents parlors, an' howls an' animal n'ises, come along all mixed together, an' plum startles Cap'n outa his reveree. He dashes onto th' hurricane deck an' there he sees th' blamdest sight.

"Right in th' middle of th' deck is Wash Biler Sands, th' cook. On top o' Biler's head is th' scardest cat that ever was frightened outa her nine lives. Each an' every distinct claw was rammed into Biler's scalp t' th' hilt, an' th' feline was yellin' murder t' th' top of its lungs. Biler he's jumpin' an' clawin' an' cursin' an' prayin' an' makin' hisself mos' agree'ble t' th' comp'ny. Big Foot's dawg is cavortin' aroun' promise'us on th' trail of th' cat. Sometimes he rushes in clost an' grabs Biler by the laig. Other times he gits a runnin' start, endin' with a leap fer th' cat onto Biler's head.

"'Yow! Yow!' yells Biler. 'Murder! Fire! Take 'er off!' he begs. 'Kill that there dawg!' This here excites th' cat an' she reaches down an' fondles his cheek with her claws.

"The excitement it don't appear t' have attracted th' attention of Big Foot, fer he stands leanin' on th' bulwarks lookin' at th' water like 's if there ain't no disturbance whatever.

"'Here, you with th' feet!' shouts Cap'n Swiggs. 'Git this here dawg away. Don't you see he's spiln' th' cook?'

"Big Foot turns reproachful like an' says, 'Is that there th' cook?'

"Cap'n says, 'Yaas,' sharp like.

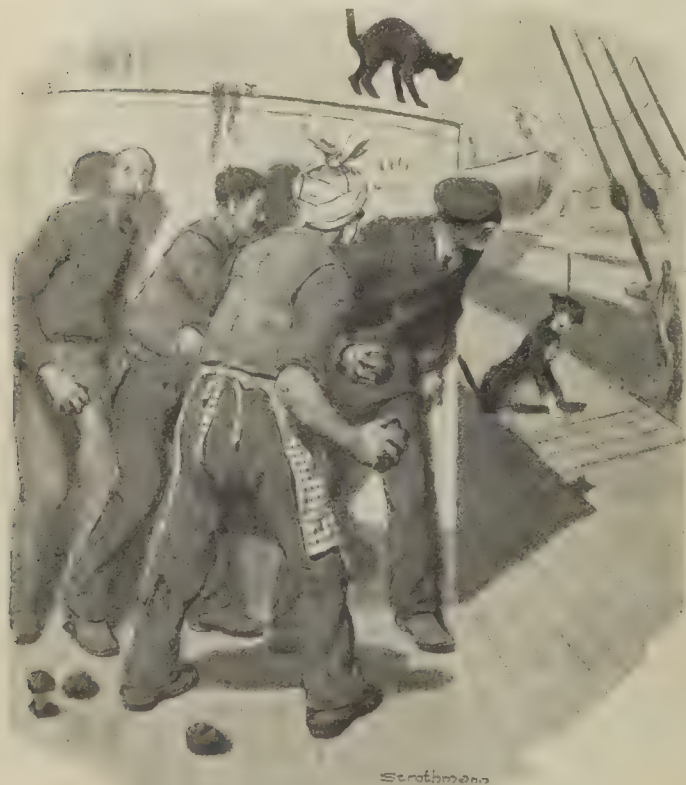
"'Oh, that's th' cook!' says Big Foot, an' relapses into lookin' at th' river ag'in.

"Cap'n walks over t' Big Foot an' slaps him onto th' back. 'You call off that there dawg,' he says, savage, 'er I'll chuck yuh both overboard.'

"Big Foot looks aroun'. 'Is my dawg disturbin' some one?' he asks, surprised like. 'I can't believe it! Naw, it can't be my dawg you're alludin' to'.

"Then he appears t' notus what's happenin'.

"'Does that feller allus carry a cat onto his head?' he asks.



Scotchman

"WAITING FER THEM WITH HUNKS OF COAL IN THEIR HANDS"

"'I don't carry no cats nowhere,' Biler howls. 'Your dawg comes an' chases this here feline up me like I'm a tree.'

"'Surprisin'!' says Big Foot. 'Surprisin'!' Then he looks at th' dawg sorrowful like an' says: 'Come away from there, dawg. Come away here where they ain't disturbin' of you.' An' they both walk t' th' far end of th' deck, leavin' Biler an' Cap'n Swiggs an' th' crew gapin' in amazement.

"Big Foot an' his dawg was left alone fer a consid'ble spell. Then Cap'n comes up to them an' says:

"'Well,' says he, 'you an' your dawg is aboard an' we gotter make th' best of it. I'll git work enough outa you t' pay fer your passage, I bet!'

"Big Foot never winks an eye; on'y he looks gloomier an' melancholier than ever.

"'Kin yuh wheel?' asks Cap'n.

"'I kin,' responds Big Foot, 'but I won't.'

"Cap'n Swiggs doubles his fists an' starts fer Big Foot. Th' dawg, however, raises onto his oneven laigs an' gits in front of his master, standin' there wearin' a ugly look an' snappin' his jaws. Cap'n thinks best t' stop.

"'Is this here mutiny?' he roars.

"'It ain't,' sobs Big Foot. 'Hones', Cap'n, it ain't. I jus' decided I wanta be a passenger. I made up my min' t' go this here trip as your guest. Man an' boy fer twenty year I've sailed these here ol' lakes, but never yit have I made a trip as a passenger. I'm a-goin' to now. I'm jus' a-goin' t' sail 'thout workin' an' see how I like it.'

"'Yuh be, hay?' howls Cap'n Swiggs. 'Yuh be, be yuh?' an' he makes arush fer Big Foot. But that there rush stops suddin an' precipitate, fer th' dawg has him by th' laig an' acts like he means bizness.

"'Yaas,' says Big Foot, sadder 'n' mournfuler 'n' ever. 'Yaas, I'm goin' t' be a passenger.'

"So Big Foot goes an' takes possession of th' spare cabin, an' begins t' lead a idle an' sportive existence.

"Cap'n Swiggs he dunno what t' do. He can't make Big Foot work, 'cause th' dawg won't let 'im. It sets him mos' crazy t' see th' man doin' nothin' an' lookin' so woebe-gone. Havin' no idees of his own, he calls Bill, th' mate, an' holds a council of war.

"'Here's this here Big Foot,' he growls. 'Won't work an' I can't make him, 'cause I can't git my hands onto him t' make him. Ef 'twasn't fer that there dawg I'd soon fix him all right.'



WANTA COME DOWN?

"'Shoot th' dawg,' advises Bill.

"'I'm a humane man,' says Cap'n, 'I has scruples agin shootin' dawgs—an' besides,' he sorter slings in fer good measure, 'besides they ain't no shootin'-iron aboard.'

"'Less see wot he's doin',' says Bill.

"They go to th' spare cabin, an' there is Big Foot nappin' inside, with th' dawg a-layin' in th' door.

"'No chanet,' says Cap'n. 'Dawg's on guard.'

"When Big Foot's nap's over, him an' th' dawg comes out on deck. Cap'n an' mate an' crew an' Wash Biler, with his head did up into a bandage, is waitin' fer them with hunks of coal in their hands. Big Foot ducks back into th' cabin, but th' dawg he stays t' see what's doin'. As soon as th' first chunk of coal comes sailin' at him he sees. Hones', I believe he liked it—dodgin' that coal. Fer a quatter of a hour them men throws coal at him, an' him dodgin' ev'ry piece. Then he gits tired. Lettin' a snarl outen him, he goes fer th' crowd, an' in five seconds th' ratlines is full of men. Th' dawg has th' deck to himself. Big Foot strolls out after a while an' sees th' dawg squattin' on deck lickin' his chops an' keepin' th' Cap'n, mate, crew, an' Wash Biler all aloft.

"'Wanta come down?' he asks.

"Cap'n he don't say nothin'.

"'Promise t' let me an' th' dawg be passengers,' says Big Foot, 'an' I'll let yuh loose.'

"Cap'n is almos' bustin', but he ain't got no choice, so he promises an' Big Foot calls off his dawg.

"It's some hours after w'en Wash Biler gits out on deck an' rings th' bell fer grub. Everybody comes a-runnin', includin' Big Foot an' his dawg. Th' man sets down t' th' table, an' th' beast he faces th' back so's nobody kin attack that way. There ain't much cheerfulness t' that meal, an' reppertee an' jests fails t' spice them there viands. Big Foot gits his plate full an' commences. Across fr'm him sets Bill, th' mate. Now, Bill he has a healthy appetite, an' th' stuff he piles onto his plate is astonishin'. All of a suddin Big Foot quits eatin' an' looks aroun' at his dawg. Then he looks aroun' t' th' table, an' they was sure-enough tears into his eyes.

"'Fellers,' he says, 'I knows they ain't none of you what would pizen a man. I ain't afeered t' gobble your grub, but that there dawg's diffрут.' He stopped, an' stretchin' across th' table, grabs Bill's plateful an' chuckes it onto th' floor t' that canine. 'I guess that there grub is all right, er that feller wouldn't be eatin' so much of it,' adds Big Foot.

"Nothin' but a savage growl outen that dawg prevents a riot fr'm bein' acted right then an' there. But with that purp armed with a full an' complete set of teeth, what was anybody t' do?

"That night Big Foot sleeps comfortable in th' spare cabin with his dawg layin' acrost th' door. All through them long hours vari'us persons tries t' coax him away, but he don't coax none at all. They throws pizen meat t' him, but he won't eat. They does ev'rything they kin think of; but nothin' encouragin' happens. Dawg won't fool with them at all, an' Big Foot sleeps safe.

"Nex' mornin' at breakfus Big Foot repeats th' same performance he done th' night before, on'y this time he takes th' Cap'n's grub an' feeds it t' th' dawg.

"'It's a good idee t' change ev'ry meal,' he says. 'Ef I took th' same grub ev'ry time th' cook 'ud find it out an' pizen it.'

"This goes on 'bout two days, with them men gittin' madder 'n' madder ev'ry minnit. Cap'n is mos' gone crazy, an' th' things Wash Biler says he's goin' t' do is enough t' freeze yer blood. Final this Wash Biler gits a idee. As soon's his work is done he gits about fifty foot of rope an' makes a runnin' noose into th' end of it. Then he gits out on deck an' sets up a mark. What does he do all day then but stan' there an' heave that there line at th' mark, tryin' t' catch it into th' noose. Next day he does th' same, an' 'long 'bout evenin' he's got so's he ketches th' mark mos' ev'ry time.

"Beginnin' t' look kinda satisfied, he coils up his rope onto his arm an' gits a

hunk of coal. Knowin' th' dawg considers coal a insult, Wash Biler stands near t' th' shrouds an' hurls his missel at th' purp. Without waitin' t' see th' result, he turns an' scuds up them ratlines like he's a monkey. Dawg he takes note of th' insult an' makes fer Wash Biler. When he sees th' enemy's escaped, dawg sets down an' waits. 'Pears that's jus' what Biler's achin' fer. He draws out a big noose in his rope an' coils th' rest into a neat little coil. Actually he grins as he looks at th' dawg. Then he begins swingin' th' noose aroun' his head.

"Big Foot suddin wakes up that somethin's goin' on that ain't good fer his aims t' be a passenger, an' he makes a jump fer th' dawg, but it's too late. Wash Biler lets go his noose, an' sure enough it drops over th' dawg. Suddin an' strong Biler jerks, an' th' dawg is fast an' travellin' up through th' air like a new kind o' shootin'-star, splittin' th' atmosphere with yawps of startledness.

"Th' minnit that dawg is outen th' way they is a rush fer Big Foot, an' at least six men piles onto him fore he has time t' square aroun'. In two licks he's layin' on th' deck with th' hull crew hangin' onto him an' yellin' fer Wash Biler t' hang onto th' dawg.

"'I got him,' says Biler, satisfied like. 'An' I'll hang him here till his skin's tanned t' leather, an' then I'll make a pair o' gloves outen him.'

"Big Foot he moans at them words.

"'I loves that animile,' he says, pitiful.

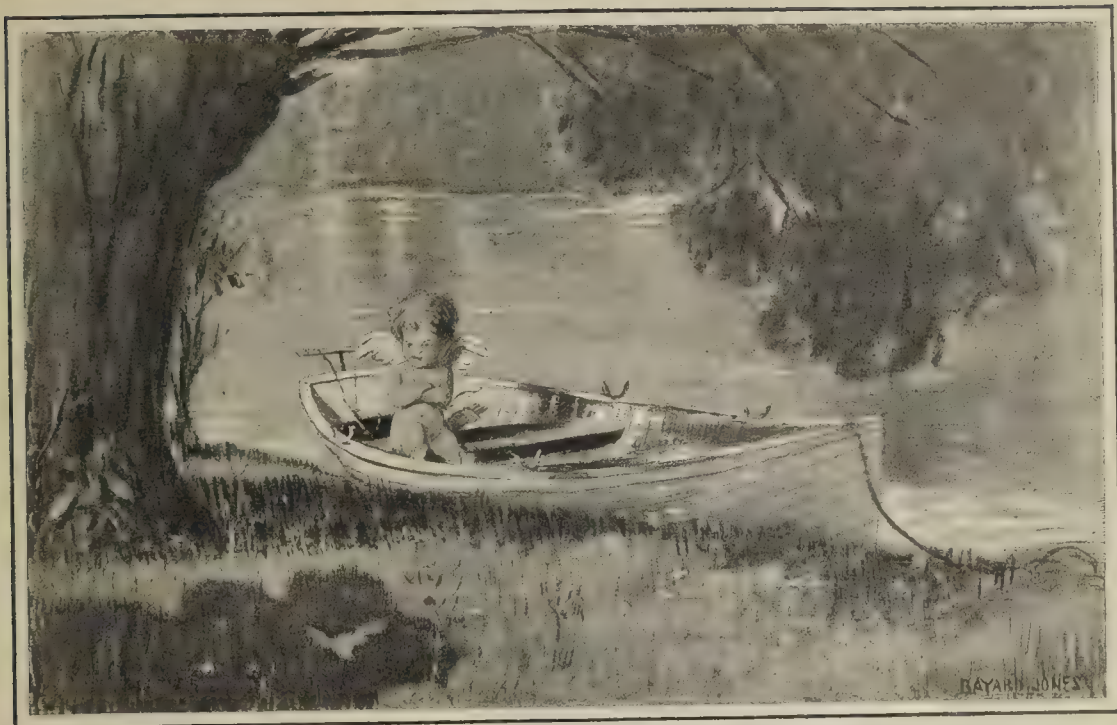
"Cap'n orders th' men t' stan' th' passenger up, whereat he walks up an' knocks him down. He does this repeated, till he's tired an' th' keen end of th' fun's wore off. Then he says:

"'You, Big Foot, I'll give you a new job. It ain't been th' custom t' swab this here deck regular. In fact that there pleasin' function is did so infrequent I fail t' rec'lect th' last time it happens. They's goin' t' be a change. You kin have th' job of scrubbin' from here t' Duluth.'

"Big Foot is furnished with a pail an' a scrubbin'-brush an' put to work. Now an' agin he looks up pitiful at th' dawg, which is lookin' pitiful down at him. Then he goes t' scrubbin' an' drippin' tears all over th' deck. Fer two hull days he scrubs an' scrubs an' scrubs without a word. At las', his face wearin' a look that would make a piece of crape a joyful sight if they was put next to each other, he gazes up at th' dawg an' says:

"'Dawg, I guess you an' me ain't never goin' t' git t' be no passengers.'

"'Nope,' says Cap'n Swiggs, as he gently kicks Big Foot. 'I'm inclinin' toward that there belief myself.'



The Trysting-place

The Baffled Champion

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

I COULD be champeen of our town—
 I've licked about a dozen;
 I started in on Alferd Brown
 An' Alferd's city cousin;
 I've licked 'em all exceptin' one.
 There's nothin' that I'd ruther
 Be doin' than to get it done—
 But Pudge is Rosy's brother.

Pudge Jones is twicet as big as me,
 But just th' same I'd whip him.
 I'd lead my left, then bend my knee
 An' whirl my foot an' trip him!
 But when Pudge double-dares me to,
 I always haf to mosey—
 I sometimes wish I'd never knew
 That he was kin to Rosy.

Aw, no! She ain't my *girl* at all!
 I see her at th' parties.
 Them other fellers has their girls—
 Th' crazy bunch o' smarties!
 You bet I've licked 'em, every one!
 My left swing is a twister,
 An' long ago I'd made Pudge run,
 But—Rosy is his sister.

Aw, pshaw! Doggone it, now! I am not!
 I ain't at all her feller.
 Th' last boy told me that, he got
 A whack right on th' smeller!
 I've whipped lots bigger boys 'n me—
 Some run an' told my mother.
 An' I can whip Pudge Jones—but he—
 Well, he is Rosy's brother.



"Say, Uncle, I bet you could do that!"

He Would Have It

AN old negro woman on the Eastern Shore of Maryland was lamenting to the son of her former master in slavery days the fact that her race was getting so fond of chicken that they were turning up their noses at 'possum.

"Why, do you kno', Mars' Will," she said, "dese newfangle niggers, sence dey got to goin' to Baltimo' an' other cities, comes back down here an' makes out dey never did like 'possum. When I was young, niggers was fonder of 'possum dan anything you could set befo' 'em. But now it looks like niggers is run plum' 'stracted ef dey don' git chicken. It's chicken, chicken, chicken all de time wid 'em! Well, I s'pose I oughten talk 'bout it too much, for dat oldes' boy of mine, Bill, he's dis ve'y minnit 'bout de fondes' nigger in de whole county of chicken."

After a pause of several moments the old woman exclaimed: "Why, do you know, Mars' Will, my Bill is dat run mad over chicken dat he'll have it ef he has to buy it!"

He Took the Smallest

WHEN the baby came to Mary's home she was told that the doctor brought it. She thought he kept an unlimited supply. Mary had been taught that politeness was one of the greatest charms a person could possess.

One day the doctor called and said: "Mary, we have a new baby at our house. Would you like to go with me to see it?"

Mary was delighted. The baby was very tiny, only weighing three and a half pounds. When Mary saw this frail bit of humanity she turned her face up to the doctor and said:

"I think you are very polite to take the smallest for yourself."

An Examination

A STUDENT in one of the colleges found himself face to face with an examination in Old Testament history — a subject which he had entirely ignored all term. Taking counsel with some friends, he decided that all he really needed to know was the long list

of the names of the Kings of Israel and their dates. So he crammed them each and all into his bursting head. But, sad to relate, all he was asked to do was to criticise the acts of Moses. Not one act of Moses, good, bad, or indifferent, could the unfortunate youth remember, so, after much thought, he wrote as follows:

"Far be it for one as humble as I am to criticise the acts of the great Moses; but, if you would care to know the names of the Kings of Israel and their dates, you will find them written below!" He was passed!

Placing Each Other

THE old man and the old woman were fellow passengers in a stage-coach in the Virginia mountains, and the old woman kept staring at him as if trying to remember.

At last she said:

"Stranger, 'pears to me I seen you somewhere."

The old man eyed her reflectively and scratched his head.

"Spec you have," said he. "Ah been thar."

In Man's Image

LITTLE Alice, the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman in a small town, was making her first visit away from home, and when Sunday came she set out for church with her hostess's family.

When they passed the corner where the Presbyterian church stood she began to be alarmed.

"Where we goin' to?" she said.

The grandmother of the house, a severe and very pious old lady, answered her sternly:

"We are going to worship in the house of God, my child."

Presently they turned into a churchyard, and little Alice looked up at the cross on the steeple.

"This ain't a Presbyterian church."

"No; it's an Episcopal church."

"Oh!" the little girl returned, solemnly; "but everybody knows that God's a Presbyterian!"

The Bishop and the Barber

THE Right Reverend Bishop of a Southern diocese, being shaved one morning, was conscious of an alcoholic fragrance and of a slight gash in his chin at the same moment.

"Ah, George, George!" he remonstrated with the dusky barber as he stanching the bleeding. "It was drink that did that!"

"Yes, sah; yes, Bishop," replied the tonsorialist, blandly, "it do mek de skin tender."



MRS. RAT. "What do you think of my new collar?"

MR. RAT. "Take it off; I never did like 'ruff on rats.'"

He Was the Boy

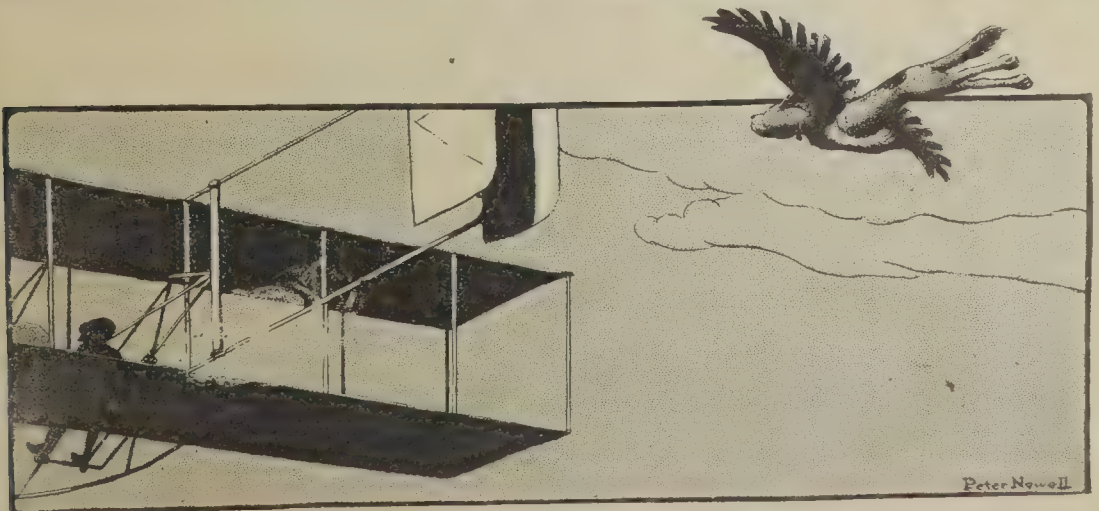
THOSE who know a certain Southern Senator will picture his ample proportions when they read this story:

While journeying through the South, he was very much annoyed one day at the delay in getting food served in a certain *café*. He had given his order, and waited impatiently an unreasonable length of time, when the waiter appeared and was evidently looking for some one who must have gone out without waiting for his meal.

When asked by the Senator whom he was looking for he replied:

"A little boy who gave his order."

The Senator replied: "I am that boy."



Bixby goes over in his aeroplane, followed by Ralph, his faithful bird-dog



THE BIG ONE. "Oh! why can't you be quiet? There's nothing to cry about."

THE LITTLE ONE. "There's lots of things to cry about, an' when I get through cryin' about this, I'm goin' to start on the next—so there!"

Profitable Literature

BY BLAKENEY GRAY

MY noble lines on "Life" brought to my purse
 Enough to pay the postage on the verse.
 The sonnet that I penned on "Empty Fame,"
 As I remember, brought me in the same.
 My book of verses, "Underneath the Vine,"
 Earned royalties in dollars eight or nine.
 But when in need of cash, I took a plunge
 In "How to Make Sponge-Cake Without a Sponge."

The Essays I have penned on "Mystery,"
 On "Michael Angelo" and "Modesty,"
 On "Boswell's of To-day," and "Shelley's Muse,"
 Have scarcely brought enough to buy my shoes.
 But when I see the vulpine at my door,
 And through the window hear his sullen roar,
 I set myself on my financial pins
 With "How to Polish Floors with 'Tater Skins.'"

My novel—'twas a good one, critics said—
 I'd filled it full of scenes of joy and dread,
 And put two years upon it that it might
 Go forth unto the world exactly right,—
 Brought ruin to my coffers, but straightway
 I plunged again into the wordy fray,
 And rid myself of all the dunning scamps
 With "How to Make a Frieze of Postage Stamps."

And so it goes. I'm always pretty sure
 To even up my loss on letters pure
 With useful screeds that tell the public how
 To do queer things they never did till now.
 The Poet's bays are fine, and sweet to win,
 But when it comes to getting solid tin
 There's nothing surer than an effort short
 On "How to Squeeze Much Profit out of Naught."



Painting by Howard Pyle

Illustration for "The Apple of Venus"

IN PLACE OF THE APPLE HUNG A LITTLE GILDED SKULL

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Amid the Islands of the Land of Fire

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.

THE last Fuegian midsummer found me nearly eight thousand miles southward from New York, in a region well in the under shadow of any miniature globe. Here where $71^{\circ} 19'$ west longitude and south latitude $53^{\circ} 54'$ crisscross their ways, poking its gloomy point into the heart of the Fuegian Archipelago, is Cape Froward, the southernmost point of South America. North, its line of longitude leaves over four-fifths of South America to the eastward, and, after bulging over the equator, passes through Boston. Once outside the Fuegian Archipelago, its line of latitude encircles the entire globe without again crossing land. It passes seven hundred miles below southernmost New Zealand and nearly fifteen hundred miles south of Cape of Good Hope. Around Cape Froward, from the South Atlantic to the South Pacific, doubles Magellan Strait.

The mainland north of the Strait is known as Patagonia. South is the Fuegian Archipelago, desolate, cheerless, dangerous, yet one of the most wonderful regions of the globe. It is an inconceivable labyrinth of tortuous, gale-swept waterways, which squirm their serpentine paths among thousands upon thousands of islands. The islands are the mountain tops and plateaux of the half-submerged southern extremity of the Andes; the

waterways are swift icy currents of the southern oceans flowing through sunken Andean valleys.

When the Portuguese Fernão de Magalhães and his Spanish followers first passed through the Strait (1519-1521), they saw the camp or signal fires of the Fuegians, and they knew that even in these remote regions *man* was here before them.

From protected inlets or coves and steep mountainsides, the long trails of smoke from their fires painted blue streaks against the dark sombre mountains or rolled away in clouds, sifting low among the dark rocks and tree tops. So Magalhães called this cold Inferno, Tierra del Fuego—Land of Fire—and passed on through the Pacific.

The name, Tierra del Fuego, was once applied to the entire archipelago, which I shall speak of as Fuegia, but now is the name only of Fuegia's largest island. This island occupies the northeast part of the archipelago, and is about the size of New Hampshire and Vermont. From Tierra del Fuego, slanting northwest and forming the lower boundary of Magellan Strait, range three other large islands—Clarence, St. Ines, and Desolation,—while south, bounding the southern side of Beagle Channel, are Hoste and Navarin.

Scattered among the indented coasts of these six islands are innumerable

smaller ones, likewise of the most inconceivable shapes and varying from twenty miles in length to some over which one might toss a stone. To the south the archipelago straggles into the Antarctic, ending in that monster Leviathan of rock, Cape Horn, which frowns through the storms and throws back the seething spume which is incessantly hurled against it.

After the Spaniards, expeditions passed through the Strait from time to time. Fitzroy charted the main channelways and discovered new ones; and sealers and whalers occasionally poked their way out of the Antarctic into some of the protected channels. After the advent of the steam-vessel it was but natural that the Strait should become a more frequently used passageway between the oceans, and that the old Chilean penal colony at Punta Arenas should acquire coal supplies. From Punta Arenas eastward on either side of the Strait sheep-ranchers took up land in the open country, and the adventurer prospected for gold, occasionally finding his way into some of the more southerly channels.

Then the Tuelches (Patagonians)

packed up their *toldos* (skin tents) and journeyed to the high pampas. The fierce Onas (Fuegians) retreated unconquered to the almost impenetrable mountain fastnesses of the southern half of the main island, while the Alacalufs (Fuegians) and Yahgans (Fuegians), both canoe Indians, paddled their barks to some of the countless remotenesses of their habitat.

Thus have these aborigines shrunk back from this fringe of an entering civilization, but it is the old story of all primitive peoples. Those advance agents of civilization—bullets, drink, and disease—have not only done their work, but have done it quickly. Fifty years ago there were probably no less than ten thousand aborigines in the Territorio del Magellanes; to-day there are not over six hundred; and this remnant of these peoples, little known and still less understood, look with a sullen, impassive stare into the face of their destiny—extinction.

Their nomadic instinct renders it impossible at times to locate their temporary retreats, which, with the Yahgans, are invariably obscure inlets or coves, chosen for their supply of mussels, fish,



THE ARGENTINE WAR-SHIP WAS AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY



THE "GARIBALDI," THE LONE TRADER OF THESE REGIONS

or birds, and protection from prevailing winds. Even if found, the well-grounded aversion of the majority to white men causes the Yahgan to openly resent the intrusion, or to mask himself with that reticence which is characteristic of the Fuegians. This reticence and self-control have been rarely penetrated, but often misunderstood.

The Yahgan's territory lies east of Brecknock to the Atlantic, extending as far south as Cape Horn, and north along the Beagle Channel. Part of the year some of the Yahgans from Beagle Channel work among the sheep at two lone ranches on the coast. But the independence and nomadic instincts of the aborigines cause them to be as often found migrating from inlet to inlet or ensconced for a time in their rendezvous at Mussels Bay. Those of Ponsonby Sound divide most of their time between the Wollaston Islands and a Yahgan settlement at Rio Douglas.

The seemingly hopeless inhospitable region of Fuegia, spurned as a possession even by England, has within a decade been apportioned between Argentina and Chile. Longitude $68^{\circ} 36'$ west divides the area of Tierra del Fuego almost in half. The eastern part and the islands to the east were allotted to Argentina, the

western part and all islands to the south and west to Chile.

So this was the region in which the cold Fuegian midsummer found me, anchored off a lone penal colony of murderers and felons midway along the southern coast of Tierra del Fuego and three hundred miles south and east of Punta Arenas.

My belief in "going light" and of taking on men acclimated to and familiar with the territory to be travelled over accounted for my being by courtesy a lone passenger on an Argentine war-ship. Over her hammock nettings, as she veered out of Beagle Channel into a bay, rose a panorama inimitable in its grandeur. Thirty miles of rich turf and pasture grass covered the undulating lowlands of the shores. Behind, rugged mountains thrust pinnacled tops through wooded slopes, into regions of perpetual snow.

Forty years ago the Yahgan savage, alone in these solitudes, made the weird welkin ring and his wild laughter echo out across the waters. No one can more than approximately estimate how long ago it was that he first erected his bower of beech branches on these shores, and tossed from his crude habitation the first mussel-shells, upon which have accumulated the shell heaps of tens of generations.

Less than thirty years ago, however, a thousand to fifteen hundred Yahgans visited this bay every year. Now, in its innermost corner, where once glistened his village shell-heaps, lies a white man's town.

The falling anchor splashed a mass of spray into the air and sent a flock of wild kelp-geese winging shorewards. Shortly the frigate's launch "v-d" a converging wake to where a small pier, decayed and broken, thrust its nose imperitantly into the bay. Landing, I walked its short length, and stepped into the southernmost town of the world. Ushuaia (Ooshoowia), "Mouth of the Bay," the wild Yahgans named their village, and Ushuaia it has remained.

In a republic, such as Argentina, where exile and transportation are still punishments of the common law, such an out-of-the-world, desolate spot as Ushuaia meets its utmost needs. Without man's agencies, Ushuaia itself is imprisoned: behind, the impassable barrier of jagged peaks with their perpetual snows; in front, the limitless gale-swept channelways; beyond, to the south, the Antarctic Ocean.

With the exception of the little steamer *Oreste*, which makes trips irregularly from Punta Arenas, and an occasional "tramp," which loads with timber or brings supplies, few vessels are seen. Tri-monthly, *mas-o-menos* (more or less), the Argentine transport *Piedra-buena* crawls down the coast from Buenos Ayres, often with prisoners in her hold, but seldom carries any back, and once a year an Argentine war-ship drops anchor in the bay. Thus is Ushuaia practically cut off from communication with the rest of the world; for, as yet, no wire sings its lone chant through the deep mountain forests behind the town, or creeps its subterranean way fifteen hundred miles north to the Mecca of the South American world, Buenos Ayres.

Save for the settlement at Ushuaia, two sheep ranches, three lumber camps, an abandoned mining-camp, and a few isolated settlers, these regions are weird and deserted. Here in the white hush of winter and gray cold of summer the penal colony lives and works. But the climate is healthy, and perhaps its very rigors are conducive to quieting the bloody pas-

sions which formerly dominated and still seem to brood over many who live within its confines.

At Ushuaia, as at most penal colonies, the inevitable embryo town followed the establishment of the prisons.

The population may be divided into two parts: the half who stay because they have to, and the other half who stay because—well, it is not necessary to go into pasts at Ushuaia. Anyway, the climate is healthy, and who knows what El Dorado lies in the great forests or in the ranges beyond!

Somewhat of a mixture is this "other half"—mostly Argentines—with a scattering of non-English-speaking Europeans. Little by little the population has increased by a few adventurers, political exiles, prisoners on parole, and ex-convicts, who have here tried to gather up the rag ends of misspent lives. In 1907 about seventy of the last were let loose on the town. A number of men who came with a little capital to try their fortunes complete the population. Seven or eight shops and saloons supply all the commodities. A number of lumber enterprises in the adjoining woods, in which most of the shopkeepers have an interest, give employment as lumber jacks to some ex-convicts and other workmen. The rest labor at different trades and odd jobs.

A roadway runs the length of the town. The bay laps it on one side; on the other front the principal buildings—a little church of the *padres*, a schoolhouse, the headquarters of the Vigilantes (constabulary), the Governor's house, a few shops and saloons. The rest—a hundred houses or so—ramble up the several side streets, until they thin out among the stumps of some timber lands from which they have sprung. The houses are mostly built of boards, some of corrugated iron, and are ill adapted to protect the inhabitants from the rigors of a subantarctic climate. A single telephone wire connects the Governor's house and Vigilante headquarters with the two prisons, while a limited system of electric lights sheds its welcome rays through the long dark winter months.

At the western end of the town the Penitentiary and Prison for Old Offenders, or Civil Prison, raises its gray stone

walls. Three kilometres eastward along the coast, beyond some boggy land, is the Military Prison. Here are harbored the criminals from the Argentine army; within the Civil Prison lodge the dregs of humanity from the prison cells of Buenos Ayres. There are some two hundred and sixty of these prisoners all told, controlled by a meagre and insufficient garrison of fifty-six soldiers and a handful of vigilantes. These two institutions are the *raison d'être* for this little nucleus of population, numbering less than five hundred souls.

A few paces across the road found me in the Governor's quarters, where I was presented to his Excellency Señor Fernando Valdez. He received me with marked courtesy, yet with the closest scrutiny into my papers and purposes, for few men come voluntarily into these parts.

My plans were to charter a small boat and a crew at Ushuaia, if such could be obtained, and reach the Yahgans, and later, if possible, to cross through the heart of Tierra del Fuego, through the fastnesses and haunts of the wild Ona, its primitive inhabitants. Señor Valdez considered the latter proposition impracticable, if not impossible, but kindly offered me for my voyage south a small dismantled sloop which he hoped to have in commission within two or three weeks.

"Captain Moreno, Señor," and I exchanged greetings with the Comandante of the Military Prison, who proffered his horse and guide for six o'clock to visit the place. I accepted, took my departure, and wandered down to the beach.

At times a month is not counted an overlong wait for one who wishes to leave Ushuaia for some northern port, but it is a question how long one would have to hibernate in that isolated penal colony were he bound for certain parts of the Fuegian Archipelago, particularly southward to the immediate vicinity of the Horn.

Less than two cables' length from the shore a solitary sail-boat—the only one in the harbor—veered and hauled at her anchor-chain in the variable gusts of wind which spilled down from the mountains back of the town or came driving from across the bay. The sloop was the *Garibaldi*, the lone trader of these regions.

I found the skipper, who proved to be one Fortunato Beban, an Austrian, in the *casa amarilla al lado iglesia* (yellow house beside the church). Here, amongst a jumble of ship-chandlery which cluttered a small yard in the rear, beneath a wash of sailors' togs which flapped and snapped in the icy wind, I made a deal with the skipper—Old Fort, as he was known thereabouts—to take me south to Ponsonby Sound, and drop me off at a Yahgan camp. First, however, we were to run down Beagle Channel to a ranch called Remolino (Whirlwind) for a cargo of sheep. This was in accordance with my plans, as I wished to leave the bulk of my pack gear there.

By six that evening the Comandante's horse was ready, with a sergeant as guide. We quickly covered the three kilometres from the town, and dismounted at the prison, situated on Ushuaia Peninsula. Here a trusty took charge of our horses. We followed the warder into his house, where an armed sentry paced an outer corridor leading to the large quadrangle of the prison yard.

During the day the prisoners were variously employed at different trades, as the well-stocked store attested, for its shelves were heavily weighted, principally with clothing, boots, and tools, and other simple requisites of prison life—all of a heavy, coarse character, not made for tender skins or soft muscles. Beyond the confines of the prison as many vegetables are raised as the three short summer months permit. Other tasks are set in the form of government work, such as the construction of the new road over which we had just ridden. Formerly, on account of bogs and streams, it was necessary to transport men and animals by boat from Ushuaia to this prison.

It was now after working-hours, and the convicts were already locked in their quarters for the night. We entered a long building filled with a hard-looking crowd. Down the centre were a number of rough-hewn tables. On their tops crudely scratched checker-boards formed centres of interest for small groups; others played at cards; some, stretched in their bunks, lay reading. A few had turned in to sleep.

It would have interested me to have



A JUMBLE OF SHIP-CHANDLERY CLUTTERED THE SMALL YARD

stood an unobserved onlooker, but our entrance was a signal for the observation of the rigorous discipline necessary to their control, and every man rose to "attention," saluting as we passed. In some of these swarthy Argentines one could readily trace the blood of the Pampas Indian. But they were men. Perhaps they had paid out life's chain too fast, or it had been stowed away wrong to start with and a shackle got choked in the block.

We reached the end of the line again. "*Buenas noches.*" said I.

"*Buenas noches, señor.*" and the last sullen face lit up for a moment as we passed out.

The trusty handed me my reins. For an hour, unguarded, he had sat by the roadside with the horses. Who knows the beckonings he saw as he looked across the woods and the mountains? Perhaps he was wise to turn a deaf ear to this Circe of Freedom.

On our way back we diverged from the road and followed over a gentle slope of boggy land to an arm of the peninsula. A group of little buildings in gray silhouette stood out against the waters beyond—the old Protestant Mission, fast going to decay, a crumbling

monument to the English missionary pioneers set ashore here in 1869, to whom modern Ushuaia owes its origin.

The names of Captain Allen Gardiner, Bishop Stirling, Rev. G. P. Despard, Rev. Thomas Bridges, John Lawrence, Esq., and others stand out in relief against the obscure background of this land of a hidden past. The dusky figure of a half-breed issued from the doorway of the mission cottage, where he lived with a Yahgan wife and his child. In reply to my request to see the mission, he led us to the little chapel, where we tethered our horses. Inside, dusty wooden benches bore a silent testimony.

It was nearly nine, and still quite light, when we reached the town, where I took up my quarters at "the hotel," whose foyer is occupied as a store. The hotel was run by one Ramaiyo—or at least was when I went there, but he sold out overnight. Ramaiyo was also Captain of the Port, and served me with food and many kindnesses. It was already dark when I was conducted through a rear street, up some unlighted back stairs, and shown a room. The furnishings consisted of a bed; the walls were made of paper pasted over burlap stretched across the uprights.

I suggested that I might need a wash-

stand and chair; these articles were soon forthcoming, the former being borrowed, temporarily, from the store. Picking up the candle from the floor, I placed it on the chair, which I had put against the lockless door, and, despite the noise of a crowd at cards below, was soon asleep.

To reach the grim walls of the Civil Prison one follows to the extreme eastern end of the town and turns up a slope. At the entrance a beetle-browed guard stepped from his corrugated, pointed sentry-box, as a crab might issue from the whelk it inhabits, accosted us, and passed us through to the headquarters of Señor Cortez, the director, where, among other things, I learned that while the system was that of reform, the severest discipline was also necessary.

Accompanied by a warder, I crossed the big quadrangle and entered the main prison by a huge iron door. Down a long passageway, and we came into one of the main corridors, where many of the prisoners were lounging about, but rose as we approached. Without exception, this was the hardest-visaged crowd I had ever seen. I had watched them at their various vocations—here driving with heavy goad a lum-

bering ox-cart about the town; there working amid the scent of the dank moss in the woods on a bit of road extension to the logging-camp of the near-by forest; again employed on general improvements calling for men skilled in all the trades; or, in the bitter cold winds which so constantly blow in this cheerless region, at the rock pile, or arduously hewing out the granite blocks to construct with bruised and bleeding hands more grim barriers to their freedom. The régime seems to be successful, and the prisoners, as a whole, appear contented.

Each detachment of outdoor prisoners was under the surveillance of a guard or two, except a few trusties and short-term men, who were assigned certain tasks within limits. For purposes of identification the prisoners wore a uniform of heavy blue material, consisting of a short jacket with trousers and a peculiar round cap, the crown raised at a point in front and back. On the jacket was stamped the man's prison number, but on the front of the cap was a most ingenious device of marks and numerals, whereby a convict's criminal record and prison history could be read at a cursory glance.



THE LUMBERING OX-CART REMAINS A PRIMITIVE METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION

"Señor Cortez." I remarked, as we reached headquarters after our survey of the prison, "if I am not mistaken you have an Indian of the Tuelche tribe, of the Patagonian race, among the prisoners."

"*Si, señor*; his name is Wagein. The red bar stands for a killing on the Santa Cruz. He knifed a white man over a horse deal, but they both were in liquor. He might have been given twenty years, but in view of extenuating circumstances he was sentenced to ten, but he has always been a model prisoner."

"I anticipate visiting the Tuelches later, and, if no violation of your rules, would like to speak with him, photograph him, and take his hand and foot prints."

To this, after some deliberation, Señor Cortez acquiesced, and shortly the figure of the Indian approached across the quadrangle, with long, easy strides and loose swing to his gorilla-like arms. The bandlike turban of his native garb was, of course, missing, as were the long, black locks, which had been cropped, and the big guanaco-skin *capa* had been discarded for the prison garb. The largest jacket of the prison was evidently too small for him, and the sleeves reached a bare half-length of his forearms. As he stopped before us he looked me over with deep-set, sinister eyes. He was about six feet four inches high, but the tremendous build of the man was not appreciated until seen in comparison with any member of the company present, all of whom were quite above the average height of Europeans.

After telling him of my interest in

his people, and that with his permission I wished to photograph him, the Patagonian acquiesced, and a sketch was made, and photographs, hand and foot prints, were taken.

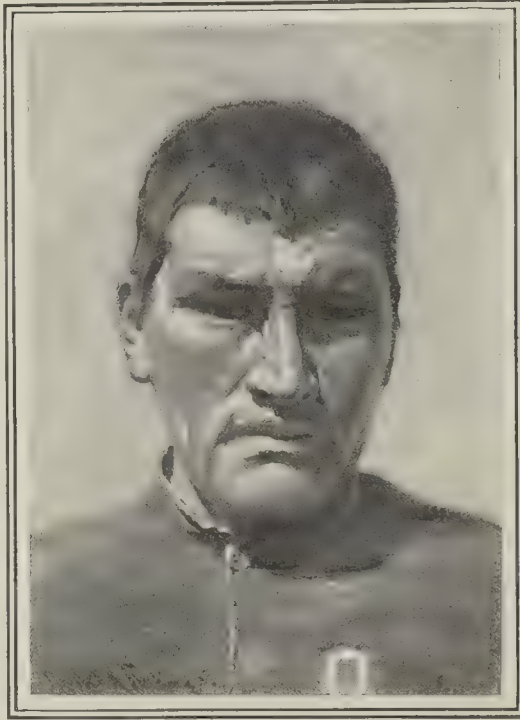
"Wagein," I said in Spanish, "*perhaps* I shall see your people later, and will tell them I have seen you and that you are well."* He looked me steadily in the eyes.

"*Gracias, señor*," and I knew I had made a friend. The numeral "1" stood below the red band on his cap—one long year he had served in the white man's clothes, eaten the white man's food, and dreamed of the far-off open pampas of the north.

"*Adios, señor*," and Wagein disappeared across the quadrangle back to his stone pile.

We left the prison in the cloudy twilight. I turned to look back up the steep slope. Five big men and a short one, convicts, ground clumsy boots into the earth and strained bent backs like so many bullocks in hereulean effort to shove a huge log up the hill. Drops of sweat fell on the rough bark and their calloused hands, and the dust they raised filled their panting mouths.

The next day I left Ushuaia, and by two-thirty we were running eastward before a squally southwest gale. The thirty-five feet of planking which was to be my home for a while showed that the *Garibaldi*, like her skipper, was a veteran of these regions. Amidships on her main-hatch covering she carried a



WAGEIN, THE PATAGONIAN PRISONER

* Three months later, when crossing the pampas of Patagonia, I fell in with some of Wagein's (Wahken, as they called it) people and so fulfilled my promise.

large, flat-bottomed rowboat, called in those parts a *chata*. Forward was a forecastle hatch, through which the crew squeezed to their beds of sheepskins. Aft was a seven-foot cabin. Old Fort occupied the starboard bunk, I the other. A small stove took up most of the space between; a little of the smoke found its way out through a tomato can at the upper end of a zigzag stove-pipe, but most of it went out by way of the cabin.

On deck it was insufferably cold, below unbearably hot, and even the Austrians, when preparing food, often stopped to rub away the water from their smoke-filled eyes. As to the cleanliness of the craft, any antonym will do; but I was playing in luck and knew it. The crew Old Fort had taken on were both Austrians. One was a tall, low-browed, powerful fellow named Corditch; the other, upon whose oblong head nature had accidentally dropped a mop of curled hair, was short, and answered—when convenient—to the name of Androssy.

It must have been six-thirty when we swung in under a rocky, tree-clothed point, and the *Garibaldi* headed directly toward a thickly wooded valley. A big

mountain guarded it on either side, and peak upon peak gradated away inland to the unknown, unexplored fastnesses beyond. Almost at the water's edge a house, some outbuildings, and unoccupied Yahgan wigwams nestled in the lee of the point, dwarfed into a miniature homestead by the scale of the great mountains at whose feet it lay. It was Remolino.

The vicious yelping of several sheep dogs from a small landing was a criterion that some one was at home, and I soon received a hospitable welcome. A little later two strapping men rode in, and unsaddled their horses. They were Martin Lawrence and his brother-in-law.

"Old Fort," remarked Martin Lawrence that night, "goes back in the morning to Lauwi, where are our shearing-sheds and an Indian camp. I understand you intend going down to Ponsonby Sound—leave the bulk of your luggage here until you return, but *quien sabe* [who knows] how you'll get back, unless you risk it with Yahgans from Rio Douglas?"

Early the next morning found me, in company with Martin, riding over a rugged coast trail. For the greater part of



A HUGE LOG BEHIND WHICH MEN WERE TOILING

these islands, where it's not rock, it's bog or impenetrable forests, and sometimes all three combined. The bog is found not only in the lowlands and valleys, but, on account of the constant rains, snows, and mists, clear up the mountainsides to the stone line. This we were constantly slumping through, and now and again striking some particularly bad quagmires.

The wind almost lifted us from our saddles and penetrated to our very marrow, and it was a relief when we dipped into some of the little valleys.

"That's Lau-wi," said my companion, with a flip of his whip, as we came in sight of a point off which a large rock lay awash. "It's Yahgan for 'big stone.'"

Fording a stream, then over a rise, we came within sight of some sheep corrals and the shearing-sheds. Back of the corrals the smoke wreaths of the Yahgan's fires were blown and disintegrated across a dark background of hardy evergreens. We tethered our horses to one of the posts of the stockade-like fence surrounding the camp.

For the first time I saw at close range those Fuegians to whom some have attributed scarcely the ordinary instincts of human beings. A few were stretched on the ground in the vicinity of two camp fires, about each of which a group of squaws and children squatted. One of the women threw back her head and flipped aside the long crow-black hair, which the wind had blown across her face, to look at the stranger, but the others, though they observed every-

thing, appeared to pay little attention to me. Some of the women retreated to the wigwams, for none of these natives are overgracious, and, as with all semicivilized people, one has to go slowly and tactfully to gain their confidence. Consequently I made a point of giving but a cursory glance in their direction, turned my stock saddle on its side, and walked down to the sheds. Here the two white men and the Yahgans made the place resound with the clip of shears. One white man was Fred Lawrence, even taller than his brother, who, as he gripped my hand, apologized for the grease from the sheep's wool which covered his own.

By noon the *Garibaldi* had anchored off the beach, and then began the work of loading a



A YAHGAN MAN

hundred sheep aboard the little cutter. Each sheep, as it was brought out from the corral, was tied with a fore foot between its two hind ones, then they were picked up by the Indians, carried on their shoulders and dumped into the *chata*, to be taken aboard the *Garibaldi*. The wind blew so hard from the west as to prevent sailing, and the afternoon was spent with the Yahgans throwing spears at a mark, hurling stones with their slings, and lounging about their camp.

These Fuegians were short and muscular and particularly heavily built above the waist; their lower limbs seemed stunted, and in many cases they were very bow-legged, especially the women.

That night, in one of the wigwams, we made a meal off mutton from a sheep which a Yahgan had killed during the

afternoon, and, while we ate with hunting-knives and fingers, I observed more closely the physical make-up of these aborigines. All had perfect sets of white teeth and heavy shocks of black hair, though some of the men had affected the white man's custom of having it close cut.

The women wore it as Nature intended, falling about the head and face in long black strands. When long enough to interfere with seeing, it is usually cut square off just below the eyebrows, the width of the face. This custom is still adhered to even among the men of some of the more isolated families. It produces a certain savage effect, emphasizing extremely big, prominent cheek-bones and heavy jowl. The mouth is usually very large, tend-

ing to be square and pulled down at the corners, and their eyes, dark brown, are set in narrow lids and have a tendency to oblique.

But one of their characteristics, seemingly incongruous, is the smallness of their hands and feet, the women's hands being particularly well shaped. Most of these Yaghans were barefooted, some wore heavy boots while herding, and all wore white men's clothes—obtained from the Lawrences, picked up from sealers, or acquired, perhaps, on some visit to Ushuaia.

It was ten o'clock at night before we left the comfortable warmth of the wigwam, and still daylight as we crunched through the beach stones and went aboard the *Garibaldi*. The wind had gone down a bit, and the skipper intended sailing about two in the morning on the turn of the current.

The little sloop was loaded to her utmost capacity with the sheep, which had now been aboard for over ten hours, without food. Many, tied and numbed, were piled in all conceivable positions about her deck space and in the *chata* amidships; below, the hold was crowded

to its utmost capacity. That they might not suffocate, the forward hatch had been opened and two boards removed in the partition aft, which divided the cabin from the hold, through which opening a horrible stench was draughted into our sleeping-quarters.

In overhauling some of my outfit, which had been so hurriedly taken aboard in the morning, I found one of the water-proof bags contained hard-tack instead of films. There was no alternative but back to

Remolino. The Lawrences had not left, so, taking with them Selense, a Yahgan, to guide me, the four of us set out, and by midnight the Indian and I had started on back toward Lauwi. Selense pulled up at the entrance to a wood for a moment and shifted a long knife from the back of his belt to his side; I pulled my revolver farther to the front, and we entered a wood, the Indian riding first.

We rode silently along through low open shrub; the great clouds had parted in places and let the wonderfully bright stars shed over things their dull lustre. To this was added the low, diffused twilight which still lingered from the Antarctic along the southern horizon and reflected from the channel below the mirrored sky-line of Navarin.



A YAHGAN WOMAN

I recognized the point where the trail ran down to the coast and took it, Selense following over a higher, rougher trail.

Reaching the corrals, I unsaddled my horse. Foxes and Indian dogs chew up all gear left about, so I carried my saddle and bridle, as had been advised, to a certain *ranch* within the Indians' camp. I went quietly, entering with great care, for my arms were full, and I had no club with which to beat off the vicious dogs, with which Yabgan camps swarm. Having deposited my gear in the hut, I retreated quietly, without disturbing a dog or an Indian.

Selense soon appeared, and we launched a canoe. It was half past one in the morning when I clambered down from the filth-covered deck into the foul-smelling cabin, rolled myself in a blanket, and went to sleep.

The western gale had come on stronger. By four o'clock it was full daylight, and a bad short sea was beating down Beagle Channel. An occasional smothered bleat came out of the hold, reminding me that the poor creatures had had nothing to eat since the previous morning, but reminding the Austrians that unless they made for Ushuaia pretty soon they

would have a cargo of mutton on their hands, and beat it we did.

Old Fort, muffled in heavy clothes and thick mittens, stood by the tiller all the while, continually puffing yellow cigarettes and downing occasionally cups of hot coffee, interspersed with numerous drinks from a demijohn of wine. The little craft heeled over dangerously as squall after squall reinforced the fury of the gale. Most of the time the *Garibaldi's* rail was under water; the short seas slapped hard against her, drenching everything on deck and sending their icy wetness over the shivering, newly shorn sheep. All those aboveboard, bound and helpless, had been ruthlessly piled into the *chata* amidships. Hardly a sheep had landed in a natural position; those underneath were crowded, weighted down, and numbed by those on top; the latter were exposed to the full blast of the gale.

Though dressed in two suits of thick underwear, heavy flannel shirt, sweater, woollen-lined dogskin jacket, heavy trousers and boots, five minutes of this blast made clothes feel like a sieve, so I took a spell occasionally in the stove-heated stench with the two Austrians below.

When the *Garibaldi* listed badly, the



THE STORM-STRICKEN SHEEP WERE TRANSFERRED TO THE "CHATA"



SPLASHED HIS WAY BACK WITH THE "CHATA" IN TOW

sheep in the hold, not being partitioned off save by a fore and aft division, were thrown to the leeward side. One disliked to think what might be the result of this shifting ballast in these treacherous waters, where the strongest swimmer could survive but a few minutes.

Late in the afternoon we dropped anchor in the slight lee of Ushuaia peninsula. Corditch, the big Austrian, went ashore and drove a heavy stake into the top of the beach. To this a line was attached, and the *Garibaldi* warped in as near as the thick patch of kelp would allow; then began the unloading of the sheep.

So severe had been the twelve hours' run from Lauwi that about a dozen died from exposure. The hemp lashings were cut from the others in the *chata*, and before they had fully regained the use of their legs the Austrians had already begun to heave them overboard. Splash! and a sheep would disappear in the cold water and struggle through the kelp toward the beach some thirty yards away. Sometimes the snaky meshes of this Fuegian seaweed would, prove too much;

then Old Fort would reach out with a boat-hook, and the drowned sheep would be hauled aboard.

One became entangled half way to shore, and the short Austrian attempted to pull over to it in the *chata*, but the strong gusts which swept over the beach crest, even flapping the kelp leaves out of the water, were too much for the *chata* when broadside on, and Androssy was blown past the *Garibaldi* out into the bay. By his own struggles, a latent energy inculcated by the seriousness of the situation, and the inspiring effect of Old Fort's oaths borne down to him on the wind, he managed to make shore. Half an hour later, angry and spluttering, he splashed his way along half a mile of beach back to the *Garibaldi*, with the *chata* in tow.

That night the *Garibaldi* anchored a short quarter-mile off Old Fort's "*casa amarilla*." Three days later found us with a new cargo, running close-hauled across Beagle Channel for Murray Narrows, which lets one down to the broad reach of Ponsonby Sound.

Honored Guests

BY GEORG SCHOCK

ALL his neighbors in the office building knew that it was Asher Gehris who was coming up the stairs, hurrying to his evening's work. The old wooden steps creaked under him; his door made more noise than the other doors.

He admitted himself to his dark office, made his shouldering way to the gas-jet, and the light sprang out. The room appeared—a utilitarian enclosure with a dusty atmosphere. Clients had worn the paint off the chairs; ink and the heels of unconventional indolence had defaced the desk; printed announcements of sales of country real estate hung upon the unpapered walls. The bookshelves, far larger than their occupants required, possessed, in the great names of a great profession, a dignity that could not be degraded.

The flare of light brought Asher into view as though with a leap,—with his hat slightly on one side and his cigar slanted slightly upward, held hard by his tough, smooth lips. Visibly in his dress the economies of country poverty clung to him; and his face made it plain that he could not have been coaxed to surmount those now unnecessary economies. The indicative face was moulded by sombre moods. The color was a little too deep an olive; the flesh was inclined to fold; there were flaps over the outer corners of the eyes, which were set like a bear's. There was something bearlike also in his large movements, although they were unexpectedly quick.

A window in the outer office had been left open; and as he went to close it—for he saved heat unconsciously after the frozen winters of his boyhood—the sight of the street outside made him stop, as it often did, with a feeling of pleasure because there was a street outside and not a country road. His large hand rested on the sill, upon the gritty town dust. He stood, sagging against

the window frame as he became more interested, and acutely enjoying his cigar. The wind of the first warm evening of spring caressed him, and swayed the budding branches of the nearest tree, above which swaying there shone the few precious city stars.

He looked from the brightly lighted tobacco-shop at one end of the block to the florist's place, full of ferns and daffodils, at the other. From his position in the second-story window the passers seemed to be displaying their differences of gait and dress to make a spectacle for him. There were many of them; and those who were on serious errands were delayed by the festive, leisurely procession toward the theatre whose entrance looked so gay. Girls went by in groups, or girls with young men, adorned and talking. Once a perfume came up to him from a woman in a gratifying green hat and skirt, whose dark coat diminished her effect; and he watched her stop at the corner and pull off the coat, emerging under the electric light all green, in a sartorial climax.

Bits of conversation told their own stories.

A man said as he passed, "That's all cold cash."

A young woman, in winter garments and carrying a milliner's box, prophesied happily, "On Sunday—that's to-morrow—if it doesn't rain—"

Two who had lately reached the voting age swung by, with a serious look about their shoulders. "She would 'a' gone with him, no matter what he did. She would 'a' forgiven him anything." The voice was solemn.

By all this, and more—the shout of a locomotive on its way up the valley, a street-piano playing, the noise of street-cars, by the applausive lights, and the exhilarating tap of feet,—Asher was made happy. These were the sounds and lights of his arena: he was happy after drudg-

ing and hoping for years and years. He stared out at the town like the heir of it, and he began to declaim, in a low tone of a powerful and rather moving voice:

"If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there

That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it."

The saturnine man expressed himself thus as a cat purrs. He returned to the inner room arrogantly; looked at his watch, sat, and was intent at once, vigorously setting down items and consulting papers which he spread on the desk. His bent head was glossy,—there was not a gray hair among the black, though he had lived through thirty-eight hard years; but his face, in its present quiet, had sad lines. It seemed that beneath this interested diligence Melancholy strove to lay hold upon him, and that he wrestled unconsciously to throw it off, carrying on an old struggle.

A man came into the outer room and awaited an invitation in the doorway. Asher glanced up, deferred him with, "Sit down a minute," and wrote until he had reached a natural stopping-place. Then, leaning back in his chair, with an expression in which ridicule might easily appear from beneath the politician's suavity, he said, "Well?"

The newcomer moved overflexibly, and the beautiful silver of his hair was discredited by its lavish curl and by his shallow and eager expression. He began with flattery, which he interpolated throughout his presentation of a scheme. He talked, interrupted by no comments, to a listener who appeared perfectly stupid, until he was bewildered and began to repeat himself. At the faltering-point Asher said,

"So you think this thing would have educational value?"

Protestations and anticipative thanks burst out.

"And why do you need votes? What are you going to run for?"

"The idea is original with me, and I can assure you, Mr. Gehris—"

"You may be able to assure a board of directors; but not here. Don't try. You are after votes. What for?"

The man dropped his pose as if it were an inadequate garment. "I'd be

very grateful. If you will just use your influence in my favor—"

There was an interruption, but not by any words. Asher's little eyes, not to be averted from the unfortunate visitor, were glittering at these weak devices. He enjoyed the moment. He looked as if he would enjoy dancing the Sikinnis.

"Please state what you want," he said, in an antithetically polite voice.

The man stated.

"So? And what are your resources?"

The man explained.

"Very good. And now you want me to support you?"

A flow of talk followed: "Your influence, Mr. Gehris—," in the middle of which Asher turned his chair to the desk.

"This philanthropic bluff is not a bad idea," he said. "Try it; and if you can put it through I'll be right with you."

The man stopped twice on his way out, and then departed, dribbling thanks and respect. They did not reach Asher, who was enclosed by figures, his face already set and grave. Once he interrupted himself to take a big blue revolver from the desk drawer. The beautiful weapon suited his hand better than the pen. He loaded it, laid it by him, pocketed the cartridge-box, and went on writing as if there had been no break in his train of thought.

The next visitor had an old plush cap pulled down over his grizzled red hair and peering face. He looked wiry, and as if he would no longer suppress impatience, and he was so full of business that he stood in the middle of the room to talk. Asher stared while his eyes refocussed; and then there came into the eyes a very slight flicker of alarm.

"Now, I am constable, as you know, Asher. And I put him in jail, and now I want those costs, and I want to know if I could get 'em. I made 'em out one year a'ready," he proclaimed.

The flicker disappeared. "What costs? What are you talking about?" Asher asked in German.

The constable scorned this suggestion; he sailed ahead in English, and Asher put questions and gave directions, as energetic as he had been over his figures. "So it is; and that's the thing for you to do," he ended.

"All right. I do that," said the constable, as tersely. "What's the damage?"

"Nothing."

"I can pay. And I am willing to pay. You give me good satisfaction."

"You don't need to pay. I had no trouble out of this."

The constable brightened up. He was now able to discern his surroundings, and he felt so friendly that he approached the desk. "You have a fine revolver," he said, giving it an intelligent examination.

"I am going home to-morrow, and I thought of taking it along."

"Always if the squire tells me to fetch a man, I take one. You can't tell what that fellow may do. But when I have something like this," he waved the weapon up and down like a threatening finger, "*Wenn die eppes macha!* I say.—What are you making out?"

"The account of Brecht's estate."

"So? I thought that was settled. He has been dead long a'ready."

"Four years. I could do better with it if I didn't hurry, so I took my time. Next week will see it done. This is my last account."

"Cassy got everything, ain't she?" said the constable.

His eyes were very sharp; but he could not perceive any sort of feeling in Asher, who said quietly:

"Yes. To-morrow I submit this to her."

"Well, everybody in town will be glad to see you. They think much of you."

"You think I can—show results?"

The constable was elevated to a position of patronage. "Whether I think you are getting along? Sure I do. As I say, in Centre township they think a whole lot of you. What you say goes there."

"Much obliged."

"Yes." The constable turned away, with plumage spread. "Well, soon we have it hot again."

"That's so."

"Yes." He shook his head. "And I feel the heat so." He went tramping out gloomily.

When he had passed the door Asher fell upon his work, giving himself a great heave, to shake off the faint and shameful feeling of relief.

The horse travelled well. From his high seat Asher gazed across the rapidly

passing fields to the pale, clear blue which shut down upon them. It was cold again. The earth had still a wintry look, and among their leafless fruit-trees the red roofs of the homesteads could be seen much farther than in summer. Mechanically he identified one farm after another, but his mind set like a current towards the business of the day: to present for the last time to Brecht's heiress the account of Brecht's estate; after which it would be approved by the court, and Brecht would be really dead.

"And relieved I shall be," he thought. "And glad to be rid of that Cassy."

The melancholy lines were deep upon his face, which looked very dark in the sun. His unoccupied mind went slipping toward the old train of thought, the old regret. He tried to detain it; with the wonder proper to a much more ignorant man that in the clarity and freedom of this country Sunday the ugly, stale recollection should persistently arise.

It had been a morning like this; and he saw the room which he had learned to know so well by memory, full of light, with Brecht's repositories open to him—the wallet, the account-book, the secretary and the safe and the two bags of specie,—to touch which seemed an intrusion upon the dead. Though his body rode the loping horse, Asher's soul was in that room where he had left it. He was a dreadful reverse of the Spectral Horseman.

When he had made himself resume his own personality and realize time and place and the business before him, he explained it all over again, so that it would hardly have seemed a misdeed to any one who knew, except perhaps to old Brecht and Cassy. The way had been so plain, the results so palliatively excellent. Besides, he had detested it so and thought about it so much that it had assumed a menacing unreality, and he felt as if he were dwelling on a wrong done in a dream. "I certainly did do it," he thought. "But I can't believe that I did."

Yet he did not dodge the issue. "I had to do it; but it was a mean, miserable thing to do. It was possible to me to do it; I would give a good deal if it had not needed to be."

A red-headed woodpecker, chilly and



H. E. TOWNSEND

Drawn by H. E. Townsend

Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

AND NOW HE SAW THE OTHER SIDE OF CASSY BRECHT

disillusioned, made a truncated composition of himself by looking around a fence-post. Asher watched him and followed his flight across the blue background. Then words applied themselves:

Stones have been known to move and
trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks
brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.

"It was I who did it. And now it seems that the woodpecker suspects me."

He slackened the reins, leaned back, and shouted. No more was necessary. The horse made a leap, and dashed ahead as hard as he could go, in a sort of sympathy with this fierce rider. The two seemed one—a galloping centaur. At that moment Asher was a fine sight.

They galloped through the village, and more than one inhabitant, glad of a sensation, rushed to the window to see them stream magnificently by, and said, "Mr. Gehris has come home for Sunday." Elisha Gehris witnessed this advent, and also the respectful reception of his son at the hotel, where the horse was left. As he stood at the door, in his Sunday white shirt-sleeves and rather short trousers, and watched Asher coming up the street, he was happier than he had ever been on his own account. He had passed his life as a tenant farmer, but he did not resent his insignificance.

The warmth of Asher's greeting became him, and he followed through the narrow door into the parlor, which was too small for his presence. As his æsthetic development had not progressed much, he was able to sit in the largest hair-cloth armchair and look placidly at the wax-flower wreath and the vases filled with dried grass. Elisha took a small rocker, characteristically.

"How are you?" Asher said.

"Good; right good; and I see that you are," his father replied, smiling and with a dragging enunciation.

"No doctor gets rich by me. How is mother?"

"Also good. She changes her dress. She will soon come."

Asher pulled a Sunday paper from his pocket and tossed it to his father, who caught it, spreading out in a grotesque

way, like a toy. The gift encouraged him to inquire,

"How goes it?"

"As usual."

"Did the constable see you?"

"Last evening he was in my office."

Elisha said, "I thought it might be that he wanted to fetch you," and enjoyed his joke. Then he introduced the subject of fishing. "They are biting good in the creek, I hear, especially eels. I hear that it is wonderful for eels there along Brecht's meadow."

"I never saw any," replied Asher, with a manner which made eels impossible at that spot, no matter how multitudinously they might have swarmed there; and his father was agreeing,— "Well, I guess there are none there,"—when his mother came, quietly beaming, into the room.

She stood before Asher and said, "Well," in a tone that was a whole thanksgiving. Almost immediately she added, "Dinner will soon be ready," as though the statement synopsized her functions, and went quietly out again. At the table she had not time to cat, for she kept jumping up to wait on him, with little, knotty hands spotted with brown. She asked him no questions and looked at him a great deal, and when the meal was over he sat with her and smoked while she washed the dishes. Though there was not much to talk about, his thoughts were rather faithful to her.

With the manner of a new sweetheart she said: "My snake-plant is in bloom. Would you care to look at it?"

He followed her to a bed which made a bare brown circle in the brown grass at the side of the house, and in which the strange plant stood all alone. Its fleshy stem was covered with blotches; the callalike perianth, of a glazed greenish red, shone in the sunlight; it protruded at the world a long fat tongue. Its odor was prohibitive.

"Such courage it has," she said, tenderly, of the malevolent-looking thing. "It lives all winter in the cellar, without light or water or ground. And this year it made no sign for such a long time after I had potted it, and I was worried and examined it, and I had put the poor thing upside down. It had gone down to the bottom of the pot, and turned, and

was almost to the top again. Yes, it has courage."

Asher was glad for the topic, and his gutturals sounded rather pleasant. His mother did not need to look at him. They stood side by side, her crackling cotton skirt blowing across his knees, and she shaded with her hand the much-used eyes which now dwelt upon the hills. It was a sign of happiness that she looked far away; she did not often think of doing so; but in his presence she felt a vernal season. It was a cheerful time for both.

Asher put an end to it by strolling to the front door and looking up and down the street, where the shadows of leafless branches marked the foot-path, and nothing moving but they. The character of that "foot-path way"—a space of trodden earth, a patch of brick, or three or four blue sandstones deeply sunken—varied as the citizens were ambitious, economical, or conservative. The houses, too, were casually set; some of them behind little grass-plots, some close to the street, with a businesslike air. This village was only a few dwellings occurring in a farming valley. It was a poor little place.

"This I have avoided," he thought. "I shall not need to be old here."

His further meditation might have been expressed by the half-exultant, half-desolate, "With a great price bought I this freedom."

From her porch Cassy Brecht could see the hills, across a sweep of field and orchard, which was pleasanter to her because she owned most of it. Her landscape was full of gleams. The winter wheat shone; bits of mica glittered in the ploughed fields; there were glimpses of bluebirds, and the creek rippled with a knifelike brightness. The chilly, trailing wind was noiseless among the trees, whose buds were not ready to burst, and there were no human sounds except the passing of an occasional team conveying Sunday visitors. There was a general rest to-day.

The silence made Cassy's premises sound the more secular. From quite far down the road Asher heard wood-sawing, and then a man's voice, richer and fuller of color than any native to that pale sky. There were no words, merely

singing. Beside the vocalist a clump of red tulip buds waved about. The man turned; and he harmonized with the tulip buds, and his minstrelsy was explained, for he was a negro.

After a hearty smile at Asher he continued to saw and sing, depreciating by his light-heartedness the frown which he had met. In a moment a woman's voice, of moderate power and sweet, began to follow the inarticulate song, and they continued it together, falling presently into a harmonious "*Hm—hm—hm.*" There was something tropical about the singing; and Asher observed that the negro's lips rolled back and that he looked happy.

At the blending of the voices he exclaimed to himself, and went on with reluctance.

The porch was adorned, for Cassy stood there, looking over her possessions, and continuing to sing absently, with a perfectly contented expression. Her hair, which was in the last stage of drying, hung in tresses of very pale yellow over her country week-day dress, and lay exquisitely along her back and arms. Asher approached grimly, but her manner recognized nothing unusual; she bent her head to him, with a movement unaltered by the hanging hair, and did not hesitate to delay.

"My land looks well," she said.

He assented.

"It is a beautiful Sunday." She read his expression, and replied to it: "Do you dislike the negro?"

"I never saw him before. Tramp, isn't he?"

"He came to beg, and I fed him and let him sleep in the barn. If you think better, please give him a dollar and tell him to go. We can go into the sitting-room then."

The gentle manner did not mollify him, and when he rejoined her, after putting the negro to flight, he still had a frown. In her presence he appeared even darker and heavier than he was,—he loomed. While he did her errand she had arranged the hair which offended him, and it lay in a beautiful mass on the top of her little head. Her cheeks had a shell-like curve and tint. She regarded him as if he were a part of her landscape, with the indifference of con-

scious authority. The displeasing impression produced by the loosened hair, which caused her no embarrassment, and by her willingness to let her voice mix with the negro's, was different in degree only from the impression which she always made upon him; so that he was doubly repelled when he found himself seated where he could see, through a doorway, Brecht's bedroom and the secretary, now with the look of disuse, and the safe which had opened easily. He vigorously concealed the fact that he wanted much to be away; but several times he picked up papers so awkwardly as to bend them, and his movements were almost spasmodic. His mouth shut tightly after every necessary speech.

The business was finished, and he was about to gather up the typewritten sheets of the account, when she drew one of them toward her, looked at it again, and said,

"One item I do not see." She had a slow way of speaking and a pleasant accent.

"Let me point it out to you."

"I doubt if it is here."

"Everything is set down here. What is it?" he asked, with difficult courtesy.

"The four hundred dollars which you stole out of Father's safe the day you took charge of the estate."

After five seconds she raised her lids for a diagonal look, and lowered them. Here, as in most cases, the eyes made a window in the breast superfluous. One half of Cassy Brecht's character appeared in the time when her lids were raised—had Asher been able to see.

He was not able—face to face as he was with that Banquo-like old act which had been buried so deep under his successes.

When he could hear again, she was speaking. "You had reason to think yourself safe, for you knew, as I know, that Father would never let any one find out what cash he had on hand. It was a notion of his."

Now Brecht seemed to be a third in this conference—with his leathery face, wrinkling deeply when he smiled.

"I know also that you had good reasons for what you did. I know what you went through. I made it my business to find out all about you," she replied, to the dazed question of his look.

"Your folks were always poor, and you had to make your own way, and you had not much pleasure in life while you were school-teaching for money to study law, or afterwards when you were trying to get along. You wore cheap clothes, and went hungry sometimes, and I don't doubt that you often felt like giving it back well to those who slighted you. And when my father died, you were getting a start. If you could hold on, you would enjoy success, and if not— And you had to have cash to hold on. You owed for board and office rent. You needed clothes. You were ambitious, too."

He was feeling gratefully surprised at her sympathy, when she finished,—“So you stole from me.”

A certain mastery was restored to him by the atrocious word, so that he was able to speak. "Don't you think that you had better be careful of what you say?"

Her smile was indulgent. "You don't appreciate kindness."

She saw that he was physically startled, and continued, with her dangerous accuracy in reading his thoughts. "How I know? I saw you. Yes. I never understood Father's confidence in you—I am not one myself to confide,—so when you went over the place I made sure of knowing what you did. You may believe that I saw you all the time that you were in his room. You didn't do it at once. You went to the safe and unlocked it—I wished, indeed, that I had had that key,—and counted the money, and I followed the counting. Then you spent a good deal of time over the papers and the account-book; and then you pocketed, in a big hurry, and locked everything up again."

His feeling of the unreality of the thing returned for a moment, it was so incredibly ugly as she stated it and so abominable to have justified her suspicions and her spying. Admitting nothing, he waited, with a manner which put on her the burden of proceeding, and his voice carried out this illusion.

"What else have you to say?"

"It is for you to say the rest."

"To say what?"

She did not answer at once, but sat looking at the table-cloth with the air of one who gives a measure its final consideration.

"You know you would go to jail," she urged, gently and considerately.

His mind leaped toward the alternative. Anything to avoid such demolition! "What do you want?"

This time she allowed her eyes to dwell upon his; the intensity of her observation relaxed, and she proceeded, as one satisfied with the article she would bid upon: "You have already four hundred dollars of mine. I have much else. Why not take the rest?"

He dropped his arms on the table and protruded his head toward her. "What do you mean?"

"You—might—take—the—rest," she repeated, distinctly, but without bravado. There was a long pause.

"Does it not seem strange that for four years you have brought others to justice?"

It took effect. He got up as if he could not see well, and the back of her chair creaked under his hand as he bent savagely over her.

"I accept."

She saw what she wished to see, and it made her bloom. Her voice was suddenly honeylike and warm: "Ah, Asher!" Her own eyes disclosed—and now he saw—the other side of Cassy Brecht. But he could think of nothing.

Reaction and the cataclysmic change of circumstances made him feel stupid and rather sick, and he had to be alone with himself; so—with her voice in his ears, permitting him to depart, and saying, "But come back soon, and we shall eat together,"—he went down through the meadow and across the bridge. This brought him to the farm which his father had tenanted, where he had been brought up as a tenant's son; and from the rock selected to sit upon he could see three more farms of hers, as well as the red house on the top of the rise. No one knew better than he their rent and acreage; and so many mortgages and bonds and good safe stocks went with them, in addition to four hundred dollars.

"It is wonderful!" he said to himself. "Anybody would say so. It was luck enough to be Brecht's executor. I don't appreciate this. And what a beauty she is!"

His mind was staggering about, and he placed a cardboard target and got out

his revolver with as much concentration as if he had come to the country for that alone. However, his hand was steady; after the first couple of shots he marked the black each time. As the hand communicated its steadiness, certain deterrent elements in his situation became argumentatively clear to him, but he insisted, against them: "Luck. Yes, luck!"

Some loose stones rattled, and there was the constable smiling under his Sunday hat. "Well, well, Asher!" he said. "Did you come to see the old place?"

Asher made an unusually amiable reply, offering also the courtesy of the revolver. The constable hit the bull's-eye at a shot, and proceeded cheerfully: "As you know, my son lives on this farm at present. He looks to have his own, but until then he likes it here as well as any tenancy. And there are boys around the place again. He has two such little red-headed fellows."

Without answering, Asher turned to look at the farmhouse now thus pleasantly inhabited; but he could not see much of it, for it was several fields away and a row of walnut trees intervened across its front. An easy interval of recollections was ended by the inquiry,

"Did you fix it up with Cassy?"

"I showed her the account."

The constable fastened his little eyes upon Cassy's eminence as if he saw there more than was visible, and remarked simply: "Well, she is a queer one. I don't trust her."

Then he waited; but Asher said nothing, so he continued, with a good deal of anxiety, which he did not betray: "She was away from home when her father died. Of course it was wonderfully sudden, and we daren't blame her for that. She gets the last cent out of her tenants, so my son tells me. You ought to know something about her that way. And she hardly ever goes in church, and they say that Sunday is like a week day where she is."

"Have you ever seen her?"

"I know that she is a fine-looking woman, but what does that amount to? I tell you"—he brought his hand down upon his thigh in a very earnest way—"the man who takes her, she will own him. I am constable, but I would be



Drawn by H. E. Townsend

Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

AFTER THE FIRST SHOTS HE MARKED THE BLACK EACH TIME

scavenger before I would be kept by any woman, and the last in the world by Cassy Brecht."

Asher stared ahead of him, as if he saw, without, the facts which he had perceived from within.

His old acquaintance sat still, with a kind of grave friendliness, saying nothing for a long time; and when he took leave it was done so quietly as hardly to interrupt Asher's thoughts.

In that solitude he said many things to himself; valuing the spacious alternative which was his, even though he had changed one danger for a baser one. He was no more euphemistic with himself than he had been with the office-seeker the night before; and with lips which still felt the softness of hers he uttered, "Bought and kept.—But I can't turn around now," he added later. "Four years ago I did that, and now I must do this. And she knew it all the time. That she makes me this offer is wonderful."

However, he was not yet ready to return to her, and he walked slowly toward the house behind the walnut trees, thinking, "I shall like well to own that place." While he stood looking at it the constable's son appeared, accompanied by his two boys. They also wore their best hats, under which their copper-colored hair showed; and they were directed to salute Asher, who had a sense of the difference of human fortunes as he shook the hesitating little hands.

"Are these all you have?" he asked.

"Also the baby—a girl." The pleasant-looking young fellow did not seem to know that he might be proud because his identity was multiplied by three.

"That is a nice family. I believe I walk along if you are going over the place."

They inspected each field, and each head of stock in the barn, and the boys ran ahead silently like little dogs. Asher made some suggestions, and betrayed no sentimentality until they had ended their tour at the gate, when he remarked, looking up at the house,

"So here you live now, where I used to live when we were boys, with your children and your wife."

"Yes, here we live. But we know what you do in town, in politics and the law and all."

Looking at the ground for a grave moment, Asher reflected on the claim made upon him by this confidence and admiration, which were expressed less by words than by the eyes; he was not free, it seemed, to appear unrighteous. He shook hands once more with both ceremonious boys and with the man, four years younger than himself, who was already a patriarch, and at the bridge he turned to look again at the house among the walnut trees,—seeming to leave among those darkening trees the last of the illusion which had made his former life possible. Now a new life was to begin.

He found it waiting. As he approached the rise, which had become for him a Venusberg, he lagged at first, and then he hurried back to her. The big door opened, and Cassy herself appeared; but she received him with no coy demonstrations. She had changed her dress from top to toe. The gold hair was elaborate and shining, and her figure, moving ahead of him in silk of a sharp blue, left a small trail of perfume; the same, he observed, as the one that had reached him at his window the night before. Now that his position in the house was elevated, he was conducted to the parlor, and there, among the blue brocade furniture and brightly patterned ornaments, she found an environment to match her. The whole scene contrasted sharply enough with the honest, cold view beyond the windows, above which the sun was dropping down.

As she seated herself in the puffiest of the chairs her quiet manner was impaired by a very slightly evident expectancy; but Asher was quite far away and said nothing, and presently she herself began, with an honest desire to please him, "Shall I play for you?"

He nodded, following her with his eyes as she crossed the room; and during her playing, which was fair, he looked and did not listen. However, this was to pay one tribute while he withheld another, and she went back to her chair half pleased. There was a silk work-bag on the table, and she took out of it a piece of linen upon which roses had been beautifully embroidered, and continued one. This occupation on a Sunday cleft her from the country girls.

The action assumed an almost absurd importance for him; and though his mind was made up, he felt disposed to investigate this non-fastidious soul. He knew very little of her for a wife.

"Have you spent all your time here?"

"Oh no. I was for several years away at school. Then when I was twenty years old I went to see my cousin, and I stayed with her for over a year. I was there when Father died."

"Where does your cousin live?"

She mentioned a city. "She has no home; she boards. I boarded with her."

"Does she visit you here?"

"No, she does not visit me."

The north sky was behind her; she sat in the midst of cool, grayish light; sounds from without recalled the evening work upon the farm. It was too peaceful a moment for her to lay down her hoop and regard him as she did; but she had the right to regard him in any manner.

He knew that to go to her would be to submit to the mastery of her possessions, of her debasing knowledge, and of her charms; but now he welcomed the future and its purchased ecstasies. If he delayed further, it was for pleasure.

"Why have you lived alone here?"

"I knew that you would be my husband."

Then he went quickly. Her waist was small, her lips were soft, as he remembered them.

In a tone not to be despised by any woman he asked, "Why do you choose me, Cassy?"

Smiling old Brecht would have approved his heiress. "You are already important in the town, and I like to live there with you. Soon you will be a very big man with my money."

He stopped in the middle of a breath, but there was nothing that he could say.

"And, anyhow—"

She ended with a look of complete satisfaction with her bargain. She dwelt upon him.

"It is wonderful that some other man did not get you long ago."

The eyes replied again. So far from a blush, her cheeks became slightly pale as she spoke mockingly, between her golden lashes.

He stared.

"Are you so surprised?"

"When you were with your cousin—?"

"Well? When I was with my cousin,—what about it?"

She saw resistance in his face, and was quite still; just drawing back a little and raising her chin a little. Then she laid her hands on his shoulders possessively.

Yet he got away and stood in the middle of the room, learning from her change of aspect.

She was on her feet with furious quickness, replying to what he was about to say: "And who are you to find fault with me? Don't open your mouth about anything I do."

"So that is why you make me this offer?"

"Be quiet, Asher Gehris, or I will let you know what you are. Why, you owe me everything!"

"I will owe you nothing, from this time on. I will marry no such woman."

"Won't you, though? Stick to me, or go to jail!"

In the other conflict he had forgotten all that; and now notorious disgrace and the destruction of his career seemed minor things. Now, he must get away from her. The two dishonored ones, reminders of each other's sins, glared at each other.

Then there burst from him: "It is too bad! I can't stand it! You can't force me! I would sooner go to jail!"

He took from his coat a long pale hair, looked at it as if he expected it to writhe, and dropped it with a brutal gesture.

The west was still bright and the stars had not come out, but it was nearly dark in the village, and dwellings whose owners were prolonging their Sunday visits looked very black by contrast with windows where lamps were lit. The passer over the diversified sidewalk went from one area to another of odors of comfortable suppers. That solitary passer was the constable—in his week-day head-gear, and walking reluctantly up and down before Elisha Gehris's house. There was light enough to show the snake-plant, erect, grotesque, and black; and it puzzled him.

He was gazing at it, when he heard heavy steps, each one of which had a final quality. He faced around. A man's



Drawn by H. E. Townsend

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"ASHER, WHAT IS THIS BUSINESS YOU HAVE ON HAND?"

bulk was visible, shouldering along the street. The constable went to meet him, stopped for a grievous moment, and said,

"Asher!"

"So at last you have come for me? I expected you."

"You expected me! Do you know that you must go with me to-night?"

"I thought so. I am glad to see you."

The constable exclaimed, "I knew well that it ain't true, what that woman swears."

"What does she swear?"

"By my soul! I hate to say it. I guess you know. Will you fix it up out of court?"

"She offered me terms," Asher said, deliberately, "but I could not agree to them. Mind—she must prove her charges."

This acceptance of the situation forced his duty upon the constable. "You have your revolver, Asher," he said, in a more businesslike way. "Better give me it. We must be starting to town."

Asher handed it over. "You don't want to put the cuffs on?"

This was an important capture; and the refusal to deny had antagonized the constable a little.

"Look here. Don't you do it!" Asher said, when he hesitated.

"That looks as if I had better put them on you—once you begin to threaten."

"I go along like a dog if you leave them off; but if not I will make you trouble right here, and I don't care how much, nor what it costs me. You don't need them; I want to go with you. But don't you let my folks see that there is anything out of the way."

"They will have to hear before long."

"Don't I know that? But not to-night." The powerful voice swayed. "Not at the end of this awful day," was what he silently pleaded.

"What am I to say? I came here and asked for you, and your mother said that you would be back any time."

"I will say that we have a little business in town. That will please her. And you come in and eat, and then we can start. Don't you be afraid that I won't go with you. Have you had supper?"

"No. I was at my son's, and they were telling me how you went over the

place this afternoon, and we were ready to sit down at the table when the squire sent for me."

"She must have gone to the squire as soon as I left her," thought Asher. "Must have gone on the run." He could still feel her lips.

"The little boys could not talk enough about you," the constable was saying, heavily.

"Come in, come in!" exclaimed Asher. "I go rather with you than—elsewhere."

As he opened the door a transient little figure appeared, addressing her son eagerly, and the constable looked as if he wished himself exonerated. She made haste to lead the way to the kitchen, which was warm and almost gay, the table was so festal; she added a special kind of preserves, and pressed her best upon the local dignitary who sought her son's company; and they ate. At this meal she did not sit at all.

The old man was elated.

"You must have weighty business together," he said. "I told Asher I thought maybe you wanted to fetch him." He laughed at this again, and having finished his meal he examined with affectionate interest his son's riding-gaiters, which were lying in a corner.

The constable felt a social obligation. "I saw such an odd plant in your side yard," he said. She gave its little history, and he nodded, and commented, "Yes, yes," as if he knew all about it.

She began to look apprehensively at Asher, and tried to summon him when they arose. He said, "We must go, Mother," but she insisted. "I just want to speak to you a little," and he had to get the constable's permission by a look before he could follow her.

In the parlor she said, "Asher, what is this business that you have on hand?" Her manner was still gentle, but she questioned with authority.

"Why do you want to know that?"

He asked, to gain time, and he had never done such rapid thinking as during her reply that she mistrusted it. He wanted to tell her; but he perceived that though she had assented to poverty all her life, that patient assent could not continue if she knew what her poverty had done for her son; so he said,

"It is nothing for you to worry over, indeed."

"Is it about the Brecht property? That Cassy, they say, is no good girl."

Perhaps she might die before the time to tell her.

"I made my last accounting to-day. This business of mine with the constable is one that does me great good. Mother," he continued in his resonant German, "if anything goes wrong with me, I myself will tell you. Until then have no fear. Good night now. Do not worry."

"No. No. Indeed no," she promised, with her pale, maternal look.

He returned to the kitchen, and they said good-by. Elisha, standing at the door to watch them mount their horses at the tavern, observed that they kept close together. They rode away.

Asher was making plans for what was before him. His mind pressed forward; Cassy's charms existed for him no more. He exulted:

"I don't see why I went back this afternoon. What she demanded I could never do. And now I am going to pay up!"

"You can easy get bail," said the constable, breaking the silence.

"It is likely. I am a good risk, if a

man knew. You couldn't pay me to jump it."

"If it goes to the worst, what will you do?"

"That is far ahead."

They rode on for a while.

"By my soul! when I looked at your old mother with her snake-plant, and thought that she knew nothing, I could hardly eat. And the way she urged me!"

Asher dwelt upon her reception of the officer. In his memory of the scene the shadowing figure of Shame was there, the other guest whom she had received.

"Yes, Mother did all she could for you. And as she welcomed you, so do I welcome the ending of this business."

The landscape, under so pale a light that it resembled a charcoal sketch, moved by them; the dim stars became bright. It was quite cold, and Asher remembered the warmth of the evening before as the atmosphere of his other life.

He was so much master of himself that he could use unconsciously, in his thinking, the phrase,

"When that fell arrest,
Without all bail, shall carry me away—"

He felt free and ready.

Treasure

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

BE merry while you may,
Sweet lady o' the morn,
For each rose has its day,
And every night its thorn.

Laugh while your youth is fair,
Dance while the sun is bright,
Ere comes the evening care,
The trouble of the night—

So, were it time at last
For you and joy to part,
The dusk would glow with past
Stored sunshine from your heart.

The Tenements of Berlin

BY MADGE C. JENISON

BERLIN is clean with the sparkling cleanliness of a great, well-ordered house. It is spacious; it is sumptuous; it is rich and easy in its mind; and there is something humorous abroad in it—something decorative, and made grotesque, as it seems, in the very print of the signs, so that one goes about with a smile as if he turned over a great copy of *Jugend*. If it is not Paris, if there is no gold-dust in the air as in that careless city musing beside the Seine, and not too much to please the taste except those things in the galleries and museums brought to it from outside; if it is not London, and is neither elegant nor gay—it has its most excellent differences. One does not come to Berlin, perhaps, to enjoy emotions of taste.

To the American it presents itself at first as not so different from New York, being a prosperous, modern city. There are the strange sights which make the pattern of new scenes. There is the continual flashing to and fro of Prussian officers, in uniforms of such impeccable cut, such bloom of color, such superior texture, as receive from American eyes a very respectful regard. You think at first in Berlin that every policeman is a crown prince. There are the blue or white blouses of the working-men, and their wooden-soled pantinen clacking on the asphalt; and the nurse-maids in the ugly Spreewald dress. There are the intellectuals, to be seen in such numbers in Berlin, all with portfolios bulging with precious thoughts—the bullet-headed Prussian himself with sword-cuts across his cheeks, wrapped in a cape like a gallant in a play; Russian girls in we-must-reform-this-unhealthful-dress clothes, and that look of Russian youth, of white fire burning under ashes; dapper Japanese come here to learn how the efficient Prussian does things, so that he may return home and repeat his lesson to the last rivet; sometimes an East In-

dian with his folded white turban; and soft-bodied innocuous-looking little American girls, with A.B.'s after their names, come to add something of a greater regard. There are the black and white striped sentry-boxes before the public buildings, and persons all glittering, with their clothes so beautifully ge-brushed, keeping off the enemy with clubbed muskets. There are women driving cabs, dogs hitched to delivery carts—there is, even in the people one passes on the street, something different from the people at home, something of a closer and heavier fibre, the very language they speak ponderous upon the tongue—an impressive city, weighing upon the spirit almost heavily, with its wide streets, its Tiergarten, beautiful and solemn, its green, jadelike, slow-flowing canals, its gilded Victory hanging in the sky, all the accoutrement and display of its abundant life—full of birds and flower-hung balconies where people read pleasantly under an evening lamp or take their suppers; but full more than anything else of a cleanliness which one remembers first to have taken into the senses on certain days of childhood, when he ran in from school to find the house flooded with sun, and pervaded by something scoured and polished and dusted, which impressed even an adventurer in whose scheme of things the cycles of housekeeping had no part. So much cleanliness together I doubt that the world has ever before seen. Ancient Rome may have had more water, but Berlin literally scours its streets three times a day with such rubber brushes as we use at home for plate-glass windows; and to draw the story a little longer, Rome was a city of quite the third rate of importance, with less than a million people to conduct its housekeeping, where here there are almost three.

A city presenting the unfamiliar aspect of strange sights, and yet I some-



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IN THE OLD QUARTER—THE SCHEUNENVIERTEL

times think it is the office of such foreign spectacles to make one consider afresh, as he looks upon them, how much the channels of life flow alike in all quarters. One sees little boys in Berlin skipping up the steps ahead of their mammas to ring the door bell, in the same way that they do in Washington Square, and looking back over their shoulders with the air of having carried a good matter through; a pale, ugly girl hanging on her lover's arm in one of the high alleys of the Tiergarten, drinking her happiness from his narrow-eyed intense face; the cockaded coachman with his whip carried smartly aloft; the groom setting out his saddles to air on the garden wall and considering his trig boots with smirking satisfaction; good-looking housemaids gossiping at the great iron gates under an early moon; a tall, sweet English girl moving languidly through the crowd at the opera, glancing from face to face with cool young eyes, delicately slim as a flower on a long stem, with something of wax and fire about her, and an elegant young officer watching her as he

leans against the wall, his hand upon his sword; the violinist in the orchestra laying his cheek upon his instrument with that love which never fails nor comes to an end; a scowling schoolgirl, overgrown and bourgeoisie, slamming the door of a fine carriage; a woman weeping at a corner table in a café, and the man with her watching her in the darkling evening with a sneer; and, in a silent little park, another woman hanging over a wailing child with that look of love before which death itself falters—all of life here, so that if the rest of the world were swept away to-morrow, the same fears and vanities and burning loves would still go on in this rich Teutonic city and come to spread over all the earth.

Berlin has built itself of stone which it could cover with heroic sculpture. Not only the public buildings, the shops, and office buildings, but even the residences of the finer sort, are decorated with heroes and Amazons, the Roman legions and terrible Huns, chariot races, griffins, garlands, cupids, and sacrificial urns. Great gods and goddesses hold



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A CELLAR TENEMENT

up the windows and balconies on their unwearying arms and preserve a look of eternal calm. On one house covered with panels one may see Columbus over a window which has beneath it all the gods of Olympus in congress assembled, amongst whom Bismarck, exactly cap-a-pie in the costume of 1880, appears behind the buskined Diana. It was explained to me that this was the house of a foreign consul, an explanation which seems to mean much, but could never be made to throw its mantle over Diana and Columbus and Bismarck at once. Those who cannot build of stone use a cheap brick, which meets the requirements of the fire department and can be covered with plaster to take the inevitable sculptural motive. The tenements are like the apartments of the fashionable quarter, ornate, of a vague clean gray, so that the streets look as much alike as so many planed boards.

The law requires that, with some variations according to the height of his building, the width of the street, and the quarter of the city, a man shall build upon only two-thirds of his land, and leave the rest for a court. In the houses of the

middle class, trees, flowers, and statuary fill these courts. Sometimes little fountains spring up in them. And if in the average tenement the court is bare and dreary, it is, in the greater number of buildings, paved and orderly, and as clean as asphalt can be swept. Far more of light and air, far more of cleanliness, the owner of a tenement-house building must give his tenants in Berlin than in New York. One need never light a match to find the light shaft, as a tenement-house commissioner with a sense of humor sometimes does in New York. There are no rows of buildings like our dumb-bell tenements, with ten rooms out of fourteen on every floor dark, and the gas burning in them night and day. Even in places where people were dying of starvation, the sunlight lay in a block upon the floor. The halls were scoured white; the rooms were clean, and the people themselves. Cleanliness and order keep strange companions in Berlin, as it seems to the American familiar with the Italians and Russian Jews who inhabit our tenements. Berlin plays you always the same tune. "The men and women, and the children them-

selves," says a Frenchman who has been writing on Berlin in *Figaro*, "go the streets so clean along, so polite, as he could scarcely believe for an industrial city of the importance of Manchester."

Never, indeed, did any place wear a better outside than Berlin. It is said that Frederick the Great, when he presented his people with building sites, stipulated that, however modest the buildings erected, they must present a splendid aspect to the street. Even the old Scheunen-viertel, "the place of barns,"—which has been the stronghold of thieves and cut-throats, its cellar cafés the hatching-places of vice, where the police go armed, and there is one to every block, and they tell you as you go down a street that a boy was murdered in such and such a house last month—old and wretched and full of pain as it is, it lies there full of sun, with its house fronts gay and trim, and at almost any hour of the day one may find it glistening from its bath. It is the subterranean and internal life of this imperial city of Prussia, behind the walls and under the earth, which is yet unreached by regulation.

For over ninety thousand people live underground in Berlin, burrowing under the earth in the cellar tenements. Pale girls and boys issue out of these clean, chill holes; and paler men and women; and old people yet more pale, who have spent in this darkness all their lives, one may see borne out from them at last into other cellar tenements, eternal and more still. The children from the cellar tenements have a strange look of the blood not flowing in them, but a still life, like that in the ground. We have cellar tenements in American cities, but in no such numbers as this. The new tenement-house law in Berlin forbids them, but it cannot touch the old buildings. This is something any one may see. He need not plunge behind these fine walls to see cellar tenements. There are two in each of one-third the apartment buildings one passes—the portress on one side, and on the other a tailor, or shoemaker, or a little shop.

The ground plan of the city, and the legal requirement that court space shall cover one-third of a building lot, has brought about the other peculiar feature of the Berlin tenements. So deep

are the lots in Berlin and the land so valuable that in the tenements there are usually two or three courts, one behind the other, and buildings facing upon each. Sometimes one sees three, sometimes four, such rear buildings, with arcades running through them, by which one passes from one to another. The famous Meyershof, in the Ackerstrasse, has five. These rear buildings have light and air, and in many cases they are kept as clean as those in front, but it is not they which appear to the casual visitor to Berlin, driving through mile after mile of spacious flower-hung streets, wide as boulevards. All through the wealthy quarter there are working-people's apartments behind the ones in front, eight families living, perhaps, in the building on the street, and fifty in the one behind. Air, such places have not, since there is no intake for air into the court.

But if the tenement-house conditions are as a whole better than we have in New York, one may find here in the older buildings every abuse that we contend with at home. Behind these fine walls hung with flowers which front you from street to street, there are girls with weary eyes, dying of consumption in rooms without windows. There are steep narrow stairways so dark at mid-day that one feels his way from step to step—full of danger, and harborers of crime they must be; there are rooms so small that one can scarcely go between the two beds, and here a working-girl and her mother, perhaps, eat and sleep and call it home; there are 32,000 places where all the family lives in one room, with often two or three men from outside. And perhaps the most weary thing one sees in all Berlin are the sleeping-places which the factory girls rent—not even a right in the rooms, only the beds, to which they cannot go until ten o'clock. Ninety-nine thousand people in Berlin have only these sleeping-places in another family. Some of these things are against the law, but there is no tenement-house commission in Berlin; the police investigate new buildings and will not pass upon any which do not comply with the regulations, but of abuses in older buildings one may see two hundred in two weeks.



ARCADE OF THE FAMOUS MEYERSHOF, SHOWING THE REAR BUILDINGS

They tell you in Berlin that all the old Scheunenviertel is to go; the city has already expropriated block upon block of it, and torn down the old buildings to replace them with new. But there are in it still places worse than any we have in New York since the new tenement-house law has been enforced.

That there are no poor in Berlin is easily said, so swept up, so set to rights, appears the life of the people. The average Prussian will assure you that his is the most democratic country in the world. He will tell you that the state serves every man in it; that it meets the problem of the unemployed with municipal labor bureaus which exchange lists twice a week; that it has labor colonies which teach the vagrant to be a useful, self-respecting citizen; that it takes over and subsidizes any investigation privately advanced which looks to it for the welfare of the poor; that the Imperial Insurance provides for the sick and aged; that the system of outdoor relief in Germany is the best in the world; that the police condemn unsanitary buildings. He will point to the technical high schools and

continuation schools for apprentices; to the school doctor and the feeding of un-nourished children; to the 2½-cent fare; to the free baths; to the working-men's days at the theatres, granted by order of his Majesty; to the guides provided at a minimum rate for the galleries; and to many similar advantages—above all, to that mass of "legislative protection for the worker," initiated by Bismarck, part of the gigantic scheme of Germany's great statesman for establishing an efficient state before which Europe should tremble.

But if Germany has, as it sometimes seems, studied everything that can be studied in the social order for the next twenty years; if she has investigated everything, written everything in exhaustive books, and then organized the results into bureaus and embodied some of them into laws, what makes she, with all this scholarly assault? Let any one who thinks that there are no unemployed in Germany stand some evening outside one of the Berlin Shelters for the Homeless, and watch the 700 men and the 150 women going in, "so clean, so polite along"; or

let him watch the 3500 coming out of the municipal night shelter some morning, 800,000 a year seeking these refuges at night in one city alone, in a country where professional vagabondage is punished sternly and begging is a penal offence. Poverty is guarded in Berlin, secret, hidden; it goes softly. It is clean and neatly clothed. Only the Salvation Army knows where it is; or the "Sickness Insurance of the Apothecaries, Merchants, and Tradespeople" or the "Bureau for the Redress of Private Grievs," or some of those other organizations with the highly comprehensive names dear to the German mind. There are no poor in Berlin like the London poor. Germany is a new country, so strangely both old and new, but born industrially in 1871, formerly overrun by every nation in

Europe, her mines never fully worked, her land untilled, her industries undeveloped. She is in what Prince Kropotkin calls, in a recent book, "a state of flight"—an industrial awakening protected by a high tariff and "begun with the improved machinery and technical education which England attained only after a century of groping experimentation." She has not the problems of an old country, nor has she immigration complicating every question as England and America have. But she has poverty common as sunlight, all the horrors of sweating and home-work in a clothing industry the greatest in Europe; long hours where every girl in the department stores works until eight o'clock; the eight-hour day in perhaps only one-tenth of her industries, and then it is a day

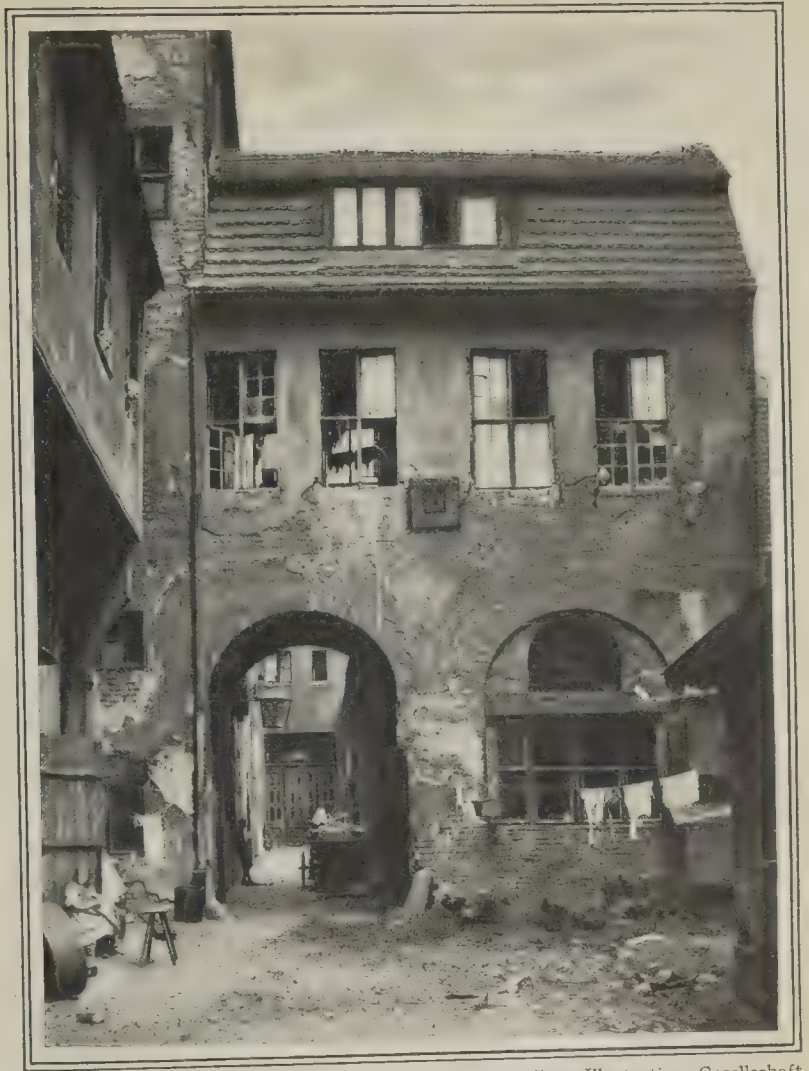
without pause; great misery in many employments, and a minimum living wage in almost all, especially among women, fainting over work; deformity so common as to appal an American; and the unguarded, uncherished childhood of the poor. Perhaps Berlin relieves it all; perhaps it grows less, and Germany is a great careful laboratory which is working out certain details of the future. But the lives of the poor seem the same here as elsewhere—driven from season to season; gnawed by hunger, pursued by fear; sleeping, on the nights when we sit late over our fires, with the pillows pressed to their hearts, in some dumb belief that so long as their hearts keep the heat of life they will not perish of cold;



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A BAD COURT

dying often in a solitude which welcomes the presence even of an enemy; offering up their youth, their health, the long hours of bright day, their dreams—yea, even the power to dream in girlhood—everything except the strange pride of the poor, which keeps them hiding themselves from institutions where they might know a comfort they have never known—driven by a pressure to which they see no end, and which must seem to them the very essence of life. For the most part we do not realize what it is, which the many bear, but sometimes it comes to us in all its terror; and then for a while we would tear down high Heaven; we writhe and drink deep if we are men, or shed, if we are women, our casual tears with those heavy ones, which fall with frozen torpor as if they could not make their way to the light; we question those fine feelings which quail to look upon that which millions live, and think our own lives must somehow be changed; and then we go on much the same, and take our pleasures with gay accents, and fall back, as we must at last, upon those measures far vaster than any one of us alone can command. A strange sight it is, and full of a hideous humor, and in nothing more strange than this, that we can bear to read idly that one-third of the operatives in the textile industry of Great Britain are under eighteen years old; and when we see one girl wasted in a factory, sleeping away the last days of her life in some still, unfamiliar peace, even though she draws an allowance from the Imperial



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A TENEMENT FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OLD—THE KRÖGEL

Insurance, we tremble and look pale, and would have more laws and more education and more social consciousness, to make an end of such things as this.

It was on one of the dark tours into the places of grief that I stumbled into the old Krögel. We turned off the street into a cobbled, twisting alley, the Spree gliding at one end of it, the brown walls hung with crimson flowers, and under a low arch with an ancient prison flanking it on one side; there it was—five hundred years old, somehow untouched in this smart new city from the times of holy wars and merchant guilds, a rich and aged gray, with bright moss enamelled upon its roofs, which piled themselves, sharply peaked, above it; with stairways and low-vaulted rooms springing up in it unexpectedly; with a row

of buttresses supporting the projecting windows, and a passageway thrown across it on the second story at one end. Burnished pigeons rose and alighted about it. A cock strutted up and down with the troop of laborious hens behind him. It was what an English etcher would have called a charming bit. An artist had indeed set up his easel at one end, and sat there twirling his brushes. At the other end, a pallid broom-maker sat at work with his assistant in the room under the arch, his waxen, stiffened face showing stark in the gloom through the half-open door. The patron of this happy adventure was not an English etcher, but a young Jewish agent from the Sickness Insurance Association. He liked it so much himself that he almost forgot the vanity of displaying it to a crude American, and for a quarter of an hour we walked up and down in its tiny, quiet

compass and peopled it with *Meistersingers*, and ladies leaning forth with their velvet sleeves brushing the window casements; with the giant grenadiers of the father of Frederick the Great, who may have shouted here the name of their monarch, and flung upon the breezes the banners of Mark Brandenburg; and with knots of people hurrying out from it, perhaps, to toss up their hats before Napoleon on his entrance into Berlin. Voltaire may have passed it by, or the fair Louise have glanced upon it with her tender eyes. But Berlin is not a city of reliquaries. Little of history seems at first to be ground into its immaculate pavements. It evinces always results rather than life. The Krügel would have made the heels of a tenement-house commissioner click upon the cobblestones; but so delectable was it, lying there in the cool nectarlike sunlight of a July after-

noon, that it was impossible for the time to consider what an execrable place it was for human beings to live in, and we permitted ourselves to like it.

Germany seems to the American to be dealing always with measures rather than men. But she is modern. There are certain phases of modern thought upon which she has seized more readily than any other nation. She is making experiments in co-operation everywhere. She has societies for co-operative buying; co-operative tenements and apartment buildings for civil service officials; and there are successful, if not very old, co-operative industries capitalized and administered by the workers. The co-operative tenements in Berlin are bet-



A TYPICAL CO-OPERATIVE TENEMENT



THE TEMPLEHOF BUILDING, ERECTED BY THE BERLIN SAVINGS AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION

ter than ours in New York because they are more beautiful and pleasant; but even more, it may be, to be desired, they are built with the co-operation of the state, instead of being philanthropic enterprises. In a few years after the industrial insurance laws went into effect the insurance fund had accumulated to such proportions that the question of investing it was one of some embarrassment, and the promoters of the new measure looked about for a way of making this surplus further the same ends which the insurance aimed to further. It has gone for the most part into the sanatoriums which supplement the insurance project, and into co-operative dwellings. Some of the buildings of the labor bureaus have also been put up through loans from it. The rate of interest is 3, $3\frac{1}{2}$, or 4 per cent.; $3\frac{1}{2}$ being half the current rate in Berlin last winter.

All the plan of direction of these associations is more socialized than anything we have as yet in America. It is only a little more so, but it is a little. A tenant in a typical one pays for his share at the rate of 8 cents a week, his investment beginning at once to draw

4 per cent. He cannot sell his apartment nor will it further than his children, and all increase in value thus accrues eventually to the corporation, to be used in putting up new buildings. Every tenant must be a stockholder, and his holding insures him the occupation of his apartment for life at the rent at which he takes it and for the life of his children. Rents in Berlin have greatly increased in the last twenty years, and in the old buildings put up twenty years ago the tenants pay 30 per cent. below the present rate. The stockholders direct the affairs of the society, and get such training in administration as this experience offers. Gladstone laid his power to think clearly to the interminable debates at his father's table, and the annual meetings of the co-operative building associations of Berlin must do a great deal for the Berlin working-man in this way. Every effort has been made to adapt the plan to the lives of working-people. A stockholder may withdraw his full investment without notice; and if he falls upon a time of misfortune, it is drawn upon by the corporation to pay his rent and carry him over. The largest of

the Berlin associations has about 5000 members, of whom 1000 already have apartments. The outside shares are held by people who are waiting for new buildings, upon which the oldest stockholders have, of course, the first claim.

In the buildings themselves everything has been thought of. They are put up always near a railway station, so that it is possible for the working-people in the great factories to live in them; and always on land still cheap toward which the city is growing. They have sound-proof floors and double windows. There are cafés and libraries, assembly halls and kindergartens. The co-operative associations build on only one-half their land instead of two-thirds, and the courts are full of trees, and sand piles, where the children play, and horizontal bars and swings, where they always seem about to be killed, and never are. Children wax lusty in the co-operative tene-

ments. The courts echo all day with their shouts and laughter; and in the afternoons the women sit here to knit, without attending it, as German women do, and to argue vociferously, as is the way of German conversation. I used to hear them in the mornings beating their rugs and curtains with that steady emphasis which is, I suppose, what has made of Germany in thirty years one of the leading industrial nations.

On the newest building the plaster is still white. With its red slate roofs and red chimney-pots; its smiling green court in front; the great gates; the graceful white benches; the evergreens set out formally at intervals upon the terrace; the tessellated white walk with its border of black; the balconies with their show of petunias and geraniums; their striped awnings or canopies of vines—it comes upon one with a great deal of charm. Inside there is a private hall to each apartment and always at least two rooms; about two-thirds of the apartments have three rooms or more. They all bear the cachet of the admirable German housewife. The kitchens are the most seductive, so glistening and bright with color from the flowers and great copper kettles, and the blue and white jars set evenly in rows along the shelves. Full many a morning have I seen this in the kitchen of Frau Krause, and have heard there the longest stories without end that ever held my attention. Frau Krause could entertain you for hours by speaking only of the asthma of the son of her cousin, or the rabbits which her husband once



THE COURTS ECHO ALL DAY WITH SHOUTS AND LAUGHTER

bought for 2 marks 5 and 20 pfennigs, and sold for 6, or possibly indeed a little more,— she could talk, I say, for the longest about nothing of any one I have ever known. There was in her discourse neither wit nor color, but a kind of flavor which you liked for some irresponsible reason. It flowed by you like a placid summer stream, and you sat there indefinitely enjoying that delicious room and the serenity of a wholesome fair old lady who had lived a life without history and grown old, respected, and well content.

Everywhere in Germany an attempt is being made to meet the question of housing. At Essen, the seat of the Krupp works, at the great centres of the textile, the iron, the chemical industries, all through the mining-towns of upper Silesia, at Cologne, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Nuremberg, and innumerable other industrial centres, the great firms provide good dwellings for employees. One looks to find in all the social reforms of Germany one of three projectors—the employer, the state, or the people themselves acting through the Socialist party or trades-unions. The co-operative building societies belong in the second class, since it is only through the Imperial In-



FRAU KRAUSE'S KITCHEN

surance Fund that they are possible, more than half of their capital coming from that source. In all the things which one sees—from the outfit of the conductor on the tram, up to the most universal questions—there is evidence of careful thought. The co-operative tenements are one result of that detailed and scientific consideration of a special problem which seems exhaustive and leaves nothing more to be said, until the conditions of life back of it change.



The Apple of Venus

BY MARJORIE BOWEN

THE APPLE

THE long alley of chestnut trees leading to the château was barred with light and shade; the great green leaves were all atremble in the warm air, and in the thick grass the daisies lay wide open to the sun.

The clock of the distant village struck four as Mademoiselle Sophie came slowly on between the sun-flecked trunks, holding up her pink skirt from her reluctant feet. She was frowning, and her full red lips pouted a little in a manner not unbecoming to her sleepy beauty; her long brown eyes, her thick rich auburn hair, her clear skin, flushed from the sun, were noticeable points in a sumptuous appearance. She gave the impression of something golden, soft, and sullen as she came across the bright silent park land.

Her dress was of something that shimmered in pink silks; where the tight bodice was cut away over her white bosom she had pinned a peony of flaring scarlet; her hands were locked behind her, and now and then she tossed her head impatiently as the ends of her shining curls were blown in her face.

Walking so, slowly, she came to the confines of the park; here an old and sunken wall of brick divided it from open meadow-land that dipped slowly to the hollow where the village lay. The sun glittered on the distant vane on the church spire and shone golden in broad fields of grain and rich orchards. Sophie, with no regard to this slumbrous prospect before her, climbed the low wall and descended the slope of grass beyond.

At the bottom of this slope a little wood was to be entered by a path crossed by a wooden stile; leaning against this stile a man in faded vermilion velvet stood in a very intent attitude, absolutely motionless, his head turned from Sophie's advance. She, as soon as she saw him,

slackened her pace, and paused altogether at length to gaze at him in a slow, half-resentful manner.

The flaming foliage of the bramble and the soft green leaves of the hazel trees overhanging the stile cast waving shadows over him, but the sun falling through the shifting branches dazzled in his rare bright brown hair.

Sophie came forward with a sudden movement, the tall meadowsweet dragging at the hem of her gown, and the man at the stile turned and raised a clear-cut English face, half pleasantly scornful and wholly alluring.

"You have frightened them away," he smiled, and he indicated two pheasants that flashed into the undergrowth at her approach.

Sophie frowned, disdaining a reply.

"You are always late," he said, easily.

She came up to the post of the stile and rested her round white arms on it.

"Do you think I have nothing else to do but keep time to the minute with you?" she asked. "Do you imagine my thoughts are so full of you, Paulyn?" And as she spoke she knew that it had taken a fierce effort of her will to delay her coming, and that, so much had she wished to be soon, she had dragged out the weary time, and with difficulty, that she might be late.

Paulyn, Lord Frere, answered with a deepening of his smile.

"I, you see, have nothing better to do," he said, "and so I am here to time—always."

The reply, given lightly, as a compliment, stung her; she did not care that he should avow so carelessly his liking for her company.

"I wonder why I come at all?" she said, heavily.

He moved from the stile, and leaning against the tree trunk, looked at her curiously. His clothes, though they had been splendid once, were much worn and

faded, the tinsel braid on his coat was tarnished, and the cravat knotted round his throat of fine but torn lace; he looked what he was—an adventurer of birth and parts, with attraction of daredevilry, youth, and breed to weigh against his obvious poverty.

"You know why you come, Sophie," he answered her. "The old house is dull."

Her anger rose at his unconcerned pleasantness; she pulled at the velvet leaves of the hazel and tore them mercilessly in her strong white fingers.

"Not so dull," she said, with a flashing look under her heavy brows, "as you, perchance, may think. Another of your cold nation has come to Luneville."

"My cold nation!" he laughed. "Now what made you say that?"

She ignored the question.

"Sir Gilbert Fraser is my father's guest," she continued. "He is a fine gentleman."

"Fifty," said Lord Frere, "and old for that. I know him."

Sophie tossed her head.

"Not so old, m'sieu," she answered; "there are some would say wealth were better than youth—since it can be shared—"

Lord Frere smiled.

"You would remind me, my dear, that it is owing to the difference between poverty and wealth that he is honored at the château—while your acquaintance with me is clandestine, and your father would not receive a ruined prodigal. Still"—he lifted slowly his gray eyes—"you leave the château for the hedge-row, do you not?"

She scattered the torn fragments of hazel leaf to the wind.

"What do you know of Sir Gilbert?" she asked.

He laughed, as if amused at the seriousness of her question.

"I knew him in England, my dear,—he is a worthy gentleman. He would make you a good husband."

"Ah!" said Sophie. "Though he is fifty, and old for that?"

Lord Frere suddenly sighed.

"Ah, my dear, he is rich, as you have said,—and you are not fitted for a poor man's wife—as I have recognized."

Sophie moved a little farther away among the sun-flecked foliage.

"I do not understand you," she said, while in her heart she understood only too well—he did not care as she cared; bitterly she wondered if men ever did care as women did. She pulled at a fading leaf beside her. "It is autumn," she said, with a faint laugh. "Summer is over, and you must ride away!"

"It has been a pleasant season," said Lord Frere, softly. "You have been very gracious to a vagabond."

The yellow leaf fluttered from her fingers.

"You are going?" she asked.

"I think that you are tired of me," he said. "Yes, Sophie—as you have said, the summer is over." He came up to the stile and rested against it. Words choked in her throat; her hands lay over the peony at her breast.

"If I had been rich, now," sighed Lord Frere, "it had been different."

She was standing half with her back to him, and he could not see the slow color mount into her face, nor how the peony rose and fell over her heart.

"Well?" she said, unsteadily, without looking at him. "How different, m'sieu?"

He lifted his eyebrows and glanced away from her down the cool green glade of the little wood; an expression of rather whimsical melancholy rested on his handsome face; he broke off one of the tall late buttercups growing by the post and twisted it in his fingers.

"Ah, different!" he said, absently.

A hot sideway glance of hers discovered his indifferent bearing. Was he a coward, or did he not understand?—Was it possible he did not understand? She sought desperately for words which should enlighten him, but the precious minutes flew past and she was silent.

A bird whirled out of the covert near, and Lord Frere's sleepy gray eyes were following it as it flitted down the woodland sun-flecked path. Sophie spoke—not as she wished to speak, still with some attempt to get within his guard.

"You are a spendthrift at heart," she said. "And what do you care for money? If one offered you a fortune to-morrow, you would hardly lift your hand to take it."

"You read me well," he said, never looking round at her; "over-well, perhaps. This friend of yours, Sir Gilbert Fraser,

offered me a fortune yesteryear that I refused."

"What do you mean?" she cried, and the blood rushed into her face.

"He collects curiosities, does he not?" Lord Frere glanced at her over his shoulder. "I had something left from the ruin of my fortunes that he wished to buy."

"And you would not sell it?"

"Not for anything he or any man could offer—for some foolish reason I value it greatly."

Sophie felt a giddiness in her head. So he did not value what a fortune could have bought—would buy now—her family's toleration—the position of her equal.

"So," she said, in a voice as quiet as she could make it, "you have it still—this thing?"

Lord Frere twirled the buttercup between his white teeth.

"Yes—I have it." He put his hand into his vest pocket. "With me now and always."

She answered; her eyes sparkled brilliantly.

"You are mad to carry it there—worth a fortune! You will be robbed or murdered for your folly!"

"Why, I can protect it," he said, easily, as he held out a little carved wood case on the palm of his fine hand.

She would not touch it: her rival, the thing he "valued greatly"—she drew back with instinctive hatred of what the little box contained. He gave her a quick, sharp glance, then unfastened the case.

It contained an apple of pure gold, perfectly modelled, with two curling jade leaves set against the stalk. Lord Frere took it out and touched a little spring; the apple flew open in four quarters against the leaves, and disclosed a diamond as large as a lady's nail and beautifully cut.

"An ancestress of mine," said Lord Frere, "was judged the most beautiful woman in England, and her husband had this made for her—she wore it, I think, at her girdle. It was a pretty conceit."

"What is it to you?" asked Sophie, under her breath. "Would not the money buy what you would value more than this toy?"

He answered:

"I know of nothing,"—and it seemed

to her as if he had struck her insolently in the face.

She could not trust herself to speak, while he, all unconscious, showed her how the four quarters were carved inside with the likenesses of the four most beautiful women the world has known—Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Queen Guinevere, and Lucretia Borgia.

"And she had red-gold hair—as you have," he said, pointing to this last.

The remark came to her with the shock of revelation.

"Do you think of me—of women—as—well, like that?" she asked, in a curious, breathless way. "As—such colored hair—such a shaped face—hands so made—" She half held out her own, then laughed. "*Mon Dieu*—you do not understand!"

"Why, no," he answered; his clear gray eyes were on her questioningly.

"It is not worth while," she flashed.

"And now I think—it is over-late—I must return."

She came up to the stile and leaned a little towards him; the sunlight shimmered on her satin bodice and showed most wonderfully the glittering threads of her hair.

"I shall not come again," she said.

Lord Frere closed the golden apple and returned it to his pocket.

"Why?" he asked. "You are tired of your amusement?"

Through the perfect golden green silence following on his speech, the church in the village below them struck, and the clear echo of the little bell seemed to hover a long while in the sweet air; Sophie moved with slow fingers a lock of hair back from her face.

"Keep your toy well, my lord," she smiled.

"You think I am a fool to keep it," he answered her. "Well, I shall never part with it—unless—"

She took him up quickly.

"Unless?"

"God wot, I might come to starve!" he laughed.

She drew away from the stile.

"Then you can sell that jewel to Sir Gilbert," she said, and her eyes narrowed.

"Now—good-by, Paulyn."

She held out her hand.

"You mean it?" he asked.



Painting by Howard Pyle

THE PRECIOUS MINUTES FLEW PAST, BUT SHE WAS SILENT

She answered quietly:

"We go to Paris in two days—and you," she smiled slowly—"you will be tired of our quiet village."

"Is this the end of our wayside acquaintance?" he laughed. "And you take leave of me—like this?"

"I will come again to-morrow," said Sophie. "To say good-by, Paulyn,—but now they are expecting me at the château."

Their hands met and clasped lightly above the heads of the tall buttercups and parsley flowers; then she gathered up her dress and turned away.

"Until to-morrow," said Lord Frere, and smiled at her carelessly.

She gave one glance at the slim figure in the faded scarlet and passed on her way. Her face was curiously pale and hardened; she walked very slowly and steadily towards the château, and paused now and then to shake the fragments of leaves and grass off the edge of her long gown.

On entering the great house she went straight to the library, where she found her father's guest over his books.

He looked up as her gracious youth came into the room, and the warm color of her opulent beauty was jewel-like against the sombre background. Sir Gilbert rose from his place.

Without a word Sophie passed him, took the peony from her breast and set it in the dragon-painted vase on the mantel-shelf; then she turned.

"It is yes, after all, Sir Gilbert," she said, quietly. "I will be your wife."

VENUS

The ruddy, steady glow of a fire that had burned to a great golden heart shone on the blue and purple of a Japanese vase that stood on a slim table by Sir Gilbert's chair and gave a slight color to his worn, bloodless face. By the tall window stood his wife, gazing out on Soho Square, growing dim in the waning English afternoon.

Sir Gilbert looked thoughtfully at her beautiful figure and the fine line of her bare throat and averted face.

"Will you come here, Sophie?" he said at last.

She turned at once and moved across the room in her usual slow manner; as she came into the glow of the fire the bright green of her gown, the carnation of her face, the glitter of her hair, and the white jewels at her throat showed as notable things.

"You wanted me?" she asked.

Sir Gilbert rose and unlocked the glass front of a black lacquer cabinet that stood against the wall; while, with slow, careful movements, he sought for something in its dark recesses, she watched him without interest.

After a while he found what he looked for and held it out to her.

"I wish you to wear this to-night," he said.

It was a little box that lay on his hand; she knew it and what it contained.

"What whim is this?" she asked, quietly.

"No whim at all." He unlocked the box and took out a gold apple with jade leaves. "You remember that I bought this two years ago, when you were in France?"

"I remember," said Sophie. She picked up a drawn-silk hand-screen and held it up before her face.

Sir Gilbert laughed dryly.

"The man who sold it to me came to-day to buy it back."

"Ah?" The rose-silk screen fluttered a little in her hand.

"He is coming to-night to dine with us," continued her husband. "I think he will amuse you."

"Amuse me?" The hand-screen was quite still now.

"Yes—he is interesting." Sir Gilbert was fixing the apple to a long, fine gold chain. "He was most stormy when I refused to sell this to him, but we parted good friends. He is Earl of Clare now, through a distant cousin's death, and, for the time at least, a swinging fortune. A scoundrel, of course."

"Why do you have him here?" asked Sophie. "Do you think scoundrels amuse me?"

"He is charming, too—I can read him very easily; he has set his heart on this." He touched the apple lightly. "He intends by any means to get it. I dare say"—again he laughed dryly—"he has thieved in his time."

His wife laid down the screen; for all the glow of the firelight, she was, had her husband eyes to notice, curiously pale for her.

"So you want me to wear it?" she asked.

"Hidden in your dress." He handed it to her.

She put the chain round her white neck and slipped the apple into the bosom of her gown.

"So?" she said, rather faintly; she felt a cold touch against her heart, and for a moment it was as if he had passed her again, after all these years.

"So." Sir Gilbert nodded, well pleased. "I shall puzzle him as to where I keep it, shall I not?"

"He is coming to discover that?" asked Sophie.

"I think so—ostensibly, of course, to see my collection: it will be a duel of wits."

She moved back into the warm shadows of the room.

"Why should he value it so highly?" she questioned; then suddenly, "You make him out a common thief, and yet let him come here!"

"He is amusing," repeated Sir Gilbert, "an attractive vagabond."

Sophie laughed, quite unreasonably scornful, it seemed to her husband.

"You have said you found it dull," he remarked.

Her fingers curled round the fine chain that held the apple.

"You offer a strange diversion."

Sir Gilbert answered sharply:

"Say I please myself, then, madam. I like the fellow."

She came to the fire and seated herself in one of the deep leathern chairs.

"It is no matter, either way—to me."

In this attitude, that was neither attention nor indifference, but like lifeless movement, sitting forward, motionless, with her head half turned to the door, and the firelight ruddy on her averted cheek, she sat long after her husband had left the room, and though the wood on the hearth was sinking into ashes she did not notice it.

She heard a carriage drive up without, and never moved; she heard footsteps on the stairs, and never moved.

Then, when the door opened, she rose

suddenly, and her hands closing on the hand-screen, snapped the fragile stick. It was the servant with the candles.

With an impulse of daring and defiance she took the one set on the table near the Japanese vase and placed it on the mantel-shelf, so that the light fell on her face, and when—he—entered with Sir Gilbert she was standing so with her head erect. In the seconds that her husband used in introducing them her eyes flashed courageously over him.

Five years ago!

She had imagined many things; she had not been prepared for this: he was ostentatiously splendid, magnificently dressed, and the richness of his appointments suited his reckless face; he was as attractive now, standing within her door in his perfumed velvets, as her straying thoughts during these years had ever pictured him in his faded scarlet coat.

He accepted her presence, her position, with the calm she knew he would show; in the instant that she dared look into his dangerous eyes he showed her that their last meeting was as vivid in his mind as in hers. But had Sir Gilbert been as keen on the track of their secret as he was unconscious of it, he could have guessed nothing from the Earl's demeanor.

He said very little to Sophie; while her husband displayed the treasures with which the room was filled he leaned against the table, facing the fire, and his attention was all for the connoisseur and his collection.

Sophie pushed the candle away from her now and sat back in her chair watching. She saw her husband moving to and fro among his cabinets; the table laden with gold and silver ware that glittered in the candlelight: ancient chasubles with rough-set gems, carved ivory coffers, and strange-shaped ornaments of rock crystal; and it was all but a dim background to the figure of the Earl.

He was in black and white velvet, with a great knot of pink ribbons on his shoulder; his profile was towards her, and she noticed a bunch of violets fastened in his Bruges-lace cravat. He talked and laughed with Sir Gilbert; he was entertaining, charming, flattering; he used that subtlest of incense, envy, and Sophie observed that despite his cool sum-

ming up, her husband was fascinated and enthralled.

She had lived very quietly since her marriage; how quietly she had not realized till now. As she sat in the shadow looking at the Earl she was aware that her life had stopped with his passing out of it, and that the long even years with Sir Gilbert had been filled with merely mechanical actions and aimless thoughts; now, like a tide dammed and suddenly set free, her blood flowed passionately. She knew that her husband was old and dull, that her days had been as dust; she knew what she had missed, and she looked with narrowed brown eyes at the careless figure of the man who had cheated her of it.

His brilliant presence had altered the sombre house as it had altered the quiet woods round her home; she could see Sir Gilbert was under the spell of the graces being so freely used for his captivation, although he had named the Earl—scoundrel.

Sophie put her fingers to the fine chain crossing her bosom: it was curious to remember the day when they had stood either side of the stile with tall buttercups between and the jewel now hidden over her heart had flashed in his open hand.

He never mentioned the apple; if he was observant of every detail that might discover to him its hiding-place, he gave no sign of it; careless and gay, absolutely at his ease, he appeared to have no motive beyond the moment.

At dinner, Sophie, seated between him and her husband, was so near him that their sleeves brushed when they moved; still, he spoke very little to her, and looked at her hardly at all. As she listened to his interested converse with Sir Gilbert she wondered if she had read aright that first glance of his—if, after all, he had not completely forgotten! It was likely enough: what had not these five years, so uneventful to her, been to him?

She colored hotly to think of it. Sir Gilbert remarked on her silence; he was secretly a little piqued that his beautiful wife had made so little impression on the Earl, though the latter's willing attention to his learned talk on his precious collection might be some recompense.

To Sophie the evening was intolerable; her blood stirred with a strange, unnameable excitement. When they returned to the up-stairs room, where Sir Gilbert's curios still glittered on the table, she escaped to the balcony and stood silent there, looking over the dark square and the winking lights of the town.

She could hear the voices of the two, so different in quality, modulated to the same tone; looking round sharply once, she saw her husband bending over one of his cabinets, and the Earl seated by the fire in the chair she had just left. She could only see his back; his attitude was that of some one writing,—the next instant he had risen, turned, and was coming towards her.

"You have dropped your fan, my lady."

He stood in the shadow of the window; the light from within caught his white sleeve as he held out her painted fan.

She had left it, purposely, on the chair; without a demur, however, she took it, and the Earl, bowing, returned to Sir Gilbert, who was opening upon the gilt settee a portfolio.

Sophie stood perfectly still, gazing with unseeing eyes across the darkness. He had written something on her fan. She felt as though some one gripped her heart and held it so that she could not breathe. So—he was playing with her husband! What did he want with her—what did he dare to want with her?

She moved so that some of the light fell over her and unfurled her fan; yellow butterflies were painted on it, and they seemed to dance before her eyes like live things; then she read, in clear pencillings beneath them, his message:

"Venus wears the apple to-night—both are mine by right—I have been without both too long. I have so much to ask, to answer. After I leave to-night I shall return to your garden and wait for you.
PAULYN."

Sophie closed her fan slowly; her desire was to laugh madly; this was characteristic of him: when he could have had her for the asking,—yes, it was the naked truth, for the asking,—he rode away, and now she was another man's wife, he would risk a great deal to whistle her back. She was to steal his jewel for

him, and he put this on her fan!—his old recklessness—his old insolence.

Hardly a glance did she give him when he took his leave, but an hour later she was waiting at the end of the dark garden, with a cloak over her bright dress.

The moon was out, and the stars, but their fire was quenched behind a soft veil of mist; the whole sky was dull and gray. The garden was not finely kept nor filled with blooms, but by the plane trees and the old stone seat at the wall grew a quantity of half-wild wallflowers, and their perfume was sweet and strong.

Sophie sat on the stone seat and twisted a spray in her fingers; the garden here was lit, in a gloomy flickering fashion, by the swinging street-lamp on the house opposite the wall.

The miserable thin moon cleared the dark chimney-tops and swam into the pallid sky with a trail of wet vapor after her. Sophie heard the steps of a passerby echoing down the empty streets; the wallflowers fell from her hands on to the lap of her silk dress.

As the footsteps died away, another, bolder and firmer, sounded, coming nearer, and she could hear him singing, in a soft, reckless voice.

She rose and waited.

He knocked on the little wooden door in the garden wall.

"He is very sure I am here," she thought, and opened the door quietly.

He entered with a wholly delightful, half-hushed laugh; he wore a dark velvet riding-mantle, and swung his hat in his hand.

Sophie closed the door and went back to the seat; he followed her, eagerness on his lips.

"Now—forget five years—my dear!" He took her passive hand and held it warmly. "First, why did you never come the last time—as you promised?"

"You speak of too long ago," she answered,—"yet—you are much the same."

"To you always."

"I did not mean that." She had withdrawn her hand from his and closed it over the sprig of flowers in her lap. "I mean that you were reckless and careless in the way you behaved to-night—and—very certain."

He laughed in his old assured manner.

"Of what?" He had seated himself at

the end of the seat and was leaning towards her; she could half see his face in the shadow of his dark hair. "Sophie—are you not glad that I have come?"

"Do you think that I have been waiting for you all these years?" she answered; her blood was running quick at the manner in which he took it for granted that she should come at his first bidding, the manner in which he accepted, without either surprise or thanks, her compliance with his monstrous request, but there was little to be told from her quiet voice, little to be seen from her shrouded figure.

"Sophie," said the Earl, leaning closer, "I have often wondered why you never came to say farewell as you promised me. Sometimes I thought that I knew—"

She laid the wallflower to her lips.

"Why will you talk of five years ago? What have you come to say to me now?"

"I think that you know."

She could hear his quick breathing. Surely he was a little moved.

"Listen to me, Lord Clare. You went out of my life utterly. I only heard of you once—when my husband told me he had bought this toy from you." She touched her bosom and saw his eyes flash. "I never thought to see you again until to-night—now, what can you imagine are my feelings towards you—now, what do you mean to say?"

Her hand rested on her knee; he laid his very gently over it.

"You care something or you had never remembered you ever cared more; you cared something or you had not come to-night. You belong, Sophie, to me, and I am here to claim you."

Her fingers trembled under his.

"Me—or your jewel?"

"Both—mine, both! The dotard sought to outwit me; he thought I should not guess where he had concealed the jewel; he thought that it would be impossible for me to steal it from such a hiding-place."

She stopped him swiftly.

"Yes—he thought so."

The Earl laughed at the recollection of the successful part he had played that evening.

"You have graced this dusty dwelling long enough, my dear."

Sophie rose suddenly; the perfume of

the wallflowers was strong as wine to make her senses reel.

"You woo me late," she said, thickly.

"Before, I was a poor man." His voice came through the cross-shadows; she could see the dark outline of his figure against the flickering lamplight cast across the wall; she put out her hand and touched the smooth bark of the plane tree.

"Why did you sell—this?" Again she touched her bosom.

She felt he reined in eagerness as he answered.

"I was starving."

"So—what could not go for love went for bread!" She laughed. "And now—you have come to ask me to steal it for you, have you not—to give it to you?"

"No." He rose from his seat. "I want you, yourself—Venus as well as the apple, my dear."

She was breathing painfully.

"You—you would suggest I go with you?"

"Yes."

"You—you think I will?"

"By God! I think so."

Her fingers had closed over the chain across her bosom; she saw how he watched this.

"What else am I to steal from Sir Gilbert for you?" she asked; she moved away from him, but he leaned forward and caught at her glittering dress where the cloak fell aside.

"Are we to palter here until the old man sees us? Sophie, I am tired of England. Come with me back to France."

She was drawn against the wall now, crushed in among the wallflowers.

"Hush! they will hear us in the street! Stand away from me, my lord. You do not understand—nothing could make you understand!"

At the tone in her voice he instinctively stepped back, and she moved past him, with the dull light flickering on her figure.

"Do you think that there is nothing I value more than your late-flung favor?" she said, quietly. "If I were a free

woman I would not trust myself to such as you—no! Stand away from me!" She flung out her hand and struck him lightly on the breast. "Once I amused you—to me it was something more; for five years you were silent; now—things are different; I came here to-night to tell you so." Her voice came in pants. "You think me a dull fool,"—she pulled at the chain round her neck. "Once I might—have followed you—anywhere; now—good night—oh, I can say it easily—farewell!"

"Sophie!"

He seized her hands, but she dragged them away.

"Here is what you came for—this that I have round my neck."

She tossed the chain at his feet. He sprang after her, but she ran down the dark length of the garden rapidly, and he heard her close and bolt the window.

At that Lord Clare went back to the plane and the wallflowers. At his feet the chain glittered in a tiny heap. What he had come for—yes—perhaps.

Yet Sophie—so suddenly unattainable—was provokingly alluring, unfathomable, and surprising. He gathered the jewel into his pocket without looking at it and stepped into the street. His swift vanity was reassured.

"After all, the jade cares," he thought, "or why did she give me this?"

He smiled, and leaning against the street post, leisurely drew it from his pocket. Sir Gilbert's jewel was a good guarantee of Sir Gilbert's wife.

The yellow lamplight and the cloudy radiance of the moon shone on the chain as he ran it over his fingers, looking for the familiar glitter of the golden apple.

But in place of it hung a little gilded skull.

Lord Clare felt the blood run to his heart with a hateful sense of shock.

"By gad! *does* the jade care?" he said. Then he laughed curiously and, with her mocking gift hanging over his fingers, looked up at her dark house.

"And do I care to have missed the apple—or to have missed—Venus?"

Archaic Speech of the Uneducated

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IDIOMS die hard. The same thing may be said of inflections, and to a less degree of the uses of words. In many instances they never die at all, in spite of every effort which the processes of education put forth for their extermination. Rejected by the cultivated, they take refuge in the homes of the unlettered. There they are preserved and cherished. There defying all attempts to destroy them, they flourish often in their primitive vigor. The only rivals of the uneducated in the conservation of archaic linguistic usages are the poets. Still, these are so far behind their humbler associates in this particular that they can hardly be classed as rivals at all.

This clinging of the illiterate to usages which, once in universal esteem, have died out of the literary speech can be noted in orthoepy as well as in vocabulary and grammar. There are plenty of instances where pronunciations which formerly everybody employed have so sunk in repute as to become a distinguishing mark of imperfect or utterly neglected training. A very signal illustration of this fact is furnished by such words as *oil* and *boil* and *joint* and *point*, which to the very end of the eighteenth century retained their old diphthongal sound of *i*, as now represented by the spellings *ile* and *bile* and *jint* and *pint*. The modern pronunciation, when it first began to be used, seemed to many exceedingly affected.

Still, it is not in orthoepy that the uneducated continue to preserve markedly the once good usage of the educated. Much more do they do this in the case of verbal and grammatical forms and meanings. Take as an illustration of the changed employment of words the verb *learn* in the sense of "teach." This usage is frequent in the mouths of the uneducated, and is sometimes heard from the lips of those who would resent not being called educated. When it occurs in the speech of the latter it is characterized, according

to the state of mind of the censor, by the mild term of impropriety or the more vigorous one of vulgarism. The rule for its employment is simple. We can learn a thing; we cannot learn a person. Yet the uneducated in employing the latter usage are merely following the practice of the ancestors of us all. It has taken generations—it is perhaps safer to say centuries—to establish the existing distinction between this verb and *teach*. There is little doubt that the desire to restrict *learn* to its present use manifested itself long before it prevailed generally. The fact that in our authorized version of the Bible the now condemned employment of it does not occur, shows that even in the sixteenth century there were men who felt the desirability of setting up a distinction between the two verbs. Yet while this is apparently the case, the practice of so doing was far then from being generally adopted. There are more than a dozen instances of the use of *learn* in the sense of "teach" in the writings of Shakespeare. This of itself is sufficient to show that the distinction was not regarded as binding in the Elizabethan period. Furthermore, it is as true of other writers of the time as of him. The frequent occurrence indeed of such an employment of it by popular authors sufficiently accounts for the slow establishment of the distinction.

In truth, *learn*, meaning "to teach," can hardly be said to have been absolutely banished to the utterance of the uneducated till the beginning of the nineteenth century. In the writers of the eighteenth it was liable to show itself at any moment. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, for illustration, was one of the most brilliantly intellectual women of her age. Owing to her birth, her social position, and her literary associations, she may be taken as a fair representative of the received usage of the cultivated classes. Yet she resorted unhesitatingly

to the now discarded employment of the word. Writing from Turkey to her sister, in March, 1718, she gave an account of her visit to the Sultana, and described the arrangement of her household. She remarked that it was the business of the older slaves to take care of the young girls, and among other things "to learn them to embroider." A quarter of a century later she had not abandoned this usage. In 1751, writing to her daughter from her Italian home, she spoke of being useful to the villagers, and compared herself to the goddess Ceres. "If it be true," were her words, "that she taught the art of sowing wheat, it is sure I have learned them to make bread." Here the equivalence of the two words is brought out with special distinctness.

It has been intimated that certain words and idioms which have come to be disused in the literary language of prose continue to maintain themselves in verse. Still, even there they make their appearance on only a limited scale. They are consciously felt to be archaisms. That is a sure sign that they have ceased to be a living force. Vanished strong forms of the verb occasionally occur in poetry, such, for instance, as *holp* and *holpen* for *helped*. These are literary archaisms introduced intentionally. The employment of them is not as it is in the natural untutored speech of a dialect. Such also is the case with the verb *be*. The educated have confined this form to the infinitive, the imperative, and the subjunctive. But readers of the English Bible and of Shakespeare cannot fail to observe how constantly *be* is used as an indicative, especially in the third person plural. To a certain extent poetry continues so to employ it. "There be perhaps who barren hearts avow," writes Campbell in the "Pleasures of Hope." In this line he exemplifies a usage which, however rare in prose, is far from infrequent in verse.

But in the speech of the uneducated *be* retains all its original vitality. The forms of the substantive verb are indeed interchanged on a grand scale in the provincial speech of the English counties. We are told in the invaluable *Dialect Dictionary* of Professor Wright that in Surrey "to the question, Where be you? the answer is invariably, Here I are." But outside of innumerable

local peculiarities *be*, alike in England and America, is employed frequently in the language of the populace as an indicative form. This is especially true of the first person singular and the third person plural. In the latter case in particular the usage represents faithfully the early literary speech. Chaucer, its great representative author, hardly knows such a third person plural as *are*. It is found a few times in his writings, but only a few times.

There is still another verbal form, long rejected by the cultivated classes, to which the uneducated cling. This is *went* as a past participle. Etymologically such an employment of it is perfectly correct. It was not its own fault, it was owing to a concurrence of circumstances that it was dislodged from the place it originally occupied. In Anglo-Saxon there were two verbs in particular which expressed the idea of movement in a given direction. One was *gân*, the original of *go*. The other was *wendan*, our *wend*. The verb *go* was and is a genuine irregular verb. It was from another root that its past tense was borrowed. The form of this in Anglo-Saxon was *êode*, which later became *yede* or *yode*. On the other hand, *wendan* had as its preterite and past participle *wente* and *went* respectively. It so happened in process of time that *go* lost its preterite *yede* or *yode*. To make up for its disappearance it helped itself to the past tense of *wend*, which had discarded its final *e* and became *went*. As *go* continued, however, to retain its old participle *gon*—*gone*, as it is now spelt—it had no use for the participle *went*. When therefore *have* in its capacity of universal auxiliary began to take the place of the forms of *be* with verbs of motion, *have gone* became the standard tense phrase. *Have went* was relegated to the speech of the uneducated.

The change came about gradually. In Chaucer and his contemporaries the old form occurs frequently. Such passages as "He . . . on his way is went," "Jason . . . home is went," are found in the poet's pages. But with all the influence he exerted upon the development of the English language, he could not keep the past participle *went* in the literary speech. The verb of which it

was a part came itself in time to be largely disused. "Hopeless and helpless does Ægeon wend" is one of the only two places in which it occurs in Shakespeare. In consequence of its infrequency, the original connection with it of the preterite *went* was forgotten entirely. As a result, the verb itself early developed a new and regular past tense and participle *wended* to take the place of the forms of which it had been despoiled. Yet down to a comparatively late period writers resorted occasionally to the use of the old participle *went*. Spenser's employment of it in his "Shepherd's Calendar" was doubtless due to the fact that he was intentionally imitating a rustic dialect. Perhaps the same explanation may apply to such a line as

Is thy bagpipe broke or are thy lambs mis-
went?

in Sir Philip Sidney's *Dialogue between Two Shepherds*. Yet this is doubtful; for there is no indication, in the rest of the piece, of an attempt to represent anything but the regular authorized speech. However that may be, there were during the seventeenth century several writers of repute who employed this participle. Even in the eighteenth century it is not infrequent in the diary of the Oxford scholar and antiquary, Thomas Hearne. For instance, he records in 1727 a walk he had taken to Denton court, passing through Chils-well, "which way," he adds, "I had never went before." But Hearne was a Tory of the Tories, and doubtless saw as little use in abandoning words and forms that had once been established as he did in abandoning institutions.

But though the use of *went* as a past participle disappeared from the language of literature, it has continued to retain in the speech of the uneducated all its original vigor. From them it is heard now as frequently as it was heard in Chaucer's time from the lips of the most cultivated. In this respect its fortunes have a close resemblance to those of certain absolute forms of the possessive pronoun when it is not followed by a substantive. These were once in good concurrent use with the rivals which have driven them out of the literary speech. None the less do they still

flourish as luxuriantly in the language of low life as they did in the days when they were accepted by all as perfectly proper. These are the forms *ourn*, *yourn*, and *hern*, to which later were added *his'n* and *theirn*. They used to be regularly accounted for as contractions of the pronoun with the following *own*; *our own*, for illustration, becoming *our'n*. It barely need be added that this derivation, the production of amateur philology, has long gone the way of similar explanations.

At the very outset it is to be said that both *ours* and *ourn*, *yours* and *yourn*, came somewhat late in the language. The genuine etymological forms in both cases are *oure*, *our*, and *youre*, *your*. These continued to appear at times in Chaucer and his contemporaries. "I you swore to be all freely your," says Cleopatra in addressing the dead Antony. This usage crops up at intervals down to a somewhat late period—as late certainly as the seventeenth century. In the second of his sonnets to Cælia, Browne, the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, says of the sun that

the store
Of thick clouds interposed makes her less
our.

But these simple forms lacked distinctiveness. Language therefore set out to impart it by adding to them in one part of the country the ending in *-s* of the Northern dialect, in another part the ending in *-n* common in the Southern. Strictly speaking, they were both what we are wont to call corruptions. They were in reality double possessives. But they were corruptions which language felt the necessity of having. The question early presented itself, in most instances unconsciously, to the users of English, Which of these forms should the literary speech adopt? There were *mine* and *thine* in use, in which the ending in *-n* already existed. Then again there was *his*, which from the beginning had the ending in *-s*. Which of these terminations should be chosen by *our* and *your* and *her*? It was clearly for a while an open question.

This attitude of indecision can be seen best illustrated in the fourteenth-century Wycliffite version of the Scriptures. In this work not only the original simple

form of the pronoun used absolutely occurs, but also the two incoming representatives of it, the one ending in *-s*, the other in *-n*. For these variances the speech of the particular district from which the collaborator or the copyist of the manuscript came is probably responsible. For our purpose it is necessary only to present one or two examples of what is now the rejected form. Here they follow with the spelling modernized. When the Shunammite woman, whose son Elisha had brought back to life, asked the king of Israel for the return of her house and land, Jehoram is represented as saying to one of his officers, "Restore thou to her all things that be hern." So in Genesis, Pharaoh is represented as commanding Joseph to tell his brethren, in leaving the land of Canaan, to pay no heed to bringing with them their property, for "all the riches of Egypt shall be yourn." Still, it must be admitted that these forms in *-n* seem never to have had much chance of general adoption in the language of the educated. The failure of Chaucer to employ them—who in this particular pretty certainly represented the usage prevailing in the circles of the court—almost inevitably involved their general rejection by later writers and by the cultivated. This had the effect of banishing them to the homes of the humble. But had the condition of things been reversed, we should all have been saying in these days *ourn* and *yourn* and *hern*, and looking upon *ours* and *yours* and *hers* as irredeemable vulgarisms.

The remarkable thing about these *-n* forms is their prevalence and persistence. They are heard wherever the English language is spoken. Furthermore, they have been from the outset aggressive. Even in the early period this ending forced itself upon *his* as that in *-s* never did upon *mine* or *thine*. In a fifteenth-century manuscript of "Anelida and Arcite" occur these lines:

Her freedom (*i. e.*, generosity) Arcite found
in such mannere
That all hisen is that hers was, much and
lyte.

Chaucer of course was not responsible for the form *hisen*. That was the work of one of the villainous scribes against whose proceedings he has left behind an anathema. Its early appearance, however, is one of

many signs of the abounding vitality of these *-n* forms—a vitality which has never shown sign of diminution. Literature has long disowned and discarded them. All the energies of education have been steadily devoted to suppressing them. Before the relentless war waged upon them they will doubtless succumb in the end. Yet there are numerous places—out-of-the-way places, to be sure—in which they still dominate the speech of the large majority. In numerous others they are retiring before the conquering march of the schoolmaster, but they retire slowly and sullenly. In consequence the victory over them will not be speedy. Centuries of steady repression have gone by, and they still retain their vigor essentially unimpaired.

Examples have been given of uses of words and of inflectional forms once in good repute which have been relegated to the speech of the uneducated. The same thing is furthermore true of syntactical constructions. There is in our tongue no more deeply rooted and widely extended illustration of these survivals of a past of good usage than the employment of the double negative to strengthen the negation. All the efforts of education for centuries seem to have exerted hardly a perceptible influence in diminishing its prevalence with a great body of speakers. It was once my fortune to hear an exemplification of this idiom as it came in its native energy from the mouth of an irate father who had been for some time contemplating with profoundest disgust the head-gear with which his daughter had adorned herself. He was of Scandinavian descent, and I seemed to catch a glimpse of the old Berserker rage flaming forth in his violent utterance. No one negative would have sufficed to convey the intensity of his indignation. "Don't you never let me see you wear no such thing on your head no more," were the words in which his opulence of disapproval found expression. Not that the prohibition with all its wealth of negatives wrought the desired effect. Against the rock of feminine fancy in dress, supported by fashion, the waves of parental wrath dash in vain. Besides, the girl, whose education was better than her parent's, had learned that two negatives constitute an affirmative. Accordingly, it

was natural for her to assume that the employment of two additional ones still further intensified the positiveness of the injunction that she should wear just what she was inclined to wear.

But the point to be brought out here is that the wrathful parent of the nineteenth century spoke precisely as under similar circumstances Chaucer would have done in the fourteenth. Two negatives the poet uses constantly to strengthen the negation. In his time that was the absolutely correct thing to do. But on special occasions—on occasions wherein he sought to express himself with peculiar energy—he called in the aid of three or four. In the *Canterbury Tales*, for instance, the knight is the ideal soldier and gentleman. The one trait upon which the poet lays particular stress is the unfailing courtesy he displays to every one, no matter what his station in life. He emphasizes this characteristic by crowding four negatives into two lines. Of him it is asserted that

He never yet no villainy ne said
In all his life unto no manner wight.

Put in modern prose this declares that the knight in all his life never used any abusive language to any sort of person. Such a restrained way of stating the fact satisfies itself with one negative. It conveys the sense after a fashion, and is without doubt a very gentlemanly way of putting things. Yet how dreadfully tame it seems as against the combined crushing force produced by the succession of *never* and *no* and *ne* and *no*. Long disuse has indeed hindered us from appreciating the full effect of the original construction. In order to feel that, one must first become thoroughly steeped in Chaucer's diction.

In writing as he did Chaucer was following the practice which had prevailed from the beginning in his own tongue. In Anglo-Saxon, as in ancient Greek, the more negatives you had, the stronger became your negation. The transition to the opposite sense took place during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the study of the Latin classics was at its height. By the end of the latter century men had forgotten the existence of the earlier and once common idiom. In his edition of Chaucer, Speght speaks of the

poet's use of it as "an imitation of the Greek construction"—Greek being a language of which neither the poet himself nor contemporary authors could have read a word. It was nothing but the imitation of the Latin construction which had produced the change.

Has it been a benefit? It is more than doubtful. "As for our double negative," says Lowell in his Biglow Papers, "I shall waste no time in quoting instances of it, because it was once as universal in English as it still is in the Neo-Latin languages, where it does not strike us as vulgar. I am not sure that the loss of it is not to be regretted." In this doubt he indicated the feeling entertained by many that with its disappearance has gone largely the strength which was once given by it to expression. More than that, the abandonment of the idiom in its ancient sense has had the practical effect of driving it out of frequent use even in the modern sense. He who familiarizes himself with our earlier literature can hardly help being struck with the constant occurrence of two or more negatives to strengthen the negation. On the other hand, he who studies our later literature with an eye on this idiom, in its now accepted usage of constituting an affirmative, will be struck with its rarity. Naturally it occurs. Milton, for illustration, describes the attitude of the fallen angels in the following lines:

Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not
feel.

Yet, while passages like these can be met with, they can hardly be said to be common.

But here again, as in the other cases cited, the supplanted idiom, long banished from literature, retains all its vitality in the speech of the uneducated. Nowhere among them are there to be discovered any signs of its disappearance. There is furthermore one peculiarity about its use which is not true of any of the previous expressions considered. Certain phrases containing a double negative strengthening the negation are to be found in many of the best writers of our speech from the Elizabethan period to the present day—writers, for instance, such as Swift and Gray, who did not need

the instruction of our most recent graduates to tell them what was improper to say. Take, for illustration, one of the most common of these phrases, in which *no* or *nor* or *not* is joined with *neither*. "My brows become nothing else than a plain kerchief," says Mrs. Ford to Falstaff, "nor that well neither." Scores of such instances occur in Shakespeare; nor in Shakespeare alone, but in many of the best and most idiomatic writers from that day to this. The fact is not brought out here either to justify or condemn their action. It is simply to show the exceeding vitality of the original idiom, the tenacity of the hold it continues to have on the speech of all.

These are a few scattered illustrations of the various sorts of usages which were once in the best of repute, but are now excluded from good linguistic society. But that does not prevent them from being employed by the uneducated multitude. In this respect their speech may be called archaic. But one must not get the impression that the language of low life has generally, still less invariably, this honorable past. When the usage in question is heard widely in regions far apart the chances are in favor of its high descent. But even to this principle there are notable exceptions. Take, for instance, the past participles *done* and *seen* used as preterites. They are heard apparently in all countries where our language is spoken. Indeed, if we can trust the observation of that widest read of linguistic critics, Fitzedward Hall, they have a far more honorable position in England than in America. Hall was a merciless, almost a savage, critic of the verbal peculiarities of his countrymen. In one of his communications he remarked that one must go in England far down in the social scale to hear such phrases as "he is not hurt any," "I slept none at night," "it blows some." But he made an exception in the case of the first of the forms under consideration. "While one," he wrote, "is surprised to hear, for example, 'I done it,' from any American but the most illiterate, one may often hear it in England from persons not very far below the rank of gentlemen." This testimony may be impeached.

No man, however great his learning, or ample his opportunities for observation, can be deemed an unassailable authority on the usage of a whole people. But there is this to be said of the critic, that long study of the language and long residence in England give to his conclusions peculiar authority.

But *done*, like *seen*, is a purely popular perversion. It does not even appear to have behind it any ancient dialectic usage. It can boast of no descent from either a humble or high literary or linguistic ancestry. No writer of repute seems ever to have used it seriously. Such facts take it at once out of the class of expressions, here considered, which, though condemned by everybody, are heard everywhere. There is still another peculiarity about these two forms. In the history of our speech there are many cases in which the preterite has intruded itself into the past participle and some cases in which it has maintained itself there. But *done* and *seen* are the only instances in which a full participial form has intruded itself into the preterite. One must not be misled by the likeness of the past tense and past participle in the case of certain strong verbs. The exclusive use of *flung* and *stung* for *flang* and *stang*, the occasional use of *begun* and *writ* for *began* and *wrote*, and the concurrent use of *sung* and *sang*, of *sprung* and *sprang*, owe their existence to an entirely different cause. Furthermore, the employment of *done* and *seen* as preterites, though criminal as we look at it, is not in itself a high crime. It is inadvisable to attribute our avoidance of it to any innate superiority of linguistic virtue in ourselves, independent of good usage. The truth is that from the abstract grammatical point of view we are all of us miserable sinners. We should be shocked were one of our number to use in perfect seriousness *I have did* for *I have done*. Yet every one of us is daily using a precisely similar form of expression. We all say *I have stood* or *understood* instead of the etymologically correct *I have stonden* or *understonden*. Here not only have we lost the sense of shame, but most of us have lost even the consciousness of having committed a linguistic sin.

The Inner Shrine

A NOVEL

CHAPTER VIII

IT had apparently been decreed that Derek Pruyn was not to go to South America that year. On more than one occasion he had been delayed on the eve of sailing. From February the voyage was postponed to May, and from May to September. In September it had ceased for the moment to be urgent, while remaining a possibility. It was the February of a year later before it became a definite necessity no longer to be put off.

In the meanwhile, under the beneficent processes of time, sunshine, and Diane Eveleth's cultivation, Miss Dorothea Pruyn had become a "bud." The small, hard, green thing had unfolded petals whose delicacy, purity, and fragrance were a new contribution to the joy of living. Society in general showed its appreciation, and Derek Pruyn was proud.

He was more than proud; he was grateful. The development that had changed Dorothea from a forward little girl into a charming maiden, and which might have been the mere consequence of growth, was to him the evident fruit of Diane's influence. The subtle differences whereby his own dwelling was transformed from a handsome, more or less empty, shell into an abode of the domestic amenities sprang, in his opinion, from a presence shedding grace. All the more strange was it, therefore, that both presence and influence remained as remote from his own personal grasp as music on the waves of sound or odors in the air. Of the many impressions produced by a year of Diane's residence beneath his roof, none perplexed him more than her detachment. Moreover, it was a detachment as difficult to comprehend in quality as to define in words. There was in her attitude nothing of the retreating nymph or of the self-effacing sufferer. She took her place equally without obtrusiveness and without affectation. Such effects as she brought about came without noise,

without effort, and without laboriousness of good intention. Simple and straightforward in all her ways, she nevertheless contrived to throw into her relations with himself an element as impersonal as sunshine.

In the first days of her coming it was he who, in pursuance of his method of reserve, had held aloof. He had been frequently absent from New York, and, even when there, had lived much at one or another of his clubs. Weeks had already passed when the perception stole on him that his goings and comings meant little more to her than to the trees waving in the great Park before his door. The discovery that he had been taking such pains to abstract himself from eyes which scarcely noticed whether he was there or not brought with it a little bitter raillery at his own expense. He was piqued at once in his self-love and in his masculine instinct for domination. It seemed to be out of the natural order of things that his thoughts should dwell so much on a woman to whom he was only a detail in the scheme of her surroundings—superior to the butler, and more animate than the pictures on the wall, but as little in her consciousness as either. It was certainly an easy opportunity in which to display that self-restraint which he had undertaken to make his portion; but when the heroic nature finds no obstacles to overcome, it has a tendency to create them.

Without obtruding himself upon Diane, Derek began to dine more frequently at his own house. On those occasions when Dorothea went out alone it was impossible for the two who remained at home to avoid a kind of conversation, which, with the topics incidental to the management of a common household, often verged upon the intimate. When Diane accompanied his daughter to the opera, he adopted the habit of dropping into the box, and per-

haps taking them, with some of Dorothea's friends, to a restaurant for supper. He planned the little parties and excursions for which Dorothea's "budding" offered an excuse; and while he recognized the subterfuge, he made his probable journey, with the long absence it would involve, serve as a palliation. Since, too, there was no danger to Diane, there could be the less reason for stinting himself in the pleasure of her presence, so long as he was prepared to pay for it afterwards in full.

Thus the first winter had gone by, until with the shifting of the environment in summer a certain change entered into the situation. The greater freedom of country life on the Hudson made it requisite that Diane should be more consciously circumspect. In her detachment Derek noticed first of all a new element of intention; but since it was the first sign she had given of distinguishing between him and the dumb creation, it did not displease him. While he could not affirm that she avoided him, he saw less of her than when in town. During those difficult moments when they had no guests and Dorothea was making visits among her friends, Diane found pretexts for slipping away to New York, on what she declared to be business of her own—availing herself of the seclusion of the little French hostelry that had first given her shelter.

It was at times such as these that Derek began to perceive what she had become to him. As long as she was near him he could keep his desire within the limitations he had set for it; but in her absence he was restless and despondent till she returned. The brutality of life, which made him master of the beauty of the country and the coolness of the hills, while it drove her to stifle in the town, stirred him with alternate waves of indignation and compassion.

There was a torrid afternoon in August when the sight of her, trudging along the dusty highway to the station, almost led him to betray himself by his curses upon fate. Dorothea having left for Newport in the morning, Diane was, as usual, seeking the privacy of University Place for the two weeks the girl's visit was to last. Understanding her de-

sire not to be alone with him for even a few hours when there was no third person in the house, Derek had taken the opportunity to motor for lunch to a friend's house some miles away. With the intention of not returning till after she had gone, he had ordered a carriage to be in readiness to drive her to her train; but his luncheon was scarcely ended when the thought occurred to him that, by hurrying back, he might catch a last glimpse of her before she started.

He had already half smothered her in dust when he perceived that the little woman in black, under a black parasol, was actually Diane. To his indignant queries as to why she should be plodding her way on foot, with this scorching sun overhead, her replies were cheerful and uncomplaining. A series of small accidents in the stable—such had constantly happened at her own little *château* in the Oise—having made it inadvisable to take the horses out, one of the men had conveyed her luggage to the station, while she herself preferred to walk. She was used to the exigencies of country life, in both France and Ireland; and as for the heat, it was a detail to be scorned. Dust, too, was only matter out of place, and a necessary concomitant of summer. Would he not drive on, without troubling himself any more about her?

No; decidedly he would not. She must get in and let him take her to the station. There he could work off his wrath only by buying her ticket and seeing to her luggage; while his charge to the negro porter to look to her comfort was of such a nature that during the whole of the journey she was pelted with magazine literature and tormented with glasses of ice-water.

That night he found himself impelled by his sense of honor as a gentleman to write a letter of apology for the indignity she had been exposed to while in his house. When it had gone he considered it insufficient, and only the reflection that he ought to have business in town next day kept him from following it up with a second note.

Arrived in New York, where the city was burning as if under a sun-glass, he found his chief subject for consideration to be the choice of a club at which to

lunch. There, in the solitude of the deserted smoking-room, where the heat was tempered, the glare shut out, and the very footfall subdued, he thought of the little hotel in University Place. Because human society had mysterious unwritten laws, the woman he loved was forced to steal away from the freshness and peace of green fields and sweeping river, to take refuge amid the noisome ugliness, from which, in spite of her courage, her exquisite nature must shrink. He, whose needs were simple, as his tastes were comparatively coarse, could command the sybaritic luxury of a Roman patrician, while she, who could not lift her hand without betraying the habits of inborn refinement, was exposed not only to vulgar contact, but to a squalor of discomfort as odious as vice. The thought was a humiliation. Even if he had not loved her, it would have seemed almost the duty of a man of honor to step in between her and the cruel pathos of her lot.

It was a curious reflection that it was the very fact that he did love her which held him back. Could he have turned towards Paradise and said to the sweet soul waiting for him there, "This woman has need of me, but you alone reign in my heart," he would have felt more free to act. But the time when that would have been possible had gone by. Anything he might do now would be less for her need than his own; and his own he could endure if loyalty to his past demanded it. None the less was it necessary to find a way in which to come to Diane's immediate relief; and by the time he had finished his cigar he thought he had discovered it.

"Having been obliged to run up to town," he explained, when she had received him in the little hotel parlor, "I've dropped in to tell you that I'm going away for a few weeks into Canada."

"Isn't it rather hot weather for travelling?" she asked, with that clear, smiling gaze which showed him at once that she had seen through his pretext for coming.

"It won't be hot where I'm going—up into the valley of the Metapedia."

"It's rather a sudden decision, isn't it?"

"N—no. I generally try to get a little sport some time through the year."

"Naturally you know your own inten-

tions best. I only happen to remember that you said, yesterday morning, you hoped not to leave Rhinefields till the middle of next month."

"Did I say that? I must have been dreaming."

"Very likely you were. Or perhaps you're dreaming now."

"Not at all; in fact, I'm particularly wide awake. I see things so clearly that I've looked in to tell you some of them. You must get out of this stifling hole and go back to Rhinefields at once."

"I don't like that way of speaking of a place I've become attached to. It isn't a stifling hole; it's a clean little inn, where the service is the very law of kindness. The art may be of a period somewhat earlier than the primitive," she laughed, looking round at the highly colored chromos of lake and mountain scenery hanging on the walls, "and the furniture may be not strictly in the style of Louis Quinze, but the host and hostess treat me as a daughter, and every *garçon* is my slave."

"I can quite understand that; but all the same it's no fit place for you."

"I suppose the fittest place for any one is the place in which he feels at home."

"Don't say that," he begged, with sudden emotion in his voice.

"I think I ought to say it," she insisted, "first of all because it's true; and then because you would feel more at ease about me if you knew just *how* it's true."

"You know that I'm not at ease about you."

"I know you think I must be discontented with my lot, when—in a certain sense—I'm not at all so. I don't pretend that I prefer working for a living to having money of my own; but I've found this"—she hesitated, as if thinking out her phrase—"I've found that life grows richer as it goes on, in whatever way one has to live it. It's as if the streams that fed it became more numerous the farther one descended from the height."

"I'm glad you're able to say that—"

"I can say it very sincerely; and I lay stress upon it, because I know you're kind enough to be worried about me. I wish I could make you understand how little reason there is for it, though you

mustn't think that I'm not touched by it, or that I mistake its motive. I've come to see that what I've often heard, and used scarcely to believe, is quite true, that American men have an attitude towards women entirely different from that of our men. Our men probably think more about women than any other men in the world; but they think of them as objects of prey—with joys and sorrows not to be taken seriously. You, on the contrary, are willing to put yourself to great inconvenience for me, merely because I *am* a woman."

"Not merely because of that," Derek permitted himself to say.

"We needn't weigh motives as if they were gold-dust. When we have their general trend we have enough. I only want you to see that I understand you, while I must ask you not to be hurt if I still persist in not availing myself of your courtesy. I wish you wouldn't question me any more about it, because there are situations in which one cheapens things by the very effort to put them into words. If you were a woman, you'd comprehend my feeling—"

"Let us assume that I do, as it is. I have still another suggestion to make. Admitting that I stay at Rhinefields, why can't you ask your mother-in-law to come and make you a couple of weeks' visit there?"

For a moment Diane forgot the restraint she made it a habit to impose upon herself in the new conditions of her life, and slipped back into the spontaneous manner of the past.

"How tiresome you are! I never knew any one but a child twist himself in so many directions to get his own way."

"You see, I'm accustomed to having my own way. You ought not to think of resisting me."

"I'm not resisting you; I'm only eluding your grasp. There's one great obstacle to what you've just been good enough to propose; my mother-in-law couldn't come. Miss Lucilla Van Tromp couldn't spare her. As a matter of fact, she—Miss Lucilla—asked me to go to Newport and stay with her all the time Dorothea is with the Prouds; but I declined the invitation. You see now that I don't lack cool and comfortable quarters because I couldn't get them."

"I see," he nodded. "You evidently prefer—this."

"I'll tell you what I prefer; I prefer a breathing-space in which to commune with my own soul."

"You could commune with your own soul at Rhinefields."

"No, I couldn't. It's an exercise that requires not only solitude and seclusion, but a certain withdrawal from the world. If I were in France, I should go and spend a fortnight in my old convent at Auteuil; but in this country the nearest approach I can make to that is to be here where I am. After all that has happened in the last year and more, I am trying to find myself again, so to speak—I'm trying to re-establish my identity with the Diane de la Ferronays, who seems to me to have faded back into the distant twilight of time. Won't you let me do it in my own way, and ask me no more questions? Yes; I see by your face that you will; and we can be friends again. Now," she added, briskly, springing up and touching a bell, "you're going to have some of my iced coffee. I've taught them to make it, just as I used to have it at the Mauconduit—that was our little place near Compiègne—and I know you'll find it refreshing."

It was half an hour later, while he was taking leave of her, that a thought occurred to him which promised to be fruitful of new resources.

"Very well," he declared, as they were parting, "if you persist in staying here, I, too, shall persist in looking in whenever I come to town—which will have to be pretty often just now—to see that you're not down with some sort of fever."

"But," she laughed, "I thought you were going away—to Canada?"

"I'm not obliged to; and you've rather succeeded in dissuading me."

"Then let me succeed in dissuading you from everything. Don't come here again—please don't."

"I certainly shall."

"I'm generally out."

"In that case I shall stay till you come in."

"Of course I can't keep you from doing that. I will only say that the American man I've had in mind for the past few months—wouldn't."

And with these as her last words he was forced to leave her.

The fact that he did not go back to University Place, either on this or any subsequent occasion when she thought it well to withdraw there, emphasized his helplessness to aid her. By the time autumn returned, and the household was once more settled in town, he had grown aware that between Diane and himself there was an impalpable wall of separation, which he could no more pass than he could transcend the veil between material existence and the Unseen World. He began to perceive that what he had called detachment of manner, more or less purposely maintained, was in reality an element in the situation which from the beginning had precluded friendship. Diane and he could not be friends in any of the ordinary senses of the word. As employer and employed their necessary dealings might be friendly; but to anything more personal, under the present arrangement, there was attached the impossible condition of stepping off from *terra firma* into space.

The obvious method of putting their mutual relationship on a basis richer in future potentialities Derek still felt himself unable to adopt of his own initiative act. The vow which bound him to his dead wife was one from which circumstances—and not merely his own fiat—must absolve him; but as winter advanced it seemed to him that life had begun to speak on the subject with a voice of imperative command.

It was the middle of January, when a small, accidental happening drew all his growing but still debatable intentions into one sharp point of resolution. It was such an afternoon as comes rarely, even in the exhilarating winter of New York—an afternoon when the unfathomable blue of the sky overhead runs through all the gamut of tones from lavender to indigo: when the air has the living keenness of that which the Spirit first breathed into the nostrils of man; when the rapture of the heart is that of neither passion, wine, nor nervous excitement, but comes nearer the exaltation of deathless youth in a deathless world than anything else in a temporary earth. It was a day on which

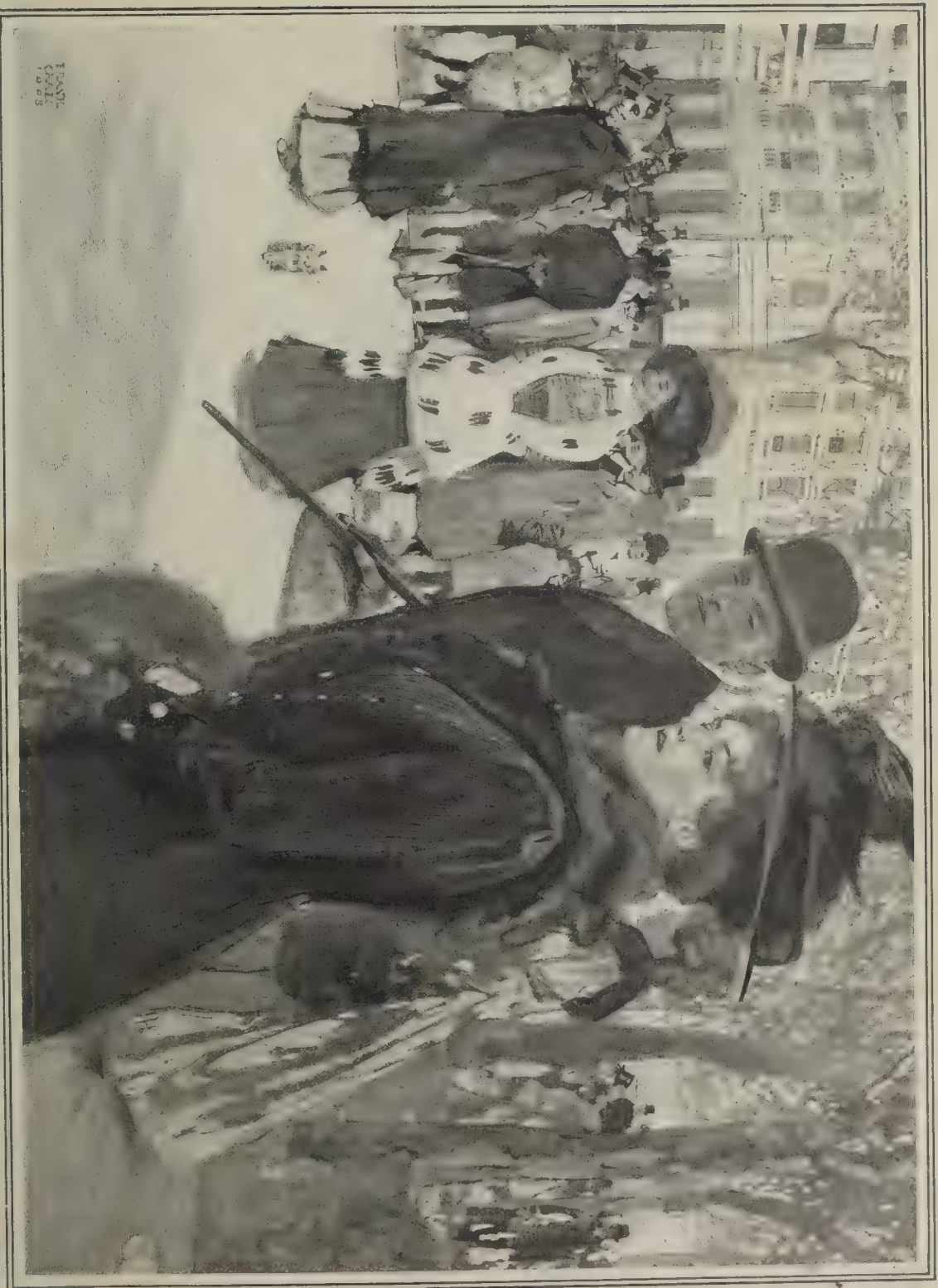
even the jaded heart is in the mood to begin all over again, in renewed pursuit of the happiness which up to now has been elusive. To Derek, whose heart was by no means jaded, it was a day on which the instinctive hope of youth, which he supposed he had outlived, proved itself of one essence with the conscious passion of maturity.

When, as he walked homewards along Fifth Avenue, he overtook Diane, also making her way homewards, the happy occurrence seemed but part of the general radiance permeating life. The chance meeting on the neutral ground of out-of-doors took Diane by surprise; and before she had time to put up her guards of reserve she had betrayed her youth in a shy heightening of color. Under the protection of the cheerful, slowly moving crowd she felt at liberty to drop for a minute the subdued air of his daughter's paid companion, and in her replies to what he said she spoke with some of her old gayety of verve. It was an unfortunate moment in which to yield to this temptation, for it was, perhaps, the only occasion since her coming to New York on which she was closely observed.

Engrossed as they were, the one with the other, they had insensibly relaxed their pace, becoming mere strollers on the outside edge of the throng. The sense of being watched came to both of them at once, and looking up at the same moment, they saw, approaching at a snail's pace, an open victoria, in which were two ladies, to whom they were objects of plainly expressed interest. The elder was an insignificant little woman, who looked as though she were being taken out by her costly furs, while the younger was a girl of some two or three and twenty, of a type of beauty that would have been too imperious, had it not been toned down by that air which to the unintelligent means boredom, though the wise know it to spring from something gone amiss in life. Both ladies kept their eyes fixed so exclusively on Diane that they had almost passed before remembering to salute Derek with a nod.

"I've seen those ladies somewhere," Diane observed, when they had gone by.

"I dare say. They've probably seen



Drawn by Frank Craig

THEY HAD BECOME MERE STROLLERS ON THE EDGE OF THE THRONG

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

you, too. The elder is Mrs. Bayford, sister of Mr. Grimston, my uncle's partner in Paris. The girl is Marion Grimston, his daughter."

"I remember perfectly now. They used to come to our charity sales, and—and—anything of that kind."

Pruyn laughed.

"Anything, you mean, that was open to all comers. Mrs. Grimston would be flattered."

"I didn't mean to speak slightly," she hastened to say. "There were plenty of nice people in Paris whom I didn't know."

"And plenty, I imagine, who thought you ought to have known them. Mrs. Grimston, and Mrs. Bayford, too, would have been among that number."

"Well, you see I do know them—by sight. I recall Miss Grimston especially. She's so handsome."

"I shall tell her that to-night."

"To-night?"

"Yes; it's with them that Dorothea and I are dining. The name conveying nothing to you, you probably didn't remember it. The fact is that, as Mrs. Bayford is the sister of my uncle's partner—my partner, too,—I make it a point to be very civil to her twice a year—once when I dine with her, and once when she dines with me. The annual festivals have been delayed this season because she has only just returned from a long visit to Japan and India, with Marion in her wake."

There had been so much to say which, in the glamour of that glorious afternoon, was more important than no further time was spent on the topic. Derek forgot the meeting till Mrs. Bayford recalled it to him as he sat beside her in the evening. She was one of those small, ill-shapen women whose infirmities are thrown into more conspicuous relief by dress and jewels and *décolletage*. Seated at the head of her table, she produced the impression of a Goddess of Discord at a feast of well-meaning, hapless mortals.

"I want a word with you," she said, parenthetically, to Derek, on her left, before turning her attention to the more important neighbor on her right.

"One is scant measure," he laughed,

in reply, "but I must be grateful even for that."

It was the middle of dinner before she took notice of him again, but when she did she plunged into her subject boldly.

"I suppose you didn't think I knew who you were walking with this afternoon?"

"Yes, I did, because the lady recognized you. She said you and Mrs. Grimston were among the nice people in Paris whom she hadn't met—but whom she knew very well by sight."

If Derek thought this reply calculated to appease an angry deity, he discovered his mistake.

"Did she have the indecency to say she hadn't met me?"

"I think she did; but she probably didn't know that the word indecency could apply to anything connected with you."

"Why, I was introduced to her four times in one season!"

"I suppose she hasn't as good a memory as yours."

"Oh, as for that, it wasn't a matter of memory. Nobody was permitted to forget her—she was so notorious."

"I've always heard that in Paris the mere possession of beauty is enough to keep any one in the public eye."

"It wasn't beauty alone—if she *has* beauty; though for my part I can't see it."

"It is of rather an elusive quality."

"It must be. But if it exists at all, I can tell you that it's of a dangerous quality."

"Hasn't that always been the peculiarity of beauty, ever since the days of Helen of Troy?"

"I'm sure I can't say. I've always tried to steer clear of that sort of thing—"

"That must be an excellent plan; only it deprives one of the power of speaking as an authority, doesn't it?"

"I don't pretend to speak as an authority. If I say anything at all, it's what everybody knows."

"What everybody knows is generally—scandal."

"This was certainly scandal; but it wasn't the fact that everybody knew it that made it so."

"Then I'm sure you wouldn't wish to repeat it."

"I don't see why you should be sure

of anything of the kind. I consider it my duty to repeat it."

"Then you won't be surprised if I consider it mine to contradict it."

"Certainly not. I shouldn't be surprised at anything you could do, Derek, after what I've heard since I came home."

"I won't ask you what that is—"

"No; your own conscience must tell you. No one can go on as you've been doing, and not know he must be talked about."

"I've always understood that that was more flattering than to be ignored."

"It depends. There's such a thing as receiving that sort of flattery first, only to be ignored in the sequel. I speak as your friend, Derek—"

"I thoroughly understand that; but may I ask if it's in the way of warning or of threat?"

"It's in the way of both. You must see that, whatever risks I may be prepared to run myself, as long as I have Marion with me I can't expose her to—"

"To what?"

Notwithstanding his efforts to keep the conversation to a tone of banter, acrimonious though it had to be, Derek was unable to pronounce the two brief syllables without betraying some degree of anger. Glancing up at him as she shrank under her weight of jewels, Mrs. Bayford found him very big and menacing; but she was a brave woman, and if she shrivelled, it was only as a cat shrivels before springing at a mastiff.

"I can't expose her to the chance of meeting—"

She paused, not from hesitation, but with the rhetorical intention of making the end of her phrase more telling.

"My future wife," he whispered, before she had time to go on. "It's only fair to tell you that."

"Good heavens! You're not going to marry the creature!"

Mrs. Bayford brought out the words with the dramatic action and intensity they deserved. In the hum of talk around and across the table it was doubtful whether or not they were heard, and yet more than one of the guests glanced up with a look of interrogation. Dorothea caught her father's eyes in a gaze which he had some difficulty in returning with the proper amount of steadiness; but Mrs.

Berrington Jones came to the rescue of the company by asking Mrs. Bayford to tell the amusing story of how her bath had been managed in Japan.

So the incident passed by, leaving a sense of mystery in the air; though for Derek, all sense of annoyance disappeared in the knowledge that he was Diane's champion.

He was thinking over the incident in the luxurious semi-darkness of the electric brougham as they were going homewards, when the clear voice of Dorothea broke in on his meditation.

"Are you going to be married, father?"

The question could not be a surprise to him after the occurrence at the table, but he was not prepared to give an affirmative answer on the spur of the moment.

"What makes you ask?" he inquired, after a second's reflection.

"I heard what Mrs. Bayford said."

"And how should you feel if I were?"

"It would depend."

"On what?"

"On whether or not it was any one I liked."

"That's fair. And if it was some one whom you did like?"

"Then it would depend on whether or not it was—Diane."

"And if it was Diane?"

"I should be very glad."

"Why?"

She slipped her arm through his and snuggled up to him.

"Oh, for a lot of reasons. First, because I've always supposed you'd be getting married one day; and I've been terribly afraid you'd pick out some one I couldn't get along with."

"Have I ever shown any symptom to justify that alarm?"

"N—no; but you never can tell—with a man."

"Can you be any surer with a woman?"

"No; and that's one of my other reasons. I'm not very sure about myself."

"You don't mean that it's to be young Wap—" he began, uneasily.

"I suppose it will have to be he—or some one else. They keep at me."

"And you don't know how long you may be able to hold out."

"I'm holding out as well as I can,"

she laughed, "but it can't go on forever. And then—if I do—"

"Well—what?"

"You'd be left all alone, and, of course, I should be worried about that—unless you—you—"

"Unless I married some one."

"No; not some one; no one—but Diane."

They were now at their own door, but before she sprang out she drew down his face to hers and kissed him.

CHAPTER IX

DURING the succeeding week Derek Pruyn, having practically announced an engagement which did not exist, found himself in a somewhat ludicrous situation. Too proud to extort a promise of secrecy from Mrs. Bayford, he knew the value of his indiscretion—if indiscretion it were—to any purveyor of tea-table gossip; and while Diane and he remained in the same relative positions he was sure it was being bruited about, with his own authority, that they were to become man and wife. It did not diminish the absurdity of the situation that he was debarred from proposing and settling the affair at once, by the grotesque fact that he had not time.

There was certainly little opportunity for love-making, in those hurried days of preparing for his long absence in South America. He was often obliged to leave home by eight in the morning, rarely returning except to go wearily to bed. Though nothing had been said to him, he had more than one reason for suspecting that Mrs. Bayford was at work; and, at the odd minutes when he saw Diane, it seemed to him as if her clearness of look was extinguished by an expression of perplexity.

He would have reproached himself more keenly for his lack of energy in overcoming obstacles had it not been for the fact that, owing to their peculiar position as members of one household, and that household his, he was planning to ask Diane to become his wife on that occasion when he would also be bidding her adieu. She would thus be spared the difficulties of a trying situation, while she would have the season of his absence in which to adjust her mind to

the revolution in her life. He resolved to adhere to this intention, the more especially as a small family dinner at Gramercy Park, from which he was to go directly to his steamer, would give him the exact combination of circumstances he desired.

When, after dinner, Miss Lucilla's engineering of the company allowed him to find himself alone with Diane, in the library, he made her sit down by the fireside, while he stood, his arm resting on the mantelpiece, as on the afternoon of their first serious interview, over a year ago. As on that other occasion, so, too, on this, she sat erect, silent, expectant, waiting for him to speak. What was coming she did not know; but she felt once more his commanding dominance, with its power to ordain, prescribe, and regulate the conditions of her life.

"Doesn't this make you think of—our first long talk together?"

"I often think of it," Diane said, faintly, trying to assume that they were entering on an ordinary conversation. "As you didn't agree with me—"

"I do now," he said, quickly. "I see you were right, in everything. I want to thank you for what you've done for Dorothea—and for me. I didn't dream, a year ago, that the change in both of us could be so great."

"Dorothea was a sweet little girl, to begin with—"

"Yes; but I don't want to talk about that now. She will express her own sense of gratitude; but in the meanwhile I want to tell you mine. You will understand something of its extent when I say that I ask you to be my wife."

Diane neither spoke nor looked at him. The only sign she gave of having heard him was a slight bowing of the head, as of one who accepts a decree. The first few instants' stillness had the ineffable quality which might spring from the abolition of time when bliss becomes eternity. There was a space, not to be reckoned by any terrestrial counting, during which each heart was caught up into wonderful spheres of emotion—on his side the relief of having spoken, on hers the joy of having heard; and though it passed swiftly it was long enough to give to both the vision of a new heaven and a new earth. It was a vision that never faded

again from the inward sight of either, though the mists of mortal error began creeping over it at once.

"If I take you by surprise—" he began, as he felt the clouds of reality closing round him.

"No," she broke in, still without looking up at him; "I heard you intended to ask me."

Though he made a little uneasy movement, he knew that this was precisely what she might have been expected to say.

"I thought you had possibly heard that," he said, in her own tone of quiet frankness, "and I want to explain to you that what happened was an accident."

"So I imagined."

"If I spoke of you as my future wife, I must ask you to believe that it was in the way of neither ill-timed jest nor foolish boast."

"You needn't assure me of that, because I could never have thought so. If I want assurance at all it's on other points."

"If I can explain them—"

"I can almost explain them myself. What I require is rather in the way of corroboration. Wasn't it much as the knight of old threw the mantle of his protection over the shoulders of a distressed damsel?"

"I know what you mean; but I don't admit the justice of the simile."

"But if you did admit it, wouldn't it be something like what actually occurred?"

"You're putting questions to me," he said, smiling down at her; "but you haven't answered mine."

"I must beg leave to point out," she smiled, in return, "that you haven't asked me one. You've only stated a fact—or what I presume to be a fact. But before we can discuss it I ought to be possessed of certain information; and you've put me in a position where I have a right to demand it."

After brief reflection Derek admitted that. As nearly as he could recall the incident at Mrs. Bayford's dinner party, he recounted it.

"You see," he explained in summing up, "that, as a snobbish person, she could hardly be expected to forgive you for forgetting her, when she had been

introduced to you four times in a season. She not unnaturally fancied you forgot her on purpose, so to speak—"

"I suppose I did," she murmured, penitently.

"What?" he asked, with sudden curiosity. "Would you—"

"I wouldn't now. I used to then. Everybody did it, when people were introduced to us whom we didn't want to know. I've done it when it wasn't necessary even from that point of view—out of a kind of sport, a kind of wantonness. I've really forgotten about Mrs. Bayford now—everything except her face—but I dare say I remembered perfectly well, at the time. It would have been nothing unusual if I had."

"In that case," he said, slowly, "you can't be surprised—"

"I'm not," she hastened to say. "If Mrs. Bayford retaliates, now that she has the power, she's within her right—a right which scarcely any woman would forego. It was perfectly natural for Mrs. Bayford to speak ill of me; and it was equally natural for you to spring to my defence. You'd have sprung to the defence of any one—"

"No, no," he interjected, hurriedly.

"Of any one whom you—respected, as I hope you respect me. You've offered me," she went on, her eyes filling with sudden tears—"you've offered me the utmost protection a man can give a woman. To tell you how deeply I'm touched, how sincerely I'm grateful, is beyond my power; but you must see that I can't avail myself of your kindness. Your very willingness to repeat at leisure what you said in haste makes it the more necessary that I shouldn't take advantage of your chivalry."

"Would that be your only reason for hesitating to become my wife?"

The deep, vibrant note that came into his voice sent a tremor through her frame, and she looked about her for support. He himself offered it by taking both her hands in his. She allowed him to hold them for a second before withdrawing behind the intrenched position afforded by the huge chair from which she had risen, and on the back of which she now leaned, for the sake of steadying her nerves.

"It's the reason that looms largest,"

she replied—"so large as to put all other reasons out of consideration."

"Then you're entirely mistaken," he declared, coming forward in such a way that only the chair stood between them. "It's true that at Mrs. Bayford's provocation I spoke in haste, but it was only to utter the resolution I had taken plenty of time to form. If I were to tell you how much time, you'd be inclined to scorn me for my delay. But the truth is I'm no longer a very young man; in comparison with you I'm not young at all. You yourself, as a woman of the world, must readily understand that at my age, and in my position, prudence is as honorable an element in the offer I am making you as romance would be in a boy's. I make no apology for being prudent. I state the fact that I've been so only that you may know that I've tried to look at this question from every point of view—Dorothea's as well as yours and mine. I took my time about it, and long before I warned Mrs. Bayford that she was speaking of one who was dear to me, my mind was made up. With such hopes as I had at heart it would have been wrong to have allowed her to go on without a word of warning."

"I can see that it would have that aspect."

"Then, if you can see that, you must see that I speak to you now in all sincerity. My desire isn't new. I can truthfully say that, since the first day I saw you, your eyes and voice have haunted me, and the longing to be near you has never been absent from my heart. I'll be quite frank with you and say that, before you came here, it was my avowed intention not to marry again. Now I have no desire on earth—my child apart—so strong as to win you for my wife. The year we've spent under the same roof must have given you some idea of the man whom you'd be marrying; and I think I can promise you that with your help he would be a better man than in the past. Won't you say that I may hope for it?"

With arms supported by the high back of the chair and cheek on her clasped hands, she gazed away into the dimness of the room, as if waiting for him to continue; but during the silence that ensued, it seemed to Derek as if a shad-

ow crossed her features, while her bright look died out, in a kind of wistfulness. She had, perhaps, been hoping for a word he had not spoken—a word whose absence he had only covered up by phrases.

"Well? Have you nothing to say to me?" he asked, when some minutes had gone by.

"I'm thinking."

"Of what?"

"Of what you say about prudence. I like it. It seems to me I ought to be prudent, too."

"Undoubtedly," he agreed, in the dry tone of one who assents to what he finds slightly disagreeable.

"I mean," she said, quickly, "that I ought to be prudent for you—for us all. There are a great many things to be thought of, things which people of our age ought not to let pass unconsidered. Men *think* the way through difficulties, while women *feel* it. I'm afraid I must ask for time to get my instincts into play."

"Do you mean that you can't give me an answer to-night—before I go on this long journey?"

"I couldn't give you an affirmative one."

"But you could say, No?"

"If you pressed the matter—if you insisted—that's what I should have to say."

"Why?"

"That would be—my secret."

"Is it that you think you couldn't love me?"

For the first time the color came to her cheek and surged up to her temples, not suddenly or hotly, but with the semi-diaphanous lightness of roseate vapor mounting into winter air. As he came nearer, rounding the protective barrier of the armchair, she retreated a few inches from it, though still resting her hands on the high, cushioned back.

"I should have to solve some other questions before I could answer that," she said, trying to meet his eyes with the necessary steadiness.

"Couldn't I help you?"

She shook her head.

"Then couldn't you consider it first?"

"A woman generally does consider it first, but she speaks about it last."

"But you could tell me the result of

what you think, as far as you've drawn conclusions?"

"No; because whatever I should say you would find misleading. If you're in earnest about what you say to-night, it would be better for us both that you should give me time."

"I'm willing to do that. But you speak as if you had a doubt of me."

"I've no doubt of you; I've only a doubt about myself. The woman you've known for the last twelve months isn't the woman other people have known in the years before that. She isn't the Diane Eveleth of Paris, any more than she is the Diane de la Ferronays of the hills of Connemara, or of the convent at Auteuil. But I don't know which is the real woman, or whether the one who now seems to me dead mightn't rise again."

"I shouldn't be afraid of her."

"But I should. You say that because you didn't know her; and I couldn't let you marry me without telling you something of what she was."

"Then tell me."

"No, not now; not to-night. Go on your long journey, and come back. When it's all over, I shall be sure—sure, that is, of myself—sure on the point about which I'm so much in doubt, as to whether or not the other woman could return."

"I should be willing to run the risk," he said, with a short laugh, "even if she did."

"But I shouldn't be willing to let you. You forget she ruined one rich man; she might easily ruin another."

"That would depend very much upon the man."

"No man can cope with a woman such as I was only a few years ago. You can put fetters on a criminal, and you can quell a beast to submission, but you can't bind the subtle, mischievous woman-spirit, bent on doing harm. It's more ruthless than war; it's more fatal than disease. You, with your large, generous nature, are the very man for it to fasten on, and waste him, like a fever."

She moved back from him, close to the bookshelves against the wall. With arms outstretched on each side, she supported herself by the tips of her fingers on the protruding ledge, where the shelves rested on a line of cabinets. The

eyes which Derek had always seen sad and lustreless glowed with a fire like the amber's, as the eyes of certain spaniels glow in darkness.

"You must understand that I couldn't allow myself to do the same thing twice," she hurried on, "and, if I married you, who knows but what I might? I'm not a bad woman by nature, but I think I must need to be held in repression. You'd be giving me again just those gifts of money, position, and power which made me dangerous."

"Suppose you were to let me guard against that?" he said.

"You couldn't. It would be like fighting a poisonous vapor with the sword. The woman's spell, whether for good or ill, is more subtle and more potent than anything in the universe, but the love of God."

"I can believe that, and still be willing to trust myself to yours," he answered, gravely. "I know you, and honor you as men rarely do the women they marry, until the proof of the years has tried them. In your case the trial has come first. I've watched you bear it—watched you more closely than you've ever been aware of. I've stood by, and seen you carry your burden, when it was harder than you imaginē not to take my part in it. I've looked on, and seen you suffer, when it was all I could do to keep from saying some word of sympathy you might have resented. But, Diane," he cried, his voice taking on a strange, peremptory sharpness, "I can't do it any longer. My power of standing still, while you go on with your single-handed fight, is at an end. If ever God sent a man to a woman's aid, He has sent me to yours; and you must let me do what I'm appointed for. You must come to me for comfort in your loneliness. You must come to me for care in your necessity. I have both care and comfort for you here; and you must come."

Without moving towards her he stood with open arms.

"Come!" he cried again, commandingly.

The tears coursed down her cheeks, but she gave no sign of obeying him, except to drag one hand from the protecting bookcase ledge, to which she seemed to cling.

"Come, Diane," he repeated. "Come to me."

The other hand fell to her side, while she gazed at him piteously, as though in reluctant submission to his will.

"Come," he said, once more, in a tone of authority mingled with appeal.

Drawn by a force she had no power to withstand she took one slow, hesitating step towards him.

"I haven't yielded," she stammered. "I haven't consented. I can't consent—yet."

"No, dearest, no," he murmured, with arms yearning to her as she approached him; "nevertheless—come."

CHAPTER X

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that she had wept in his arms—wept as women weep who are brave in the hour of trial, only to break down in the moment of relief—Diane would give Derek Pruyn no other answer. She could not consent—yet. With this reply he was obliged to sail away, getting what comfort he might from its implications.

During the three months of his absence Diane took knowledge of herself, appraising her strength, and probing her weakness. She was too honest not to own that there were desires in her nature which leaped into newness of life at the thought that there might again be means to support them. Diane de la Ferronays was not dead, but sleeping. Her love of luxury and pleasure—her joy in jewels, equipage, and dress—her woman's elemental weaknesses, second only to the instinct for maternity,—all these, grown lethargic from hunger, were ready to awake again at the mere possibility of food. She was forced to confront the fact that, with the same opportunities, she had it in her to go back to the same life. It was a humiliating fact, but it stared her in the face, that experience had shown her a creature for a man to be afraid of. Derek Pruyn had seen her subdued by circumstances, as the panther is subdued by famine; but it was not yet proved that the savage, preying thing was tamed.

There was only one force that would tame her; but there *was* that force, and Diane knew that she had submitted to

its domination. From weeks of tortuous self-examination she emerged into this knowledge, as one comes out of a labyrinthine cavern into sunshine. Even here in the open, however, there was a problem still to solve. Could she marry the man who had never told her that he loved her, even though she herself loved him? Had she the power to give herself without stint, while asking of him only what he chose to offer her? Would she, who had made men serve her, with little more than smiles for their reward, be content to serve in her own turn, getting nothing but a half loaf for her heart's sustenance? She asked herself these questions, but put off answering them—waiting for him to force decision on her.

So the rest of the winter passed, and, by the time Derek came back, the hyacinths were fading from the gardens and parks, and the tulips were coming into bloom. To both Diane and Dorothea spring was bringing a new motive for looking forward, together with a new comprehension of the human heart's capacity for joy.

Perhaps no day of their patient waiting was so long in passing as that on which it was announced to them that Derek Pruyn had landed that afternoon. He had sent word that he could not come home at once, as business required his immediate presence at the office. Having already exhausted their ingenuity in adorning the house, and putting everything he could possibly want in the place where he could most easily find it, there was nothing to do but to sit through the long hours in an impatience which even Diane found it difficult to disguise. The visits of the postman were welcomed as affording the additional task of arranging Derek's letters on the desk, in the small book-lined room, specially devoted to his use; and when, in the evening, a cablegram arrived, Diane herself propped it in a conspicuous place, with a tiny silver dagger, for opening the envelope, beside it. The act, with its suggestion of intimate life, gave her a stealthy pleasure; and when Dorothea glided in and caught her sitting in Derek's own chair at the desk, she blushed like a schoolgirl detected in a crime. It was perhaps this acknowledgment of weakness that enabled Doro-

thea to speak out, and say what had been for some time on her mind.

"Diane," she asked, dropping among the cushions of a divan, "are you going to marry father?"

Diane felt the color receding from her face as suddenly as it had come, while she gained time in which to collect her astonished wits by putting the silver dagger down beside the telegram with needless exactitude, before attempting a response.

"Do you remember what Sir Walter Scott said, in the days when the authorship of *Waverley* was still a secret, to the indiscreet people who asked him if he had written it? 'No,' he answered; 'but if I had I should give you the same reply.'"

"That means, I suppose, that you don't want to tell me?"

"It might be taken to imply something of the sort."

"As a matter of fact, I suppose it would be more delicate on my part not to ask you."

"I won't attempt to contradict you there."

"I shouldn't do it if I didn't wish you *were* going to marry him. I've wanted it a long time; but I want it more than ever now."

"Why more than ever now?"

"Because I expect to be married before very long myself."

"May I venture to inquire to which of the many—"

"To none of the many. There's never, really, been more than one."

"And his name—?"

"Is Carl Wappinger."

"Oh, Dorothea!"

"That's just it. That's why I want you to marry father. I want to put a stop to the 'Oh, Dorotheas!' and you're the only person in the world who can help me do it."

"By—?"

"I don't have to tell you that. It's one of the reasons why I rely on you so thoroughly, that you always know exactly what to do without having to receive suggestions. I put myself in your hands entirely."

"You mean that you're going to marry a man to whom your father will be bitterly opposed, and you expect me to win his joyful benediction."

"That's about it," Dorothea sighed, from the depth of her cushions.

"Of course, I must be grateful to you, dear, for this display of confidence; but you won't be surprised if I find it rather overwhelming."

"I shall be very much surprised, indeed. I've never seen you find anything overwhelming yet; and you've been put in some difficult situations. You only have to *live* things in order to make other people take them for granted. You've never done anything to specially please father, and yet he listens to you as if you were an oracle. It's the same way with me. If any one had told me two years ago that I should ever come to praying for a step-mother I should have thought them crazy; and yet I have come to it, just because it's you."

After that speech it was not unnatural that Diane should go and sit on the divan beside Dorothea, for an exchange of such confidences as could not be conveniently made from a distance. Diane heard how it was that Dorothea's heart, after two years of hesitation, had spoken definitely in favor of Carl Wappinger, while she was furnished with a list of arguments, proving conclusively his eligibility over all other candidates for her hand. If Diane admitted anything on her own part, it was by implication rather than by direct assertion, and though she did not promise in words to come to the aid of the youthful lovers, she allowed the possibility that she would do so to be assumed.

So, in soft, whispered, broken confessions the evening slipped away more rapidly than the day had done, and by ten o'clock they knew he must be near. The last touch of welcome came when they passed from room to room, lighting up the big house in cheerful readiness for its lord's inspection. When all was done Dorothea stationed herself at a window near the street, while Diane, with a curious shrinking from what she had to face, took her seat in the remotest and obscurest corner in the more distant of the two drawing-rooms. When the sound of wheels, followed by a loud ring at the bell, told her that he was actually at the door, she felt faint from the violence of her heart's beating.



Direction by Frank Craig

DIANE PROPPED THE CABLEGRAM IN A CONSPICUOUS PLACE

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

Dorothea danced into the hall, with a cry and a laugh which were stifled in her father's embrace. Diane rose instinctively, waiting humbly and silently where she stood. At their parting she had torn herself, weeping and protesting, from his arms; but when he came in to find her now, he would see that she had yielded. The door was half open through which he was to pass—never again to leave her!

"Diane is in there."

It was Dorothea's voice that spoke, but the reply reached the far drawing-room only as a murmur of deep, inarticulate bass.

"What's the matter, father?"

Dorothea's clear voice rose above the noise of servants moving articles of luggage in the hall; but again Diane heard nothing beyond a confused muttering in answer. She wondered that he did not come to her at once, though she supposed there was some slight prosaic reason to prevent his doing so.

"Father," Dorothea's voice came again—this time with a distinct note of anxiety—"father, you don't look well. Your eyes are bloodshot."

"I'm quite well, thank you," was the curt reply, this time perfectly audible to Diane's ears. "Simmons, you fool, don't leave those steamer rugs down here."

Diane had never heard him speak so to a servant, and she knew that something had gone amiss. Perhaps he was annoyed that she had not come to greet him. Perhaps it was one of the duties of her position to receive him at the door. She had known him to give way occasionally to bursts of anger, in which a word from herself had soothed him. Leaving her place in the corner, she was hurrying to the hall, when again Dorothea's voice arrested her.

"Aren't you going in to see Diane?"

"No."

From where she stood, just within the door, Diane knew that he had flung the word over his shoulder, as he went up the hall towards the stairway. He was going to his room without speaking to her. For an instant she stood still from consternation, but it was in emergencies like this that her spirit rose. Without further hesitation she passed out into the hall, just as Derek Pruyn turned at the bend in the staircase, on his way upwards. For a brief second, as, standing below, she lifted her eyes to his in questioning, their glances met; but, on his part, it was without recognition.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Le Roi est Mort—Vive le Roi!"

BY CHARLOTTE LOUISE RUDYARD

THROUGHOUT the city shouts of tribute ring,
Thronged are the streets with all the pageant mass;
And this the cry of them that jostling pass—

"The King is dead—

Long live, long live the King!"

Room for a voice where one-time love doth cling!
Prest in the close crowd, yet remote with death,
One draws the garment of her soul and saith,

"The King is dead—

Is dead—long live the King!"

“Pericles”

BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

OF all the Shakespearian plays, whether wholly or only partially written by Shakespeare, *Pericles*, it would seem, was the greatest favorite, especially with the unscholarly playgoer. Its popularity was a proverb arousing the jealous anger of other writers whose scholarly equipment failed to win the groundlings, while this much-admired play seemed inexhaustible in its popular appeal. And this popularity did not end with Shakespeare's death, but went on increasing, as will be seen by readers of Ben Jonson's ode,

Come leave the loathed stage—
where he jibes at,

Some mouldy tale
Like *Pericles*.

And why this extraordinary popularity? Can it be explained? I think it can.

Whatsoever share Shakespeare took in *Pericles*—and that he took the lion's share no one can for a moment doubt—the play is one of special and peculiar interest to any one who has studied the laws of cause and effect in imaginative art, especially to him who has studied romantic drama in relation to classic drama. Not *Hamlet* itself is a more striking example of the romantic attitude towards man and the universe as contrasted with the attitude of the Greeks. Not *Hamlet* itself is a more striking illustration of the way in which the modern imagination dispenses with the power which in the old world had dominated gods and men—Destiny. Not *Hamlet* itself presents a more daring picture, sometimes pathetic and sometimes grotesque, of man's chance-medley life in a universe which is itself chance-medley, or, in certain moods, appears to be so. Again, no play is more full of the Elizabethan temper of wonder which died out with James the First, was buried for a century, and then revived and lived

vigorously until, in the latest decade of the nineteenth century, it yielded place for a time to that cynical attitude in confronting the mysterious destiny of man which has always been the note of a decadent literature. I say for a time,—but will the century now opening leave this decadent temper behind when it comes to think for itself?

In *Pericles* life is represented as entirely a chance-medley, much more so than in *Hamlet*, for there the accidents are in great measure the outcome of character. In order that the reader may understand my meaning, I shall have to remind him what the story of *Pericles*—which came to the English dramatist through many and various sources—really is.

Antiochus, King of Antioch, having determined that his daughter should never be married, sentenced all suitors to death who failed to expound a certain riddle of his own invention—a riddle quite dull enough to have been invented by any king whatsoever.

Notwithstanding the dreadful risk incurred by each aspirant, the charms of the daughter of Antiochus—charms both of body and mind—were so irresistible that they drew many a rash adventurer to his doom, as to each would-be wooer the riddle was recited.

At length appeared a suitor who expounded the riddle. This was Pericles, Prince of Tyre. The treacherous Antiochus, however, still determined to prevent his daughter's marriage, at once set to work to procure his assassination. Pericles, having become apprised of the tyrant's treachery, took means to avoid the peril, and with the hope of saving his own kingdom from invasion he fled from it, leaving his country in charge of his minister Helicanus. He reached Tharsus. There it chanced that he arrived at an opportune moment. A famine



Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

LEONINE. *I am sworn,
And will dispatch.*

[Whilst Marina is struggling, enter Pirates

PIRATE. *Hold, villain!*

was impending there, and it was entirely through the action of Pericles that the King's subjects were preserved from its horrors. After leaving Tharsus, new movements of Life's chance-medley began to work. Pericles got caught in a storm, and was driven on to the coast of Pentapolis. There another group of chance adventures of the most romantic kind came to him. He married Thaisa, the daughter of King Simonides, and then embarked with her to his native land. At sea his wife Thaisa gave birth to a daughter. Thaisa at childbirth sank into a trance, and was supposed to have died. Pericles enclosed her in a coffin, and the coffin was thrown into the sea, where, as a rule, coffins sink to the bottom. But this did not occur with the coffin of Thaisa, for it was an elaborately constructed chest, containing not only the queen's body, but certain other precious things, such as jewels, etc., and somehow it floated upon the waves, and in about five hours it reached the coast of Ephesus. Now it chanced that at the moment when the box was washed ashore a certain nobleman named Cerimon, of a compassionate and generous nature, was walking there. He secured the box, opened it, and aroused Thaisa from her trance, for she was not really dead. Afterwards this lady became High-priestess of Diana at Ephesus. As to Pericles, after burying, as he thought, his queen in the sea, he went to Tharsus, taking with him his infant, called Marina because she was born at sea, and committed her to the charge of two friends—false friends, as they turned out to be,—Cleon and his wife Dionyza, and then took ship for Tyre. As Marina grew up, this incomparable heroine of the drama at the age of fourteen excited the jealousy of her guardians by her many charms, because she entirely eclipsed those of their own daughter; and they hired a ruffian to murder her. At the very moment, however, when this man was about to commit the crime, another movement of the chance-medley took place. Certain pirates happened to be on the shore, who interrupted him and took Marina to Mitylene. There they sold her as a slave—sold her to a brothel-keeper. And this beautiful and accomplished princess found herself in a common brothel.

While her charms were being cried in the public streets, one of those who were attracted by the public crier was Lysimachus, the governor of the place, a man who—whether a loose liver and frequenter of brothels, as Wilkins, the original dramatist, makes him to be, or a benevolent Haroun-al-Raschid wandering about to do good, as the writer on *Pericles* in the Arden Shakespeare, Mr Deighton, makes him to be—rescued her from her terrible position and fostered her, not dreaming that he was fostering a princess. Pericles, her father, meantime, believing both his wife and daughter dead, was stricken down by so dreadful a melancholia that he could not be brought to utter a word to any one. Again chance set to work to move the story on. While Pericles was in this sad condition of mind the vessel in which he was sailing touched at Mitylene, the very place in which his daughter had been rescued from her captors. There Lysimachus, as governor, made a friendly boarding of the ship with some of his retainers. Touched by the pitiable state of this bereaved and wandering king struck dumb by grief, he bethought him of his mysterious *protégée* Marina, whose beauty and accomplishments had now become the wonder of Mitylene, who might be turned to account in breaking through the silence of the king. Accordingly the lost daughter was brought and presented to her unknown father. Then followed the scene of the recognition (Act V., Scene 1), whose beauty is not surpassed in the finest play of Shakespeare's—not surpassed in the poetry of the world—scarcely equalled.

It is only at the very end of the play that the chance-medley is interfered with by the interposition of any superior power. During the trance into which his emotions had thrown him Pericles was visited in a vision by the goddess Diana, who bade him go to Ephesus. Thither he went, and there he found his lost wife.

The chance-medley of the story reaches its climax when Marina is given in marriage to the very man whom her eloquence had converted, and who may or may not have deserved his good fortune, according to the way in which we read



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DIANA APPEARS TO PERICLES AS IN A VISION

his words to her when he determines that she shall not be outraged.

The remarks of Mr. Deighton upon the character of Lysimachus as given in the play, and of the same character as given by Wilkins in his novel, are, to say the least, original. I only hope that they are not too acute for truth.

The play, as a whole, affords as good an instance as any other of the grotesque way in which Shakespearian critics have formulated canons of criticism expressly for one author. It is assumed, and, I believe, rightly assumed by all, or nearly all, editors, that this play, which, though published in quarto as early as 1609, was not included by Heminge and Condell in the first folio, is the work of collaboration. There is no denying that certain parts of the play are as full of coarseness as *Measure for Measure*, perhaps fuller. Therefore the Shakespearian critic of the orthodox kind considers it to be his duty to give Shakespeare every worthy line, and when coarseness declares itself to hand over the coarse passages to the collaborator. As to whether the passage is or is not tainted with coarseness, this is decided by the olfactory nerves of the individual critic, whose senses in this regard are governed by the accidental conventions of his time. In allotting to the collaborators Scenes 3, 5, and 6, in Act IV.—which form one of the most important parts of this picture of the vicissitudes of life affecting us all, princesses no less than peasants—in order that Shakespeare may be defended from the charge of coarseness, they would deprive him of the only humorous passages in the play. For in the coarse dialogue between Boulton and the bawd there is a humor as Shakespearian as any of the scenes with Mistress Quickly, a humor whose power and impressiveness give a reality to the entire play which nothing else could have given it.

What is the crowning calamity among the vicissitudes of life here presented? Is it not the tremendous situation of the heroine, a princess, who, after being carried off by an assassin to be murdered, after being rescued by pirates, finds herself reduced to the most appalling of all woes that can befall a woman—those de-

picted in the fourth act? Is not this the very core of the merciless chance-medley in which the princess is entangled?

It was these scenes in especial which fascinated and thrilled the Elizabethan audience when *Pericles* was produced. Indeed a more pathetic situation could not be imagined than this which the critics tell us was left in the hands of inferior collaborators. Whether the original play upon which Shakespeare worked was written by Wilkins, as is very likely, or whether it was written by Wilkins and Rowley, as is also very likely, it was passed over by the theatrical managers to be revised and partially rewritten by the greatest literary journeyman that ever lived. Are we to suppose that he left the most seizing, the most tremendous situation in the whole play as he found it? The idea that these scenes were not written by Shakespeare is, to me, unthinkable, if we believe that he worked upon the play at all.

The *idée mère* of the play is that a young and beautiful daughter of a king passes through every kind of vicissitude, reaching a climax in the scenes depicted in the fourth act. Mr. Sidney Lee calls the coarseness of these scenes "purposeless," and assigns them at once to the collaborators. Purposeless they certainly are not, as I have been trying to show.

The fact is, as I have said in my edition of *Joseph and His Brethren*, that, since Coleridge, critics have written of Shakespeare as though they had

Eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner.

Nothing is more whimsical than the ingenuity with which in every Shakespeare play the critics attribute to other hands every passage they do not like—every passage found to be coarse, whether the coarseness is seasoned with Shakespearian humor or not. I have in my essay on *Macbeth* alluded to the most notable instance of this. After the murder, where the porter makes his humorous comments on the knocking at the gate, because coarse expressions are used, they exclaim, "Oh fie! this is not, shall not, must not be Shakespeare's."

Coleridge advances the theory that Shakespeare may possibly have glanced in a shocked way at the naughty things

in the speech, and then stuck in the undoubted Shakespearian flower about "the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." It is remarkable that among the eaters "on the insane root" we should find one of the greatest poet-critics in the English language.

As to the coarse humor in *Pericles* Shakespeare throughout shows that he did not shrink from what is now called coarseness, but what he did shrink from was a cynical representation of the facts of our animal existence for the purpose of lowering humanity, as in the case of Swift's coarseness. There is all the difference in the world between such simple, earnest coarseness in depicting life as his, and the cynical coarseness which certain writers of the present day are endeavoring to introduce into imaginative literature, especially into novels. It is the fashion now to sneer, not only at beauty and love, but at all the noblest

aspirations of man. Between these two kinds of coarseness the difference is fundamental. In considering the way in which coarse and unpleasant subjects are treated by poets, the object of the introduction of the coarse episode has to be considered before anything else. Is it introduced to lower humanity as in the Swiftian coarseness, and as in the coarseness of our own day, or is it an earnest, simple desire to add pathos to the story? The truth is that in a certain deep sense nothing is immoral that is not cynical, and nothing is moral that is not earnest and enthusiastic.

In the literature of all civilizations enthusiasm has meant life, while cynicism has meant corruption and death. It was the dry-rot of cynicism that invaded and killed at last the literatures of Greece and Rome. And it is the dry-rot of cynicism that is killing the literature of the modern Western world.

Womanhood

BY BRIAN HOOKER

LOVE to a lady said that kneeled before him,
 L Fain of his light and of his glory fain:
 "Who ask of Love must manifold restore him
 For little joy, long pain."

Swiftly she answered: "Lord, put forth thy
 power:"

(Oh, and the wonder of her lips and eyes!)
 "Let me know all. So I but have mine hour,
 What matter for the price?"

Love laughed, and blessed her, saying: "The full
 measure

Of all my sweet I give thee utterly;
 And in thy pain a joy beyond all pleasure,
 Seeing it comes of me."

“Your Mother’s Moors”

BY FLORIDA PIER

AS soon as Mrs. Spotford’s funeral was over and her family had settled down into a conventional gloom, an undeniable excitement began to vibrate through the Spotford home. Excitement at such a time, being so disturbingly out of place, caused Miss Lydia Spotford, who was the one most conscious of feeling it, to wander through the darkened rooms with a distinct air of shame; and though her steps quickened when she neared the drawing-room, it was always with a flushed, embarrassed face that she finally entered and closed the door behind her.

This room had affected many people in divers ways, and had invariably affected them more or less strongly, though Miss Lydia was wrong in saying that it frightened some people away, and that others came for the lark, in the same spirit which made them spend a rainy afternoon at a wax-work exhibition. Mrs. Spotford herself had viewed it with pride and had died happily unconscious that her family was divided against her on account of it. The good lady had been, until some fifteen years ago, when she made a fatal trip to Venice, a comfortable, dull, enthusiastic woman, who made her family happy by not interfering with them, and was herself contented in a carefully planned round of puttering charities. On her return from Venice she proved a bomb which at any moment might explode and maim those nearest her with deadly artistic ideas; though never, perhaps, was there so loud or so devastating an explosion as the one which resulted in the “Moor’s drawing-room.” And it was shortly after this calamity that her daughter arranged a sitting-room on the third floor, and that her husband joined a whist club which met three evenings a week and held conventions in distant cities every summer.

The drawing-room was a high-ceilinged, richly wainscoted room, that in

former days must have had a heavy undigested dignity; now the upper walls were covered with a hand-painted paper depicting an elegant and gayly colored country where birds of unknown species did strange acrobatic things in the air, and flowers of unrestrained brilliancy grew in a wearisome profusion. The furniture was stuffed to its greatest capacity, and one knew for a certainty that one more hair would have caused the rose brocade to burst asunder. The vases and knickknacks—there were countless numbers of these—were of the useless, irritating types which arrest conversation and arouse an impotent rage in the heart of every beholder. But *the* things that made the Spotford home the famous horror it was were six life-sized Moors, placed one in each corner of the room and one on each side of the door. The dusky guardians, who made even the door cower, held out trays of appalling dimensions; though, as no one during the fifteen years they had stood there had ever summoned up courage to lay a card on their proffered trays, they might just as well have been indulged in the peculiar preferences which the others exhibited—moth-eaten spears, baskets of bored fruit, bunches of nameless feathers, and one, having been robbed of whatever originally belonged in his hands, was now given a different substitute by every facetious person who had the courage.

When Mrs. Spotford’s younger daughter became engaged, it was rumored that she based her choice solely on the young man’s having told Mrs. Spotford blithely that if he owned those Moors he would first dissect and then burn them, and that every moment of the process would give him distinct joy. With the exception of this sole case of ribaldry, both the good lady and her Moors were treated with respect during her lifetime. And the habit of respect lasted over, though stretched a bit thin by Miss Spot-



DWELLING ON THE FUTURE JOY OF SEEING THEM GONE

ford's so suddenly being made the feminine head of the house. Not that she for a moment showed in which direction her independence was about to lead her, for Miss Spotford and her father each lived in the firm belief that the other shared the late Mrs. Spotford's love of her six Moors.

They had both endeavored, during the six weeks following Miss Spotford's accession to power, to suppress the joyful anticipation that was now rising in both their hearts, and, above all, to suppress it in the sight of each other. The whist club was immediately given up and the third-story sitting-room forsaken, father and daughter silently agreeing to spend their evenings in the Moor's drawing-room. If both had not been so absorbed in their own destructive plans, each must of necessity have noticed the agitated gleam in the eye of the other. The narrowness of their mutual escape in the sixth week demands recording. Mr. Spotford, looking over the top of his evening paper, had indulged his eyes in the delicious task of looking from one Moor to another and dwelling on the future joy of seeing them gone, with workmen in the place scraping off

the wall-paper now behind them. Miss Spotford, engaged in contemplating exactly the same process, looked up from her embroidery, caught her father's eye, and at once banishing all suspicion of a Moor from their self-conscious orbs, they simultaneously murmured, "Dear Mother!" That was all, but from that moment the Moors were doomed.

The next morning—it was Sunday—Mr. Spotford, entering the drawing-room after breakfast, saw that the wire holding the pink-turbaned Moor had rotted, and with the left-hand caster of the wooden base missing, it would take only a gentle shove to achieve wonders! When the thing first attracted Mr. Spotford's attention he ejaculated an honest "Lydia," but on her asking what he wanted, he said, "Nothing," and left the room; for, above all, what he did not want was a strengthening of that wire or a replacing of the caster. After a few minutes of gentle puffing on his morning cigar he felt that he could trust himself in the drawing-room once more, and started down the hall. As he reached the door Lydia was just coming out. The temptation was too great, and Mr. Spotford fell—spiritually with completeness, physically

only half way. To be explicit, he gave an inspired stumble, and lurched against his daughter, who reeled against the Moor. A crash followed, and the next moment they were both frantically picking up pieces, amid hysterical, concerted regrets.

Fortunately Miss Lydia's first crow of delight was buried in her "Oh, father, how awful!" and Mr. Spotford's relief that she shared his deed was too great to admit at the moment his realization of anything else.

Naturally there was much discussion as to china-menders, and at first all the pieces were saved—though saved in the cellar,—but gradually each convinced the other that it was so difficult a task as to be out of the question, and one day the ashman, by mistake, carried off the fragments. This ended the first Moor. One having gone with such ease, and in the very beginning, as it were, the disposal of the others appeared to the two conspirators almost impossible. In his idle moments Mr. Spotford regretted bitterly that he had not swayed both ways at once, the Moor at the other side of the door had been so very near. Miss Spotford lived in a state of constant amazement that one Moor less made so little difference. She daily discarded plans to make the difference greater, for it is not a simple matter to remove five life-sized figures that stand as respectful monuments to your mother's memory, without in some way taking the bloom from your filial respect. Miss Spotford was in a predicament.

The most natural accident when it becomes habitual is apt to be regarded with suspicion. To have another Moor meet with misfortune would really not do. Miss Spotford was obliged to think of something better. Admiring her father as she did, respecting him as no one else ever would, she was convinced that could his art sense be separated from his connubial loyalties he would at once see the horror of his dear wife's possessions and the looming fact of there now being no necessity for keeping them. Having determined to act on this belief, the advance notice of a loan exhibit was to Miss Spotford an assurance of a respite if not a promise of permanent relief.

For three days she hovered over the

topic when she was with her father, swooping down to it, fleeing from it, and feeling as though she were suspended, literally dangling, over a chasm that at any moment might jump up and imprison her. She took the final step one night at dinner.

"Father, have you noticed that there is to be a loan exhibition of furniture and interior decorations? It ought to be very interesting. Aunt Nellie is going to send her Tudor settle and chairs."

"Dear, dear! is it possible? A very nice idea indeed; when is it to be?"

"The twenty-sixth."

"The twenty-sixth? Humh! that is three weeks off, I believe."

"Yes, of course, it does seem a long time, but it really isn't, if one had anything one wished to send; why, that is, you know—"

"Oh yes, yes, of course, one has to plan ahead. I guess we haven't anything, have we, that we're very proud of?" A nervous laugh followed this.

"No, no, I guess not." Miss Lydia's laugh was even a little more nervous than that of her father.

"They—they only want furniture at this exhibition, eh?"

"Well—er—things bordering on furniture."

"Well, well! we'll have to go some night."

"Ah, yes, we must. I am quite looking forward to it."

And so the topic had been broached, and now it trailed off into self-conscious voices, and eyes that refused to meet across the table. Her father at once talked so interestedly of various ways of keeping salt dry, that Miss Lydia could not be certain whether he had caught her unexpressed idea or not, and the suspicion that he had caught it and had covered up his delight at this compliment to his wife's taste by his cheerful blankness was evenly balanced by the fear that the covering had been used for his realization that his daughter, once getting the Moors out of the house, would never allow them to re-enter it.

As a week went by and Mr. Spotford did not again mention the exhibition, a desperate plan began to form in his daughter's mind. If she, on her own responsibility, should send for a man and



IT WOULD TAKE ONLY A GENTLE SHOVE TO ACHIEVE WONDERS!

dray to remove the five inhabitants of the drawing-room, she could always explain her action by saying that she knew her mother would have been pleased and that she had hoped to pleasantly surprise her father. So, on the last day named for sending loans to the exhibit, she dusted the five horrors, telephoned for an expressman, and sat waiting at the drawing-room window for the bracing event to happen.

When a clatter of hoofs finally approached her door, the sounds were doubled, and, a moment after, trebled. Miss Spotford listened, and then she looked. Two expressmen were in front of the house, and in an accompanying hansom was her father, expostulating with the drivers, and at the same time holding on to the roof of the hansom and begging

the cabbie to keep his horse still. The scene was one of action. Miss Spotford gave a ladylike snort, and held herself ready to dash to the fray.

"I didn't order two expressmen. What are you both doing here? Keep this horse still, will you; do you want me to break my neck? What? Who ordered you? I did? That's ridiculous. I only ordered one man. You're the one? How do I know you are? This man says I ordered him."

"I never did. I said some one ordered me to come to your house. I did not say it was you. I never claimed nothing in connection with you; I never saw you before in my life."

"Well, well, well!" Mr. Spotford by this time was trying to pay the cabman, and seemed a little disconcerted at the

expressmen's unfriendliness. "I can't help it if some one else ordered you; that's not my business; this is the man that I told to come. I can't help it, you know, if you come on some one's else order; that's your own risk." Then to the cabbie, "If you don't keep this horse still, I can't pay you. Ah, Lydia, is that you?" and Mr. Spotford, balancing badly, smiled at his daughter as she came quickly down the steps. "There's some little trouble here that I'm trying to straighten out; you had better go back into the house."

Miss Spotford ignored her father's suggestion, and blinked at the drivers in turn; then, waving majestically to her father's man, said, "You may go away; I ordered the other man; only one is wanted."

At this every one began talking at once, and out of the hubbub came, "But, my dear, I ordered that man; send the other man away."

"Not at all."

"But, Lydia, I tell you I ordered only one of these men."

"Then we've both sent for expressmen."

"Apparently."

"Why did you do such a thing, father?"

"My dear, I've a perfect right to order an expressman, if I want one."

"Of course, father; but why—what did you want the man for?"

"Want the man? Why, what does one want an expressman for; what did you want yours for?"

"My dear father, we cannot stand here discussing the thing forever; if you will get out of that hansom and send one of these men away, why, perhaps—"

"Certainly, my dear, certainly. I only—you see, the truth of the matter is—really this excitement has been most unnecessary—the truth of the matter is, I had this expressman come to take away my leather trunk; I've been wanting it overhauled for some time."

"Then the man might as well go up and get it."

"Naturally, naturally; that is what he came for." After the man had been ushered up the steps Mr. Spotford turned. "Now, Lydia, what about the other man; what did you say you wanted him to do?"

"What, father?"

"What! what! my dear? The other expressman; are you deaf? It seems to me there are a great many whats flying about."

"Oh, the expressman; I thought you said something else. Why, he—"

"They said at the office you wanted me to move five life-sized figures, so I brought bagging to pack them with." This pointed observation on the part of the remaining expressman so relieved Miss Lydia of any further explanation that she stood silent. Her father cocked an inquiring ear.

"Does he mean your mother's Moors, Lydia?"

"Yes, father, he does; I am sending them to the loan exhibition." The silence that followed this whipping away of veils was almost more than Miss Spotford was braced for. She stood it bravely, however, and when her father said, "You may be right, though I never should have thought of it myself," it was a prop that was to last her indefinitely. As Mr. Spotford's trunk rattled away, Miss Spotford caught a glimpse of large quantities of bagging in the wagon, but knowing little of the habits of expressmen, her vision did not develop into a suspicion, though for days after the thought made her brows involuntarily wrinkle.

The loan exhibition was a great success. The critics enjoyed themselves because such *objets d'art* existed and could be freely criticised. The exhibitors enjoyed themselves because these *objets d'art* belonged to them and were now being admired by others; and the public enjoyed itself because, though these things existed, they did not belong to it. A pleasanter situation could hardly have been thought of. Yet, with that true tragic turn which things so delight in taking, the Moors met with enthusiastic admiration.

To have the Moors liked was an unexpected last straw, but to have them coveted went beyond Miss Lydia's brightest dream. When the man appeared—a sincere purchaser—she refused to take him seriously. It was too overwhelming; she saw a joke behind his most businesslike proposition. But the man was importunate and named a sum. Miss Lydia felt it necessary to inquire into his motives, a hazy fear haunting



"A MAN HAS OFFERED TO BUY YOUR MOTHER'S MOORS"

her that he represented a charitable institution, or, at least, an old and understanding friend who had come to her rescue. But the purchaser was simplicity itself. He had built a marble palace which had five landings on the grand staircase. Consequently and naturally the five Moors were needed, ardently desired. Miss Lydia blushed for the man's complete exposure of himself, and looked away for fear he would see in her face the scornful picture she had of him. With the persistence of a person who has always succeeded, he asked for a definite answer; he hammered her with his prosperous noise into a feminine, bewildered agreement. The sum named seemed so large that she suggested half as much. He, annoyed, came down five hundred, and did it in such a way that it reproved her. A check was written; she received it, feeling hardly nice, the acquaintance had been so short. He murmured of pressing engagements, was gone, and she stood fluttering her eyelids at the five Moors, who by a crackling slip of paper had been

permanently detached from her, mercifully cut away.

When she got to her home and was drinking a reviving cup of tea her father's latch-key rattled in the keyhole, and he stood in the doorway waving an idea at her. He carried his hat and overcoat in his hand as though he had been too excited to put them on, and his face was red.

"Lydia—" he gasped, then sat down weakly in a near-by chair.

His daughter stared at him.

"Father, what is the matter? You are behaving very strangely."

"Well, Lydia," Mr. Spotford drew a solemn expression over his beaming countenance, "the fact of the matter is that I stopped in at the loan exhibition on my way home, and a very disturbing thing had happened. A man—yes, I am sure that they said it was a man—has offered to buy your mother's Moors. No one seemed to know anything definite, but it appeared a hardy rumor." Mr. Spotford apparently feared that he might

he scolded, instead of which he beheld his daughter break into a hysterical giggle that tolled into a laugh, and ended in nervous, half-controlled shrieks. When she managed to open her eyes she gazed on her father, who, his cup put down for safety and his face drawn into a silent laugh that shook his entire body and vented itself in occasional snorts and wheezes, evidently more than shared her relief. For another two minutes they rocked in their chairs, writhed in painful delight, and gasped for breath. Then Miss Lydia sat up.

"Father, you've hated them all along!" Her voice was unsteady with a last remnant of enjoyment.

"All along, my dear. Why, there never was an inch of them that I didn't hate all through. Oh, oh dear! I haven't laughed like this since—well, not for fifteen years, anyway. Now I've upset my tea. And you didn't like them, either! Oh my! Oh, your poor mother! A good woman, Lydia."

"The best that ever lived, father."

"But a little weak where Moors were concerned. And you hated them, too. It's a good joke on us, my dear." Mr. Spotford flapped his plump hand in speechless recognition of how good a joke it was. His daughter was out of breath and rueful.

"If we had only found it out before, dad. It's almost too much of a joke."

"No, no, Lydia. I wouldn't have missed this minute for money."

"But those awful Moors; of course you know, dad, that it's more than a rumor; it's a check; the man gave it me himself. I think he really likes them; five landings, a Moor on each; it's his grand staircase. Oh, what a brute it must be!"

"He's really going to have that? Oh, the idiot! And if he has paid for them he can't make us take them back."

"But he won't want to; he'll adore them. Only I should have made him pay more; then they would be really precious to him. Oh, dad, think of the joy of never seeing them again!"

"We'll redecorate the room."

"Every inch of it; not a thing shall be the same. I'm going to smash that blue pig now," and jumping up wildly, Miss Spotford hurled the offending animal to the hearth, where it broke into

fragments, amid Mr. Spotford's applause. He was on the point of executing a few fancy steps, when he stopped and said,

"Your sainted mother!"

His daughter quickly reassured him. "She wouldn't mind now, dad; she knows now; you must believe that. Dad, I think I must kiss you!" But Miss Spotford's enchanting salute was prevented by a vigorous peal of the front-door bell, which was almost immediately followed by an angry demand that the speaker see Miss Spotford. Then, before an aye or nay could be given, Miss Spotford was confronted by a woman who bit her lip with vexation and grasped threateningly an ivory-handled parasol. She was the picture of angry indignation.

Miss Spotford bowed. Mr. Spotford rose. The woman seemed to regard both actions as deliberate attempts to annoy her.

"I am Mrs. Crummins," she pealed.

"Are you?" chirped her unwilling hostess. "The name is unknown to me."

"Unknown! Unknown! It's the same name you read on the check."

"The check?" Miss Spotford inspected it. "Andrew B. Crummins. You are—?"

"Mrs. Andrew B. Crummins. Is there any doubt of it? Could any one but Andrew's wife be in the state I am in now? Would any one's wife but Andrew's be expected to take in ten life-sized Indians?"

"Take in? Indians? The Moors, you mean? Lydia, she doesn't like the Moors. Give her a cup of tea, my dear."

"Indians! Moors! They all look the same. We had a guide like 'em when we did Egypt, and I tell you, Miss Spotford, I won't have them in my house." Mrs. Crummins's parasol was on the point of flourishing, then remembering the recently acquired breeding of its mistress, it merely fluttered its ribs. Mrs. Crummins, following its lead, sat back in her chair, folded her hands, and gazed over pursed lips at the recently elated pair. She added, to down them, "Our guide stole; and one of them hasn't anything in his hands, anyway."

Mentally separating her guest's dishonest guide from her own incomplete Moor, Miss Spotford began to do battle. "I'm very sorry indeed, Mrs. Crummins.

I dare say that at first the Moors are upsetting, but as time goes on, when one has had them for years, one—"

"Miss Spotford, those men will never be in my house for one minute, much less years. My daughters are young girls, and—"

"Mrs. Crummins—"

"Will you let me finish? My daughters are young girls, and they are nervous, and to meet those creatures five times on one staircase—why, they couldn't stand it."

Miss Spotford, unspeakably relieved, fussed with the tea things. "You know, you spoke of them as ten; there are really only five, and—and they are quite gentle." Her tongue was behaving fantastically.

"There may be five," the roll of Mrs. Crummins's eyes implied that her agony pushed her far beyond mere numbers, "but when Andrew said that he had bought those things, they looked to me

like a good round ten. By doctor's prescription I go up those stairs twenty times a day. I feel that I am the one to decide when it comes to landings."

"Landings?"

"The landings that my husband plans to put those men on. I—won't—have—them—there!"

Mr. Spotford began to believe that Mrs. Crummins meant what she said. "What is your objection to the Moors, Mrs. Crummins? Why—er—why do you not like them?"

"Now, Mr. Spotford, don't get me agitated. Those Moors make me ill, and that's all there is about it. I guess you haven't forgotten the one whose eyes have slipped."

Mr. Spotford had not, and he moved nearer her. "There is something in what you say," he murmured.

His daughter sent up a wail. "Father, Mr. Crummins wants them; he has paid for them; he must want them."



"Oh, as far as the paying goes, you may keep the check. I'd give that to never see your Moors again."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. Here it is. You will have to take it." The check was thrust towards Mrs. Crummins.

"Then you'll take them back?" she exclaimed, avoiding the outstretched check.

"No." This was in chorus from Mr. and Miss Spotford.

"But what is to be done with them? You won't take them, and neither will I. We can't leave them at the exhibition when the exhibition is over."

The three gazed at each of the others in a puzzled silence.

"We might send them to the museum," suggested Mr. Spotford.

"Oh yes. I knew some one who went there once. Perhaps that is a good idea."

Miss Spotford pulled the unruly pair in. "This is a serious matter," she began. "We all refuse to have the Moors, yet we must find some one who will have them. I am afraid, Mrs. Crummins, that as you have gone back on a sale, you will have to find a way out for us all. Your conduct has been most unbusinesslike, you know."

Mrs. Crummins, touched on a vulnerable spot, quivered. "I'll do whatever I can, but it's going to be pretty difficult to get any one to take those men. We Americans have had such a lot of trouble with foreigners that—"

Mr. Spotford whipped into Mrs. Crummins's fear with, "Of course if you happen to know any one who is under an obligation to you, who could not in reason refuse them, why—" The idea was heinous.

"Oh, say," Mrs. Crummins's face shone with the idea, "no one can refuse a wedding-present, can they?"

Miss Spotford sat forward on her chair. "Indeed they can't. Do you know any one who is about to be married?"

"Yes; but"—Mrs. Crummins's eye asked for pity—"but not any one who I could give the entire five to."

"Mrs. Crummins, I am afraid I cannot let you state your own terms. You have retracted your husband's word; you have asked me to let you break an agreement of your own making—"

"No, no; of Andrew's."

"Very well, of Mr. Crummins'; but please remember that I am the injured party. I shall have to ask you, Mrs. Crummins, to give the entire five to your friend."

"I'm willing to give four, if you could take one back—" Her voice was weak.

Miss Spotford realized it, and continued: "No, five, I insist, and if you will give me your word I will tear up your husband's check."

"Well, well, all right. I'll send her all the Moors." There was a sound of tearing paper, and Mrs. Crummins rose. "It's pretty hard on her, and on me too," she said, remorsefully.

"I realize that, and on Mr. Crummins, but you can manage it, I am sure."

"Oh, I managed Andrew before I came." Then, looking around the room, she said: "It's nice of you not to sell us your wall-paper. I—er—I'll just thank you for that." And shaking hands with the victor she turned and strolled out of the room, dragging her parasol behind her.

When Mr. Spotford had bowed her out he returned and confronted his daughter, who stood with bent head. "Lydia, you're a hard woman."

"I am, dad, but I've saved you; and now let's just see if the wall-paper pulls off easily."



The Terminal

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

THIS railroad terminal is the city gate. Without, it rises in the superior arrogance of white marble from an open square as an architectural something. It has broad portals, and through these portals come and go a host of folk, in cabs and carriages, in trolley cars and elevated trains—folk afoot. Within, this city gate is a thing of stupendous apartments and monumental dimensions, a thing not to be grasped in a moment. In a single great apartment—a vaulted room so great as to have its dimensions sink into distant vistas—are the steam caravans that come and go. It is a busy place, a place of an infinite variety of business.

In the early morning the train shed gives first sign of the new-born day. Before the dawn is well upon the city the great arcs that run into those distant vistas in wonderful symmetries are hissing and alight, and the first of five hundred incoming trains is feeling its way into the gloom of the shed. Some few trains have started out with the early mails and the morning papers, but the great rush into town is yet to begin.

Even before dawn a thousand little homes without the city have been awake and fretful. The gray fogs of the night lie low and lights begin to twinkle, lines of shuffling figures find their way to the nearest railroad station. It is very early morning when these begin to pass through the city gate. From the broad concourse at the head of the train shed the day, as seen across the tracks, is still struggling with the fogs that rest across the yards without. The earliest suburban trains slip in from those yards and come to a slow, grinding stop within the shed. Before the wheels have ceased turning, the first of the workers is off the cars and running down the platform. In fifteen seconds the platform is black with men.

There are to be many more of these trains, a great multiplication of men, within a little time. The broad platforms have been cleaned and cleared for the coming of a mighty army—the army of those who live without the city walls. Before seven o'clock the trains begin to increase, to follow more and more closely upon one another's heels. The earliest trains bring the day-laborers; men in jeans and jumpers, with their pipes and their penny papers, an occasional scrub-woman blinking sleepily under the brilliant arcs. After seven there are more women—clerks in the big stores—and the men who work in the wholesale houses. The trains come closer and closer—two or three of them stop simultaneously on different tracks under the great vault of the shed, and they are heavy with people. There is a constant clatter of engines, stamping and puffing, dragging their heavily laden trails and snapping them quickly out of the way for the others to follow. The electric lights under the roof of the shed go out with a protesting sputter, and you realize that the day is at hand. This mighty army of those who live without the city walls is flocking in—in an unceasing current now. There is an endless procession from the track platforms and through the concourse, a stream of humans finding its way to its day's work.

Do you want figures so that you may see for yourself the might of this army? Binghamton, New York, is a city; a little less than 50,000 persons live there. If the whole population of Binghamton—every man, woman, and child—were poured through the portals of this terminal on any morning of the six mornings of the week, it would be about equal to this great suburban traffic that we have been watching. In a single hour—from seven till eight—forty-five trains have arrived under the roof of the shed and discharged their human freight; in

the following hour sixty-four trains empty a great brigade of the army from without the city walls.

As the big clock that hangs from the ceiling of the concourse reaches and passes eight there is a change in the complexion of the crowd. The pipe-smokers are gone, and most of these more leisurely folk have the two-cent papers. There are stenographers—pert and stylish little ladies, some of them perhaps with library books under their arms,—an occasional early shopper with bargains firmly fixed in her mind, and the men who go to fill the upper floors of the office buildings that rise just beyond the terminal. Before nine there are more changes in the personnel of the army. The men who employ, and not those who are employed, are in the ascendant.

Before ten this army of folk, who have gone without the city walls to get the elbow room denied them within, has arrived. The station settles down for a few hours of comparative quiet. It is still a busy place, but you can make your way along the concourse and through the platforms without feeling that you are stemming a human tide. Along about four o'clock the army will come trooping out from the city, reversing the order in which it arrived, in marvellous symmetry. The big men, the men who plan the big things, will be the first to come. Theirs has been a hard day and a long day in all but hours, and there will be just time for nine holes at golf or a bit of a drive before dinner. After them come their secretaries and their clerks, their stenographers; after these in due order the people from the stores, wholesale and retail; the laborers with their pipes seeking their humble little homes last of all.

The army which converges into a giant human stream along the concourse in the morning strains itself out at night. The bulletin boards that line the concourse tell one explicitly what may be expected of the trains that stand back of them. One begins to vaguely wonder if the conductors and the engineers and all the other railroad people do not have to rely pretty steadfastly upon those bulletin boards themselves.

I have spoken of the army that lives without the city walls. But this city gate knows other than these. For in-

stance, there is the stranger from afar. For, while the terminal is performing one great function in the handling of fifty thousand suburban passengers every business day, there are from five to ten thousand through passengers who must be accommodated within it. In the morning you recognize these from their hand luggage; they are sure to have umbrellas, although the promise is of a cloudless day. The suburbanites come madly tumbling through the terminal, treading on each other's heels in their eagerness to get into the town. The stranger from afar stops to gaze—and to admire.

The city gate is a busy place. Its concourse echoes with the unending tread of shuffling feet; beyond the fence with its bulletins and ticket-examiners is that vault of the train shed, a thing of great shadows even in midday. Its echoes are also unending. There seems to be no end of pushing and shoving and hauling among the engines; there must be an infinite stock of trains somewhere without; the human flow streams all the while.

The marvel of this all is that the terminal, which seems so intricate, so baffling, is all under the control of one man—a man to whom it is as simple as the ten fingers on his hands.

This man is keeper of the city gate. His watch-house is situate just without the big and squatty train shed. It is long and narrow, glass-lined and sun-filled. Through its windows he keeps watch of those who come and go.

"There's Second Two Hundred and Seventeen with them school-teachers coming back from that convention out at Kansas City. Put her on Twenty-one, so's to give the baggage folks a chance. Them women travel with lots of duds."

These are orders to his assistants, and orders in that watch-tower are never given a second time. The assistants are in shirt-sleeves, like their chief, for the sun-filled tower is broiling hot. They nod to one another, click tiny levers on a long machine distantly resembling an old-fashioned "square" piano which nearly fills the tower, and Second Two Hundred and Seventeen—a long train of sleeping-cars coming into the city in the hot moisture of the September morning—is sent easily and carefully in upon



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

A MONSTER SKELETON OF STEEL WHERE STEAM CARAVANS COME AND GO



TALES ARE RETOLD AND NEVER GROW STALE

attention of his chiefs, then advanced steadily along the rapid lines of promotion that railroading holds for some men. He is one of three men who for certain hours hold the keeping of this complicated city gate within their well-drilled minds. This tower is the mind—the brain centre, the ganglia; whatever you may choose to call it—of the city gate; but the tower is only wondrously mechanical, after all, and the mind of the towerman is the mind that controls all that which is mechanism.

"No, it ain't big accidents that you worry about up here," the towerman tells you, in answer to your questionings. "We've got the interlocking to back us up. What we're afraid of is snarls—blocks, you know. We run on

Track Twenty-one in the train shed of the terminal. There you have the explanation of that order that was meaningless to you a moment ago. Track Twenty-one is nearest the in-baggage room of the station. The thoughtfulness of the towerman in sending the special upon Track Twenty-one will be appreciated by the baggage-handlers. A vast amount of manual labor will be saved, and that counts—even on a cool day.

This keeper of the city gate represents the very cream of his profession. The chances are that he began his railroading career in some lonely way-station on a branch line, developed qualities that brought him to the quick and favorable

a pretty close margin in the morning and at night. We're all right as long as things run right, and then our schedule will carry us through. But let something go a little wrong, and somebody up in this tower has got to do some tall thinking, and no time to be lost about it, either. A fifteen-minute block here at the mouth of the yard might snarl up our local service for two hours and cost this town from \$100,000 to \$500,000. You've no idea of the size of the pay roll we haul in and out of this terminal."

So the keeper of this city gate, well trained and well paid, must be on the alert through every instant of his hours on duty—his "trick," as he calls it. The

importance of his position toward the terminal cannot be overestimated. The tracks and signals more truly represent the station than the mere architectural magnificence of its outer shell. They are a tangle and a maze apparently, but you already know that they are neither tangle nor maze to the shirt-sleeved men in the tower. These men have intimate acquaintance with each track, each switch point, each signal blade. That intimate acquaintance is extended through the "piano box" which you have already noticed in the tower.

After the man in the tower has been temporarily relieved by another keeper of the gate he begins to show us something of the intricate details of the "piano box." He takes sundry covers down, and finally we go down-stairs to see the heavier machinery there that it controls. The machine—electro-pneumatic interlocking, 300 levers—is a marvel. It is an intricacy of cranks and pinions, wheels and cogs, about which the towerman discourses rapidly and learnedly. Our minds come falteringly and fumblingly along after his description, and we commit mental falsehood by nodding our heads at every pause, as if we really understood. What we marvel at is not so much the machine—we have seen printing-presses, switchboards, marvellous reapers, these things all our lives—as the man who holds its intricacies in his mind alongside of the infinite details of the yard operation of this great terminal.

He explains to us how the machine

magnifies the crook of a finger against one of its slender levers to the pull of a giant arm against a heavy switch-point a half a mile or more away. The finger touch brings an electric touch; the electric touch, through an electro-magnetic valve, releases the air from a cylinder; the air is a tremendously sensitive thing all the way through a tiny pipe to a distant switch, and when withdrawn from the cylinder in the basement of the tower it is also immediately withdrawn opposite the switch point. A plunger in that cylinder moves the switch point. Each switch is guarded by at least one signal, possibly two—home and distant—and these blades show an open or a closed path to the engineer.



THE EARLIEST SUBURBAN TRAINS SLIP IN

They are so arranged that normally they stand at danger, and in case of breakdown they return by gravity to danger. At night the blades, which in various positions show safety, danger, and caution, are replaced by lights—red for danger, yellow for caution, green for safety, according to the present standard rules.

We climb up-stairs again and try once more to follow the head towerman as he tells us of his interlocking machine and its workings. In its thirty feet of length it represents the acme of mechanical condensation. Reduced to its earliest and simplest equivalent—the separate hand-operation of a gigantic cluster of switches in this terminal yard,—it would cover a vast area and result in the employment of a brigade of switchmen. Carelessness on the part of any one member of this brigade might cause serious accident.

The first schemes of automatic switch systems eliminated the hand switchmen. A cluster of levers in a tower, of commanding location, was connected by steel rods with the switches and the signals which protected them. In this way the control of the yard was simplified and responsibility placed upon a better paid and trained man than the average hand-switchman. The margin of safety was considerably broadened.

Then came the amendment to that first system. Some genius of a mechanic devised this interlocking switch machine, this thing of cogs and clutches, by which a collision in a railroad yard became almost a physical impossibility. In this device the tower levers are so controlled, one by another, that signals cannot be given for trains to proceed until all switches in the route governed are first properly set and locked, and conversely, so that the switches of a route governed by signal cannot be moved during the display of a signal giving the right of way over them. By installation of the interlocking some of the responsibility was taken by mechanical device from human brain and the margin of safety broadened still further.

This "piano box" represents the great condensation of the switch and signal control and interlocking devices. The men who designed this city gate—designed it to accommodate more than a thousand outgoing and incoming passenger trains

each twenty-four hours—found that the condensations given by earlier systems were not sufficient for their purpose. After bringing several switches, designed to act in concert, upon a single lever, they found they would still have a row of 360 levers. Set closely together these would require a tower about 160 feet long. It is roughly figured that it is not desirable to assign more than twenty of these heavy levers to a single towerman, and that meant eighteen men working at a shift. Moreover, the throwing of a heavy switch a half-mile distant from the tower is not a slight manual exercise.

Then the "piano box"—electro-pneumatic—was installed. One hundred and fifty feet of levers were reduced to thirty feet of small handles hardly larger than faucet handles and quite as easily turned. The control of a great terminal was brought down to three towermen, acting under the direction of our friend the shirt-sleeved keeper of the city gate. Surely this machine is worth comparing with the human mind.

The distant train announces its coming from down the line. A bell rings sharply in the roof of the tower.

"There's the Steamboat Express," explains the towerman. He is on duty again. "She goes in on Track Fourteen."

And so he goes down the machine—the most human thing in all this human terminal,—crooking the tiny levers and setting a path for the incoming train. The terminal begins to seem superhuman. We think of the boy touching a hot substance with the tip of his finger. His finger telegraphs to his mind, and his mind removes the finger. So the train that comes to the city gate signals its coming, and the path is prepared for it. The path is outlined by schedule; it actually is prepared just before the train reaches the terminal.

"We've got to keep them hustling," the towerman tells us. "There's the morning express in from New York. She's heavy to-day. That train over there coming across the swing bridge is the millionaire's special. She's all club cars, ain't on the time-tables, comes in every morning from the seaside. Her wheels 'll stop on the same nick as the express. Watch them both carefully."



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

THE CONTROL-TOWER—THE BRAIN CENTRE OF THE TERMINAL



IN THE WAITING-ROOM

"Isn't it quite a trick handling those trains simultaneously?"

"Not much." A smile fixes itself upon the chief towerman's features as he fingers his greasy time-table. "Here's four trains pulling out of here simultaneously at 5.40. On top of that we have four incoming locals between 5.39 and 5.43 and pull out two more also at 5.43. Ten trains in just four minutes isn't bad, is it?"

"That isn't all of it. We get the whole thing crisscrossed on us sometimes, and perhaps they'll put on an extra, getting out of here at 5.40, and that'll bother us a little, for we have regular tracks assigned for all our scheduled trains. If they don't run in the extras on us or we don't get a breakdown anywhere, it's pretty plain sailing. Ring off your 10.10, Jimmy."

Jimmy, the assistant at the far end of the tower, touches one of the little handles, a blade on a signal bridge opposite the end of the train shed drops, a locomotive catches the rails instantly, and cautiously leads a long train of heavy cars out through the intricacy of tracks and switches until it is past the tower, over the "throat" of the yard, and striking on the main line, is gaining speed once more.

"It's as easy for him as a straight track off in the country," says the chief towerman to us, as he waves salutation at the engineer passing below him.

This city gate first appalled us by its size. Then we began to look behind the

scenes, we studied the physiology of the terminal for the first time. We have dwelt upon the brain and nerve structure of the giant; his anatomy is hardly less interesting.

Every great passenger terminal in America is built upon what is known as the head-house plan. In this scheme trains arrive and depart upon a series of parallel tracks terminating within some sort of train shed. It is the ideal scheme for the passenger, for no stairs or bridges or subways are necessary to reach any track. The tracks are generally laid in pairs, and between each pair a broad platform is built, which is in reality a long-armed extension of a distributing platform or concourse extending across the head of the tracks. But in case any number of trains are to be operated through the terminal, the head-house scheme becomes impractical and an abomination to the operating department. It makes necessary all manner of backing and turning trains, and a tremendous amount of energy and time spent in so doing. So we find the head-house stations—the real terminals of America—for the most part along the seaboard or at the termination of really important railroad routes. They are an expensive luxury at any other point.

At the outer end of the train shed its tracks begin to converge. They are in rough similarity to the sticks of an open fan, and at the handle they are reduced to anywhere from two to eight main tracks, the connections with the through lines that serve the station.

The point of convergence, the towerman and all the other workers know as the "throat" of the yard. It is by far the most important point of the terminal and the usual location of the control tower, with its authority over several hundred switches and signals.

Upon the number of main tracks in this "throat" depends the capacity of the terminal as much as upon the number of tracks in the train shed or any other of its facilities. There are as many as eight tracks in this "throat"—an unusual number,—the signals and switches arranged so that in the morning five tracks may be used for the rush of incoming business and three tracks for the outgoing, while in the late afternoon conditions are exactly reversed,—five tracks being used for hurrying the suburbanites homeward, and three for the lesser business incoming to the terminal. Each of these tracks is like a separate entrance to the terminal, and when five are open from the train shed simultaneously, five outgoing trains may be started simultaneously.

But the approach and train-shed tracks are only a part of the yards at this city gate. Certain provisions are necessary for mail and express service, and extensive accommodations for the storage and care of cars and motive power. In the last case it becomes advisable to have the roundhouses for locomotive storage within short striking distance of the train shed. These are vast structures, their very form requiring large tracts of land. The American plan of radiating engine-storage tracks from a common centre, occupied by a turn-table, has never prevailed in England. Some few attempts have been made in

this country to build parallel storage tracks, with the transfer table as an operating arm, but almost every attempt of this sort has been induced by a necessity for unusual economy in land space. We shall need the turn-tables as long as we continue to use steam as a motive power, and the early method of grouping storage tracks in radii from the table has never lost its favor with operating officers.

Great as is the room assigned to the



THE CAR-CLEANERS

locomotives, greater must be yard room for car storage, in rough proportions as the length of the locomotive to the average train length. It takes something approaching a genius to lay out car yards, particularly in the case of passenger terminals, which are almost invariably in the heart of great cities, where land values are fabulously high. These yards must be easy of access and of sufficient size to meet the heavy demands that are

to be put upon them. To appreciate them, let us consider them in daily use.

The Chicago Express had just discharged the last of her passengers. Within a few seconds one of those tireless little switch-engines, that are forever poking their inquisitive noses about the yard, has hold of the long train of heavy cars, and is snatching them off somewhere into that smoky maze of car-filled tracks that stretches off to the north of the control tower. Cleared of the heavy load that it has borne for a hundred and fifty long miles, the big, tired engine from the road goes to the roundhouse for rest and cleaning, fuel and water. Each of these big fellows of the road is all but human. You cannot run them indefinitely without rest any more than you can run them indefinitely without fuel and water. Sometimes they break down like real humans, and then they go to the hospital—the long-roofed shop in the background

with a half-hundred chimneys piercing its roofs. The engineer sees his pet safely swung into the roundhouse, around on the table, and into her stall. Then she is left to the fireman, who must know some more long hours of hard work on the brass and shiny parts of the locomotive. His cabmate saunters in to the "stove committee," that gathers in the coziest corner of every roundhouse. There the tales that are folklore in every railroad, every division, are retold and never grow stale. Railroad stories sound mighty real in a roundhouse with the insistent odor of soft coal everywhere and a half-circle of sizzling, steaming locomotives in the background.

While romance rules in the roundhouse, there is action in the



EVERY DAY THOUSANDS OF TRUNKS ARE HANDLED

car yards just beyond. The long train of coaches that have been hauled all those weary miles from Chicago are in the hands of the cleaners and stockers. You see them dragging hose into the car doors and through the windows, and instinctively you think of fire, and peer anxiously into the empty cars. That hose carries compressed air—compressed air is one of the most active agents of this big terminal,—and the compressed air is making that car (dirty and malodorous after its long trip) as sweet and clean as when it first came from the shops.

It is a busy place, this car yard of the terminal. Wagons come driving down through it, and miniature mountains of clean linen are being carried aboard the cars. Butchers' carts, the baker, the grocer, all appear, and a host of provender is being loaded into a string of dining-cars that will go out on a half-dozen through trains that pull out of the terminal just before dinner. A little later we shall see the ice-making machinery of the city gate. Just at present it is sending its product in heavy trucks alongside all the cars. It is a busy place here behind the scenes.

If the train that we have just watched had been one of the busy little suburban locals instead of a dignified through express, it would have had a somewhat different programme. In the first place, the engineer of the suburban train goes with his engine to the car yards and fishes out his own train therefrom. The etiquette of the terminal that makes some fag of a switch-engine place the train in the train shed for the big and haughty express locomotive gives no such distinction to the local. The engine that hauls the suburban backs its train into the shed, makes its run out upon the line—fifteen, twenty-five, fifty miles, whatever the case may be,—and brings the train back into the terminal. Then it kicks its cars out just beyond the cover of the train shed, and while it is hurrying to the nearest turn-table they are hastily cleaned and dusted. The terminal allows the engineer an hour to turn his engine and stock on coal and water, and then he must be off again on his run to all the little places without the city gate. He will repeat this programme two or three times before the cars go to the

main storage and cleaning-yard, his exhausted locomotive to rest beside the big knights of the rail in the smoky, shadowy roundhouse.

Let us come back to the terminal building—the station proper—that architectural something which rises so grandly above the open city square. Only the architect and the architect's draughtsmen know how many times its floor plans had to be altered in the days when they were planning the terminal. Cross-currents and tides that were human had to be considered in the designing of concourses, of exits, and entrances. Humanity was reduced to a multiplication of units representing so many square inches of floor space, and just so many cubic inches of breathing space. Provision had to be made for the crowds of fifty years hence. The engineers have asserted themselves. The terminal that we have come to know as a monster, an almost living thing of monster brain and monster anatomy, has a monster skeleton of steel. The steel ribs of his back span a clear six hundred feet, and underneath them is that unceasing clatter of the noisy locomotives, of the trains that come and the trains that go.

So the engineers worked with the architects long weeks in the planning of this terminal. The architects strove for the beautiful, the graceful, the æsthetic. "Remember that we are building the gateway of a great city," they cried; "we are building a monument to the genius of the living." But to them the engineers have answered: "Beauty, yes, but convenience and due regard of an economy of operation must not be forgotten. A terminal may be an architectural triumph and a thing of monumental beauty, but a curse to the people who are going to operate it." Somewhere in the healthy conflict of these two ideas the terminal is built.

We are going to take a good look at the station building. The waiting-room with its long benches is filled with folk, who must be coming and going, yet they always seem to be merely sitting and waiting—a great silent audience listening to a speaker who is unseen. But waiting-rooms are no novelty. We have been "behind the scenes" in the

outer yards,—we want to go “behind the scenes” in the station itself. “Go and find the head baggageman,” suggests our friend in the sun-filled tower.

We descend stairs and go through long subterranean passages. We are in a catacomb, dark and cool, a thing of more tremendous distances. We expect to see in the head baggageman a veritable Samson, a giant of steel muscles, enclosed in blue jeans. We are a little disappointed when we find the head baggageman at a roll-top desk. He is a slim little man, a graduate of a big university, and the chances are that he has never handled, himself, half a dozen trunks in his entire life.

“They keep us pretty busy at times,” he admits. His finger is nervously tracing a typewritten statement. “We handled 2,500,000 pieces of baggage through here last year.” This with a modest show of pride. “On a single day we handled 31,000 pieces. What day? Oh, Labor day, of course. Every one comes home from his vacation on Labor day. There is nothing that can come near it except Christmas-time, and that is getting to be a big season for travel, too.”

Under his guidance we see more of the subterranean terminal. We are told that the increasing amount of baggage with which all clean and good Americans travel nowadays is responsible for the size of this part of the station. The traffic is divided. An in-baggage room receives trunks and other luggage from incoming trains and distributes these to the various city delivery services; an out-baggage room receives and checks baggage for outgoing trains. The in-baggage room is the largest, because of delays that almost invariably hold trunks for a time—short or long—upon their arrival at a terminal.

Shins and knees of passengers must be protected as far as possible, and that is the reason for the catacombs—the baggage subways, we are taught to call them. These extend from in-baggage to out-baggage rooms and beneath all the tracks of the train shed. An elevator for handling the baggage trucks connects with each train platform. In this way annoyance and delay to passengers are minimized. It sounds simple, but there are

times when the baggage proposition is the most complicated thing about the operation of the terminal.

We come up from the subterranean depths and continue behind the scenes. The terminal is a great office-building—there are hundreds of railroad clerks employed in the towering structure that surrounds the front of the train shed, and then—we pass through a great dining-room and are reminded that the stranger from afar frequently is hungry when he approaches the city gate. Being privileged, we pass beyond the dining-room, through serving-rooms, and into a vast white culinary temple. Rows of brass pots hang in front of the long range and broilers, and this big Alsatian in white cap and suit is as much ruler of his domain as that autocrat in the tower was of his. He shows us the details of his kitchen—it is quite on a par with those of the big new hotels,—and we try to appear unconcerned when he tells us that the terminal serves nearly nine thousand meals a day. It seems that it is quite a favorite lunching and dining place for city folk.

There are more wonders to be seen: a giant power-plant, where light and heat and cold are furnished for the station, lights for the yard, heat for the cars that stand in the chilly train-shed on a winter's day, where air is compressed for the signal plants, for the cleaning apparatus, for the tube service, the great facilities for mail and express, ice for cars and restaurant, each of these a great activity in itself, and we begin to pause to catch our breath. We fall back upon figures. Thirteen acres of buildings, thirty-five more of terminal yards. Four miles of track under this train shed alone, eleven more in the outside yard. Think of that train shed! Enough cars can be placed at its platforms at a single time to seat more than twenty-eight thousand people. Figures begin to be bewildering when you consider the city gate.

The cost? It is high in the tens of millions; but this is America, and our cities are building their gateways for the future. It is getting to be a serious railroad problem—the providing of passenger terminals, with an abundance of room for the ease and convenience of passengers and for economy of operation.

If the railroads had foreseen the demands that were to be made upon them in this new century, they might have been forehanded and reserved large tracts of land in the hearts of the great cities before realty prices became all but prohibitive. But it is doubtful whether one great railroad system foresaw ten years ago that it would double its passenger traffic in a decade, or that it can to-day estimate its volume of business for the year 1919. Stations built only a few years ago that seemed to be equal to all demands for a century to come are already overcrowded and their owners confronted with an unexpected expense for rebuilding or radical changes.

New stations and terminals must be more than big; they must be adorning. An age that demands palaces for hotels, demands monuments for these modern city gates.

It is evening. The arcs that hang in the long vistas are again sputtering, and the suspended clock in the concourse tells eight. The last of the army of those that dwell without the city walls is passing through the much-bulletined fence; the army has retreated in its usual symmetry. A suburban train comes to a stop in the well-emptied shed. It has been a long, hard day, and its little engine is tired and panting. A group of brightly dressed women, in evening wraps, with their escorts, alight from it. The group is theatre-bound. It brushes elbows with a party of immigrants who stand huddled together in the concourse, each with a red tag upon his arm. These stare strangely about them. It is all so bewildering, this great new land, and to-night they are going hundreds and hundreds of miles to the broad farm-lands of which they have been told. To-night they are gazing in wonderment at the immensity of the room in which they stand, wondering at the confusion about

them, for they have never known of the man in the tower, and that it is all a great orderly plan, too big to appear orderly.

The clock hands record another hour. There is a new man in the tower, and the immigrants in a long train of coaches are already on their way toward the golden West. A late train brings a few passengers, another a few more. On the long tracks of the shed the steam caravans that go out through the blackness of the night are already placing themselves. Travellers are finding their way to the comfort of their berths. Before another day shall be born they will be many miles away from the city gate.

Another hour—and still another. The terminal is growing quiet. Some of the night trains go out into the blackness, and some of the signal lamps change color after them. The theatre parties come hurrying down the concourse—that last train is a serious business. Still another hour. Midnight. The final night trains are rolling out from the gate. In a little while the last suburban train has gone jolting over that tangle of tracks in the “throat” of the yard. The great shed is as empty as when we first saw it in the early morning.

Rest? Not yet. For down the long tracks of the shed come line after line of dingy freight-cars. The concourse is peopled once again with a strange people of the night. They are rough clad and armed with a noisy brigade of trucks. We ask of them. Then we know. From now on until five o'clock in the morning the terminal is to be the greatest freight-transfer station in all the land. Many hundreds of thousands of dollars in merchandise are to be handled upon the broad platforms before the incoming tide of humanity sets cityward again.

Rest? Oh no. There is no rest at the city gate.



A Dark Rose

BY EMMA BELL MILES

FIVE preachers, in the intervals of a brush-meeting on Puncheon Camp Creek, were enjoying the hospitality of Brother Zack Lowry, whose big log house was near the place of meeting. Aunt Sa' Jane, the house-mother, quick and tireless as an ant despite her fifty-odd years, was clearing the dinner from the table in the open entry, and the men, sitting on the long porch, told stories of past revivals.

Luther Estill, youngest of the group, was not listening to the stories; neither was he watching the movements of Aunt Sa' Jane, who, ever since he was cast, a lonely little lad, into her hands, had mothered him. He heard only Averilla in the room beyond. The Sunday "singin'" was really over, and the other singers dispersed to get ready for the evening meeting; but she, who never had any pressing work to do, and seemed always ready for any occasion, lingered alone at the organ. One is supposed, in respect, to sing only hymns or pieces of a religious nature where the preacher is a guest; but this girl was choosing songs strange to Luther's ears. "Hick's Farewell" he knew; the "Cowboy's Lament" he had heard; but these ballads, centuries old, of poignant yearning and regret, he had never heard before. Aunt Sa' Jane and his far-away mother had crooned to him—but this new manner of singing, this heart-expression, drew him strangely.

The old voices on the porch droned on, with occasional feeble laughter; but her contralto filled the echoing room with its pleading minors and cadences of passion. What was this that had come like a red flame searing his consecrated life?

From the overheard conversation of several boys, who had been loath to leave Averilla at the organ, he had gathered that there was to be a dance that night, a "frolic," at the very hour of the foot-washing—an open defiance flung in the

face of the Church, at the climax of its campaign against the devil. Averilla's father, Lark Sargent, had been for years the arch-enemy of the few forces that made for righteousness along the Sourwood Mountain circuit. Now they were soon to be rid of him, for he had sold his land to a mining syndicate and given out that he, with Averilla and her brothers, would move to the Settlement, a valley town, to live; but before they were ready to leave the district he was not averse to firing a parting shot. He was flush with the recent sale; there would be plenty of cards and whiskey. Let Averilla break up the meeting if she could.

When the song was ended, the singer came out on the porch, swinging her sun-bonnet by the strings. Her dark gaze swept the four elderly preachers' indifferently, but met young Luther's with a smile.

"Who's goin' to conduct the meetin' to-night? You?" she asked, pausing before him. The watchfulness of the four was turned aside by these words, and under their resurgent buzz of talk she added: "Come a piece with me. I've got something to tell you."

He hesitated a moment; then, with a kindling of his dreamy face, took up his hat and followed her out of the yard, while the other preachers looked at one another.

This house had been his home until, being "called to preach," he had ceased to have need of a home. Strange that in all those years he had never really seen this daughter of a neighbor! What was this change wrought by a few months in him—or her?

"I wish't I was a little boy, and could go barefooted in the road again," he said, overtaking her outside the gate. "This white dust feels like velvet."

The powerful scent of mountain-mint and bee-balm came to them, called up from the roadside by the evening air; and

fainter, finer breaths came at intervals out of the forest. All afternoon a procession of dazzling thunder-heads had been sailing slowly along the horizon toward a mellow rolling of distant thunder, as marching to the seat of war. Now they were piled, sierras above sierras, opposite the sunset, flushed with pure color from base to peak, and glowing from time to time with a silent excitement of lightnings. Passing the mounded bush that almost buried Lowry's gate, the girl had plucked a belated rose; it glowed now in her musky, heavy hair, matching the vivid softness of her mouth. Each time she turned her face to him in talking, her eyes sang; and she moved with a buoyancy unlike the gait of the ordinary mountain girl, who is apt to be weary in the cradle from her mother's killing toil. She was all music, the lovely thing! Luther was like to forget his office. But along with the duteous performance of ancient rites had descended to him something of the austerity of priesthood. He presently broke upon her rippling chatter, bethinking himself to speak sternly.

"I guess I know what you're aimin' to tell me. I heard Bark and 'Vander and them a-talkin'. You're goin' to have a big dance to-night."

She persisted, however, in speaking as to the boy who was walking a "piece" of the way with her. "Yes; don't you wish't you was comin'? Can't you, anyway?"

He tried to counter with a rebuke—"You'd do much better to come to the foot-washin'"; but he saw it fall on stony ground.

"Come, and we'll learn you to dance," she challenged.

"Why, you know that I'd be turned out of the church next day!"

"Well, you're too young to be a preacher; you've never had your life. Just think, you'll get old and die before you've had any playtime!"

Had not his own heart told him so in the night-watches but lately? Ah, the cooing, lilting singsong of her voice! the bubbling gurgle of throaty laughter! her velvet beauty!

"I wouldn't for anything!"

"Come up awhile and look on, can't you?—after you've been to the meeting."

"No-o; I can't think of hit, Averilla."

Of what use to say no to one who would not take it for answer? His refusal only changed her mood for the worse; her tone became one of raillery, without, however, detracting from the warmth and dear-ness of her presence.

"How many chickens did Aunt Sa' Jane kill for all you-uns to-day? Two to a preacher is what she 'lows, I think. Let's see"—she pretended to count on her fingers—"all but one of ol' Top-knot's early brood! La! just think how lonesome he'll feel a-flyin' up to roost to-night!"

"Wherever these feet-washin' preachers go,
They never leave a chicken for to crow-
crow-crow—

They never leave a chicken for to crow."

She peeped around into his face with sweet mischief, laughing; and he could but laugh with her. Tossing her head on her rounded neck, she began to dance along the road before him, singing through the tinted twilight:

"It was the Lady Alizonde
Looked forth from her dark tower;
She saw the stranger minstrel ride
That came to be her wooer.
*If you love me as I love you,
There'll be no time to tarry.*

"She from her casement lightly cast
A rose as dark as sin;
Your sign of sure defeat, although
Against the field you win!
*If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two!"*

"Do come down for awhile—just to hear Alf King play the banjo—just a little while! You don't hafta be a good boy all the time. Here's your short cut back to Uncle Zack's barn."

He said good night, but he heard her song all the way back to Lowry's through the dusk of the summer woods:

"If you love me as I love you,
There'll be no time to tarry—"

There had been a conference, or business meeting, earlier in the day, setting in order the church's affairs; so that now all who sat forward, ready to take part in the foot-washing, were approved members in good standing. But out of Luther, who was wont to throw himself into this work with glad abandon, the

joyous sense of fellowship with them had gone and could not be rekindled. He sat only a little apart from the rest, yet as far away in thought as if lost in those caverns of shadow cast by flaring pine torches under the woods behind him. A sibilant buzz of gossip rose above the whispering leaves, for the service was not yet begun. That distant rolling of thunder was coming nearer, though it had brought as yet neither wind nor rain.

So many people gathered here, all bound to him with what he had been taught from babyhood was the highest and truest bond of which humanity was capable—and yet all insignificant, all suddenly worthless, because Averilla the alien was not present. He was astounded that his life's endeavor should have so played him false. He felt that he stood at the parting of the ways, that a choice lay before him—to serve his Lord no longer, or to see his love no more. He would not have been the youngster he was, chosen and flattered for a gift of tongues in things spiritual, if he had not put the matter to himself in somewhat magniloquent phrases.

"Gittin' along todes time, ain't hit?" suggested a brother, after glancing across the space to see that the crowd was "about gathered in."

"Reckon hit 'll come up a rain?" asked another. They all peered anxiously at the black sky, but were unwilling to forego the service.

"Maybe the storm ain't comin' here; hit may go round an' swing off down the river. That roarin's mainly the heat on the Side."

"Looks like the devil's bent on whippin' us out if he can," said Brother Brock, who was chosen to conduct the foot-washing. "Hit's done rained us out two meetin'-nights this week." But he took his place—a seat on the rough platform; he crossed one leg over the other, threw back his head, and began to sing:

"Go, preacher, and tell it to the people.
Pore mourner's found a home at last."

He was joined by the "leader" and other singers, and there were not three voices in the crowd that had not caught the strain by the end of the second verse. Like most of the hymns they employed, this one was a sort of incantation, a

repetition of a half-dozen lines over and over indefinitely. When Brock had heard enough he rose, and the people became silent, awaiting his direction. He announced in measured ministerial tones:

"We don't aim to protract the meetin' any longer, except that there'll be a baptizin' in Puncheon Camp Creek to-morrow at nine (nine o'clock, didn't you say, Brother Barlow?). Yes, at nine o'clock; and I want you all to come and bring your families to see these twenty-two dear converts dipped and brought into the fold. And let us all sing and praise the Lord; yes, we'll aw-aw-awl sing and praise the Lord. I further announce that there's to be preachin' in the Blue Springs Church by Brother Rogers to-morrow night, and a experience meetin' Wednesday night; and after that Brother Estill's to take charge and preach there the second Sunday in each month. I reckon that's all the 'nouncements I have to make. Now let us throw ourselves heart an' soul into this meetin' with all sinceriousness; let us not be disturbed nor distracted by the powers of darkness nor the thunder; the Lord will take care of us. Brother Rogers, will you lead us in prayer?"

As a matter of fact, three or four prayed together, at the top of their voices. Luther caught scattered phrases of reference to the "pleasures of the weecked," and knew that the frolic at Sargent's was present in all minds as a lure of the enemy to destruction, with Averilla as chief beguiler. Songs followed, a big-lunged, swinging chant in which every soul joined with good will. But to Luther, under the spell of another voice and music in expression of a different aspiration, it seemed for the first time to have no meaning, no immediate connection with anything of vital importance in his life.

"Oh, we'll lay down the Bible and go home.
Yes, we'll lay down the Bible and go home,
We'll lay down the Bible and go home,
Bright angels standing at the door,"

mechanically he sang with the rest; but even while the chapter ordained for this sacrament was being read, the boy was trying to remember the weird and moving melody of the ballad of Lady Ali-zonde which he had heard that evening. Averilla's words were in his mind all



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"COME, AND WE'LL LEARN YOU TO DANCE," SHE CHALLENGED

during the sermon—an exhortation the fervor of which well-nigh exhausted its deliverer, and wrought the nerves of the listeners to a keen tension. There was still no rain; but the thunder was crashing now, and the lightning outlined the tossing boughs more vividly at every flash.

“Even so ought ye to wash one another’s feet,” repeated the preacher again and again. Between the threat of storm and the proximity of Sargent’s dance, it was inevitable that a note of antagonism should ring out from time to time. “And what did He do then—yes, what did He do then? He girded Himself with a towel. Yes, He girded Himself with a towel.” Here Brock knotted a towel about his waist. “You hypocrites and sinners in the back o’ the camp can jist laugh if you want to; if ye do ye’re a-makin’ fun o’ what your Master did; I’m a-doin’ jist what He did now—yes, I’m a-doin’ jist what He did now.”

But there was none to smile at the quaintness of the old ceremony, for all except the faithful and those under close parental or avuncular surveillance were half a mile away, dancing to the banjoes. The bread and wine had been passed, and they had begun to sing,

“In all humility we now
Each other’s feet do lave,”

when the storm came upon them in earnest, as if by the personal malice of a living thing. Light javelins of rain shot through the tree tops, sounding a patter on the leaves; then heavier spears pierced the roof of the brush shelter. A few drops struck the faces of the sleeping babes, who at once woke and added their wail to the clamor. No mountain man minds a wetting, but among the sisters there was a hasty readjustment of sunbonnets and shawls. Several began to shriek hysterical triumph:

“Glory, glory! My soul’s happy!”

“Glory to the blessed Lamb!”

“Amen! O sweet Saviour!”

“Glo-o-ry!”

Brock saw that he must take command of the situation. Not for nothing had he been a competent shepherd for thirty-five years. He held up one hand and shouted: “Let us all walk to Brother Lowry’s house, singing as we go, and

thar continue the sacrament. Brother Rogers,” he added in a lower voice, “if you and Brother Lowry ’ll help me, we’ll carry these pitchers an’ things over.” He headed the procession with a torch-bearer, both voicing hallelujahs on the way.

Luther intended to follow with a torch; but such a tide of emotion was surging up in him that he wished intensely to be alone for a few minutes at least. He fell back unobserved into the threshing woods; the darkness, wild now with rain, concealed him instantly. He leaned against the trunk of a big tree that afforded some protection from the force of the wind. But almost before the shouting of the congregation in the distance was covered by the roar of the rain on a million leaf-drums, his feet were bearing him in an opposite direction.

“Where am I going?” he muttered; but he knew. “I am weighed in the balance and found— Send the thunderbolt, O Master!” He bared his throat and looked into the eyes of the storm, thinking how death would be better than the blight that must follow his course. But he felt the tide rising, steady and certain, its current saying always below the thunder, “Averilla—Averilla—Averilla.” He must see her face again—he knew, in the very instant of prayer, that he would see her. The rain lashed forward, screaming; the wind got beneath it and lifted and waved it like a sheet; and so he stumbled on, whipped by desire—now the crash and the torrent! Except for the changing play of colored lightnings through the blaring rain he could not see an inch of the way. The earth under his feet trembled to a short, deep booming, nearly continuous—suggestive of close range, of breathless fighting, of the short-arm jolt, of clinch and break away. He breathed deeply, and was glad of the rivulets that coursed over his shoulders and chest. At last he reached the plain road and fell into the swinging stride of the mountains. At the same time the downpour softened to a steady drumming, and the night became a little less dark. He hastened on until he saw the red glow of light from the doorway of Sargent’s cabin.

The revel was now at its height. Rain had driven into the porch all the lookers-on, and he was able to peer unobserved

in at the low, square window by the chimney. Already flung far off his usual pivot of thought and feeling, he was still further unstrung by the ring-tump-a-tankle of the banjos and the singing fiddle. His blood bounded to the rhythm of the dancers' play. There was Averilla with 'Vander Bolton, who was dancing with the Indian-like intensity of the mountaineer. Ah! Her dress, her hair, her gleaming face! The perfume of her flesh, the music of her every motion, the warmth and color and charm of her! . . . And he had neither part nor lot in her life. But, oh, if she would only come out—come with warm hands and ripe lips and a tender word—come out to him! If they two together might leave the merrymakers, and the congregation, too, and go utterly away from both! . . .

Some fellows who had been across during a slack in the weather to the jugs in the "little timber," returning noisily to the cabin, half recognized the face at the window and spoke to him. Instinctively he drew back out of the light; and they, deeming now that they must have been mistaken, filed into the house.

Luther did not return to the window; he was unable to endure the sight of Averilla dancing with the other lads. Instead, he cast himself face down under the rose-bushes. Something gleamed pale in the wet grass here—aces and kings of an unlucky deck flung out in the wrath of a loser; he felt an almost physical repugnance toward these symbols of wickedness. But the elder roses, rain-weighted, shattered in a purple drift across his hot temple and cheek, and their scent was that of the dark one in her hair.

Something rustled in the crape-myrtles near him, and he warily got to his feet. Her voice called his name, ever so low. Through his body passed a soft, swift, tingling shock, as if one had touched him unexpectedly. He did not answer at once, but she had seen the movement, and laughed a little.

"Bark 'lowed he seed ye, or somebody powerful like ye, at the window. I'm sure glad you came! I can't stay out here with ye—there's hardly girls enough to make up a set, and they'll come look-in' for me; but you come on in—a little while! Come dance with me." She even drew his arm.

He was able to answer her with firmness, "No." Yet he lingered. And she. Presently he went on, and his voice rang tense, but truly toned on every word:

"I have this to say to you—you come with me."

She looked at him, wondering.

"The meeting breaks to-night, and to-morrow I'm going on into the other valley."

"You'll be back to the baptizin'."

"I'll not be back to no baptizin'."

"You'll preach at the Blue Springs church."

"I'll not come back to you again, never no more."

"Then," she pouted, "I'll go to town with pap, and never come back here no more, neither."

He was silent. Averilla pursued an imaginary advantage.

"If you'll stay, I will. You hate to go!"

"I've got a work to do."

"Ah, what's that? Why?"

But it was his turn now. "Come with me. We'll be married at Uncle Zack's after the foot-washin'."

He stood, his wet hat crushed in his hands, awaiting her answer. For all his strong words, he felt weak as a babe. And Averilla, for all her pretty hesitation, knew her power. She shredded a rose with her lips and fingers before replying. The rain had melted to a drizzling mist, a keen, clean damp that caressed even while it invigorated. The fog usual to wet weather in these altitudes stole upon them now, and shut them round with so close a curtain that they could barely make out the red square of the window. The ring and throb of the dance beat round and through them both. At last said Averilla, sulkily, vexed perhaps because he was not sufficiently jealous to be angry:

"No, there ain't no use talkin' about it. I ain't ready to be tied to any man, let alone a preacher."

It was a buffet in the face. He took it standing straight.

"Good-by, then," he said, keenly hurt.

Suddenly she leaned toward him, caught his face between her two hands, and kissed him on the mouth.

Could it be?—he thought he heard a tremolo of weeping in her "Good-by."

A week may be a fearful lapse of time under some circumstances. Seven days had passed—seven days of wandering with Brother Brock on circuit, of unavailing endeavor to devote his best strength to his chosen allegiance and the work in hand; of fits of bitter rebellion succeeded by bitter remorse; of failure—he knew well enough that the church people were saying he “never done no good sence the Puncheon Camp Bresh-meetin’.” Even Brock had not quite accepted the excuse he gave them for absentsing himself from the foot-washing; but no one connected the boy’s disappearance with Averilla Sargent, as they might have done if he had been seen with her afterward. Instead, all those to whom he was largely responsible for daily conduct decided merely, with sighs and shaking of grave heads, that he had been withheld from taking part in a peculiar and somewhat antiquated rite by the fear of ridicule.

In a primitive social organization like theirs, the stress of daily living is such that nothing may be spared for the pursuit of pleasure. Any surplus of spirit must be turned to religious exaltation; there is no room for the graces and caprices of idleness. And whatsoever is not for must be against the one symbol of unity, the church. Where law is lax, and the elaborately linked mail of convention is absent, the only moral protection of the community is its religion. Hence the line drawn between the belle and the wanton is but slight; both are wasters of men, though the waste be only of time needed at the plough and of mental purpose that should be devoted to Bible study. A lad’s opportunity is scant enough at best for getting together his meagre start of property, acquiring the rudimentary education necessary to his daily round, probably eking out some small knowledge of a particular trade or craft, and finally selecting and winning a partner for that domestic stability which is his one chance of life’s happiness. He has no time to spend in catching butterflies. A man whose welfare depends on the crop of an acre is criminally foolish to sow any of it in wild oats.

But, in thus depriving beauty of excuse for being, the danger is not first

and chiefly to those who undervalue loveliness and charm and so miss them out of life; the real peril is to these qualities themselves, lest, accepting the valuation, they disport themselves accordingly. Venus and Diana, when they could be no longer divine, metamorphosed into vampire and demon. Were the lilies of the field to become convinced that they were creatures of evil, they might not cease blooming, but it is certain that they would begin at once to secrete poisonous juices.

Averilla dressed herself most carefully on that midsummer Sunday morning; the shining hair was brushed to lustrous smoothness, and done in the way she knew to be most becoming; as for adornments, she waited till she could find them by Aunt Sa’ Jane’s gate. Any other mountain girl would have kept away from the Lowry cabin after what had happened, but no knight of old ever took more openly the path of conquest than this wearer of the dark rose. She sang as she walked, the ballad she had begun for Luther:

“‘O Alizonde,’ the stranger sang,
‘The mortal sins are seven,
And sweetest you of all sweet sin—
What hope have I of heaven?’
*If you love me as I love you,
O haste not into danger!*”

“‘For Christian knight, my fault is dire
As may not be forgiven,
But lo, you, lady, of your rose
My soul shall pass unshriven.’
*If you love me as I love you,
What need have we of heaven?’”*

She passed the groups of old men in the yard, noted that the boys were already pitching horseshoes about the barn, and appeared to Aunt Sa’ Jane, where that matron sat shelling pease in her kitchen, still singing a little under her breath and looking about with an enigmatic expression. Aunt Sa’ Jane glanced warily up. It would almost seem she was afraid of the girl. “Thank God, Luther ain’t here to see her like that,” crossed the old woman’s mind as she got the full beauty of the glowing face and alert young figure against the light.

“Aunt Sa’ Jane,” began the newcomer, dropping lightly into a chair and beginning to help with the pease, “I come

over to ask could I stay with you while pap and the boys goes down to the Settlement and finds out that they don't like it. I ain't willin' to leave the mountains—not yet awhile, anyhow. Will ye keep me?"

Lord, these young girls, as wasteful of time and opportunity as they were of the hearts and lives of men! Who was going to pay for Averilla's keep if she left her father's roof? Yet, in an absolutely even, almost caressing tone, the elder woman answered her.

"Now, Averilly," she began, "I wouldn't feel that-a-way about hit, if I was you. Yo' pa needs ye. There's a heap o' good friendly folks lives in the Settlement, and you're more suited like to 'em in many a way than you air to the mountain. I reckon they have a dance mighty nigh every night down thar."

The girl pouted. "I don't know as I'll ever dance again," she murmured in a sulky tone that infinitely alarmed Aunt Sa' Jane. If she was going to carry her pursuit of Luther to the extent of playing saint for a while, the poor boy was certainly doomed.

"They's an association I've hearn tell of down there, whar the best kind of young folks get together," Aunt Sa' Jane pursued, eagerly. "I don't know as they dance, and I don't know *but* they dance; yet I've heard tell that the gals has a sewin'-meetin'—sorter like a quilting—about onct-every-so-often, and I reckon the boys comes—town boys, with town manners. That ort to be fine."

She was decoying the girl as craftily as ever a mother partridge lures the enemy from her nest. Averilla turned away her face, feeling rebuked, disappointed, and not a little angry. But Aunt Sa' Jane, having exhausted her resources of information concerning social opportunity in the Settlement, laid hastily hold of her next artifice.

"Now, here's a way ye can help me," she broke off, reaching a folded paper from the high smoke-enamelled fireboard. "I got a letter yistidy, and all them men's been a-passin' hit from hand to hand. But Luther he don't write none too well, and we cayn't none of us read to do any good, so we ain't made out but part of hit."

The pease were forgotten. "From Luther!" cried Averilla, springing up so suddenly that she almost overturned the pan. But when the letter was put in her hand it proved disappointing. True, it said that he was coming—that he would be here this very morning—but it requested Aunt Sa' Jane to have his few books and other belongings collected and ready, since he expected to "leave." There was no explanation of where he was going, nor why; and the sheet rattled in the girl's trembling fingers.

"Well, there now!—I reckon he's a-goin' to take the far circuit. Wants his books—and I ain't got up a one of 'em!" exclaimed Aunt Sa' Jane, determined to bring the lesson home to her hearer. "You wanted to help me, Averilly; cayn't you jest step into the middle chamber and lay what you know to be Luther's on the big bed, ready for packin'? He's jest that-a-way, ef he's set his mind to go this mornin', only this mornin' will do him."

The spring was all out of the girl's step as she entered the middle room. There were his books on the shelf, but she stretched no hand to collect them. Instead, she sat down on the edge of the bed, leaned her cheek on her hand, and fell into a muse. Was Luther running away from her? She wondered if he was really going to take that far circuit which Aunt Sa' Jane suggested as his destination.

The inner chamber was closed against the sun glare, that it might not become heated through the summer day. A buzz of flies and the ticking of a clock sounded faintly from the main house. As her eyes became accustomed to the dim light, she made out the newspapered wall, the mirror on the old bureau, the boys' clothes, of worn and faded homespun, mostly, hung beneath the gun-racks, and their rough box-trunks ranged below. A stately cat was visible in the open loft, watching a mouse-hole, and lizards hunting flies flickered in and out of chinks in the sun-warmed roof. She looked at the four-posters spread with counterpanes beautifully woven, wondering which of the pillows was to bear Luther's head this night. For ever since Aunt Sa' Jane had knit and washed his socks, and taught him the Bible she could barely



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

AVERRILLA TURNED AWAY HER FACE, REBUKED AND DISAPPOINTED

read, and made his daily life for him, Luther had slept in this room with her other boys, and worked with them in the fields by day.

From without came faintly the chatter of little ones building a play-house, the murmur under the trees, and now and again a brief and delicate warble of wrens from the nest beneath the eaves. Once there was an angry gobble, followed immediately by the yap of a scared puppy, and general laughter.

Then, abruptly, the heavy wooden shutter was pulled open and a dark rose flung in smote her cheek and dropped softly in her lap. After it a banjo was passed through the unglazed window and laid carefully on the counterpane. She caught her breath, for she thought she knew the hand holding the instrument. Leaning forward, she whispered only the name—"Luther!"

Instantly his face appeared in the window. There was a silent moment of hesitation. He half turned away; but Averilla was not to be so balked.

"Luther—wait, Luther," she began softly. "Aunt Sa' Jane give me your letter to read. Was you—did you aim to go away? I was tryin' to get a chance to stay here."

He turned startled eyes upon her. "To stay here?" he repeated, almost harshly. He studied her down-bent countenance intently, then put one hand on the window-sill and leaped in with a clear spring. Once where he could reach her, he turned her face up to his own, and, holding it thus between his palms, began his interrogatory.

"What did you want to stay here for?"

"You," responded Averilla, almost under her breath.

He laughed out suddenly. "And I was goin' to the Settlement after you," he told her, without reserve or modification. "I can't live without you, Averil. I can't forget you. I ain't no 'count for man nor preacher if I can't have you."

He dropped his arms down about her waist, and she laid her head on his breast. "Well," she said, softly, "you've got me, Luther. Does that make it right?"

"Yes—yes—yes! It's bound to. It makes everything right. I ain't no 'count for a preacher, anyhow. God knows I never meant to fail at . . . but this—this is stronger than I am. You can learn me to play cards and dance, Averil. I—we've got to be happy."

The beautiful head came up with a start. The girl stared at him with dilating dark eyes. She put a hand where her head had lain and pushed him away from her.

"No—no—no!" she cried, as if in answer to her lover's speech. "Oh, you haven't understood. You've got it all wrong, Luther. I'll go with you when you're to preach. I'll lead the singin'. Everybody shall see that here's one soul you've saved. Oh, Luther, I can be good—for you."

A moment they clung together, trembling. The room was very still. Summer sounds from outside wafted through its casement. Whatever had been of misunderstanding, whatever seemed foreign in this change that had entered their lives, melted away. This was the supreme moment. They were not mere man and woman—they were mates.



Legends of the City of Mexico

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

Legend of the Callejon del Muerto

IT is an unwise thing, Señor, and there also is wickedness in it, to make a vow to the Blessed Virgin—or, for that matter, to the smallest saint in the whole calendar—and not to fulfil that vow when the Blessed Virgin, or the saint, as the case may be, has performed punctually all that the vow was made for: and so this gentleman of whom I now am speaking found out for himself, and most uncomfortably, when he died with an unfulfilled vow on his shoulders—and had to take some of the time that he otherwise would have spent pleasantly in heaven among the angels in order to do after he was dead what he had promised to do, and what he most certainly ought to have done, while he still was alive.

The name of this gentleman who so badly neglected his duty, Señor, was Don Tristan de Alculer; and he was a humble but honorable Spanish merchant who came from the Filipinas to live here in the City of Mexico; and he came in the time when the Viceroy was the Marqués de Villa Manrique, and most likely as the result of that Viceroy's doings and orderings: because the Marqués de Villa Manrique gave great attention to enlarging the trade with the East through the Filipinas—as was found out by the English corsairs, so that Don Francisco Draco, who was the greatest pirate of all of them, was able to capture a galleon laden almost to sinking with nothing but silver and gold.

With Don Tristan, who was of an elderliness, came his son to help him in his merchanting; and this son was named Tristan also, and was a most worthy young gentleman very capable in the management of mercantile affairs. Having in their purses but a light lining, their commerce at its beginning was of a smallness; and they took for their home a mean house in a little street so poor

and so deserted that nobody had taken the trouble to give a name to it: the very street that ever since their time has been called the Alley of the Dead Man—because of what happened as the result of Don Tristan's unfulfilled vow. That they were most respectable people is made clear by the fact that the Archbishop himself—who at that period was the illustrious Don Fray García de Santa María Mendoza—was the friend of them; and especially the friend of Don Tristan the elder, who frequently consulted with him in regard to the state of his soul.

So a number of prospering years passed on, Señor; and then, on a time, Don Tristan the son went down to the coast to make some buyings: and it was in the bad season, and the fever seized him so fiercely that all in a moment the feet and half the legs of him fairly were inside of death's door. Then it was that Don Tristan, being in sore trouble because of his son's desperate illness, made the vow that I am telling you about. He made it to the Blessed Virgin of Guadalupe; and he vowed to her that if she would save his son alive to him from the fever he would walk on his bare feet from his own house to her Sanctuary, and that there in her Sanctuary he would make his thanks to her from the deep depths of his soul. And the Blessed Virgin, being full of love and of amiability, was pleased to listen to the prayer of Don Tristan and to believe the vow that went along with it: wherefore she caused the fever immediately to leave the sick Don Tristan—and presently home he came to his father alive and well.

But Don Tristan, having got from the Blessed Virgin all that he had asked of her, did not give to her what he had promised to give to her in return. Being by that time an aged gentleman, and also being much afflicted with rheumatism, the thought of taking a walk of near to three miles barefoot was most distasteful to him. And so he put his walk off for a

week or two—saying to himself that the Blessed Virgin would not be in any hurry about the matter; and then he put it off for another week or two; and in that way—because each time that he was for keeping his vow shivers would come in his old feet at dread of being bare and having cold earth under them, and trembles would come in his old thin legs at dread of more rheumatism—the time slipped on and on, and the Blessed Virgin did not get her due.

But his soul was not easy inside of him, Señor—and it could not be, because he was playing fast and loose with it—and so he laid the whole matter before his friend the Archbishop: hoping that for friendship's sake the Archbishop would be so obliging as to dispense him from his vow. For myself, Señor, I cannot but think that the Archbishop—for all that his position put him in close touch with heavenly matters, and gave him the right to deal with them—was not well advised in his action. At any rate, what he did was to tranquillize Don Tristan by telling him that the Blessed Virgin was too considerate to hold him to a contract that certainly would lay him up with a bad attack of rheumatism; and that even—so wearied out would he be by forcing his old thin legs to carry him all that distance—might be the death of him. And so the upshot of it was that the Archbishop, being an easy-going and a very good-natured gentleman, dispensed Don Tristan from his vow.

But a vow, Señor, is a vow—and even an Archbishop cannot cast one loose from it; and so they all found out on this occasion, and in a hurry: because the Blessed Virgin, while never huffed over trifles, does not let the grass grow under her feet when her anger justly is aroused.

Only three days after Don Tristan had received his dispensation—to which, as the event proved he was not entitled—the Archbishop went on the twelfth of the month, in accordance with the custom observed in that matter, to celebrate mass at the Villa de Guadalupe in Our Lady's Sanctuary. The mass being ended, he came homeward on his mule by the causeway to the City; and as he rode along easily he was put into a great surprise by seeing Don Tristan walking toward him, and by perceiving that he was of a most dismal dead paleness and that

his feet were bare. For a moment Don Tristan paused beside the Archbishop—whose mule had stopped short, all in a tremble—and clasped his hand with a hand that was of an icy coldness; then he passed onward—saying in a dismal voice, rusty and cavernous, that for his soul's saving he was fulfilling the vow that he had made to her Ladyship: because the knowledge had come to him that if this vow were not accomplished he certainly would spend the whole of Eternity blistering in hell! Having thus explained matters, not a word more did Don Tristan have to say for himself; nor did he even look backward, as he walked away slowly and painfully on his bare old feet toward Our Lady's shrine.

The Archbishop trembled as much as his mule did, Señor, being sure that strange and terrible things were about him; and when the mule a little came out of her fright and could march again, but still trembling, he went straight to Don Tristan's house to find out—though in his heart he knew what his finding would be—the full meaning of this awesome prodigy. And he found at Don Tristan's house what he knew in his heart he would find there: and that was Don Tristan, the four lighted death-candles around him, lying on his bed death-struck—his death-white cold hands clasped on his breast on the black pall covering him, and on his death-white face the very look that was on it as he went to the keeping of his unkept vow! Therefore the Archbishop was seized with a hot-and-cold shuddering, and his teeth rattled in the head of him; and straightway he and all who were with him—perceiving that they were in the presence of a divine mystery—fell to their knees in wondering awe of what had happened, and together prayed for the peace of Don Tristan's soul.

Very possibly, Señor, the Archbishop and the rest of them did not pray hard enough; or, perhaps, Don Tristan's sin of neglect was so serious a matter that a long spell in Purgatory was required of him before he could be suffered to pass on to a more comfortable region and be at ease. At any rate, almost immediately he took to walking at midnight in the little street that for so long he had lived in—always wrapped in a long white shroud that fluttered about him in the

night wind loosely, and carrying always a yellow-blazing great candle: and so being a most terrifying personage to encounter as he marched slowly up and down. Therefore everybody who dwelt in that street hurried to move away from it, and Don Tristan had it quite to himself in its desertedness—for which reason, as I have mentioned, the Alley of the Dead Man became its name.

I have been told by my friend the *cargador*, Señor, and also by several other trustworthy persons, that Don Tristan—though more than three hundred years have passed since the death of him—has not entirely given up his marchings. Certainly, for myself, I do not think that it would be judicious to walk in the *Cal-lejon del Muerto* at midnight even now.

The Legend of the Altar del Perdon

This painter, Señor, who by a miracle painted the most beautiful picture of Our Lady of Mercy that is to be found in the whole world—the very picture that ever since has adorned the Altar del Perdon in the Cathedral—in the beginning of him was a very bad sinner: being a Fleming, and a Jew, and many other things that he ought not to have been, and therefore straight in the way to pass the whole of Eternity—his wickednesses being so numerous that time would have been wasted in trying to purge him of them in Purgatory—in the hottest torments that the devil his master could contrive. He was a very agreeable young gentleman, of a cheerful and obliging nature and both witty and interesting in his talkings—for which reason the Viceroy had a great liking for his company and had him often at the Palace to the banquets and festivals of the court. His name, Señor, was Don Simon Peyrens; and the Viceroy his patron—in whose suite he had come from Spain expressly to beautify the Palace with his paintings—was Don Gaston de Peralta, Marqués de Falcés: who was the third Viceroy of the Province, being the successor to the good Don Luis de Velasco when that most worthy gentleman ceased to be a Viceroy and became an angel in the year 1504.

Well, Señor, it happened some years later—in the time of Don Martín Enriquez de Almanza, the fourth Viceroy, with whom Peyrens remained in favor—

that the Chapter of the Cathedral, desiring to make splendid the Altar del Perdon, offered in competition to all the painters in Mexico a prize for the most beautiful picture of Our Lady of Mercy: which picture was to be placed in the centre of that altar and to be the chief glory of it. And, therefore, all the painters of Mexico, save only Peyrens, entered into that competition with a reverent and an eager joy. And then it was, Señor, that Peyrens made plain the wickedness that was in him by his irreverent blasphemies. At a banquet at the Palace a very noble gentleman asked him why he alone of all the painters of Mexico—and he the best of them all—had not entered into the competition; to which that sinful young man answered with a disdainful and impious lightness that the painting of what were called sacred pictures was but foolishness and vanity, and that he for his part could not be tempted to paint one by all the gold in the world!

Talk of that sort, Señor, as you well may imagine, scalded the ears of all who heard it—and in the quarter where the punishment of such sinning was attended to it made an instant stir. In a moment information of that evil young man's utterances was carried to the Archbishop—who at that time was the venerable Fray Alonzo de Montufa—and in another moment he found himself lodged behind iron bars in a cell in the Inquisition: which blessed constrainer to righteousness had been but a year or two before established in Mexico, for the comforting of the faithful, and was proving its usefulness by mowing down the weeds of heresy with a very lively zeal.

Being of an incredible hard-heartedness, neither the threats nor the pleadings of the Familiars of the Holy Office could stir Peyrens from the stand that he had taken. Resolutely he refused to recant his blasphemies; equally resolutely he refused to accept his pardon on the condition that he should paint the picture of Our Lady—and he even went so far when they brought him the materials for the making of that picture as to tear the canvas to shreds and rags!

And so the days ran on into weeks, and the weeks into months, and nothing changed in that bad matter: save that the Archbishop, saintly man that he was, began to lose his temper; and that the



Painting by Frank E. Schoonover

WRAPPED IN A WHITE SHROUD, AND CARRYING A BLAZING CANDLE

Familiars of the Holy Office lost their tempers entirely—and were for settling accounts with Peyrens by burning his wickedness out of him with heavenly fire.

As it happened, Señor, a great opportunity for such wholesome purifying of him was imminent: because at that time the preparations were being made for the very first *auto de fé* that ever was celebrated in Mexico, and all the city was on tiptoe of joyful expectation of it. Therefore everybody was looking forward with a most pleased interest to seeing that criminally stiff-necked painter—properly clad in a yellow coat with a red cross on the back and on the front of it—walking with the condemned ones; and then, on the *brasero* that had been set up in the market-place, to see him and his sins together reduced to ashes; and then to seeing those sin-tainted ashes carried to the outskirts of the city and scattered pollutingly on the muddy marsh.

However, Señor, none of those interesting and edifying things happened: because Our Lady of Mercy—and it was just like the good nature of her to do so—took a hand in the affair, and by the working of a loving miracle made everything come out smoothly and well.

On a night, as he lay sleeping on his pallet in his cell in the Inquisition, Peyrens was awakened suddenly he knew not how; and as he wakened he found in his nose a smell so delectable that he thought that he was still asleep and his nose dreaming it: and for him to have that thought was quite reasonable, Señor, because it was the pure fragrance of heaven—to which, of course, human noses are unaccustomed—that filled the room. Then, as he lay on his pallet wondering, a shimmering light began to glow softly in the darkness; and the light constantly grew stronger and stronger until it became a glorious radiance far brighter than any sunlight; and then in the midst of that resplendency—yet the heavenly sparkle of her making the dazzle of it seem like darkness—Our Lady of Mercy herself appeared to him: and he would have died of the glory of her, had it not been for the loving kindness that shone upon him assuringly and comfortingly from her gentle eyes.

Then said to him Our Lady, in a voice sweeter than any earthly music: "Little

son, why dost thou not love me?" And Peyrens—his hard heart melted by that gentle look and by that sweet voice, and all of his wickedness cured by that loving kindness—rose from his pallet and knelt before Our Lady, saying with a deep earnestness: "Queen of Heaven, I reverence and I love thee with all the heart of me and with all my soul!" Then, for a time, a serene strange happiness bemazed him dreamfully—and when his bemazement left him the resplendent presence was gone. But with him still remained the heavenly radiance that was brighter than any sunlight, and the heavenly perfume that was sweeter than spikenard and lilies; and while he pondered all these mysteries, awe-bound and wondering, again sounded in his ears that heaven-sweet voice—coming as from a great distance, but with a bell-note clearness—saying to him gently and lovingly: "Paint now thy picture of me, little son!"

Quite possibly, Señor, in the hurry of the moment, Our Lady forgot that Peyrens had no canvas—because in his sinful anger he had destroyed it—on which to paint the picture that she commanded of him; but, for myself, I think that she meant to set his wits to work to find the means by which he could obey her command. At any rate, his wits did work so well that even as she spoke he saw his way out of his difficulty; and in an instant—all athrill with joyful eagerness to do Our Lady's bidding, and inspired by the splendor of his vision of her—he set himself to painting the portrait of her, just as his own eyes had seen her in her glory, on the oaken door of his cell.

All the night long, Señor—working by the heaven-light that was brighter than any sunlight, and having in his happy nose the heaven-fragrance that uplifted his soul with the sweetness of it—he painted as one who painted in a heaven-sent dream. And when the morning came, and the glimmering daylight took dimly the place of the heaven-light, he had finished there on the door of his cell the most beautiful picture of Our Lady—as I said in the beginning—that ever has been painted in this mortal world: and so it had to be—because, you see, it is the only picture of her that ever has been painted of her by one who has beheld her with mortal eyes!

As usually is the case with miracles, Señor, the outcome of this one was most satisfactory. The Archbishop and the Chapter of the Cathedral, being brought in haste, instantly felt themselves compelled to adore that miraculous image; and when they had finished adoring it they equally felt themselves compelled to declare that Peyrens by his making of it had earned both his freedom and the prize. Therefore Peyrens was set at liberty and most richly rewarded; and the pictured door was taken from its hinges and, being framed in a great frame of silver, was set upon the Altar del Perdon to be the chief glory of it; and what was best of all—because it made safe the soul of him for all Eternity—the Archbishop formally confirmed to Peyrens his absolution, through Our Lady's loving kindness, from his bad heresy and from all his other sins.

What became of this Peyrens later, Señor, I have not heard mentioned; but in regard to the accuracy of all that I have told you about him there can be no question: because the miracle-picture that he painted still adorns the Altar del Perdon, and is the chief glory of it—and there you may see it this very day.

*Legend of the Aduana de Santo
Domingo*

This gentleman who for love's sake, Señor, conquered his coldness and his laziness and became all fire and energy, was named Don Juan Gutiérrez Rubín de Celis. He was a caballero of the Order of Santiago—some say that he wore also the habit of Calatrava—and the colonel of the regiment of the Tres Villas. He was of a lovable nature, and ostentatious and arrogant, and in all his ways dilatory and apathetic to the very last degree. So great were his riches that not even he himself knew the sum of them: as you will understand when I tell you that on an occasion of state—it was the entry into the city in the year 1716 of the new Viceroy, the Marqués de Valero—pearls to the value of thirty thousand pesos were used in the mere trimming of his casacón.

Being of an age to take part so nobly in that noble ceremony, he must have been a gentleman well turned of forty,

Señor, when the matters whereof I now am telling you occurred: of which the beginning—and also the middle and the ending, because everything hinged upon it—was his falling most furiously in love with a very beautiful young lady; and his falling in love in that furious fashion was the very first sign of energy that in all his lifetime, until that moment, he had shown. The name of this beautiful young lady with whom he fell in love so furiously was Doña Sara de García Somera y Acuña; and she was less than half as old as he was, but possessed of a very sensible nature that made her do more thinking than is done usually by young ladies; and she was of a noble house and a blood relative of the Viceroy's: for which reason the Viceroy—who by that time was Don Juan de Acuña, Marqués de Casafuerte—was much interested in the whole affair.

The love-making of this so notoriously lazy gentleman did not at all go upon wheels, Señor: because Doña Sara set herself—as was her habit when dealing with any matter of importance—to thinking about it very seriously; and the more that she thought about it the more she made her mind up that so dull and so apathetic a gentleman—who, moreover, was old enough to be her father—would not in the least be the sort of husband that she desired. But also, because of her good sense, she perceived that much was to be said in favor of entering into wedlock with him: because his rank and his great wealth made him one of the most important personages in the Vice Kingdom; and, moreover, for all that he was old enough to be her father, he still was a very personable man. And so she thought very hard in both directions, and could not in either direction make up her mind.

While matters were in this condition, Señor—Don Juan furiously in love with Doña Sara, and Doña Sara thinking in that sensible way of hers about being temperately in love with Don Juan—something happened that gave a new turn to the whole affair. This thing that happened was that the Viceroy—who was a great friend of Don Juan's; and who, as I have mentioned, was a kinsman of Doña Sara's and much interested in all that was going forward—appointed Don

Juan to be Prior of the Consulado; that is to say, President of the Tribunal of Commerce: which was a most honorable office, in keeping with his rank and his riches; and which also was an office—because all the work of it could be done by deputy, or even left undone—that fitted in with Don Juan's lazy apathy to a hair.

Now at that time, Señor, the building of the Aduana de Santo Domingo was in progress—it ceased to be a custom-house many years ago, Señor; it is occupied by the Secretaría de Comunicaciones now—and it had been in progress, with no great result from the work that laggingly was done on it, for a number of years. The charge of the making of this edifice rested with the Consulado; and, naturally, the new Prior of the Consulado was even more content than had been his predecessors in that office to let the making of it lag on.

Then it was, Señor, that there came into the sensible mind of Doña Sara a notable project for proving whether Don Juan's lazy apathy went to the very roots of him; or whether, at the very roots of him—over and above the energy that he had shown in his furious love for her—he had energy that she could arouse and could set a-going in practically useful ways. And her reasoning was this wise: that if Don Juan could be stirred by her urgency to do useful work with vigor, then was it likely that her urgency would arouse him from all his apathies—and so would recast him into the sort of husband that she desired to have. Therefore Doña Sara told Don Juan that she would marry him only on one condition; and that her condition was that he should finish completely the long-drawn-out building of the Aduana within six months from that very day! And Don Juan, Señor, was so furiously in love with Doña Sara that in the same instant that she gave him her condition he accepted it; and he—who never had done a hand's turn of work in all his lifetime—promised her that he would do the almost impossible piece of work that she had set him to do: and that the Aduana should be finished completely within six months from that very day!

And then all the city was amazed—and so, for that matter, Don Juan him-

self was—by the fire and the force and the breathless eagerness with which he set himself to the task that Doña Sara had put upon him. In a single moment he had gone to every one of all the architects in the city urging them to take in charge for him that almost impossible piece of building; and in the very next moment—every one of the architects in the city having made answer to him that what he wanted of them could not even by a miracle be accomplished—he himself took charge of it: and with a furiousness that matched precisely—as Doña Sara perceived with hopeful anticipation—with the furiousness of his love.

What Don Juan did in that matter, Señor, was done as though in the insides of him were tempests and volcanoes! From the Tierra Caliente he brought up as by magic myriads of negro workmen to do the digging and the heavy carrying; all the quarries around the city he crammed full of stone-cutters; every mason was set to work at wall-laying; every carpenter to making the doors and the windows; every brick-yard to making the tiles for the roof and the floors; every blacksmith to making the locks and the hinges and the window-gratings and the balcony rails. And in the midst of his swarms of laborers Don Juan himself worked harder than all of them put together; and was everywhere at once among them urging them to hurry and to hurry; and to any one of them who showed even the slightest sign of lagging there came from Don Juan's mouth a berating volleying of scorpions and snakes and toads!

In very truth, Señor, such was Don Juan's raging energy that he was as a frenzied person. But it was a frenzy that had no real madness in it: because everything that he did and that he made to be done was directed by a most sensible discretion—so that not a moment of time nor the turn of a hand was wasted, and in every single instant the building grew and grew. And the upshot of it all was that he accomplished just what he had made his whole soul up he would accomplish: within the six months that Doña Sara had given him to do his work in, he did do it—and even with a little time to spare. Three full days before the last of his six months was ended the Aduana

was finished to the very least part of its smallest detail; and Don Juan—all aglow over his triumphant fulfilment of Doña Sara's almost impossible condition—carried the key of that perfectly completed great building to the Palace, and there placed the key of it in the Viceroy's hands!

Don Juan thus having done what Doña Sara had set him to do, and what every one of all the architects in the city had declared could not be done even by a miracle, it was evident to the whole world that at the very roots of him was more blazing energy than would suffice for the equipment of a half hundred of ordinary

men. Wherefore Doña Sara was well satisfied—her urgency having stirred him to do that great useful work with such masterful vigor—that her urgency equally would arouse him from all his apathies: and so would recast him into the sort of husband that she desired to have. Therefore Doña Sara immediately gave to Don Juan her hand in marriage: and as the Aduana still is standing—and exactly where, faster than a miracle, Don Juan built it—any one has only to look at it to know both the truth of this curious story and that Doña Sara's choice of a husband was well made.

The Seeker

BY FLOYD DELL

WHEN shall I cease to take delight
In forms of transient grace—
Will-o'-the-wisps that all the night
Flicker before my face!

O sometime shall I not be less
A creature of desire,
With gain of autumn happiness
For loss of April fire?

Nay, I was sent to wander far
On desperate quest and lone,
To follow wind and bird and star
And cloud forever flown!

And all these forms so frail and fleet—
Whereafter run to-night
My weary and enamored feet,—
They are the garment bright,

The flying glance, the floating hair,
The call and cry of One
This flesh shall see not, though I fare
Onward from sun to sun.

Misers

BY CALVIN JOHNSTON

"HELLO, Black Giant!" I said, lookin' through a knot-hole in the board fence. "You mustn't walk through our alley on F'iday."

He came and looked down at me over the fence. He wore a wrinkled old black hat, an' his hair hung down in his eyes.

"Why?" he asked, after a minute.

"I am Jack the Giant-killer," I told him.

"Yo're just a solemn little scamp."

"Fe-fi-fo-fum!" I answered.

He thought this over for a while an' scowled. "I ain't afraid of you." Then he scratched his ear, an' his hand had a black smut on it like his face. He seemed to be thinkin' tremendous.

"My name is Sledge," he growled. "I can hammer iron."

"If you can hammer the other giants, I'll take you in," I said.

"I'll beat 'em like a anvil. But keep still about it till I see you agin. Good-by, scamp."

"Good-by, Sledge. You can walk through our alley on F'iday."

He reached over an' I shook one of his fingers with my whole han'; then I watched him out o' sight through the knot-hole, glad he wasn't afraid.

"I wish you wouldn't talk to every tag who goes along," said my mother from the back porch.

"I don't," I told her; for I'd missed a man an' a dog three days before.

"Do you think you can stay by yourself the rest of the day?" she asked. "What are you playin'?"

"I'm not playin'; I'm a miser, an' they ain't time to play."

"Oh dear!" she said. "I wish you wasn't so serious, an' would run an' shout like other little boys. You give me the blues. Now I'm goin' out to tea, an' you'll find your supper on the table." Then she whisked into the house, while I thought how pretty she looked in her new white dress.

I dug a miser's den with a sharp stick, an' buried two marbles, a clo'es-pin, an' a bread crust. As soon as I got 'em buried I wanted to see an' count 'em agin like all misers; but just then a boy looked in through the knot-hole an' asked,

"What you doin'?"

"I am a miser," I answered, "an' don't let people know what I'm doin'."

"My ma says you look like a tramp," he said. "Why don't you get your clo'es patched an' come over an' play with me?"

"My ma's a miser, too," I told him, "an' don't want people to know where we keep our patches."

I could hear him strainin' as if he was tryin' to push his eye through the hole; then he called out:

"Ya-a! right there is where you have things buried in the groun'. Anybody could tell that."

It bothered me to think he had foun' out so easy, as he went on, "There's nothin' in there I'd have."

I was jus' about to count 'em, anyhow, so I dug 'em up.

"Them marbles ain't much," he said. "I wouldn't take that big glassy if anybody but you offered it to me."

So, as he wouldn't take one anywhere else, I gave it to him. He grumbled 'cause there was a little nick in it, an' then said:

"Pshaw! You ain't any miser at all, or you wouldn't give things away," an' instead of his eye I saw his teeth grin-nin' right across the hole before he went away.

Somebody else was comin' an' lookin' through. I saw the man an' dog I'd missed three days before. He was the miser himself I'd heard folks talk about, an' was the cause of my bein' one. He was lean an' bent in his shabby old clo'es, an' wore spectacles. I wanted to ask him just how to be a miser, so I wouldn't make any more mistakes like I had with the boy, but I was afraid that

time. His dog came sniffin' along, an' I stuck the bread crust through the hole, where he grabbed it. He was bony an' yellow, but he gave a little frien'ly bark when he went on, which was more'n the boy done. I only had the clo'es-pin an' one cracked glassy left, so I quit bein' a miser before somebody got them, too, an' went into the house.

I ate my biscuit an' butter on the front porch just about dark, listenin' to the frog in a little puddle across the street. I thought his mother had gone away an' left him without any supper, so I took him over a piece of biscuit; but though I waded aroun' after him, he was afraid to come eat.

I sat on the front porch wonderin' if Mr. Mullet would bring mother home, an' pretty soon they came in the gate, talkin' low an' laughin'.

"Here's Master Tad waitin' up for us agin," said Mr. Mullet, puttin' his hand on my shoulder. It touched my neck an' felt so cold that I wriggled a little bit. "I'm afraid he doesn't care for pettin'," he went on.

"No; he's a strange child," said my mother; "not a bit jolly like other boys."

"I think you let him have his own way too much," said Mr. Mullet. "I will have to take him in hand an' teach him it's his duty to be playful an' affectionate, after we—"

He took my mother's hand, an' I wondered she didn't have a chill, but she only said with a little laugh,

"Dear Augustus, I'm sure you'll make a noble boy of him."

This made me feel so cold all over that when I went to bed I even covered up my head.

The very nex' day the bony dog came sniffin' along the fence, an' was so frien'ly that when his master came by I said:

"Hello!" an' as he stopped, "If you tell me somethin', you can walk through our alley." He looked over, an' I went on: "I only want to know how to be a miser. Everybody says you're one, an' don't give anything away, even to your dog. How do you do it?"

He didn't laugh, or even scowl, like Sledge had done, only squinted at me through his glasses. Just then mother came out on the back porch, an' he jumped back an' hurried away to count his

gold, without tellin' me what I wanted to know.

"Tad," she cried out, in a sharp voice, "I shall whip you if you speak to people passin' again."

"I was only askin' him how to be a miser."

"A miser!" she gasped. "What have you done? Though he is one, an' a dreadfully mean, cold-blooded one, too; but now he will pay us less than ever."

I was scared and tried to take the hand Mr. Mullet had held the other night, but she wouldn't let me.

"You bad boy; he has charge of the property your father left us, an' when he came here, years ago, I came too, so he couldn't rob us; though I believe he does, anyhow."

I was so sorry when she left me that I sat down with my chin on my knees, an' made up my mind to eat a beetle if I could find a lean one, when there was a knockin' at the fence, an' I called out, "Come in."

Sledge, the Giant, put his head over. At first he scowled, but when he saw I looked pretty far gone he heaved out somethin' with a hoarse whisper:

"Take it; it's a iron ring I got away from 'em. Them battered places is where the baby giants whet their teeth."

This made me open my eyes, an' I asked if he'd hammered the giant.

"Just like a anvil," he said. "Ah-h! but he roared an' spit out sparks."

"What do you think o' misers?" I asked him, an' he scratched his ear with his smutty hand before answerin'.

"I don't know much about 'em, ole Giant-killer; maybe they're too small an' mean for us to consider."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I was a miser myself once, because I thought they was all right," and I told him what I'd done.

"It's ole Grimshaw; I've heard of him," he said. "He starves his dog."

"Mus' we hate 'em?"

"I don't know about that; some of us might not be any better than they are. Maybe we'd better let 'em pass along without noticin'. I mus' go now. Good-by, ole Killer."

"Good-by. You can walk through our alley any day, now. Bring the next roarer up here an' hammer him."

But before I saw him agin, the miser

himself came by one day, an' stood lookin' down; then he held out somethin', too.

"I'm not a miser any more since I found out about 'em," I said. "You can pass along, but I'll play with your bony dog."

He didn't speak for a minute, but blinked his eyes through the spectacles. "It's a jew's - harp," he said then.

"I'm sorry," I answered, for I'd heard of jew's-harps, "but I don't like you any more." I didn't look at him, an' pretty soon he went away.

I knew I'd done right, though it worried me so I didn't like to think about it; but th' evenin' somethin' so much worse happened that I forgot about him an' the jew's-harp. Mother an' Mr. Mullet came in together, an' pickin' me up, he held me in his arms. They were stiff an' hard as wood, an' I couldn't keep from shiverin' a little; but when I looked into his pale eyes an' saw he was goin' to kiss me, I jerked away an' said, "No."

He held me a minute longer, an' then set me down on the floor slowly. They stood still after that, lookin' at each other.

"Why ain't you a good boy to your new papa, Tad?" said my mother, her cheeks red. "I don't understand you."

"I must take him in hand," said Mr. Mullet, an' I was cold agin all that night. The next mornin' he looked so stern at me that I thought I'd scare him away,

an' I said I knew a giant who would get him. But my mother was the one who looked scared, an' Mr. Mullet locked me up in a dark room, where I stayed all day without anything to eat.

When at last he opened the door an' asked me something I couldn't understand, I was too much afraid to answer. But he let me out, an' I crept into the yard, where I was lonesome, even with the iron ring for company. I got afraid of everything, an' couldn't think what to do, or even look toward the house; so I began to hope Sledge would come by to talk to me, or let me shake his big finger.

But instead of Sledge, somebody else came to the fence. I knew who it was without lookin' by the sniffin' aroun' the hole, an' shook my head for him to go away. But he wouldn't go, an' I looked up.

There he stood without a word, his face wrinkled an' his near-sighted eyes strainin' at me, while he held out the jew's-harp agin. Some-

thin' whispered to me that he had found it an' didn't know what else to do with it, an' I thought, too, that if he hadn't been so stingy we wouldn't have had Mr. Mullet to take us in hand. So I said:

"I don't like misers, but giants. Pass 'long, or Sledge will hammer you."

"Haven't you been cryin'?" he asked, in his cracked voice. "Tell me. I can't see very well."



I ATE MY BISCUIT AN' BUTTER ON THE FRONT PORCH

I put my hands on my cheeks and was surprised to find 'em wet. "Maybe I was," I answered. All at once I remembered what mother had told me, an' went closer.

"If you know my old papa, can't you get him back for us?" I asked, "so we can get rid of the new one. He hates me, an' shuts me up in dark rooms, so I am afraid of him."

"So he made you cry, did he?" said the miser. He looked aroun' as if for a place to get through, then he walked away fast; but in a minute I heard the front gate slam, an' he came back inside the yard. "Come," he said, an' takin' my arm in his bony hand, almost dragged me to the house. Right on inside he went, to where my mother an' Mr. Mullet sat in a room.

"I'm takin' this boy with me," he said.

"By what right? What do you mean?" cried Mr. Mullet, facin' him, stiff an' tall.

But the old miser grew straight an' hard as iron too; his eyes flashed sparkles right into the other's face, an' his fingers almost cut into my arm.

"You cruel devil!" he said, fierce as a giant; then lookin' hard at my mother, who was pale and scared, "I was his father's friend."

He turned away slowly, glancin' back over his shoulder, as my mother said faintly:

"You can't take him away. My dear little boy!"

But Mr. Mullet sent her a black look—I felt he was glad to get rid of me,—an' the miser said,

"Your affection comes too late."

They all stood so for a minute, an' then the miser led me away. As we left I heard Mr. Mullet say,

"It is better so, as Grimshaw has the boy's property."

On the street he walked along lookin' straight ahead, his face so hard an' fierce it scared me terribly. Once he tried to speak to me, but his voice was so harsh he stopped.

"Oh, if I'd only meet Sledge," I thought, "before we get to his den, where he'll starve me like he does his dog."

But instead we met the boy I'd given the marble to. He was a bigger boy than me, and said,

"Ya-a! there go the two misers."

I was so shamed that I hung down my head an' pretended not to hear.

When Grimshaw let go my arm an' began to unlock a little store, I knew it was his den, an' backed away. The dog, who had been followin' us, came up an' licked my hand; he remembered the crust I gave him, an' was sorry I was goin' to be starved too.

The miser turned an' looked for me with his near-sighted eyes, but I backed away farther, an' all of a sudden took to my heels, hardly knowin' what I did.

He cried after me, but I was aroun' a corner an' out of sight in a minute. The dog ran with me, barkin', till we came to a pile of big boxes, where, tired out, I crawled among them till I came to one half filled with straw, and there I lay down, while the dog stood in front waggin' his tail.

I lay there very still till it began to grow dusky, an' then I heard somethin' crawlin' through the passageway among the boxes. I was too scared to move, but the brave dog barked, and pretty soon, with a gruff word or two, the fellow went away. I could remember more about that night, only when I woke it was too late, with the sun shinin' through the crannies in the boxes.

Then we went out and stood in the middle of a long street, with nobody about that early in the mornin'; there I pointed with my finger and explained where I was goin', and the dog barked to go along, knowin' I would take care of him. So we started, and travelled till the houses got scarce and then quit comin' altogether. Some people looked at me curiously, but seemed to think the dog was takin' care o' me, an' passed on. At last we came to one more house, an' I looked through the gate at a woman, who asked where I was goin'.

"To visit Sledge," I told her. Then she brought me somethin' to eat an' gave the dog a bone.

Farther on I had to wait for him to bury the bone, he havin' got the miser's habit,—an' fell asleep in some woods.

When I woke it was gettin' gray, an' only half the sun was left. The dog, who had been sittin' by me, looked up as if very sorry for what he was about to do; then givin' a little howl as if sayin', "I must," away he ran.



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

I WAS SO SHAMED THAT I HUNG DOWN MY HEAD

I was all alone then, an' as it began to get dusk an' chilly, the shadows crossed the road, for they don't like to stand out in the warm sun. Still I walked on—on along the white, dusty way, goin' aroun' the shadows where crickets chirped, an' listenin' to a blind giant with a bell on, tinklin' an' trampin' through the woods.

This tinklin' got louder an' louder, till it sounded clear an' strong; then, as I went over a little hill, I saw an eye glowin' red an' dull in the deep, blue hollow below.

There was a muffled roarin'; cling-clang—an' the sparks flew in every direction. I was mistaken about the bell; somebody was hammerin' a giant.

"Sledge," I cried out loud, an' in a minute stood pantin' by his door.

Tremendous an' black he looked in the flarin' light, as the great hammer rose an' fell. Then he saw me, the hammer fell to the floor, an' I was swung high in arms that were strong as iron, but tender an' soft as a make-believe mother's.

"Ole Killer," he said, solemnly, "I was jus' thinkin' about you."

"Dwarfs there mus' be; dwarfs with flabby souls an' skins an' fat pockets full o' gold, who keep all the money they get hold of, so that their ole frien's little boy goes ragged an' talks to giants an' such in the back yard."

So Sledge spoke after he had heard my story.

"You needn't hammer him for that last part," I said.

"But these dwarfs are called misers nowadays," went on Sledge, as the roarin' stopped an' he pulled a white-hot iron from the blinkin' fiery eye with his pincers.

"Then give it to him," I said, an' the sparks fairly rained to where I sat on the bench in the smoky shop.

"You'll allow that us giants has our good parts, ole Killer," he muttered, "but a dwarf, never. Why, if he'd gave you the money he should from that estate, your ma wouldn't have been worried into takin' Mullet."

"How long have I been here?" I asked.

"Three days; an' jus' sunset," glancin' out over the hill.

"You won't let Grimshaw take me if he comes, will you, Sledge?"

He growled, swinging his hammer.

"Beat him on the anvil agin. I believe I'll stop killin' giants an' begin on miser-dwarfs myself."

"Good!" I said, when he had finished an' the iron was flat an' cold. "What made his dog go back?"

"I don't understand it," said the Hammerer; "fer not even a dog could be his frien'."

We were silent a minute, an' then it seemed as if one of those floatin' sparks had spread into a circle of light, with a black figure walkin' down through its deep shinin' centre. We watched it come; Sledge with his arm stretched out holdin' the hammer, an' me leanin' from the bench.

In the middle of the sunset at the door, peerin' into the smoky light, stood the miser.

"Wait fer me, Tad," he said, in a soft voice that ran whisperin' all around the shop. And then he lay there on the floor, with the bony dog lickin' his face; I thought even then that he must have started his master after me along the road.

It was nothin' for Sledge to carry the old man into our little house near by, where he bathed his head, while the dog whined as if askin' questions.

After while, as the miser could only half open his eyes, Sledge said we must be very still, and I went to bed.

But along the middle of the night I woke up listenin', as if somebody called me, an' looked into the other room. There the miser lay on the cot, and Sledge, the black giant, sat with his head between his hands, where the moonlight came in through the lattice window.

The miser was speakin' very low: "It was my fault as much as hers; I was much older than she, an' somehow we'd disagree on many things. I didn't want a divorce on account of Tad—such things are awful hard on children—but she insisted on it. Then we went to a strange town—the one back there—where I got her a home an' did the best I could by her, for I couldn't bear to leave my boy."

"Why, she pretended to be a widow," said Sledge, "and told Tad that you had



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

PEERIN' INTO THE SMOKY LIGHT, STOOD THE MISER
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charge of his father's estate, and would hardly let her have enough to live on."

The old man sighed. "I never told anybody we'd been man an' wife," he said. "I haven't much pride left, but I couldn't admit that."

Sledge said: "You sure couldn't; knowin' her pretty well."

"She never spoke to me or let me see Tad, an' I thought it was better so; for if he knew all, he'd be ashamed of me too. She would call me stingy in her letters, but there was small pickin' in my little business. 'My eyes are weak, an' I couldn't go into anything else.'"

"You did all you could," mumbled Sledge.

"I'd get hungry for the sight of him," said the miser.

"Hungry for food, too, I'll be bound. That's what's the matter with you," said the giant; "an' while you sacrificed yourself, she let Tad go ragged."

"An' I thought he was happy all the time. I believe now she only insisted on keepin' him to get what money she could out of me."

"Poor ole Killer!" said Sledge.

"What is it?" I asked, comin' in, still sleepy.

He stared at me still an' strange in the moonlight.

"Did you call me, Giant?"

"Not me," with a tremble in his voice as if I had been a ghost.

He looked very solemn and half afraid at the cot where the miser had raised on his elbow.

I looked too, and somehow the miser's face seemed changin', an' in his eyes was a light I had seen before, though never where it shone for me.

"Why, I believe it was you who called me," I said. "You don't seem to be the dwarf or miser any longer; still I know you."

"You're right," said Sledge; "he's the giant, an' I'm the dwarf. I know, 'cause I feel awful small when I think of the way I talked about him."

I stood thinkin' for a minute, an' then told him: "I'm goin' over an' be friends, Sledge, like the starvin' dog."

He nodded and drew his sooty hand across his eyes as he answered:

"An' from this day I'm his friend too, just as I've been yours; now I'm goin' out to see if a miserable dwarf can swing a hammer."

Somehow I realized I was the miser's little boy, an' sat on the bed beside him perfectly happy, an' wishin' Mr. Mullet could see me plain.

"You an' Sledge an' I will be good comp'ny," I said, as we listened to the ole Giant scatterin' wildfire from the iron.

He nodded as if he thought I was still asleep an' was afraid of wakin' me.

"Then we will *all* be misers," I said, an' he nodded again.

Of course I meant we'd be misers of each other's comp'ny, an' as he understood it that way I felt very comfortable, which I have done ever since, with those two an' the dog, who is now fat an' will not lick anybody's hand.

Nature

BY JOHN B. TABB

IT is His garment; and to them
That touch in faith the utmost hem
He, turning, says again, "I see
That virtue hath gone out of me."

A Sheikh of et-Tih

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

NEAR by the well of Mazaar, situate in the sandy desert of et-Tih, midway between El Arish and Kantara, on the old road from Jerusalem into Egypt, is a melancholy tomb, now in decay, tumbling, indeed, to the level of the sand which infinitely encompasses it. It is even deeply isolated in the midst of this far desolate place—itsself in every part a waste and isolation. With the sun fallen behind gray clouds, the east thick with shadows, a sultry wind blowing up, the sand stirring uneasily, here is, indeed, a neighborhood of gloom and ghostly fears. The dome is broken, a wall is fallen down, the blocks are scattered and half buried, sand has drifted in through the great gap, and the wind, entering at will, flutters the poor holy shreds which the fingers of the pious have knotted to upright sticks in the performance of some ceremony. Ruined, forsaken, and all, still one may fancy that once there dwelt at this tomb a devout keeper, thriving upon the gifts of pilgrims on the way to Mecca, dispensing charms and blessings in return: this long ago, when the road was populously travelled by the rich and truly pious, not by beggarly wanderers afoot, as to-day. No Bedouin of these wide parts can name the ancient whose holiness is here commemorated and made valuable to the generation of this day. "Long ago," they say, "there lived a virtuous man, rich in piety and good deeds, whose bones lie under this holy tomb, good company for the bones of us."

Here therefore the Bedouins have their graveyard. . . .

There were many mean graves, all abandoned and graceless, it seemed at first, but yet affectionately marked with stones and little sticks—so many graves that walking westward I did not pass beyond them, nor could determine where was the remotest. I stumbled over a

bone—no more than the thigh bone, happily, of some sick camel, deserted, which had wandered to this place and fallen to die. The sand, forever moving in response to the wind, had here gathered and had there departed: here twice covering, there exposing, the white bones of men. Upon the grave within the tomb were laid offerings of rags and beads and copper coins (the inhabitants of this dry desert being of the earth's most wretched); and I recall that two crossed sticks were set above it—a Christian symbol marvellously out of place, but left undisturbed! Sometimes the bereaved dug near the tomb, I think, to have the dead within the shadow of its sanctity, whatever bones must be disturbed; and safely near by was a new grave—that of a young girl, whose coarse blue gown lay there rotting in the weather, according to the custom, with such mean treasures as a scrap of pink ribbon—where got, God knows!—and a necklace of glass beads. The coins with which she had decorated her head-dress and employed in coquetry were still attached. I wondered that no ravenous beggar—of whom many wander past alone—had stolen them. There was, too, I recall, a little triangular charm against the evil eye and all diseases, which some holy man had written for pay and this dead girl had cherished.

"Here," said I, to Sheikh Mirza, "is a great graveyard."

"Many men," he answered, "have died."

"It is a pitiful necessity," I ventured.

"It is the will of God," said he.

I watched the fingers of the wind take sand from beneath a heap of stones lying upon some grave in protection from the beasts. "Where," I asked, looking up, "are the souls of these men?"

"Each," he answered, "in its appointed place."

"According to the will of God?"

"Truly, *khawaja*!" he exclaimed, softly.

For this man were no mysteries whatsoever. . . .

This Mirza was sheikh of the wandering folk of all that district—a man honored and accounted wise. It seemed that his tribe had no venerated ancestor, as he told me with some little sign of shame, but was called the Tribe of Them That Had Heard, being in the first place gathered by accident from East and West. I fancied then that the outcasts of Egypt and the Great Arabian Desert had fathered it—the poor and evil, who, having heard of this refuge, had ventured to it and remained. They possessed flocks and camels and some widely scattered groves of date palm, but these not in abundance; and they were a lean tribe in every way—because, said they, of all the deserts in all the wide world no other was as sandy and dry and barren and unyielding as the desert of et-Tih, into the thirst and hunger and unwatered heat of which God had seen fit to cast them. The sheikh was captain and judge over them, his wisdom the law; and of his cunning judgments Mustafa, the camel-driver from El Arish, told me much. Once, said he, two men came to Sheikh Mirza disputing. "I am but now," said the one, "returned from Cairo. Before leaving I entrusted my money-box to the keeping of this false friend, who now denies receiving it; and as it contained my whole fortune, I am reduced to poverty."

"It may well be," said Sheikh Mirza, "that you are mistaken. At what place did you give this man the money-box?"

Being informed of this, the sheikh inquired of the accused whether or not he knew the spot.

"Truly not!" was the answer. "I have never heard of the place before."

"Go now to that place," said Sheikh Mirza to the accuser, "and ponder well. It may be that you will recall the name of the man to whom you really entrusted the money, for it seems to me that this poor fellow is innocent."

The man departed, leaving the accused in the presence of the sheikh to await his return.

"It seems," said Sheikh Mirza, impatiently, when an hour had passed, "that this man is gone a long time and is idly wasting my time."

"No," was the incautious reply; "he has not had time to reach the place and return."

"What!" cried the sheikh, in anger. "Guilty man that you are, you remember the place where the money was entrusted to your care!"

Mustafa the camel-driver told me that the man made restitution and was properly punished for his deception. It was much like a tale of the Wise Cadi of Al Busrah; but whatever the truth or entertaining mendacity of Mustafa the camel-driver, Sheikh Mirza nevertheless delivers judgments in this wise, and of such are the disputes brought before him. Sometimes his wisdom is sought from beyond his tribe; and whether from within or without, he gains not only honor, but a percentage of the values involved, which is something worth being wise for. Here, now, at any rate, was the wise Mirza, abstracted by the tomb of the forgotten holy man, with the graves of generations of his people underfoot and roundabout—the wind blowing from the hot, unwatered, and uninhabitable



A MELANCHOLY TOMB—IN EVERY PART A WASTE AND ISOLATION

desert to the south, the gruesome silence relieved by nothing but the unquiet moving of the sand, the sun falling from its veil of cloud and irradiating it with every gorgeous tint, flinging more tender colors over the rolling sand-hills to the remotest eastern sky. I observed that he was more decently clad than any Bedouin of our journey—a severe black gown, embroidered with black silk, gracefully fitting a small body, and disclosing, when it fell apart, a clean white *kamis* beneath. His *kaffiyeh* was white and fresh; it was thrown over his head, it appeared, with no intention to conceal his eyes, but fell even short of them—an unusual candor. He was young, black-bearded, having quick dark eyes, contemplative and not ashamed, and a delicate and religious cast of face; of a soft voice and way—melancholy and incurious and sadly patient, like the very desert that bred him.

Presently he looked up from a protruding bone which the sand was laboring to cover.

"The sand is restless," he sighed—seeming in this way to open a window of his soul. I was enlightened to look in.

We returned then to the tents. . . .

Meantime they had made camp by the well. The rugs were spread ready on the sand by the *khawaja's* tent—the beloved Blue Rug and the Little Gem and that poor nondescript which the younger *khawaja* (having taken in haste) had contemptuously called the Dish Rag, but loved like a mongrel dog. These were of Damascus, hard sought, acquired with



A CHRISTIAN SYMBOL MARVELLOUSLY OUT OF PLACE

delight, familiar, much loved, making home of every desolate camping-place on the long road from Damascus to this gloomy well of Mazaar in Egypt; now lying on the creamy sand, with the low sunlight setting them aglow—beautiful in these circumstances as the sunset clouds beyond the ruined tomb, seeming, indeed, a soft reflection of their colors. Here sat we with the Sheikh Mirza and the four elders of his tribe while the ceremonial three cups of coffee were drunk and the formal compliments exchanged. They were encamped near by, it seemed,—half an hour, an hour, who could tell? the distance was to be measured by the energy of a man and the urgency of his wish to be there. The tribesmen were off with the flocks to good pasturage; but the sheikh remained, in

company with these wise elderly persons, to preserve order, to pass judgment, and the like, in the event of such unhappy need. A poor habitation, said he,—a mean, impoverished housing and entertainment, a place unfit for the shoes of the distinguished to press, offensive to the eye and heart of any man, withholding to the stomach. Never before, indeed, said they, had a considerable sheikh of et-Tih been reduced to a depth of squalor so repugnant to the high-born and wealthy as in this very instance.

Sheikh Mirza, as I knew, would have been no polite Bedouin had he not defamed his own state and possessions.

"Come!" I yielded to this left-handed entreaty; "we will take coffee in your tent when the sun is gone down."

They held up their hands in admiration of this infinitely generous condescension.

"It is impossible!" cried they, revealing in this a flattering comprehension of the splendor to which the *khawaja* was accustomed; "it is impossible—the place is not worthy."

"Still," said I, firmly, "we will do it."

"The thing," Mirza protested, "would demean the *khawaja*."

I perceived in this a compliment to the *khawaja's* riches and power and to the sweet and anxious luxury in which he customarily dwelt.

"Nevertheless," said I, doggedly, determined to be as polite as the situation demanded, "we will ride out in the cool of the evening."

Sheikh Mirza went off in a hostly perturbation needing no words to interpret; and so concerned were the elders that I was moved to pity their anxiety. It was, however, a departure wholly dignified; there had been no haste or blundering, no failure of manners, no lessening of self-respect, no hint of obsequiousness; the ancient forms had been observed in a fashion the most punctilious—soft phrases, significant and grateful, falling upon unaccustomed ears. I watched the little group move slowly over the sand—a grave departure, the young sheikh leading, according to his degree, the elders respectfully following. They passed over the ridge of a great sand-drift with no fickle backward turning. I was impressed with the dignity and understanding and power of them in their own place. They were in perfect harmony, it seemed, with the desert into which they had vanished.

It had been the unhappy custom of our followers as we travelled these far and simple parts to misrepresent us in their own glorification; nor could I put a stop to it, whatever I might say. We exchanged greetings with whomsoever we met, and having passed the customary compliments, would then inquire concerning the travellers' degree and destination. Observing our stout caravan and opulently laden pack-mules, or coming upon our camp at night, these native folk would satisfy their curiosity, which was indeed of a thirsty and intimate sort. We began modestly enough: at Hebron we were simple travellers, bound down to Egypt; but on the plains beyond Beer-sheba we had acquired a mysterious mis-



L 5 H

MIRZA WAS SHEIKH OF THE WANDERING FOLK

sion, having to do, I was amazed to learn, possibly with the betterment of all the Bedouin farmers thereabouts: this Aboosh, the interpreter, told me with much glee, having caught it from the lips of the big muleteer, who was speaking confidentially in the ear of a pilgrim. Having crossed the border into Egypt, we had climbed a rung higher, and by so much was the importance of our servants exaggerated: our mission was now a grave reality; we were in the confidence of the Egyptian government; it behooved all persons to honor and placate us—*khawaja*, men, and mules. And now, here by the well of Mazaar, as the sheikh went off, I turned curiously upon Aboosh. "Look here!" said I, abruptly, "will you please tell me what is my station in life at the present moment?"

He laughed.

"Out with it!" I insisted.

"You are a high English judge," he replied, "travelling for pleasure and information."

"How high?" I asked.

"I think," he answered, gently, "that there is no more important in all England."

"By whom have I been exalted?"

"It was Corporal Ali, this time," said he. "He was a Prince in the Soudan before he enlisted. Doubtless he chooses to serve a distinguished master."

This was a Soudanese from El Arish, a sentinel and guide—a sharp-witted, English-trained soldier of the garrison, who blacked his legs, I used to fancy, with stove polish every morning. It was a pleasant invention of his, founded, no doubt, upon our intimacy with the colonel; but I would have none of it. I com-



MUSTAFA, THE CAMEL-DRIVER

manded that Sheikh Mirza should instantly be enlightened and relieved; and Ali was despatched upon this mission, having been sworn by the beard of the Prophet to fulfil it righteously. Upon his return I was chagrined to learn that the rumor of our high station had not come to the ears of the sheikh—who had thereupon naturally drawn his own conclusion that the rumor was true. An exalted judge, then, was I, the younger *khawaja* my secretary. . . .

We rode out after sunset, Aboosh (the admirable dragoman) and the younger *khawaja* and I, with Rachid afoot—that ragged vagabond and poet of Jerusalem who had followed our camp from Beer-sheba. "The *khawaja* will indulge me!" he begged. "Here am I, poor Rachid, going down from Jerusalem into Egypt

to see the world, riding upon his own poor, weary feet; and shall he then miss the sight of a very sheikh of this wild desert in his black tent of hair? Ah, but the *khawaja* will surely indulge his poor, faithful poet and story-teller!"—and here was this beloved Rachid, striding ahead with the guide of Mirza. The wind was gone down; the clouds were all vanished from the western sky; a clear twilight it was, still and colorless, with the first stars surely appearing in the round, velvet sky, and a full moon imminent under the horizon. We presently passed from deep sand to a salt swamp—a flat, dismal, reedy, stagnant expanse, foul in the midst of the clean desert. There were pools encrusted with a strange slime, not green and familiar, but of a crisp and ghastly white; and albeit the ground was hard underfoot, it was slippery and clammy and as treacherously giving as the rotting ice of some disgusting pond. In the failing light, with night swiftly falling and the way uncertain, here was no grateful path, but a repulsive desolation of the world—a place of false water and horribly unnatural—appearing vegetation. We followed Mirza's guide, who led carelessly, uplifted from his task, it seemed, by the engaging conversation of Rachid. The place was like a quicksand; disaster waited upon any deviation from the bewildering road; the progress was at best over a crust, with a grasping depth of salt mire beneath. The younger *khawaja's* camel broke through to his belly, and I made sure that a delicate leg would be broken; but for a moment the beast rested, awaiting, it seemed, the worst of his situation; then with amazingly patient and intelligent caution he got to solid ground, grunting a bit, in a satisfied way, and gravely proceeded as though nothing had happened, giving the same impression of stupidity as before. My horse floundered in the camel's wake; he plunged in alarm, continuing to cry and strive, and must be cleverly persuaded from his dangerous predicament. I recall that his terror had not passed, that he was trembling and uneasy, when I remounted, wet to the waist. We were glad to be away from this flat salty swamp to the deep sand of the desert which we had heretofore cursed for its difficulty. It was not so greatly an es-

cape from tedium and peril that gratified us, I think; it was the leaving behind—like a disgusting thing, come unexpected, forever done with—of a place horrible because of its treachery, not seeking, but repugnantly indifferent; because of its breathless and slimy stagnancy, fruitful only in unnaturalness. . . .

It was grown dark; but the rim of the moon was appearing above the black and cloudy rolling outline of the desert—that sandy barren which for these ten days had been a distance whose hot horizon had yet to be achieved. There was a low hill, deep for the horses, a struggle to surmount; then a grove of date palm, lying in a hollow, with moonlit places—a thin grove, springing from the sand, without a well or any blade of grass. Here was the habitation of the wise Sheikh Mirza—a small, square enclosure, in the midst of the grove, walled with palm leaves skilfully woven. The women's quarters were near by, but yet did not intrude upon the masculine importance, so that the sheikh dwelt aloof from his wives, in the way of the roosterish men of those parts, who will tolerate no lessening of the majesty of their sex. Sheikh Mirza's dwelling was partitioned in two; there was a guest place by the gate, where the coffee fire was now glowing, and an inner sleeping-chamber: these all open to the sky, save that the couch was sheltered with a black cloth of goat's hair, and some part of the outer room was roofed with a thatch of leaves. It was all swept clean against our coming. I was reminded of a child's play-house by the mud floor and tiny proportions; it seemed, I fancied, that some housewifely little maid had but now swept and put to rights. But this tender fancy was soon dispelled by the sight of Mirza's grave, dark face, bent over the coffee fire, which he was nursing to a blaze. We were then seated in a circle about the fire with the elders; and, presently, for our thirst was coffee, and for our hunger a bowl of crushed dates: whereupon we ate and drank and heavily smoked, and were for a long time silent.

No breath of wind was stirring; the palm leaves were listless and still, the sand inert, the whole world voiceless. Beyond the gate of the enclosure and the trunks and shadows of the grove, the



Drawn by Lauren S. Harris

THEY HAD MADE CAMP BY THE WELL

desert went white and vacant to the far-off rising yellow moon, with no vegetation to interrupt the misty sweep, nor any living thing to break the heavy-lying pause and silence. Presently, turning from this languorous prospect, I put a shocking question to the sheikh. It was direct and abrupt in the Western way, and impious. The man was startled and concerned; the elders of his tribe were troubled with suspicion—a mere flash of impoliteness, however, instantly controlled, but disclosing a very gulf of difference between these Arabs and our Western minds and ways.

"Do you believe in God?" I asked.

"Truly, *khawaja*!" Sheikh Mirza answered, pityingly.

"There is but one God, and Mohammed is His Prophet," the elders pattered, according to the form.

Some uneasiness still remained upon the little group, appearing mostly in restless, questioning glances exchanged; but the sheikh was placidly regarding me, at any rate, and I proceeded, rudely, as before.

"Why?" I demanded.

Sheikh Mirza mused. "God willing," he replied, gently, "I will answer your question: I look up at the stars."

It was a good answer. . . .

I remembered what the sheikh's tribesmen had said of their situation in this thirsty barren. "Come!" said I, boldly; "is this God a beneficent God?"

"Truly, *khawaja*!"

I caught in the answer some expression of pain. It was an amazed ejaculation, too, and might have been voiced in horror and resentment had the politeness of the sheikh been less; but he was a mild man, and spoke gently, yet lifting his hands, involuntarily, in some anxious protest against blasphemy.

"Do your people go lean of hunger?" I asked.

"It is true," said he; "they die of hunger and thirst in this desert."

"Are there deformities amongst you?"

"Truly, *khawaja*: we have the blind and the imbecile and the crippled, according to the will of God."

"Are men good or evil according as their fathers were?"

"It is indeed true in some cases."

"Listen!" said I.

"God willing," he responded, drawing nearer, "I will carefully listen."

"Are the poor oppressed?" I began, recollecting, as completely as might be at that moment, every woe of life I knew; "are the weak ravished? do mothers die in childbed? do sons



A GRAVE DEPARTURE, THE YOUNG SHEIKH LEADING

despite their fathers? do youths love hopelessly? do children die by accident? is labor unrewarded and ambition thwarted? is there a merciless envy and greed in your tribe, which will not yield to correction? are there not hands ready for the murder of the unwary and thievery from the unprotected? are not evil men triumphant amongst you and the virtuous ones victims of the vile?"—and here my poor catalogue of complaints came to its untimely and painful conclusion.

"These things," said Sheikh Mirza, gravely, "happen by the will of God."

"Here, then, surely," said I, "is injustice."

"There is no injustice," he replied; "it is but a seeming."

"The tears," I protested, "are real enough!"

"Truly, *khawaja*," said he, gently.

"How, then," I demanded, to try him, "can you say that God is good?"

For a moment Sheikh Mirza pondered heavily, stirring the dying coals of the coffee fire. "God willing," he replied, looking up at last, "I will answer your question: Lives there a man wiser than God who shall sit in judgment upon the acts of God?"

It was an excellent answer, I thought.

There ensued a brief catechism, and though we sat in a desert, guests of this Mohammedan, question and answer—the Q. and A. of the nearly forgotten book—seemed yet familiar. I began it, as a whim, in this way: "What," said I, "is the chief end of man?"

"To serve God, *khawaja*."

"What ambition," I asked, "do you cherish?"



"GOD WILLING, I WILL ANSWER YOUR QUESTION"

"To serve God."

"What most do you desire in all the world?"

"To serve God perfectly."

"What most do you fear?"

"To fail to serve Him."

"How shall a man best use his life?"

"In the service of God."

"How shall a man serve God?"

"If his life be an example of pious resignation."

"How," said I, "shall a man be happy in this world?"

"It is not hard, *khawaja*; if he live temperately, he will surely be happy."

"What good do you seek for your tribe?"

"God willing," he replied, quickly, "I

will answer your question: To have my people live at peace."

"And in prosperity?"

"It is the selfsame thing," said he.

The sheikh's young son came in, curiosity having got the better of his shyness at last; he sidled confidently to his father, and was there embraced (in the way of these Arab fathers); presently he had snuggled close to his father's feet, and was become one of our company. I inquired then, in a blundering way, concerning the boy's education: would he be sent to the schools in Cairo?

"He was born here," was the answer.

"What matter?"

"He will then truly live here."

"It is the custom of the Western fathers," I ventured, "to advance their sons above themselves."

"How may this be done?" he asked.

"It is said," I replied, "that the education of the schools promotes it."

"If I send my son away to the schools," he answered, like a man who had pondered much upon the problem and become resolved, "I shall accomplish his ruin. If I send him away, he will either remain away or return; if he remain, he will be forever unhappy, having been born to the freedom of this airy desert; if he return, he will be forever unhappy also, having tasted indulgence, having been corrupted by the luxury of the city. Now, if I send my son away to the schools, and if he remain away, he will either succeed or fail in life. But how, born in this desert, shall he succeed, being forever at a disadvantage in an alien place? If he succeed, what shall compensate him for the stress and confinement he must suffer? He must live in a room; but how shall he endure to live in a room? And if he fail, what then shall become of him? I will keep my son with his tribesmen in the sand, that he may be strong and courageous and free. Here we dwell content, cultivating our few dates, raising our flocks in peace, exchanging our poor wealth for the corn and cloth of other places, so satisfying all our simple needs. What shall a man want more than his freedom? We are oppressed neither by labor nor wicked men; and we live in our own place, according to the will of God."

"You are, then, content with the life you have lived?"

"It is so."

"And would live it over again, deed for deed, day by day, as you have lived it, since the beginning?"

"Truly, *khawaja*!"

My question had never before been answered in this way. I was amazed.

"What is the explanation of your contentment?" I demanded.

He looked up bewildered.

"Why," I repeated, "are you content?"

"God willing," he replied, enlightened, "I will answer your question: I live where I was born."

It seemed, after all, as we rode back, a good place to live. It was wide and clean and far remote from noise and strife and fervent wishing and any throng. Nothing clamored, nothing pressed, nothing suffered, nothing pursued, nor was there sight or sound of despair. Neither right nor wrong presented itself; there was neither wisdom nor folly in the world, no appeal, no demand, no contrary opinion, neither warning nor invitation. Fear was gone with hope; expectation had failed—there was no future beyond the casual glance ahead. And, to be sure, the desert was a beautiful and grateful place to ride in that night—a soft path, followed without haste or handling of the reins. The moon was high, the farther heavens soft and deep and all alight with brilliant stars. We skirted the salt marsh, riding slowly and in silence through a perfect silence. A little wind blew up—no more than a cooling breeze, coming in puffs from the direction of the sea. They were long ago all gone to sleep in the camp; and when we were dismounted, when the horses and camel were tethered, when Aboosh was stowed away, when Rachid was snuggled beneath his rug, when the younger *khawaja* was stretched out to sleep, I walked apart, where was no glimpse of the tents. The wind was still blowing, but not risen—a gentle stirring of the night air: no more than that. But the sand was moving: I listened, with my ear close—and I could hear the low swish of the grains. To the remotest places of the wide white circle of the world the sand was moving.

"The sand is restless," I sighed, echoing the melancholy of Sheikh Mirza.

Two Lyrics

BY JULIA C. R. DORR

ADAPTED FROM THE ITALIAN OF VITTORIA MARINI

I.—A MYSTERY

O STRANGE, mysterious guest,
Whence dost thou come to me?
From what far realm where silver stars
Shine soft beyond the sunset bars?
Across what crystal sea?

Thou art no laughing Love,
Rose-crowned and garlanded,
With young Dreams floating at thy side,
While Joy swings all her portals wide,
And Fear and Doubt have fled.

Thy face is turned away,
I cannot see thine eyes;
I know not if they look on me
Or kindly, or reproachfully,
Or wide with slow surprise.

Why hast thou sought my door,
O thou unbidden guest?
To bid thee go I do not dare,
Nor to come in my cup to share,—
Tell me thy name and quest!

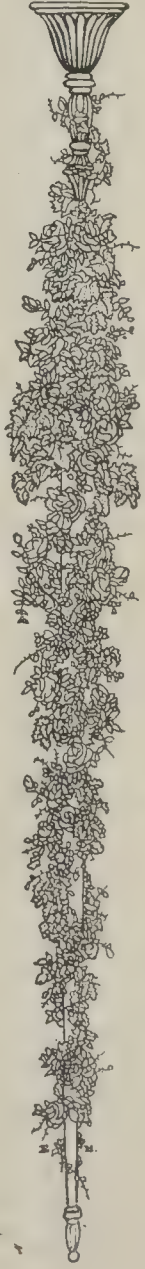
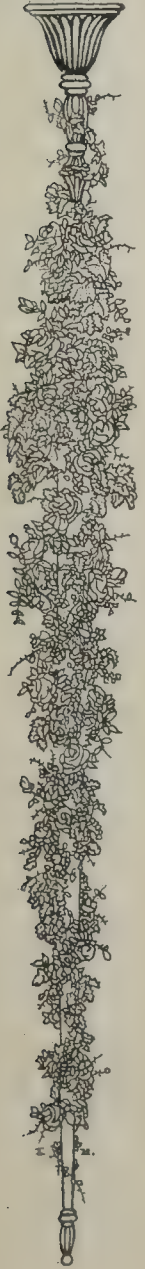
II.—A MYSTERY SOLVED

Come in, thou heavenly guest,—
Lo! I fling wide the door!
At last, at last, I see thy face
All radiant with celestial grace;
Come, to go forth no more!

Come in, thou strange, sweet guest!
Proudly I bid thee stay;
I know thee now for what thou art,
The one sole warder of my heart,—
Keep thou the key away!

Come in, imperious guest!
To thy behest I yield;
I give my soul, my heart, my hand,
Surrendering all to thy command,—
Be thou my crown and shield!

Come in, thou kingly guest!
Low in the dust I bow;
I kneel to lave thy royal feet,
Bringing rich balms and odors sweet,—
Lord of my life art thou!



“A Spanish Countess”

THOUGH little more than a name to most collectors, Goya is a distinct influence in painting, linking the old masters with the moderns. He is a brilliant exponent of the theory of personality, and must be counted among the revolutionary forces in modern art, having deeply influenced such men as Delacroix, Regnault, and Manet. During the hundred years that elapsed after Velasquez and Murillo had passed, Spanish art could boast of no painter of note, until Goya, returning from Rome in 1775 at thirty years of age, revived the art of his country. His magnetism, audacity, and love of adventure made him a popular favorite, and his impetuous nature caught the life of his time and depicted it vividly. His records, though audacious and fantastic, are keenly observant and analytical and show tremendous vitality. While his compositions betray a fondness for the bizarre and sceptical, his portraits reveal the force of his personality and set forth the mysterious quality of life with fascinating reality. In portraiture he found popular appreciation, his studio being the resort of the scholars, statesmen, courtiers, and famous women of his time, and while his work is uneven in excellence it is never uninteresting; for his portraits are usually marked by vivacity, and are so modern in the desire to express life that the painter might have lived in our own time. In fact, a French critic has termed him a man of the future, regarding him as more than a hundred years in advance of his century.

This portrait of a titled dame, now owned by Mr. James Creelman, is one of masterly technique, and realistically presents not only the external embodiment of the subject, but her character as well. Of the painter's earlier style, it shows such rare charm of harmonious color as would distinguish it in any collection. It suggests the Spain of the eighteenth century, with its splendor and its gloom, its gallantry and its intrigue. Deeply interested in life about him, when Goya died, in 1828, he left an immortal record of his time.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"A SPANISH COUNTESS." BY GOYA

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

In the Nick of Time

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

IN the annual catalogue of Stiver Academy, in those earlier pages devoted to the sonorous trumpeting of distinguished names, none was more honorably proclaimed than Anthony Johns, B.A., Professor of English, Literature, and History. It was an impressive pamphlet with the academy seal solemnly graven on its title-page, the seal a decorative device (the pretty invention of Miss Lollie Blayne, instructor in china-painting at Stiver) in which the Tree of Knowledge, sustained and nourished by the Waters of Life, and hugged ecstatically by the Serpent of Wisdom, sheltered from unseen Winds of Error what might not be observed at first, down in the foreground: an Etruscan Lamp of Truth, well trimmed and burning bravely in that classic shade.

In these annual panegyrics there was no slightest reference to that resource of resources which in those early days had given to Stiver its peculiar merit among academies, and, moreover, a kind of spiritual charm. I refer to the unselfish and unfailing loyalty with which the faculty of that struggling institution, mindful of its seal and symbol, threw to those Winds of Error all false academic pride and squeamishness, all natural preferences and predilections, scorning no drudgery, however humble, to keep Truth burning in their mortgaged halls.

"Anthony Johns, B.A., Professor of English, Literature, and History," had a properly respectful sound, but every man Jack, and every Jill, who went to Stiver knows that Old Smileawhile Johns, Old Pipe-and-Book Tony, was not above common things as well, and helped out cheerfully in kindergarten Latin, elementary algebra, and arithmetic; and that in years when the wolf was at Stiver's door, and the Astronomical Instrument Company slept with one eye upon the telescope (that lens with

a string to it, that gem and glory of the catalogue), Smileawhile seasoned his courses now and then with a dash of botany, or a pinch of bookkeeping, which was as garlic to his uncommercial nose, and could even be counted upon to administer a little very mild psychology upon occasion, if the lesson fell in the easier semester of the year.

But those days were over now, happily for Stiver—unhappily for Anthony Johns. With the mortgage lifted and the telescope paid for, and the old wolf skinned and stuffed and mounted behind the very door he had sniffed so hungrily, Stiver was a famous name. The Tree of Knowledge put forth fresh leaves; the Serpent of Wisdom sloughed his old coat and got a new one of golden scales; and a Rochester burner, so they say, was added to the Lamp of Truth.

And Stiver must be as spruce in English and as modern in history as in other matters. There were new buildings to be occupied, new men, new methods, and new apparatus to be installed, new hopes to be fulfilled. Anthony Johns was of the old Stiver and its modest wares. Moreover, he was seventy-three.

Various expedients were suggested to an embarrassed board. A year's leave of absence might pave the way: Time solves all problems. Or, better still, and more economical, it was thought, the "gentleman under consideration" might be induced, kindly but firmly, to retire—with laurel—from the active duties of his post, while still permitting to a grateful institution the use, for a time, of his honored name! A banquet, even, might be tendered, with eulogies to remove suspicion of reproach. It was a pity that so promising a stratagem could not be chosen, but a young professor intervened. He had no connection with Stiver, it is true, but his specialties, oddly enough, were English, Literature, and History, and he wrote to say that the proposed

arrangement would not be compatible with his self-respect; that a man of his standing could not be outranked even in theory, even in the catalogue, by an "antiquated honorary head."

Balm for a wounded heart, it was then suggested, might lie in a minor professorship, or a post as librarian, or some such thing, if such existed. Alas! they did not exist.

"Well, then," cried the exasperated board, "let the truth be told him!"

Told, but by whom? It should be done with delicacy. By whom, then, but his old friend Fiddle? The very man! Fiddle was not so denominated in the catalogue. His name was Ridelle: hence Riddle—but, as he was a fidgety Riddle, thence Fiddle—than which nothing, to a schoolboy, could be more plain. But Fiddle declined. He declined in French, his native language; he declined in German, which he also taught; and finally he declined in a kind of original Volapük, with enough English elements to be comprehended, more unmistakably even than in his other tongues. So the trustees frowned, and in desperation assigned the sad duty to Stiver's new president, Barnaby Wells.

Wells, who was but forty-five, and of considerable horse-power in the modern scholarship which translates sausages into endowment funds, declared that what Stiver needed was young men—young, red-blooded leaders, who would buck the line hard; men who had broken a rib or two on the gridiron, matching their fellows, muscle for muscle, bone for bone; who could hit out straight from the shoulder in fair play and its defence, and who by precept and example would teach honor and manliness as well as Greek roots. He had only recently become acquainted with Professor Johns, and he would be kind to him, but—and here Dr. Wells snapped his teeth together, speaking between them—he would do his duty: he would be firm.

It was a mild spring evening, a May evening near the close of the academic year, when the doctor, swallowing distaste for his unpleasant errand, called determinedly upon Professor Johns. His knock was answered by the little old gentleman himself in slippers and a faded dressing-gown, his face, after his first ex-

pression of astonishment at his unusual guest, betraying such radiance as the doctor had never beheld in it before.

"I am delighted, sir. Come in. Let me have your stick. And your hat. And your coat. Come in to the lamp. Come in to the lamp. The fact is, Doctor, I was about to call upon you myself. Yes, sir, I was about to call upon you, to inform you—to inform you, sir, of a most charming, most surprising, most—most remarkable thing which has just happened!"

"I shall be glad to hear of it," the doctor replied, pleased, on the whole, that his mission might wait.

"Well, then, I'll tell you," the professor went on, so tremulous that he dropped his pipe. "I believe you don't smoke, Doctor?"

"Never."

"And do you—do you object to the—er—fragrance?"

"The smell," said the doctor, "makes me ill. Still—"

"No matter. No matter," the professor replied, laying his pipe upon the table and seating himself amiably enough, though guiltily, conscious as he was that the aroma of cube-cut already pervaded the air. "No matter," he repeated, smilingly. He endeavored to settle himself more calmly in his chair, but either for want of his accustomed solace, or because his message was not compatible with crossed legs and reclining ease, he was soon up again, nervous, eager, sitting upon the very brink of the cushion and waving his hand.

"Doctor," he said, "I have good news for you."

"Indeed!"

"Good news, sir. An aunt of mine, ninety years old, is dead!"

The doctor smiled.

"Good news, Professor?"

"N-no," the professor admitted, "I don't know that it is quite—quite respectful, or accurate, to call it so. Still, the—*the significance* of a painful event, Doctor, may be beautiful, and even—even cheerful, sir, as I think you will admit. The fact is this aunt of mine, dying, has left me five hundred dollars!"

"Indeed!" said the doctor. "That is good, I admit. And what shall you do with this fortune? Retire from Stiver and live on the income?"

He smiled pleasantly, but the professor shook his head, his eyes twinkling.

"I've thought it all over, Doctor, and I've made up my mind. I thought of putting it in the bank, and I thought of loaning it out at interest, but both plans seemed selfish in an old bachelor like me, without a chick or a child, or poor relative even, to leave it to. So I said to myself: 'Johns, old boy, to whom *are* you indebted in this world of trouble, which you are so soon to leave?'"

The professor paused.

"Well," he added, laying his hand upon his heart, "the answer came—here. '*Your wife, Johns.*' That was the answer."

"Wife!" exclaimed the doctor, in some alarm. "Surely you don't intend to—you don't contemplate—"

The professor shook with delight.

"Why not?" he asked. "I never was blither in my life, sir, than I am now."

"I can well believe you," the doctor answered, gazing blankly at the other's face. "Still—"

"Perhaps," said the professor, gleefully, "I may be *already* married. Had you thought of that?"

"Married!" cried the doctor.

The professor chuckled.

"Why, my dear Doctor, I've been married these thirty years."

"Thirty years!" repeated the doctor. "Can it be possible?"

"Thirty years," replied the professor, "and there's a riddle for you."

"Professor Johns," gasped the doctor, "you don't mean to tell me that you have kept this secret for thirty years!"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply. "It has been as plain as the nose on my face, sir. But the world—the world," the professor repeated, shaking his head sadly, "is blind."

The doctor stared.

"I don't understand you," he said. "This alliance, you say, has been going on—"

"Yes, sir," the professor interposed. "With the Widow Stiver, sir. With Mrs. Stiver Academy Johns. Our buxom academy, sir, has been my bride, sir, for thirty happy golden years!"

"O-oh!" said the doctor, much relieved.

"Yes, sir," the professor continued, laughing delightedly, "she has been my

blushing bride, sir,—my dimpled darling, sir, for thirty years."

But the doctor did not join in the merriment.

"This money, then," he said, "do I understand that you contemplate—"

"Exactly," interposed the professor, rising and marching up and down the rug. "I *do* contemplate. I contemplate—and with the greatest pleasure, my dear Doctor—sharing my little fortune with Stiver Academy."

"A very noble purpose, surely," the doctor replied, with an embarrassed air. "But how, may I ask?"

"Ah!" said the professor. "*That's* my story. That's why I wanted to see you. That's why I'm glad you're here."

He was so happy now that he stuffed his old pipe and lighted it, unmindful of the doctor's cough, and standing with his hands behind him, puffed a while over his secret before he spoke.

"Five hundred dollars," he said, "is a good deal, Doctor, and not a good deal; certainly not an *enormous* sum, say at four per cent.; and yet, Doctor, I've discovered an investment, sir, that will bring in compound interest! *Compound* interest!"

"None of those get-rich-quick swindles, I hope," said Barnaby Wells.

"Not a bit of it," was the answer. "This is a sure thing."

"Oh, they all say that," remarked the other, shaking his head. The professor said nothing, but opened a drawer in his desk. He took out an envelope and from it a paper, which he handed to Wells with a triumphant grin.

"Look at that," he said.

"Copper?" inquired the doctor.—"What's this?—'Europe—'"

The professor laughed gayly.

"Yes, sir," he said. "I sail for Liverpool on the twenty-second day of June! Three days after Commencement."

"You are going abroad?"

The professor nodded.

"To England," he said, "and Scotland; yes, and to Ireland, bedad, if the money holds out. I'm going abroad, Doctor. I'm going abroad!"

He was like a boy, prowling excitedly about the room, picking up objects and laying them down again, studying the books upon his shelves as if he had never

seen them before, and when he could no longer repress himself, coming to the table to stand, smiling and smoking, before the doctor, who sat there, speechless, with the steamship ticket in his hands.

"Yes, sir, I'm going abroad. I'm going to—

Piping Pebworth, dancing Marston,
 Haunted Hilboro', hungry Grafton,
 Dodging Exhall, papist Wixford,
 Beggarly Broom and drunken Bidford.

And there'll be a 'last year's pippin with a dish of caraways' for me, Doctor, at Master Shallow's in Gloucestershire!"

"Well," said the doctor, "I—I scarcely know what to say, Professor Johns."

"I'm going second cabin," the professor went on, "and on the other side I shall travel third class, and I shall walk a good deal, and stop at the cheapest inns, and in that way, you see, I shall save for the photographs, which are very reasonable, I am told. Even the post-cards are said to be beautiful, *very* beautiful."

"Photographs?" queried Barnaby Wells.

"Yes; for the lectures I shall deliver when I return," the professor explained. "Illustrated lectures, you understand, in connection with my courses. And I shall present the photographs to the Stiver museum, of course. Oh, I shall bring back two or three thousand, I suppose."

The doctor looked down at the steamship ticket, and up at the professor, and down at the ticket again.

"But," he said, more for the sake of saying something than for any real doubt that he entertained, "can you do all that on five hundred dollars?"

"Oh, I think so. I think so, Doctor. At least I trust so. Bayard Taylor, I believe, spent that sum in *two years'* travel afoot, if I remember rightly. That was long ago, to be sure, but *I* ought to keep agoing for three months, I should think."

"Have you—have you really completed all these arrangements, then?" the doctor inquired, gravely, and with a troubled frown.

"Oh yes," was the airy answer. "My passage is paid for, as you see yourself. And I have given up my lodgings here, and I sail—I sail, Doctor, on the morning of the twenty-second day of June. Yes, sir," he cried, the old excitement re-

turning at the mere thought of that embarkation, "I sail on the morning of the twenty-second day of June—for Europe—for Arden!—Avon!—Grasmere!—Windermere!—braes of Yarrow!—Ayr!—ay, Ayr!—and Doonside!—and Afton Water!" He was chanting them, as if he saw them already in the shadows just over the doctor's head. "Oh, there'll be a *fine old flavor* of hawthorn and heather in the air when I come back to you, Doctor, in the fall! I shall teach—*then!*"

"No doubt it will be delightful," murmured the doctor, still staring at the paper in his hand.

"I shall teach *then*," repeated the professor, his eyes glowing. "Why, Doctor, I'm going to—

Shallow rivers to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals,

and I'll come home, sir, whistling Arden tunes, I'll warrant you. And all Stiver shall dance to them! We'll have a regular May-pole of a time in the English department! Why, already, sir, I feel more like a boy than I have felt in fifty years!"

"I believe you," said the doctor, smiling despite himself. "You look it."

"It's the dream of half a century coming true," said the professor. "Here I've been teaching Arden and Windermere and Afton Water these fifty years, and I was afraid—I was very much afraid, sir, that I should never set eyes upon them." His face was grave, but only for a moment. "Now," said he, smiling again and like a child,—“now, unexpectedly, I am”—he waved a hand—"going abroad, at seventy-three. Doctor, this joy comes to me in the very nick of time, sir!"

The doctor rose quietly.

"In the very nick of time, as you say, professor."

"Stay," said the other. "It is I who have done the talking. Perhaps you had something to say to *me?*"

"No," said the doctor, shaking his head and laying the steamship ticket on the table. "No; I was going by and dropped in, that was all. But I must congratulate you most heartily on your coming voyage. It means more to you—"

Here the President of Stiver smiled thoughtfully at Professor Johns.

"—more, even, than you dream."

Radium and the Earth's Internal Heat

BY JOHN JOLY, D.Sc., F.G.S., F.R.S.

Professor of Geology and Mineralogy, University of Dublin

OUR knowledge of the radium content of the surface materials of the earth is steadily advancing. Between two and three hundred measurements effected on rock substances, oceanic sediments, and sea waters are now available. A greater number will, indeed, be required before the time for full and final discussion of the results is reached. Nevertheless, the materials investigated are so various, their mode of occurrence and geological position so different, that it is probably safe to conclude that no very wide divergence from the trend and bearing of existing experiments is likely to arise. The earlier measurements and those of the present writer differ, indeed, by a little. The quantities measured are, however, of the same order, and all the geological questions arising may be discussed on the general mean of the available results.

The first feature which strikes those who newly enter into this subject is the extraordinary minuteness of the quantities of radium involved. The measurements are all in billionths of a gram per gram of material investigated. In sea waters the measurements are to the order of the hundredth or thousandth part of this minute quantity. Those ignorant of the basis on which the measurements are effected, and who are unable to get away from the limits imposed by the chemical balance, find here sometimes occasion for scepticism. Others, again, accepting the measurements, find it hard to imagine how quantities so minute can possibly heat up the whole earth and effect great geological developments. The best remedy for such doubts is study and careful consideration of the basis upon which radioactive science rests. A less to be commended remedy is the submission to authority and the acceptance without question of the conclusions of those who have given so much thought to their acquisition.

The reader may readily convince himself that some of the results arrived at and which appear most startling are mere questions of the use of the multiplication table. Thus, if the statement that the quantity of radium in a cubic centimetre of sea water is of the order of the hundredth part of the billionth of a gram is considered along with the number of cubic centimetres of sea water in the ocean, it will be found that the startling statement that 20,000 tons of radium exist dissolved in the waters of the seas is fully justified. Again, but by a somewhat longer train of reasoning, but still with no more mathematics than simple arithmetic, no more knowledge of geology than the elementary facts of solvent denudation, it may be shown that there must be more than a million tons of radium contained in the sediments which are deposited over the floor of the ocean. Such great conclusions derived from the measurements effected on samples of materials in the laboratory and the most direct and simple reasoning must afford occasion for thought, and should be borne in mind when in the more speculative parts of our subject we reach from the elemental data to conclusions affecting the past and future of the globe itself.

The great quantities of radium which we have just concluded to exist in the ocean and its sediments are, of course, derived by denudative processes from the rocks. We can, indeed, detect the radioactive materials in the rivers on their way to the ocean. Yet this great accumulation represents but a trifling spoliation of the rocks, the forces of denudation affecting, relatively speaking, the mere surface. We are logically bound to conclude that downwards in the materials from which all this radium has been derived further stores of radium exist. Indeed, observations do not as yet afford any limit to the downward extension of radio-

activity. The Simplon tunnel penetrates ancient sediments and gneisses at a depth of one and a half miles from the surface, and the St. Gothard reaches into materials of unknown origin forming the core of the great massif; yet the radium is still there: in the Simplon rather more than the average in quantity; in the St. Gothard under the average for the central parts of the tunnel, above it for the rocks of the northern end. Nor is the occurrence of radium conditioned by the age of the strata. In the earliest Archæan rocks and in the most recent sediments it is found. It occurs in igneous rocks of every sort. Such indisputable facts lead us to ask whether, indeed, there is any limit to the downward extension of such quantities of radium. We easily show that there is a limit, and one which must be reached but a few miles beneath the surface. This is a very important conclusion, and requires a little explanation.

The mines, borings, and tunnels which have been carried into the crust at many points over the surface of the earth alike confirm the fact that there is a rise of temperature as we go downwards. This rise at once indicates, and is due to, a flux of heat upwards to the surface. The amount of this heat-flow is readily calculated on the average of the measurements of the temperature rise downwards. It comes out at about eight billion gram-degrees, or calories, for the whole earth per second. It is a mere approximation, of course.

Now the rate of production of heat by radium and the chain of unstable substances of which it is a member, beginning at uranium, may be estimated with considerable accuracy. Professor Rutherford estimates the amount in gram-degrees to be 0.056 per second per gram of radium. Let us now assume that *all* the heat escaping from the earth is derived from radium. On this assumption we evidently arrive at the total maximum quantity of radium responsible for the escaping heat by dividing the thermal output of the earth by the thermal output of a gram of radium. The result is so many grams of radium: actually 150 billion grams. More than this we cannot have as supplying heat to the surface. I may add that it is

not hard to show that even this would be an overestimate.

So far we have gone on fairly safe grounds. Can we now advance a step, and, taking some figure a little less than the 150 billion of grams, proceed to calculate the thickness of the radium-rich crust, assuming all the radium to be contained in this crust and distributed throughout much as we observe it at the surface? We are met by two difficulties if we do so. In the first place, we exhaust all the radium in the first fifteen or sixteen miles downwards, and when we come to calculate the maximum temperature which the radium so distributed would give rise to, we find it is quite inadequate to meet the requirements of geological facts. It would be less than 500° centigrade, and we require much more than this to account for volcanic phenomena all over the world. In fact, we have made the error of locating the radium too near the surface, so that its heat too readily escapes. This is one difficulty. The second presents itself in the improbability that *all* the radium, or rather uranium, can be collected just in the upper crust.

We meet this last logical objection and also the first more direct objection by supposing some of the radium distributed deeper down. To this we are plainly urged by the facts even quite apart from probabilities. We know there is a rich surface layer; that the total quantity of radium sending heat to the surface is limited; and that the sub-crustal temperatures indicated by many geological observations cannot be explained if we suppose the whole of the radium contained in the upper layer. It can only be that there is a more or less rapid diminution after a certain depth is attained. What the distribution below this depth may be we can only specify in so far that (always on the assumption of a world whose heat-loss is made good from radioactive sources) we know uranium and radium must exist beneath. Indeed, if we allow any more than a subordinate share of the available radium to the rich upper layer, we cannot account for the sub-crustal temperature conditions required by geology. Assuming as an approximation that geological requirements call for a temperature of

800 C. at a depth of about twenty-five miles, it would appear that the radium-richness of the upper layer might extend downwards for eight or nine miles. This, or some number of miles nearly approximating thereto—probably on the smaller side—must represent the thickness of the radium-rich part of the crust. Speculative as this at first sight may appear, the speculative element exists only in the fundamental assumption of there being sufficient radium in the earth to make good the radiation loss at the surface. Every other step appears conditioned by the facts now at our disposal. As for the fundamental assumption it is not more speculative than ascribing the warmth of a room to the fire we see burning in the grate—a room in which other means of heating may exist; we are not permitted to examine.

This being the result of our inquiry as to the state of things at and near the surface of the earth, we are next confronted with the question of how so rich a radioactive layer could have been formed upon the surface. A plausible explanation can be given, and one which is in accord with the more sparse distribution of radium downwards, which we have assumed as necessary.

Radium and its relatives are continually giving out heat under all circumstances so far as we at present know. Now if, when the materials of the earth came together, there was not an even distribution of the uranium from which radium is continually being derived, but some parts were richer in uranium than others, then, unless there was originally a very vigorous stirring up of the terrestrial ingredients, there would be parts of the earth-stuff more heated by radiothermal supplies than others. There must ensue thermal expansion and lessened density of the more radioactive parts, and they would move, under gravitational forces, away from the centre of the earth, just as a portion of the ocean water, rising in temperature above its surroundings, must float up to the surface. It is probable that the materials composing the earth are, for some few hundred miles inwards from the surface, not considerably different in nature from melted diabase or basalt. Any portion in this great ocean of rock, attaining a tem-

perature considerably above the surrounding magma, must expand according to the ordinary laws of thermal expansion, attain a less density than its surroundings, and float upwards towards the surface. Thus at the surface would collect all that material which had been specially heated by radiothermal activity, and hence the observed richness of the outer crust in radium would ultimately come about.

It is probable that such a convection of radioactive materials towards the surface took place mainly in the early stages of earth history. But just possibly, deep down, such movements can still take place, and superheated masses of magma be brought up to the base of the solid crust. Some of the most remarkable known developments of local plutonic heat would find explanation in such actions. Take, for instance, such a tremendous occurrence as the outpouring of the Deccan traps of India, whereby, towards the close of Cretaceous times, an area 200,000 square miles in extent was flooded with successive outpourings of molten rock to a depth of from 4000 to 5000 feet. Let us suppose this mass of material was located originally, say, a hundred miles beneath the solid crust. It might form a great liquid sphere or laccolith of about seventy-two miles in diameter. A calculation based on the known quantity of radium which has been detected at various points in these rocks shows that a temperature of 1000° centigrade, or more, above that of the surrounding rock-stuff might be reached in the central parts of the radioactive mass. We can go further and find that a not inconsiderable force would exist, buoying up the whole mass towards the surface, a position it must surely attain unless some unknown and very active source of disturbance should mix and scatter it through the less radioactive materials around it.

Our interpretation of the experiments on the surface rocks, etc., of the earth, is that they apply only to a relatively shallow depth, and that below that depth there is a diminished amount of uranium and radium. This view is forced upon us by the very nature of the quantities involved. When now we endeavor to mentally penetrate still deeper

into the mysteries of the earth's radioactivity, we find ourselves involved in the mazes of our own ignorance; one, and only one, probable conclusion looming to our vision, and that a conclusion which before the birth of radioactive science would have been deemed hardly possible.

The conclusion is that, while the earth is very certainly cooling at the surface and to some depths inwards, there may be, there probably is, a rise of temperature slowly progressing in the deep interior. To understand the basis on which this statement rests we must go back to the historic work of Lord Kelvin, which appeared so long ago as the year 1862, "On the Secular Cooling of the Earth." It was then shown by Kelvin that our earth, if ever at the temperature of molten rock throughout, would even after the lapse of one thousand million years have only cooled to a shallow depth, and that the great nucleus within, for a radial dimension of about 3500 miles, would have parted with practically none of its heat. Kelvin assumed the internal materials to possess sensibly the same conductivity and capacity for heat as those external rocks which are available for our investigation. In short, the mass of hot materials surrounding this nucleus is great enough to supply all the surface loss taking place throughout this great lapse of time and so to protect the inner parts from cooling.

Now the probable period which has elapsed since the formation of a stable crust began, is measured in tens or at most in hundreds of millions of years. A duration of one thousand million years is, in fact, probably ten times the geological age of the earth. It follows that there has from the first been complete thermal insulation of the outer from the interior parts of the earth; an insulation due entirely to the slowness of the flux of heat in the terrestrial materials. True, this rate may be greater than Kelvin assumed; that is, the inner materials may conduct better than those at the surface; but, even making allowance for this, the thermal isolation of the exterior parts probably remains a fact, although the surface loss of heat may have affected depths greater than Kelvin's investigation shows.

Unless, now, we are prepared to deny

that radioactive substances enter into the composition of about half the bulk of the terrestrial materials, we must conclude that there is a rising temperature within in the central parts; the measured accumulation of radioactive energy which would not have reached the surface by the slow process of conductivity. Uranium is the heaviest substance known, and, even were it not so, the entire absence, or, for that matter, the entire absence of any one of the elements, in the interior ingredients, is unlikely in the extreme. Moreover, it enters very probably into the composition of the sun, contributing to his thermal supplies, and, presumably, from the sun ultimately all terrestrial stuff is to be traced. Again, radium has been found in meteorites by Strutt and by the writer. The denial of uranium and its chain of radioactive descendants to central parts of the earth is an entirely arbitrary assumption with no *a priori* probability in its favor. Thus, although the rise of temperature is probably small, or its effects in some manner kept under control, that the temperature is rising instead of falling seems the only logical view open to us on our present knowledge.

It is true we possess as yet but little insight into the progress of radio-thermal actions under such pressure and temperature conditions as may exist in the interior of the earth. They might be partially inhibited. They might be accelerated to such a degree that the whole of the central uranium was run down, as it were, in the earlier days of earth-history. Experiments, so far as they have gone, give little or no countenance to such alternatives, and, indeed, the fact of the radioactivity of such recently erupted masses as the Deccan traps or the basalts of the Giant's Causeway, which must for long ages have remained at melting temperature beneath the crust, affords, in some degree, direct negation to these suppositions. The processes giving rise to the evolution of heat in radioactive substances are believed, on very good grounds, to be intra-atomic, and, as such, probably isolated to a great extent or entirely from the interference of molar forces.

We possess the evidence of the great phenomena attending mountain-building

that the surface of the earth is cooling; the solid crust forming from the melted materials beneath it. It appears probable that the crushing and wrinkling of the upper parts of the crust is the natural attendant on the shrinkage in bulk which the melted magma experiences when it passes into the condition of a crystalline rock. The heating of the interior has not been sufficient to arrest this process in its progress from the beginning of geological time; and it may well be that the slow decay of the uranium within, as it gradually completes its changes, passing ultimately to non-radioactive forms of matter, will in future ages stay the rise of internal temperature before the peace of the surface is disturbed, and thereafter no trace of such actions exist beyond the prolongation into more distant eons of the final cooling of the earth.

The views which I have been enlarging upon involve a world owing the maintenance of its thermal condition to radiothermal actions and even an internal increase of that energy from radioactive sources. It by no means follows, however, that the existing store of earth-heat is mainly radiothermal in origin. I think it can be shown that this is highly improbable. The heat of the earth is very certainly the remains of a primeval store, reduced near the surface by ages of radiation loss. But it seems likely that the point has now been reached when the further loss of the primeval store of heat is controlled by the gradual decay of the uranium.

And here we must notice that such a supposition entirely harmonizes with what physicists on the one hand and geologists on the other have maintained as to the age of the earth, reconciling the views of both. A short explanation will suffice.

Kelvin, as all know, calculated the period which must elapse from the formation of a crust to the attainment of such a gradient of temperature downwards from the surface as we to-day observe. At various times he was led to restate his views on this question, and finally, on the results of the experimental work of Barus in America, he inclined to the view that this period must be from twenty to forty million of years. On the other hand, the processes of denudation were utilized by geologists to calculate the age

since denudation began its work; the basis of the argument being the doctrine of uniformitarianism, *i. e.*, that it is legitimate to prolong into the past the actions of the forces we to-day perceive affecting the surface of the earth. From the thickness of the sediments Geikie accepted one hundred million years as the geological age; Sollas, on the same basis of determination, considered a lesser interval would suffice. The state of the ocean afforded another method of approaching the problem—still on uniformitarian basis. The present writer found that the rate of supply of the element sodium by the rivers (so far as we know that rate), taken along with the amount of sodium in the ocean, gave about ninety millions of years. The sodium, in its compounds, is so soluble that it, almost alone of the elements, accumulates in the ocean like the sand in the lower half of the hour-glass.

It will be apparent that a source of heat within the earth other than what Lord Kelvin calculated upon will suffice to reconcile these conflicting estimates. The presence of radium would prolong the duration of cooling, continually making good a part of the heat loss from the surface during the long ages since the crust began to form, until recent times, when the equilibrium has been nearly or quite attained between loss of radiation and radiothermal supplies. This slowing down of the process of cooling could not, of course, enter into Lord Kelvin's calculations.

And the final and ultimate state of slow and measured cooling, according as the radioactive substances near the surface complete their changes and gradually disappear, marks the concluding stage which every sun and planet containing uranium must arrive at, unless the initial store of heat is so enormous compared with the quantity generated by radioactivity that the latter wanes to insignificance before the former is exhausted. And if the conditions are such as to involve the accumulation of great stores of the atomic energy, who knows but that the sudden flaming up of a star remote in the heavens may not mark the inevitable catastrophe, and define in some distant planet the end of a great cycle of organic evolution, and, perchance, herald yet another "In the beginning"?

The Worldly Miss Revelle

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON

EVEN when she was left alone to think it over, Miss Revelle could not account for her own conduct. Being of philosophical inclination, she said to herself that nothing was more curious and less possible to predict than the manner in which one's mind would react to certain unusual stimuli.

It had been as if one side of her sufficiently complex nature had deliberately withdrawn and watched her doing the very thing she had decided against. She had refused Cartwright's offer of marriage, despite the fact that, until the words were said, it had been her intention to accept him, her belief that she was fond enough of him to be his wife, that he would make a creditable and agreeable husband—and that he could give her everything she wanted.

Yet, ordinarily she was not capricious. She was perfectly well aware that if she were open to any charge it would be the one of calculation. It was her wont to know exactly what she wished, and to go about getting it, untrammelled by useless sentiment. She had always rather prided herself, indeed, upon using foresight and behaving only in a manner which could be explained by the arguments of common sense.

Unquestionably common sense would have been upon the side of accepting Cartwright. Yet she had put away the best opportunity which had ever presented itself of obtaining the greatest aggregate of her desires, acting in direct contravention of her own resolve. And she had done so—of all improbable things—because of Harry Standing.

Too quickly for conscious thought there had come over her what it would mean to put him out of her life entirely. And her purpose had failed. Once or twice before that, she could recall, she had comported herself in this unexpected fashion, and, regardless of her previous resolutions, had yielded to some impulse

or instinct of whose existence she was at other times unaware.

"It must be," she sought now to explain herself,—“it must be that I am not really so calculating and sensible as I like to think, that I am by nature more disinterested than my mere reason would have me. It might have been supposed, though,” she added, reflectively, “that Harry had been a factor in any existence quite long enough to have been reckoned upon.”

For years she had accepted that he loved her, after the humble fashion of the *Vita Nuova*, aspiring to nothing more absolute than confessing his passion and having it recognized. He had frankly let her know what she meant to him. But he had also as frankly appreciated the improbability of meeting with any return. It was too obvious to need saying that he had not now, and in all probability never would have, anything to offer her which could be looked upon as a fair exchange for her life of freedom and pleasure and manifold interests—or which could be held out as a counter-inducement to the proposals of other men.

And she herself had taken his view of it. She liked his devotion, she counted upon it, she knew that she would miss it were it to be withdrawn; but until now she had never supposed that it could be a consideration strong enough to make her relinquish any tangible and apparent advantage.

Assuredly there was none such to be derived from a marriage with Standing. He was willing to work hard—indeed he had always done so—but he had too much of the idealist in his nature ever to achieve material success. Dealings which most men considered only as creditable exploits in the world of affairs he was wont to scorn as quite the reverse. And he had a bias in favor of trusting others, of taking them at their word, which had repeatedly cost him dear. In short, he

was one of those men whom one may put down at the outset as very certain never to have a fortune—unless it should be left to them.

Miss Revelle knew, to be sure, that the latter contingency was not wholly out of the reckoning. There was a widowed aunt, childless, but possessed of considerable wealth, which she would probably leave to whichever of her nieces or nephews happened to be highest in a fluctuating favor at the time of making her last will and testament. If Harry were by some such fortuitous circumstance to come into control of the fortune he would never acquire by his own enterprise—she cut herself short with an indignant self-rebuke. She might be worldly-minded, might have an eye to the main chance, but it was to be hoped she had not yet grown wholly sordid. "He deserves to be taken for a better reason than a possible inheritance," she told herself. If she were to consider that at all, it should only be by way of refuting the disapproval of the rest of her world—which would look upon her with pity and surprise, saying that for a young woman with many opportunities she had not done well. Or, at the kindest, they would maintain that she had been won by persistency and fidelity. Well—and if she had? Persistency and fidelity were qualities as admirable as rare.

In the day or two after she had sent Cartwright forth into an existence where he must do without her companionship, and where he would doubtless feel suitably miserable for a time, she dwelt upon the prospect before her when she should have agreed to become Standing's wife. So persistently did she think of it, indeed, that her speculations came to have almost the nature of accomplished fact. She imagined herself as having already rewarded his faithfulness with a promise to share his not too glowing future. And it was the future itself she planned. The dreaming had become more delightful than she would have supposed; and she found that comparative poverty in Standing's company would present attractions which wealth with Cartwright could not have offset.

But dreamings of the sort are those which a touch of reality may either

deepen or dispel. And that reality lying in Standing's material presence—considerably to Miss Revelle's bewilderment—proved to have somewhat the latter effect.

When she saw him again, his behavior was not precisely that of the devoted and unfailing lover whom she had latterly been holding in her thoughts. In point of fact he was possibly not different from what he had been, as a general thing, over a matter of four or five years. But by contrast with the warmth of fancy she had indulged, it gave her an unwelcome rebuff.

He put in an appearance one afternoon, looking cheerful and contented, and well enough pleased with the world. "I didn't 'phone," he greeted her, as she came into the room. "It was such a fine day that I thought I'd have the walk anyway, and drop in on the chance of finding you and getting a cup of tea."

Miss Revelle was not usually hypercritical as regarded the sentimental shading of language upon the part of the men who affected her society; and she was wont to allow a wide and comfortable margin for masculine matter-of-fact. But, under the circumstances—even though they might be such as Standing had no knowledge of—it was a trifle disconcerting to have herself ranked as a secondary consideration to the pleasures of a walk upon a fine, crisp day; or merely as the dispenser of a cup of tea. She rang for this material evidence of welcome, however, and while they waited, fell into a conversation which reversed the usual situation of being full of life and incident upon her own part and barely sustained by Standing. For some days her mind had been almost exclusively occupied with matters of which she could not very well speak unbidden. And, moreover, she was disconcerted by the unlikeness of the adorer of her musings to this flesh-and-blood reality, who gave little outward evidence of pining for the unobtainable.

But Standing appeared to have run across a current of minor adventures which he had found entertaining, and which were rather too much connected with a pretty girl he had met. And it presently transpired that the girl was playing a part in his plans for the immediate future.



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"I SHOULD THINK IT WAS ABOUT TIME YOU KNEW, ETHEL"

"I came by the Metropolitan as I was walking up," he said, "and I happened to look at the bills. Ordinarily I don't, you know. It's apt to prove a temptation to which I have no business to succumb. But I saw they were singing *Aïda* to-morrow, and—it was all up with economy. I've got the tickets." He took out his pocketbook and produced them. "Two of them—twenty-fifth row," he observed.

Miss Revelle waited—covering the fact that she did so by devoting her attention to the teacups. But the pause threatened to reach a point where not to ask who was to use the second ticket would be more awkward than incurring the supposition that she wished to be invited herself. "Who is going with you?" she said; and by way of making it even more elaborately casual than her tone implied, she added, "One lump, or two?"

"Two—always," he answered with evident surprise. "I should think it was about time you knew, Ethel." Then he responded to the previous question. He thought perhaps he would ask the girl of whom he had been talking.

The fact that Miss Revelle would have been much annoyed had he taken her words as a hint that she herself was available did not lessen her vexation at being treated as a negligible quantity. But nothing seemed farther from Standing's mind than that she should have cause to be displeased. And he kept serenely on with the small talk which manifested his own good humor.

Yet there came a shadow of greater gravity over his face when at last, as he was ready to take his leave, he asked, "How's Cartwright, Ethel?" He brought out the inquiry with a hesitation grateful to her ear. Cartwright's existence, at least, he could not take unmoved.

"I don't know," she said, and met his look of astonishment with the addition, "I haven't seen him for several days."

"I haven't, either," he told her. "He hasn't been around the club. Somebody said he might be out of town. But I suppose he'll be back to take you to the opera to-morrow night. Perhaps I'll see you there."

"No," she answered, measuredly. "I don't think you will."

The astonishment returned. "No? I thought you told me he'd asked you for Thursday. You certainly did—the last time I saw you."

Miss Revelle herself hesitated now. "He had to break the engagement," she said, with calm mendacity.

Standing took it after the masculine fashion of accepting words at their face value and drawing no inference. "Good enough!" he exclaimed, his eyes lighting. "Then you can help me use my tickets."

"But the other girl?" She clung to her dignity, raising her brows with some loftiness.

"Well—what of her? I haven't asked her yet. And I'd never have thought of doing it if I hadn't supposed you were going with Cartwright. You don't imagine I'd want any one else if I could get *you*?"

It was in vain that Miss Revelle tried not to show too much pleasure as Standing looked down at her, smiling with the affection somewhat clouded by regret which had been the expression of the dreamings she had indulged. It was a moment which might have led to many things. And she herself was willing to have it so. But either Standing did not recognize its potentialities, or he was not prepared to accept them. He only held out both hands in-farewell. "That's the best luck of the day," he asserted. "I'll be around for you, then—and you might mention to Mrs. Revelle that I'm invited to dine here first."

There was no want of sincerity. She could not doubt that he wished to have her with him, that he was well pleased with an arrangement depriving him of the company of the other girl. Yet Miss Revelle was vaguely dissatisfied—or, perhaps, unsatisfied.

Standing's tone was too much that of mere open *camaraderie*, of frank liking. Possibly it was the result of a firmly taken resolution. But, adept as she usually was at reading the motives and conduct of others, she could not in this case decide. The desire to put a certain definite construction upon his behavior made her mistrust her own judgment.

But she was a woman of the world who had observed men and events to some purpose, and she was aware that the passions of the *Vita Nuova* and its

period had another element than that of profound adoration; that they betokened a frame of mind romantically pleasing to those who entertained it, and by no means implied either a willingness or an ability to undertake the care and support of the Beloved. It was quite within the range of chance that Standing's affection had become a habit, a pleasant one, which gave a delicately mournful zest to his days. It might be that in reality he did not wish for any further privilege than that of a sentimental worshipper.

She wanted Standing—the blessing that brightened as there seemed a fair chance of its flight. Her own conduct had been selfish. She had been content to take everything and give almost nothing. She had derived a good deal more satisfaction than regret from the knowledge that he cherished a devotion for her that saddened a life already none too happy. And—her face dropped in her hands with a long, unsteady sigh—perhaps now she was to have her just deserts. Was she, of all people, in danger of becoming a lovelorn maiden? She lifted her head again and tried to laugh it away, but the lonely merriment had not a very gay ring.

And when Standing came the next evening there seemed to be some depression upon his own spirits as well, a seriousness and abstraction which he did not carry off as readily as usual. Or was it, she asked herself mistrustfully, only a shadow cast by her own mood. But on their way to the opera he was unmistakably preoccupied, lapsing into stretches of silence which he broke at length with remarks clearly thought up under the compulsion of being civil; and it was not until the interval between the second and third acts that he turned to her with the directness of one who has taken the decision to say what is in his mind.

"See here, Ethel—it's none of my affair, of course, and you may snub me or silence me by evasion if you choose. But I heard to-day that you had refused Cartwright."

Miss Revelle met his eyes. "It was not through me that any one learned it," she said.

"Then it is true?"

"Yes," she told him.

Standing studied her face with an intentness which made him forget that they by no means had the house to themselves. "Poor chap!" he observed.

Miss Revelle smiled. "I think he'll recover, Harry."

"From my own experience I don't see any reason to suppose so."

Her heart gave a quick throb—but she at least was not oblivious of the surrounding multitude. "Mr. Cartwright is not as steadfast as you are," she said, in a low voice.

Because so much lay behind the mere words, it had taken courage to say them, and her temerity left her a little breathless. In another moment she regretted it. For Standing's own voice had regained its impersonal note, and he was saying: "I should think you had probably made a mistake. Cartwright's just the fellow you ought to have married. He's a good sort."

"Yes," she acknowledged with exaggerated coolness, "he is everything that one could ask."

"And he could give you what you particularly want."

"What should you say that I particularly want?" Miss Revelle inquired.

"The things that money can buy, I suppose. You could use money to so much better advantage than most people."

"You evidently expect me to marry from lofty motives." She tried to make it light and indifferent, but she felt that it was not an entire success.

"No. I am not impugning your motives," he justified himself—and her. "But you always admitted that you wanted the good things of life. And you ought to have them."

"One's understanding of what are the good things of life may change," she hazarded. "Are you yourself growing a little mercenary, perhaps?"

"I? Good heavens, no!" he said with a laugh. "It would probably be better for me if I were."

"And yet you think it of me?"

"Well—haven't you always owned to it?" he demanded in calm matter-of-fact.

She found herself flushing under the charge, which was nevertheless one she could not refute.

"But one's standards may alter, may they not? And if I once was mercenary,

that I refused Mr. Cartwright should argue me in a fair way to improve."

Again he was studying her face narrowly. And she grew embarrassed under the close scrutiny. "Harry," she protested, "there are several thousand other people here." He turned away with an abruptness even more likely to call attention than his previous conduct. And she feared she had put a stop to their conversation more complete than she had intended. "You haven't the highest opinion of me, after all," she led back.

"It's high enough to put you beyond my aspirations, at any rate," he answered, so much under his breath that she divined the words rather than heard them. "It's pretty hard on Cartwright," he reverted to the original subject.

"You appear to be quite grieved that I didn't accept him," she commented, with a just perceptible shade of severity.

In despite of her previous warning, he turned the direct and searching look upon her again. "No—I'm glad," he said. "And I ought not to be."

And then, with an inopportune not to have been surpassed the curtain began to rise, and the audience settled to a silence which imposed itself upon all.

Throughout the rest of the evening Standing showed no inclination to take up the broken thread; and it was a case where the initiative must clearly be his own. He talked, however, of the music, of the house, of a hundred casual matters, betraying no sign of disturbed equanimity.

To Miss Revelle it presented the aspect of almost inexcusably vacillating behavior. In a woman she would have understood, have expected it. But in a man it was inexplicable; and above all, in one of Standing's usual characteristics. The more she considered it, the more it seemed accountable for only upon the grounds that he did not think very well of her—that he had small opinion of her disinterestedness. Well, it was assuredly her own fault. The time had been when he had idealized her unreasonably. If he had changed, she had only herself to thank.

But recognition of her own shortcomings and the logic of his attitude did not serve to render her any the happier. More than she had ever before wanted

anything she now wanted his good opinion and the love she had heretofore set no great value upon.

This brought her to make a move open to the construction of being an overture.

"I shall be alone all of Monday evening," she wrote to Standing—"unless you will come to save me from myself."

Standing accepted the advance with a readiness which almost deprived it of that character. "Do you want to go out to be amused—more opera, or the theatre?" he telephoned his prompt reply.

"No," she told him, grateful for the distance which hid a blush of self-consciousness. "No, I don't want to go out."

"Neither do I," he assured her with undoubted veracity.

If it were not pleasure in this slight mark of encouragement, it was certainly some other very keen sense of satisfaction which possessed him when he made his appearance in her presence. It betrayed itself in his whole manner, and gave him a new—and becoming—air of carrying things before him, of facing life with the demand for all it had to yield.

And yet, as upon the evening when she had seen him last, she felt that there was something on his mind of which he was not ready to speak. Her best endeavors did not serve to prevent frequent lapses into an uncomfortable pause. Once or twice she purposely let silence fall between them. But if it were an opportunity of which Standing was meant to avail himself, he let it pass.

At length, however, full in the midst of a recital she was doing her utmost to make entertaining, he turned upon her abstracted eyes. "Ethel!" he cut her short, "do you mind telling me why you threw over Cartwright?"

Miss Revelle hesitated for the brief instant needed to take her resolution. Then she said, "Because I found at the last moment that I cared more for you."

When the words had been said she knew that she was growing white, and her hands were visibly trembling. Upon Standing, too, the effect was as great as she could have wished. But its quality left her in dreadful, stupefying doubt.

Nor was it set at rest when he finally spoke, in a voice carefully measured and controlled.



Drawn by Elisabeth Shippen Green

SHE LET HIM INTERPRET HER SILENCE AS HE MIGHT

"Haven't you repented it since?" he asked. "Do you think I was really worth it, after all?"

Miss Revelle felt that she had already said not only enough, but far too much. She let him interpret her silence as he might.

"I don't amount to a great deal, you know," he went on, searching wistfully, however, for some look which would contradict it. "And I shouldn't like to think I had acted as a sort of silent compulsion, that I had worked on your charity or sympathy." Miss Revelle's eyes had softened with what only an extreme modesty could have interpreted as the alms of compassion. "You could do almost anything with your life," he continued to urge the case against himself. "And you are ambitious."

Miss Revelle gazed contemplatively at a great pink azalea in full bloom which was close beside her upon a low stand. And she remembered inconsequently enough that it had been Cartwright's last offering.

"I wonder," she questioned of the shell-tinted blossoms,—*"I wonder if it is always so hard to induce a person to accept one?"*

As Standing looked down at the dark head resting against his shoulder, a quick glint of some irresistible amusement came into his eyes. It had occurred to him how close the head lay to something of which its ignorance was as complete as was also, for the moment, its indifference to all matters of such trivial import. There was that in the juxtaposition which appealed to his sense of the delicate adjustments of circumstance. For a moment he debated whether he should let her share at once the knowledge which had emboldened him to give an impetus to the course of events. But at the end of an instant's consideration he decided against it. The very mention of such a subject would be a desecration now. For the time being they were in a place apart, which had nothing to do with legal notices, with the caprices of wealthy old aunts, or with the fact that one of these had finally passed beyond the possibility of indulging further testamentary whims—leaving the bulk of her property to the impecunious

nephew whose condition had last appealed to her as worthy of alleviation. Nor was it only the desecration, the incongruity, of the act which deterred him from speaking of the letter he had received that afternoon and which was in his pocket now. There was a deeper consideration still.

It had been no unfaithfulness, through all the years of fidelity, to admit the one slight defect in the woman he loved. But it was the justification of his loyalty that at the hour of ultimate test she had proven herself disinterested. And he knew that she was happier at present in her abandonment of all reckonings, of all reserve, than she had ever been when she had tried to guide her action by the rule of yield and return. He would leave her yet a little while in the unalloyed enjoyment of having given with no thought of gain. At the best, it could not be for long. It was inevitable that she must share his knowledge soon. But for each minute that she remained unconscious of it, she was growing in the richness of nature which would make other riches seem the superfluous and unessential accident of existence which, even yet, she did not wholly realize them to be.

Nor was his motive altruistic alone. His own contentment would be the more perfect and entire the while he could feel that he represented to her no worth other than what was actually his own. The desire to have once again from her own lips the assurance that it was indeed so made him stoop to the subterfuge of deepening the misconception in which he had left her thus far. He took her two hands in his and held her from him so that he might read her face.

"Have you considered," he asked her, admonishingly, "what every one will say? They will decide that you have thrown yourself away—that you have not done by any means so well as was to have been expected of you."

Through a long moment Miss Revelle stood without answering, looking down, until there stirred within him an uneasy fear as to what the meaning of her silence might be. Then at length she lifted her eyes to his, and let him see reflected there a depreciation beyond mere words of the folly of the worldly-wise.

Editor's Easy Chair

OUR friend came in with challenge in his eye, and though a month had passed, we knew, as well as if it were only a day, that he had come to require of us the meaning in that saying of ours that New York derived her inspiration from the future, or would derive it, if she ever got it.

"Well," he said, "have you cleared your mind yet sufficiently to 'pour the day' on mine? Or hadn't you any meaning in what you said? I've sometimes suspected it."

The truth is that we had not had very much meaning of the sort that you stand and deliver, though we were aware of a large, vague wisdom in our words. But we perceived that our friend had no intention of helping us out, and on the whole we thought it best to temporize.

"In the first place," we said, "we should like to know what impression New York made on you when you arrived here, if there was any room left on your soul-surface after the image of Boston had been imprinted there."

No man is unwilling to expatiate concerning himself, even when he is trying to corner a fellow man. This principle of human nature perhaps accounts for the frequent failure of thieves to catch thieves, in spite of the proverb; the pursuit suggests somehow the pleasures of autobiography, and while they are reminded of this and that the suspects escape the detectives. Our friend gladly paused to reply:

"I wish I could say! It was as un-beautiful as it could be, but it was wonderful! Has anybody else ever said that there is no place like it? On some accounts I am glad there isn't; one place of the kind is enough; but what I mean is that I went about all the next day after arriving from Boston, with Europe still in my brain, and tried for something suggestive of some other metropolis, and failed. There was no question of Boston, of course; that was clean out of it

after my first glimpse of Fifth Avenue in taxicabbing hotelward from the Grand Central station. But I tried with Berlin, and found it a drearier Boston; with Paris, and found it a blonder and blither Boston; with London, and found it sombrelly irrelevant and incomparable. New York is like London only in not being like any other place, and it is next to London in magnitude. So far, so good; but the resemblance ends there, though New York is oftener rolled in smoke, or mist, than we willingly allow to Londoners. Both, however, have an admirable quality which is not beauty. One might call the quality picturesque immensity in London, and in New York one might call it—"

He compressed his lips, and shut his eyes to a fine line for the greater convenience of mentally visioning.

"What?" we impatiently prompted.

"I was going to say, sublimity. What do you think of sublimity?"

"We always defend New York against you. We accept sublimity. How?"

"I was thinking of the drive up or down Fifth Avenue, the newer Fifth Avenue, which has risen in marble and Indiana limestone from the brownstone and brick of a former age, the Augustan Fifth Avenue which has replaced that old Lincolnian Fifth Avenue. You get the effect best from the top of one of the imperial motor-omnibuses which have replaced the consular two-horse stages; and I should say that there was more sublimity to the block between Sixteenth Street and Sixtieth than in the other measures of the city's extent."

"This is very gratifying to us as a fond New-Yorker; but why leave out of the reach of sublimity the region of the sky-scrapers, and the spacious, if specious, palatiality of the streets on the upper West Side?"

"I don't, altogether," our friend replied. "Especially I don't leave out the upper West Side. That has moments of

being even beautiful. But there is a point beyond which sublimity cannot go; and that is about the fifteenth story. When you get a group of those sky-scrapers, all soaring beyond this point, you have, in an inverted phase, the unimpressiveness which Taine noted as the real effect of a prospect from the summit of a very lofty mountain. The other day I found myself arrested before a shop-window by a large photograph labelled 'The Heart of New York.' It was a map of that region of sky-scrapers which you seem to think not justly beyond the scope of attributive sublimity. It was a horror; it set my teeth on edge; it made me think of scrap-iron—heaps, heights, pinnacles of scrap-iron. Don't ask me why scrap-iron! Go and look at that photograph and you will understand. Below those monstrous cliffs the lower roofs were like broken foot-hills; the streets were chasms, gulches, gashes. It looked as if there had been a conflagration, and the houses had been burned into the cellars; and the eye sought the nerve-racking tangle of pipe and wire which remains among the ruins after a great fire. Perhaps this was what made me think of scrap-iron—heaps, heights, pinnacles of it. No, there was no sublimity there. Some astronomers have latterly assigned bounds to immensity, but the sky-scrapers go beyond these bounds; they are primordial, abnormal."

"You strain for a phrase," we said, "as if you felt the essential unreality of your censure. Aren't you aware that medieval Florence, medieval Siena, must have looked, with their innumerable towers, like our sky-scrapered New York? They must have looked quite like it."

"And very ugly. It was only when those towers, which were devoted to party warfare as ours are devoted to business warfare, were levelled, that Florence became fair and Siena superb. I should not object to a New York of demolished sky-scrapers. They would make fine ruins; I would like to see them as ruins. In fact, now I think of it, 'The Heart of New York' reminded me of the Roman Forum. I wonder I didn't think of that before. But if you want sublimity, the distinguishing quality of New York, as I feel it more and more, while I

talk of it, you must take that stretch of Fifth Avenue from a motor-bus top."

"But that stretch of Fifth Avenue abounds in sky-scrapers!" we lamented the man's inconsistency.

"Sky-scrapers in subordination, yes. There is one to every other block. There is that supreme sky-scraper, the Flatiron. But just as the Flatiron, since the newspapers have ceased to celebrate its pranks with men's umbrellas, and the feathers and flounces and 'tempestuous petticoats' of the women, has sunk back into a measurable inconspicuity, so all the other tall buildings have somehow harmonized themselves with the prospect and no longer from the barbarous architectural discords of lower New York. I don't object to their being mainly business houses and hotels; I think that it is much more respectable than being palaces or warlike eminences, Guelph or Ghibelline; and as I ride up-town in my motor-bus, I thrill with their grandeur and glow with their condescension. Yes, they condescend; and although their tall white flanks climb in the distance, they seem to sink on nearer approach, and amiably decline to disfigure the line of progress, or to dwarf the adjacent edifices. Down-town, in the heart of New York, poor old Trinity looks driven into the ground by the surrounding heights and bulks; but along my sublime upper Fifth Avenue there is spire after spire that does not unduly dwindle, but looks as if tenderly, reverently, protected by the neighboring giants. They are very good and kind giants, apparently. But the acme of the sublimity, the quality in which I find my fancy insisting more and more, is in those two stately hostelries, the Gog and Magog of that giant company, which guard the approach to the Park like mighty pillars, the posts of vast city gates folded back from them."

"Come!" we said. "This is beginning to be something like."

"In November," our friend said, taking breath for a fresh spurt of praise, "there were a good many sympathetic afternoons which lent themselves to a motor-bus progress up that magnificent avenue, and if you mounted to your place on top, about three o'clock, you looked up or down the long vista of blue air till it turned mirk at either vanishing-point

under a sky of measureless cloudlessness. That dimness, almost smokiness at the closes of the prospect, was something unspeakably rich. It made me think, quite out of relation or relevance, of these nobly mystical lines of Keats:

His soul shall know the sadness of her night,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung."

We closed our eyes in the attempt to grope after him. "Explain, O Howadji!"

"I would rather not, as you say, when you can't," he replied. "But I will come down a little nearer earth, if you prefer. Short of those visionary distances there are features of the prospect either way in which I differently rejoice. One thing is the shining black roofs of the cabs, moving and pausing like processions of huge turtles up and down the street; obeying the gesture of the mid-stream policemen where they stand at the successive crossings to stay them, and floating with the coming and going tides as he drops his inhibitory hand and speeds them in the continuous current. That is of course something you get in greater quantity, though not such intense quality, in a London 'block,' but there is something more fluent, more mercurially impatient, in a New York street jam, which our nerves more vividly partake. Don't ask me to explain! I would rather not!" he said, and we submitted.

He went on to what seemed an unjustifiable remove from the point. "Nothing has struck me so much, after a half-year's absence, in this novel revelation of sublimity in New York, as the evident increase of the street crowds. The city seems to have grown a whole new population, and the means of traffic and transportation have been duplicated in response to the demand of the multiplying freights and feet." Our friend laughed in self-derision, as he went on. "I remember when we first began to have the electric trolleys—"

"Trams, we believe you call them." we insinuated.

"Not when I'm on this side," he retorted, and he resumed: "I used to be afraid to cross the avenues where they ran. At certain junctions I particularly took my life in my hand, and my 'courage in both hands.' Where Sixth Avenue flows into Fifty-ninth Street, and at Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, and at

Dead Man's Curve (he has long been resuscitated) on Fourteenth Street, I held my breath till I got over alive, and I blessed Heaven for my safe passage at Forty-second and Twenty-third Street, and at divers places on Third Avenue. Now I regard these interlacing iron currents with no more anxiety than I would so many purling brooks, with stepping-stones in them to keep my feet from the wet: they are like gentle eddies—soft, clear, slow tides,—where one may pause in the midst at will, compared with the deadly expanses of Fifth Avenue, with their rush of all manner of vehicles over the smooth asphalt surface. There I stand long at the brink; I look for a policeman to guide and guard my steps; I crane my neck forward from my coign of vantage and count the cabs, the taxicabs, the carriages, the private automobiles, the motor-busses, the express wagons, and calculate my chances. Then I shrink back. If it is a corner where there is no policeman to bank the tides up on either hand and lead me over, I wait for some bold, big team to make the transit of the avenue from the cross-street, and then in its lee I find my way to the other side. As for the trolleys, I now mock myself of them, as Thackeray's Frenchmen were said to say in their peculiar English. (I wonder if they really did?) It is the taxicabs that now turn my heart to water. It is astonishing how they have multiplied—they have multiplied even beyond the ratio of our self-reduplicating population. There are so many already that this morning I read in my paper of a trolley-car striking a horse-cab! The reporter had written quite unconsciously, just as he used to write horseless carriage. Yes, the motor-cab is now the type, the norm, and the horse-cab is the—the—the—"

He hesitated for the antithesis, and we proposed "Abnorm?"

"Say abnorm! It is hideous, but I don't know that it is wrong. Where was I?"

"You had got quite away from the sublimity of New York, which upon the whole you seemed to attribute to the tall buildings along Fifth Avenue. We should like you to explain again why, if the Heart of New York with its sky-scrapers made you think of scrap-iron, the Flat-iron soothed your lacerated sensibilities?"

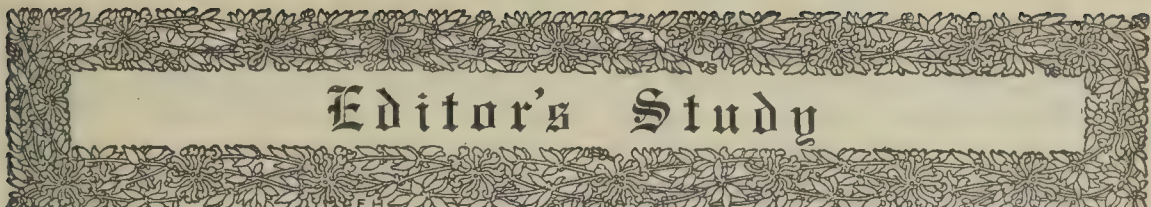
"The Flatiron is an incident, an accent merely, in the mighty music of the avenue, a happy discord that makes for harmony. It is no longer nefarious, or even mischievous, now the reporters have got done attributing a malign meteorological influence to it. I wish I could say as much for the white marble rocket presently soaring up from the east side of Madison Square, and sinking the beautiful reproduction of the Giralda tower in the Garden half way into the ground. As I look at this pale yellowish brown imitation of the Seville original, it has a pathos which I might not make you feel. But I would rather not look away from Fifth Avenue at all. It is astonishing how that street has assumed and resumed all the larger and denser life of the other streets. Certain of the avenues, like Third and Sixth, remain immutably and characteristically noisy and ignoble; and Fifth Avenue has not reduced them to insignificance as it has Broadway. That is now a provincial High Street beside its lordlier compeer; but I remember when Broadway stormed and swarmed with busy life. Why, I remember the party-colored calico 'buses which used to thunder up and down; and I can fancy some Rip Van Winkle of the interior returning to the remembered terrors and splendors of that mighty thoroughfare, and expecting to be killed at every crossing—I can fancy such a visitor looking round in wonder at the difference and asking the last decaying survivor of the famous Broadway Squad what they had done with Broadway from the Battery to Madison Square. Beyond that, to be sure, there is a mighty flare of electrics blazoning the virtues of the popular beers, whiskeys, and actresses, which might well mislead my elderly revisitor with the belief that Broadway was only taken in by day, and was set out again after dark in its pristine—I think pristine is the word; it used to be—glory. But even by night that special length of Broadway lacks the sublimity of Fifth Avenue, as I see it or imagine it from my motor-bus top. I knew Fifth Avenue in the Lincolnian period of brick and brownstone, when it had a quiet, exclusive beauty, the beauty of the unbroken sky-line and the regularity of façade which it has not yet got back,

and may never get. You will get some notion of it still in Madison Avenue, say from Twenty-eighth to Forty-second Street, and perhaps you will think it was dull as well as proud. It is proud now, but it is certainly not dull. There is something of columnar majesty in the lofty flanks of these tall shops and hotels as you approach them, which makes you think of some capital decked for a national holiday. But in Fifth Avenue it is always holiday—"

"Enough of streets!" we cried, impatiently. "Now, what of men? What of that heterogeneity for which New York is famous, or infamous? You noticed the contrasting Celtic and Pelasgic tribes in Boston. What of them here, with all the tribes of Israel, lost and found, and the 'sledded Polack,' the Czech, the Hun, the German, the Gaul, the Gothic and Iberian Spaniard, and the swart stranger from our sister continent to the southward, and the islands of the seven seas, who so sorely outnumber us?"

Our friend smiled thoughtfully. "Why, that is very curious! Do you know that in Fifth Avenue the American type seems to have got back its old supremacy? It is as if no other would so well suit with that sublimity! I have not heard that race-suicide has been pronounced by the courts amenable to our wise State law against *felo de se*, but in the modern Fifth Avenue it is as if our stirp had suddenly reclaimed its old-time sovereignty. I don't say that there are not other faces, other tongues than ours to be seen, heard, there; far from it! But I do say it is a sense of the American face, the American tongue, which prevails. Once more, after long exile in the streets of our own metropolis, you find yourself in an American city. Your native features, your native accents, have returned in such force from abroad, or have thronged here in such multitude from the prospering Pittsburgs, Cincinnati, Chicagos, St. Louises, and San Franciscos of the West, that you feel as much at home in Fifth Avenue as you would in Piccadilly, or in the Champs Elysées, or on the Pincian Hill. Yes, it is very curious."

"Perhaps," we suggested, after a moment's reflection, "it isn't true."



Editor's Study

THE short story is not a modern time-saving invention, due to the hurry and stress of business. Its record goes back to the days of Cheops, the pyramid-builder, when there was plenty of leisure, such as it was—a lame and shallow season. When there was the most time the stories were shortest. The strain upon attention is intolerable to men in an early stage of development. The provincial cast of mind favors anecdotal narrative and concise proverbial expression. Poetic form brought metrical rote to the assistance of memory, and permitted a longer strain. In prose the difficulty was greater. Hence Herodotus, though addressing a more advanced intelligence, abounded in short episodes which were merely extended anecdotes.

Out of the very old time one story—that of Joseph and his Brethren—stands forth as a singular example of dramatic strength and pathos, sustained to considerable length by its ethnic interest and as an expression of the profound Hebrew sense of kinship. It has an everlasting appeal, while its counterpart, an Egyptian tale, unearthed a generation ago, and anticipating in closely corresponding detail the Potiphar's wife episode, is more like a story from the *Decameron*, and a more typical representative of the old-fashioned short story, ancient or medieval.

Up to a very late period, poetry was the accepted medium of romance. But there was always the prose *conte*, which, with growing elaboration, reached its height of elegance in Boccaccio, and, later, in Cervantes, yielded to the first great Continental novel.

Cervantes was the contemporary of Shakespeare, and Shakespeare was only sixteen years old when John Lyly, who, as M. Jusserand has shown, was the father of the English novel of manners two centuries before Richardson, produced his *Euphues*.

The literature of the Elizabethan era was mainly poetic, and of its wealth and

might in the dramatic field Swinburne has lately given us a fresh exposition. But it is worthy of note that the first important English example of imaginative prose should have taken the form of the novel, and in this adventure Lyly was soon followed by Robert Green and Thomas Nash—both dramatists, but also prolific in prose fiction, which very definitely, even in its tendency to the picaresque, foreshadowed the more finished productions of Fielding and Smollett.

But the remarkable thing is that in this era, when the drama overshadowed every other form of popular entertainment, fiction of this kind, with social portraiture and comment on life, should have emerged at all. In the eighteenth century it was a re-emergence—after its eclipse during the last sixty years of the tempestuous seventeenth century, in which Bunyan's allegories were the only important examples of imaginative prose literature taking the form of a story. The displacement of the old *conte* was an incidental but significant phenomenon.

For an explanation, in both the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, we look to London itself. Already in Shakespeare's time it had a population numbering over one hundred thousand, which in Dr. Johnson's time had increased sixfold. In either period it was the busiest, if not the wealthiest, city in Europe, and, in the earlier, a rare culture had been developed, with a luxury that was not enervating, an appetite for fine tapestry, furniture, plate, and Venetian glass, a refinement enlivened and heightened by the prevailing spirit of curiosity and adventure. There was for Lyly an appreciative audience of women, to which he confessedly addressed his *Euphues*, as in the later days of Addison's *Spectator* there was a still wider circle of even more intellectual ladies addressed by the essayists and novelists. In either case, we find an atmosphere in which a kind of prose fiction might arise very different

from the old *conte* and romance of chivalry, and we can understand the tolerance of polite readers for the prolix narrative of love and adventure, with a definitely portrayed social background. The predominance of the popular play, seen and heard at a single sitting, might seem to account for the absence of the short story, as something serving the same purpose, but for the fact that elsewhere and at other times good plays and good short stories have dwelt together in natural amity. The genius that produced comedies like Sheridan's *might* have created the humorous short story, but it did not. Eighteenth-century fiction in its representation of life and reflective comment concerning it reflected a social passion for formal elaboration of external detail which demanded vast surfaces for its complete satisfaction. In such a scheme the short story could have no place. The nearest approach to it were Steele's and Addison's elegant and delightful character sketches in the *Spectator*.

English fiction can hardly be said to have been, confessedly, fiction before the Victorian era. It was story-telling, with a studious endeavor on the writer's part to make it seem a narration of actual events. If the novelist had laid claim to imagination, it would have seemed a confession that what he told was imaginary. Purely imaginative effects and values were relegated to the parable, the allegory, or the poem. Pope excluded them from poetry. Defoe's narrative was direct, in a straight line, and might have gone on in that line forever. The epistolary form in Richardson, while less straightforward, emphasized the actuality even of the sentiments expressed. Yet in the actual correspondence of that time we find more spontaneity and picturesqueness than in his epistolary novels. The comment, even in Fielding, graceful and elegant in expression and to a certain degree yielding mental satisfaction, is, after all, as superficial as his description. In none of these novels are there undertones or overtones. The possibilities of fiction, as we understand fiction, were barely suggested.

Puritanism, while so effective politically that it had swayed London to the side of Parliament against the king in the Civil War, had very little effect directly

upon English literature. It certainly did not clip the wings of imagination in Milton or Bunyan. Outside of New England, the temper it showed in the seventeenth century was not perpetuated, save in modified variations of itself in divers kinds of non-conformism; but, even in this dissipation, it had developed a large audience of readers which was almost as averse to fiction as it was to the stage. The novel and the play revived in the eighteenth century, but from periodical literature, of which there were so many varieties, fiction was almost excluded. We cannot say that fiction adopted its matter-of-fact narrative form as a palliation of its inherent vice in the eyes of this antagonistic audience. That form was incident to the stage of evolution which fiction had then reached, though the evolution itself may have been arrested by the antagonism. But we may reasonably assume that the prevailingly didactic tone of English fiction for two centuries — hypocritically adopted by Elizabethan writers like Green and Nash, who, like Charles II., admired the virtues they declined to imitate, but more seriously by eighteenth-century novelists — was directly due to that ethical strain in the English people which historically defined itself as Puritanism, a stimulant to democracy, but a deterrent to æsthetic development.

If the novel was compelled to put on the apologetic guise of didacticism, how bold and wanton the briefer imaginative venture in the form of a short story, shaped by a spontaneously artistic impulse, would have seemed — if the impulse itself had existed! Such literary art as there was, especially as shown in construction, found its most profitable as well as its finest exercise in the play, and that, too, was burdened with a moral lesson. Miss Edgeworth's shorter tales, at the end of the eighteenth century, with all their charm and humor, dared to see the light only as confessedly moral, more pointedly didactic than the novel.

A story, considered simply as a narrative, has the same essential character, whatever its length. Its continuation is by extension in a single line, and the only limit to its length is imposed by the degree to which the faculty of attention has been developed in its audience.

As a matter of fact, there never has been any considerable extension of the story for the sole purpose of its prolongation. Along with the faculty of attention sensibility also has been developed, in lines determined by the genius of the race. The story in its crudest form was not a vehicle of information; like the fairy-tales told to modern children—if any child may be called modern—it was interesting because of some strangeness in it, having at least that element of romance. Entertainment was its incidental feature—the essential thing was its appeal to sensibility. We note this in Bible stories, which are not simply narratives; they have depth as well as length, the profound feeling of a people in them.

When the narrative takes a social embodiment, as it did in Fielding and Fanny Burney, or deals much with the world of the past, as it did in Scott, there are vast surfaces to be covered, so that there is breadth as well as length, along with such depth as there may be in the appeal to a cultivated sensibility. The novel of this kind, as contrasted with Defoe's simpler narratives, is, in its earlier stages, sure to be prolix, not only because so much is undertaken, but because it is undertaken with so little art in either expression or construction. Then a few women, very unlike Fanny Burney, the inveterate diarist—women like Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, and Susan Ferrier, direct in method, with a quick and lively turn, and giving real portraiture—take the field, narrowing its scope almost within a domestic compass and so making a more homely appeal, and we begin to have briefer novels.

The art of prose was well developed before the men of the eighteenth century took to writing the social novel, as is evident from the examples furnished by Steele and Addison, but it showed to far better advantage—as is also evident from these examples—in the essay than in fiction. In the seventeenth-century literature the essay had held a prominent place. Bacon's, while the century was still young and fully imbued with the Elizabethan spirit, stand quite apart from all the rest, and indeed from those of all time, as examples of aphoristic wisdom and of felicitous expression. Those which followed were, with the exception of Cow-

ley's, prolix, and while Burton is still cherished for the genial humor of his *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Sir Thomas Browne for the rhythmic embodiments of his subtle imagination, they were formless structures. Dryden's alone were free from conscious phrasing, direct, and distinctively modern. The advance of the early eighteenth-century essay even beyond Dryden, whose work in this field had been mainly critical, was in its grace, flexibility, picture-making, and portraiture of character; and with this departure from generalization, save in the conservation of types, was apparent a tendency to brevity without terseness. This tendency, in fiction, indicated a finer constructive art, a sense of form, not to be adequately defined as economy in expression and construction; something, too, which could not have been caught from the popular play, the abridgement of which was easily effected because so much of the impression was conveyed directly to the eye and ear. Fiction could and did borrow from the play and from every other art, but its own peculiar art had to be separately, and in England slowly, developed.

Economy was incidental to the art. When we pass from the early to the middle nineteenth-century novel, say from Scott to Thackeray, we see that the storyteller has become an artist who instinctively, from his sense of form, gives sphericity to the world he creates—not merely extension superficially in length and breadth, with such depth as there may be in a more or less profound appeal to sensibility. In the more advanced æsthetic appeal temperament and harmony, in the world of the novel as in the natural world, insist in every part and in the whole structure upon the trope, upon the curved and returning line. Contraction is incidental to expansion, not the result of consciously definite aim. Technique has thus a natural genesis when it is born from the artistic impulse; the vital values in this spontaneous synthesis are inseparable from the formal excellence.

We were saying that such depth as there was in the earlier novel was in its appeal to sensibility. There were entertainment, romance, picturesqueness, and portraiture of society and of typical

character. In the hands of the nineteenth-century masters the novel was transformed, and to say that it appealed to a more cultivated æsthetic sensibility—much as that meant for it in expression and structure—gives no sufficient indication of its transformation or even of the distinctive quality of its art in this new emergence. But it does explain the appearance for the first time of the modern short story in British literature.

The modern short story—as distinguished from the old *conte* and also from that quite insignificant kind of brief love-tale which flourished in crude American miscellanies before 1850 and came to its height of conspicuous immaturity in T. S. Arthur's stories—owed its existence to that artistic impulse which had reshaped the novel, not only bringing all its parts into harmony with a central motive, but, in every part, working from within outward, for living growth rather than for accretion, substituting expansion and radiant illumination for mere extension. In the extreme departure from the narrative thoughtful readers found a new kind of satisfaction; and the artist in this field was tempted to meet the challenge which was so often offered him—the more inevitably the more he was an artist—to achieve his effect from a simple suggestion, such as in a novel must be subordinate and incidental, but, if taken by itself and allowed its own proper expansion, promised a clearer and fuller illumination.

We do not mean to say that all the short stories we like follow this method. Many of them, and perhaps those which have the widest popular welcome, follow the old story-teller's plan and adopt his wisest devices and, in frequent instances, his shallow artifices. So, too, very many novels which we read with pleasure, from those of Dickens, Doyle, and De Morgan to much lesser instances, are after the old plan, and, whether they be old or new favorites, are cherished for their humor, their dramatic vigor, their ingenuity, or their robust vitality. The story-teller, happily, does not pass, but he has caught something of the new art, both in expression and construction; he more or less deeply appeals to a cultivated sensibility, and he has learned not to be prolix beyond what we willingly bear. Excluding

what is most trivial, there remains a large body of fiction of the kind we have just mentioned, which, without the highest art or the most profound appeal, gives the most entertainment to the greatest number of readers. But beyond this kind of fiction, both in the novel and the short story, we have during the last two generations witnessed the development of another sort, which has given to a large, though not the largest, number of readers a new and deeper satisfaction.

Here the artist's main motive is psychological, and in his representation of human life he has, therefore, no other method of procedure than that to which all fiction has been tending since it began to be an art—that of expansion and illumination. The simpler the initial suggestion, the clearer and ampler the possible development; therefore the exceptional importance of the short story in this order of fiction.

The term "short" as applied to other than narrative fiction has no definite meaning. Stories are either simple or complex. The complex story is or, for its due proportion, ought to be a novel. The simple story may or may not be brief. If it is emotional or a reflection of common life, in happy or miserable circumstance, the ease with which the reader fills out the picture or supplies what is unexpressed helps the writer to brevity. A story may be short because of the writer's lack of art or because he is blind to the interesting possibilities of a fertile situation; and again it may be short because he has a creatively suggestive imagination. What may be done within a limited compass through the wise selection of a pregnant situation, the clear vision of its possibilities, and the power of adequate and sympathetic expression, is admirably illustrated by a story in this number, "The Worldly Miss Revelle," which also serves to show what we mean by a psychical motive and its development through expansion and illumination. On the other hand, in a novel like Joseph Conrad's *Lord Jim* we have a striking example of a simple situation, with a psychical motive, involving many dramatic sequences, in varied picturesque settings, and thus expanding into a long story—the master artist making the most of his motive.

Editor's Drawer

The Mystification of Miss Myrtilla

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

MISS MYRTILLA KIMBERLY stole from the ballroom, out through a deep window, into the dark corner of the long piazza. It was pitch dark there, although around the corner could be seen the subdued glow of the lanterns that had been swung along the porch. There was no moon to fling a silver garland upon Myrtilla's shoulders. It was so dark and still outdoors that each star away off yonder in the sky seemed to be holding its breath. It was good to rest, Myrtilla thought, after one had been dining and dancing and playing almost without intermission for three months.

There came the sound of some one else stumbling against a chair. There was a muffled ejaculation, and then the careful, sliding footsteps of somebody shuffling along the floor.

"Are you out here, Miss Kimberly?" asked the owner of the shuffling feet.

"What would you do if I were to say I am not?" she asked.

"I'd tell you I had followed you, and I wasn't here either."

The man felt his way back to the chair against which he had stumbled, and came pulling it toward where she sat.

"May I sit here?" he asked.

"Certainly," she replied, trying her best to recognize him by his voice. It would be embarrassing not to know the person who was so deferential and courteous as to have followed her to the porch in order to chat with her.

"Are you tired, too?" asked the man. Myr-

tilla strained her eyes toward him, knowing very well that the darkness made it impossible for him to see that she was staring.

"I ran away for a moment only," she laughed. "To tell the truth, I was nearly exhausted."

"I don't doubt it. You must get very little time for rest, with all the men trying to talk with you and all the women trying to keep you from talking to the men."

It was a good voice—a kindly, sympathetic voice. All voices that pay compliments have such qualities, if you notice.



"YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS, DON'T YOU?"

"All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine
stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune"—

the man quoted.

"A night like this makes people poetical, doesn't it?" Myrtilla smiled—but, of course, he couldn't see her smile.

"The night—and you," the man declared.

"And me? How nice! The night can't thank you, but I will for both of us."

"You are perfectly welcome. When I saw you slipping away from the crowd Tennyson's poem came to me. It was like the next stanza:

"I said to the lily: 'There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play.'"

"You make me out rather an egotist, do you not?" Myrtilla asked. "Was it your idea that I enjoyed my own society best?"

"Not at all. Though it would be quite natural if you did. But you see, when you left the dancers alone you left me much more alone than you did them."

"And then you made yourself lonelier

by coming out here in the dark and falling against a chair—and saying something to yourself!"

"Did you hear what I said?"

"No."

"I apologized."

"Do men usually apologize when they run into chairs in the dark?"

"No. But you see, I thought it was your chair."

"Then I accept the apology on behalf of the chair."

"And—Myrtilla, I wish you would accept me along with the apology."

"You—wish—what?"

"I wish you'd accept me. You know—or must have known—how long I have loved you. I have tried and tried for a chance to propose—but this is the first time I could find you alone. Why, girl, I've trailed you like a detective all evening."

Myrtilla turned and stared at him in amazement. The mere fact that she could not see him and he could not see her made no difference. She was more than amazed; she was bewildered beyond description. His voice had something of a familiar ring in it, but she could not be sure. Clearly the man knew her—and knew her well, or he would not be proposing to her; and clearly

he was proposing in all earnestness and sincerity, for his voice had the requisite quiver and appeal. Moreover, from the darkness came a strong masculine hand that sought to clutch her fingers. She drew her hand into her lap, and thought swiftly, calling to mind the names and faces of all the men she knew, in her effort to identify this one.

"Well, Myrtilla—dear?" the man whispered.

"I—I must think," she replied, lamely. Indeed, she must think. It would sound perfectly silly to ask him who he was. What a ridiculous idea for a man to propose to a girl when it was so dark she could not see him! And how much more ridiculous it would be for her to ask him his name!

If she only had asked him who he was when he first sat down! How simple and easy it would have been to have said that it was so dark she couldn't see him or know him. Second thoughts are best, but usually they come aggravatingly



HE HAD NEVER FALTERED IN EATING HIS ICE

too late. Now she had chatted with him and had let him think she knew him. Why, the man would be justified in being insulted if she asked him to identify himself on the heels of his proposal. No, she must temporize.

"This is so unexpected," she said at last.

"But surely you must have known—you must have seen my infatuation."

"You men are so—so unfathomable," she urged, weakly. It would not do for her to tell him that all the men she knew were infatuated with her.

"Anyway," the man declared, "I have loved you since the first time I met you."

"Now, let us see if you remember," she suggested. "Where did you meet me?"

"It was almost a chance meeting. I was one of a lot of men presented to you at the Witherspoon dinner and dance last winter."

Worse yet! She had practically forgotten the Witherspoon dinner.

"I—" She checked herself. Even if she did not know who he was, she had no right to cross-examine him.

"I can't give you an answer now," she told him, shyly. "I—I must think."

"Then there is hope for me?" The big hand shut down over the little one.

"That depends," she replied. "Perhaps. And perhaps not."

"And when"—the big hand reached for the little one again, and this time the little one again very properly evaded the grasp—"when may I know?"

"That I cannot say."

"Soon?"

"Perhaps."

"But can't you tell me now?"

"Truly I haven't the faintest idea at this moment. But the next time I see you—that is, if I see you again—I—"

"Of course you'll see me again. And you'll let me see you soon, will you not? To-morrow?"

"I cannot tell."

"But why? Surely you'll have a few minutes to spare. And you will see me? And tell me?"

"I do not know. I wish I did know."

"Well, please remember—even if you have to tell me 'No'—that I am and will be as anxious for your decision as the most



THEN SHE SIMPLY SHUT HIM OUT OF HER MIND

conventionally impassioned lover. I'm all that, and more. You believe me, do you not, Myrtilla?"

"You must be, or you would not say what you have said."

"Then I am to possess my soul in patience until we meet again?"

"Until I see you," she corrected him. But he did not know it was a correction.

Swiftly the big hand caught the little hand and lifted it, and a kiss was implanted upon the girl's fingers. Then the man was gone. Myrtilla gasped. She looked after him, but saw him only as a shadow disappearing near the window.

"Anyway" she mused, "I have one clue. He has a mustache."

And so, mystified, and somewhat pleased with the adventure, she sat and sat and sat, and gazed at the stars, until some one else came and led her back to the ballroom.

Next day she awoke thinking of her baffling proposal. Who was he? A man who would propose to a girl without giving her a chance to know who he was deserved to be married and reformed. How could she unravel the mystery? She must be on the alert for the appearance of a young man in whose eyes would be anxiety and hope and wonder—and love. She must not rely alto-

gether upon mental processes, but must trust to her memory of his voice—and mustache.

"But," she told herself, "if he cares for me as he says he does, he will not allow even an implied refusal to dishearten him. Still, I haven't even implied a refusal. And I don't know who he is, nor what he looks like, nor where I will see him! Why couldn't he—"

At this moment she was called to the telephone.

"Is this Miss Kimberly?" His voice! Or, rather, that voice!

"Yes."

"You know who this is, don't you?"

"Oh yes, of course."

"I am awfully sorry," the voice repined, "but I have been called away quite unexpectedly for a few days. May be out of town for two weeks."

"I'm sorry you have to go."

"So am I. And I rang you up to ask if you have decided on your answer."

"My answer?"

"Yes. You know—you told me last night—"

"But I said next time I saw you. I haven't seen you yet, and, really, I haven't decided."

Then the voice began to argue and plead and explain that she had her mind made up if she only realized it. Myrtilla almost lost her temper, which would have been a deplorable thing. She finally made the voice understand that she would not answer at that time.

"Then please let me know as soon as you can," the voice begged.

"I shall. I hope you have a pleasant trip."

"It would be, even if it is a business trip, if I had your answer."

"Even if my answer were—"

"But I cannot imagine it being anything but 'Yes.' Will it?"

"That would be telling. Good-by until I see you."

"Good-by, then."

Myrtilla hung up the receiver slowly.

"Of all the— Well, if it isn't just like a man!" she exclaimed.

For the next week she tried to identify her wooer by a process of elimination. Casting up her sentimental accounts, she decided upon twelve men who might fairly be considered to be suitors. Three of them had proposed to her already and one of them had almost proposed. Tom Kerne had come near getting a "No" on general principles—without the prelude of a proposal. This because he led the conversation to a sentimental plane and was so obviously working up to a proposal that she resented the cut-and-driedness. Colonel Browning had commenced talking with her in a fatherly way, but she knew he wanted to propose and had promptly taken him over to a group of her friends. Albert Goodnow had come to her quite manfully one evening and made a very boyish avowal, which he supplemented by saying that he knew she would not marry him, but that he felt he must tell her

of his sentiment toward her. George White had whispered his proposal when he brought her an ice one evening—and he never faltered in the eating of his own ice when she suggested that she would be a sister to him. Eliminating these four from the twelve left eight—and all of them were in town and still dancing attendance upon Myrtilla.

Three weeks went by, and four—and still she did not see the man with the voice and the mustache. He might have written to her, she thought. Another month went by, and still no more of the man with the voice and the mustache. By this time Myrtilla told herself she was anxious to see him.

Then she simply shut him out of her mind. Whether she really thought no more about him is a matter for some one else to decide, but the fact remains that when Herbert Tattalls, who was wealthy and handsome and had worshipped her for two years, asked her to marry him she told him it could never be.

"Are you promised to another?" Herbert queried, sorrowfully.

"I don't know," she said, almost fiercely.

After a while, though, Fate stepped in and played the cards. Fate decided that Myrtilla should be at another little dance at the house of the long piazza with the dark corner. Now, it was perfectly natural that Myrtilla should find sentimental memories about that place, was it not? And along late in the evening she slipped away from the dancers and crept back into the dark corner of the piazza that she had been calling "my corner" for a long time. There she sat, looking up at the stars and wondering what it all meant, when she heard the same shuffling feet coming down the piazza, and the same bumping into a chair, and the same muffled ejaculation.

She giggled.

No, she didn't giggle. The man who heard her would have resented our saying that. He would have described it as a silvery laugh that rippled up into the beautiful night with the melodious cadence of gorgeous jewels being poured into a golden chalice, or words to that effect. For you see, he wanted to marry Myrtilla.

"Are you here, Miss Kimberly—Myrtilla?" he whispered.

It was the voice! She choked with surprise and joy and then said:

"I am. For whom were you looking?"

The man dragged the bumped chair with him quickly and came beside her.

"I only got home this evening," he said. "I had to stay and stay and stay away until I closed the deal. As soon as I reached town I rang your house up and they said you were here. So I hurried over, for there was an invitation for me at home. And—and—what's your answer, Myrtilla?"

"Oh—I—"

She tried to see him, but it was too dark. The big hand caught the little one and held it.

"Yes!" Myrtilla whispered, quickly.

And Fate went back to its office and took down its "busy-day" sign.



Adding Insult to Injury

"Want a few cabs, Mister?"

A Forgetful Father

BY S. E. KISER

SOMETIMES, when I go whoopin' round and get the house upset,
 Ma says I'm worse than any one she ever heard of yet;
 She scolds because I get the rugs all twisted on the floor,
 And when I don't hang up my clo's, why, then she scolds some more:
 But Pa says: "Pshaw! Now, what's the use of always frettin' so?
 It only shows he's full of life; boys will be boys, you know."

When other boys pitch into me and try to smash my face,
 If I fight back, Ma always says she's covered with disgrace;
 She thinks I ought to hurry home and be a fraidy cat.
 So she can go and tell their ma's, and let it go at that.
 But when Pa finds it out, it seems to fill his heart with joy:
 "You must remember, Ma," he says, "you've never been a boy."

Ma thinks I mustn't climb or slide or hardly speak out loud;
 If I'd act like a little girl I guess that she'd be proud;
 She had a nervous breakdown once—or pretty near, at least,—
 Because I took some powder which was "good for man and beast."
 "Oh, pshaw!" said Pa, when he was told, "why fret about such things?
 I'd hate to think a boy of mine was fit for angels' wings."

The other day, when I was in the bath-room all alone,
 I got Pa's razor out and tried to whet it on the hone.
 "Boys will be boys, you know," Ma said, when Pa was chasin' me;
 "Don't be disturbed: it indicates he's full of life, you see."
 I wish she hadn't said it, though; it only made him fret
 And quit remembering, and so I got it harder yet.



Blue Monday

LOOK a-here, Mary Ann,
You stop your complainin';
I know it's a-rainin'
As hard as it can.
But what are you gainin'?
Is't th' Lord you are trainin'?
Well—He ain't explainin'
His reasons to Man!

Look a-here, Emmy Lou,
I know it's a Monday,
But in six days comes Sunday,
So quit bein' blue!
You'd think by the whinin'
There warn't no bright linin'.
Wasn't yesterday shinin'?
Ain't Zeb courtin' you?

Life's chock full o' Sundays
To make up for Mondays!
Emmy Lou—Mary Ann,
Jes' you smile while you can!
JEAN DWIGHT FRANKLIN.

He was Satisfied

"A MAINE man, notorious for his 'nearness,'" says a New-Englander, "one day went into a meat shop in Portland and inquired the price of a certain soup-bone.

"The proprietor of the shop, himself a generous fellow, said, in answer to a question from the old man, 'Oh, I'll give you that.'

"The old man, who is hard of hearing, put a hand to his ear, as though he had but faintly caught the butcher's reply. 'Can't you take something off that?' he asked, querulously.

"The dealer took pity on him.

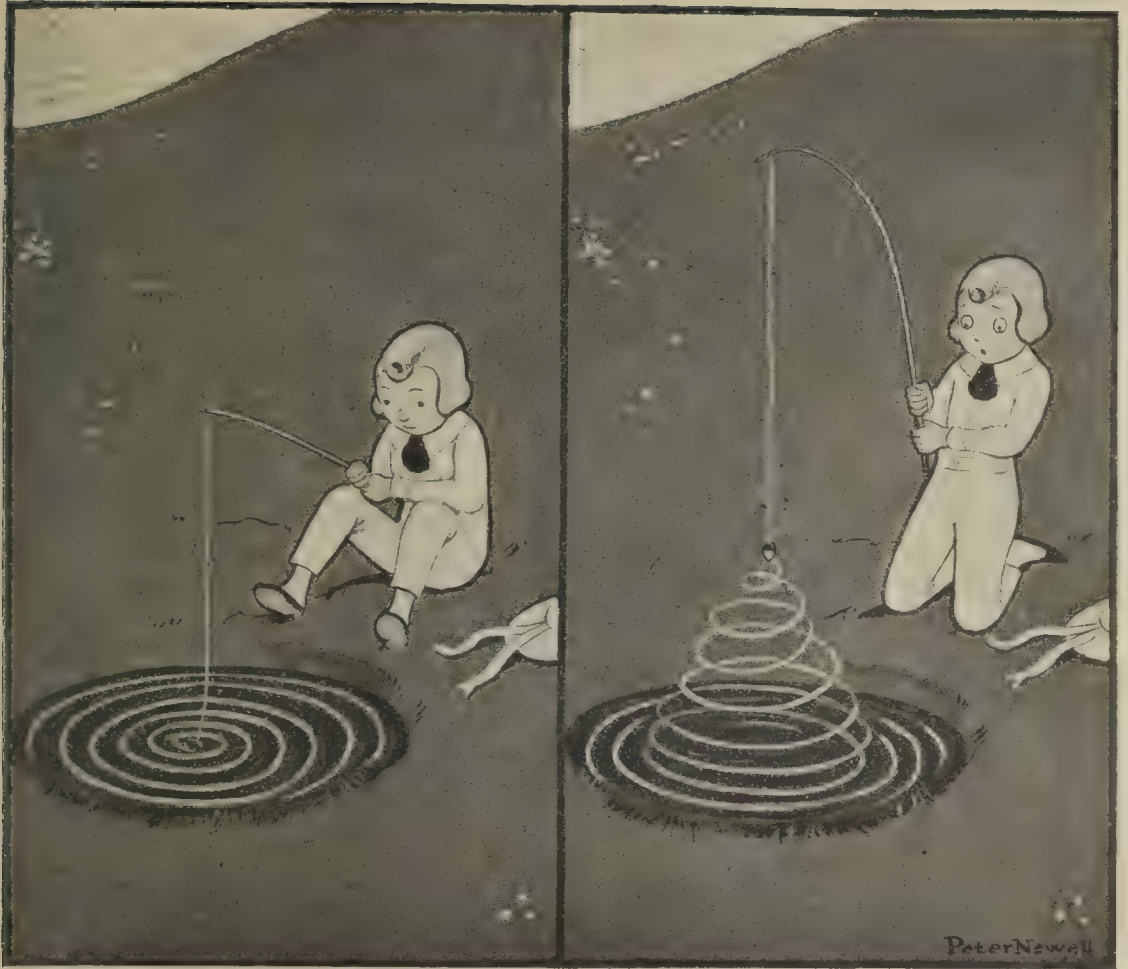
"'Yes,' said he; 'call it ten cents.'

"Whereupon the old man went away with the comfortable sense of having driven a good bargain."



Rice!

"Come on, children, we'll have a square meal at the wedding 'round the corner."



A Mishap

*Tom went to fish (as all boys do)
Down in a tiny spring.
He hoped to catch a fish or two,
And possibly a string.*

*But in the spring his hook he caught,
And snarled in hopeless tangle.
He jerked the line and pulled it taut,
Then forthwith ceased to angle.*

Farther Advanced

TWO young girls returning from Sunday-school in a country town were discussing their progress in the shorter catechism. "I'm past original sin," remarked the younger one.

The older immediately responded: "Oh, I am farther on than you, for I'm past redemption."

A Substitute

A MOTHER for punishment made little Robbie, aged three years, go into the yard for a switch with which to whip him.

He remained out a long time, and on returning handed his mother a small pebble, saying:

"I touldent find no switch, muzzer, so I brought a 'ittle stun. I sought you might shrow zat at me."

Conclusive Proof

THE first day Mary went to school was a red-letter day in the family. All the sisters and brothers eagerly awaited her experiences.

"Well, Mary," said big brother, "how did you like your teacher?"

"Why, that lady," sniffed Mary,— "that lady didn't know nothing. She's been a-asking me questions all day long!"

Another Smith

ONE Sunday Mrs. Mary Smith was showing her granddaughter Bible pictures, and little Annie was telling her all the characters she knew. Grandmother, pointing to "Mary," said, "Of course you know this one, dear; her name is just like mine."

Annie thought a moment, then smiled and said, "Oh, was she a Smith, too?"



A Valentine Moon

Familiar Perfume

NINE-YEAR-OLD Dorothy was the youngest member of a party of European tourists, and as the days passed and her small feet ached from climbing stairs and traversing mosaic floors, the scent of incense in the churches, once a novelty, came to mean only weariness.

One afternoon in Florence, the little girl's mother took her for a carriage drive. She was surprised to see the child suddenly lean forward with a look of apprehension on her face.

"Mamma!" cried Dorothy, "mamma! I smell a church."

No Laughing Matter

JACK'S mother had been walking up and down the piazza with him repeating Mother Goose. She began the "Solomon Grundy" one, going through it rapidly without taking breath, ending laughingly:

"Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday,
And that was the end
Of Solomon Grundy."

Jack took his thumb out of his mouth, looked reprovably at his mother and said:

"Don't laugh: that's awful."

Dog Talk

LITTLE Arthur, aged four, was sick on the Fourth of July and his aunt was visiting him. After explaining that she could not bring her dog because he was afraid of the noise of fireworks, she said she could tell Arthur the noises would not hurt him, but the dog couldn't understand her. Little Arthur said, "Doggie don't know what you say." Then, his face brightening with an idea, "If you could only bark, Aunt Carrie."

In, Not Off

JOHN, JR.—in his seventh year—was dashing past his mother, in eager pursuit of some individual enterprise, when she caught and kissed him. He broke away and drew the back of his hand across his lips, laughing defiantly.

"You little scamp!" she cried. "How dare you wipe off a kiss of mine?"

Filial loyalty is one of his radical characteristics, and, halting instantly when thus challenged, he turned and stood for a moment in evident perplexity. Brightening quickly, however, he protested—a quizzical impulse manifestly in conflict with his affectionate salicitude.

"Oh no, mother! I wasn't wiping it off. I was just rubbing it in."

A Surprise

LITTLE Evelyn, not yet three years old, had learned to spell "c-a-t, cat."

In the first flush of triumph, she exclaimed, "Won't the cats be surprised!"



An Archaic Walk



Drawn by H. E. Smith

Illustration for "In the Other Room"

"YOU ALWAYS LOOK SO WELL IN PARROTS"

HARPER'S

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Conquering Our Greatest Volcano

THE FIRST ASCENT OF MOUNT WRANGELL, ALASKA

BY ROBERT DUNN

FOR eight years the virgin summit of Mount Wrangell had called me; Wrangell, which bears the palm on this continent as an alp and a volcano in one, and has always typified, more than any other mountain in Alaska, all that is remote and fabulous in the North.

Open the map of Alaska. The contours that mark mountains appear heaviest in three places. Farthest west lies Mount McKinley; away to the east, Mount St. Elias. Look between them, some two hundred miles from each and a hundred miles north of the Pacific Ocean. There, in the valley of the Copper River, rises Mount Wrangell, surrounded by ten peaks, each more than 12,000 feet in altitude, and 14,005 feet high itself.

A rugged coast range walls it from the sea. That and tales of Eldorados, and a massacre of Russians by Indians at its base in 1848, for more than a generation isolated the Wrangell region with a fascination and a dread. Then John Bremner, prospector, spent the winter of '84-85 alone with those murderous natives and found them abject, and in the spring Lieutenant H. T. Allen passed along the volcano's base. The argonauts of '98 captured the valley, and with them

I was the first to make and record a visit to its slopes.

Years ago two Copper River Indians went up to "look-see" the Wrangell crater. They never returned. Thus to emulate them meant death, of course, which is no tradition, such as all great mountains have, but a very live belief among those Indians to-day. And with St. Elias and McKinley climbed, Wrangell was the next high-mountain challenge in Alaska. In the name of science it should have been the first, for on Wrangell alone, outside the antarctic continent, can you study the relation of an active cone to a great ice-cap.

On July 9th last I landed in Valdez on the coast, with an alpine outfit and the hope that my friend, William T. Soule, Jr., was still in the interior. A bitter October eight years ago he and I had camped together in the McKinley range. I reached him now by the Signal Service telegraph; and with the scent of cottonwoods and the roar of glacier streams riling my blood, in a day I had bought an old bay mare to carry my grub and blankets and was hitting the trail through the coast ranges. I footed it over the passes and across the swamps, travelling mostly in the luminous nights, because for the

two hours that the sun sinks below the horizon in July frost sometimes numbs the fiendish mosquitoes. Billy was to meet me on the 15th at the Tonsina River, eighty miles inland, at the edge of the Copper River basin. He turned up promptly, and next day, riding his buckskin cayuse turn about, we hit the long trail that leads east from the telegraph, across Copper River, and not quite touches the southern slopes of Wrangell, still fifty miles away.

At last we could study the volcano over the burned and mean spruce forest. There it lay, surely the whitest, widest dome-shaped pile on earth. In Mexico, Popocatepetl is higher, but extinct; the Colima volcano is lower, and neither one is alpine. And while during the ten years that Kah-Una-Lita ("The Smoke Mountain," as the Copper River Indians call it) has been known to white men it has belched neither mud nor lava, its crater is often aglow for days, and it steams incessantly, sometimes sending vapor three miles high and filming over hundreds of square miles of the Copper valley with ash.

Then only a plume of steam coiled from the summit, where an inky nub marked the crater edge. Below glittered a world of black pinnacles and crinkled *séracs*, the ice-cap prolonged through deep valleys by five great glaciers. Three of these—the Chetudina, Cheshnina, and Long Glaciers—might be routes to the top, and we were aiming for a prospectors' cabin on the Cheshnina stream, as a base to reconnoitre from; for on a virgin alp, in the North especially, you cannot climb through cloud or falling snow. Snow-line is at 6000 feet, which gives you 8000 feet of travel—equalled only in the high Himalayas—and often in summer storms hide the great peaks for weeks at a time.

At five o'clock next morning we slid down the big clay bank to Doctor Billum's ferry on Copper River. Billum is a medicine-man. He keeps his people in subjection by foretelling attacks from the Yukon Indians, and tales of white men thirty feet high, with dogs' faces, who haunt camp.

"Ah—! Ha—!" he gaped at our temerity toward Wrangell. "Kah-Una-Lita—" and turned to explain dramat-

ically to his folks. Then he said to us with vibrant solemnity: "No good. Mebbe so *halo* [not] come back. Mebbe so *die*!" And helped to stone our horses into swimming the wide Copper.

That night we camped at Horse Creek, almost within shadow of the volcano. We were tired, and it came on cold. Perhaps this, or perhaps being at the brink of our uncertain business, keyed me to that acuteness which whoever enters the white, unknown places is always so baffled to express. At exactly midnight by our dollar watch I waked from a dream, vivid with horror, that my mother was dead. I went to sleep again. Just two hours later a voice outside the tent aroused us. A stranger had arrived in camp. An Indian was complaining, "*Hiyu* [very] cold, *hiyu* cold." Billy, starting up, exclaimed, "That's Jo Bell; I know his voice," and went outside the tent. I heard them talking together. When Billy came back he said, "Jo's just got here with a telegram for the Weber boys." They and their partner, Von Zeiple, were encamped on Cheshnina River, for which we were bound. "Another Indian brought it from Tonsina, and Jo took it on from the crossing. Bob Weber's mother is dead in Valdez." . . . Telepathy? Maybe. The savage, awed by the white man's tragedy, travelling toward me through the wilderness night, each of us having the same goal—the very imperfectness of the transference somehow confirms it.

So Jo joined us on the trail. We left it where it pitched down to Kotsina River, and climbed to the treeless tundra. Clouds veiled Wrangell, and we asked Jo, who had hunted sheep along all the five glaciers, which was the easiest to travel. All he would answer, and that sullenly, about climbing Wrangell was: "What's-a-matter Cheshnina? What's-a-matter Cheshnina Glacier? All right, I think." We camped above its stream, and he went on to the Webers'. At midnight we heard them outside, on their long tramp to the coast. "That you, Billy?" called a voice. "It's too bad—" began Billy. "Well, such things has to happen," came back cheerfully, passing on in the grim half-light across the waste.

From the Cheshnina flats we explored a small stream leading straight toward the



MOUNT WRANGELL IN ERUPTION

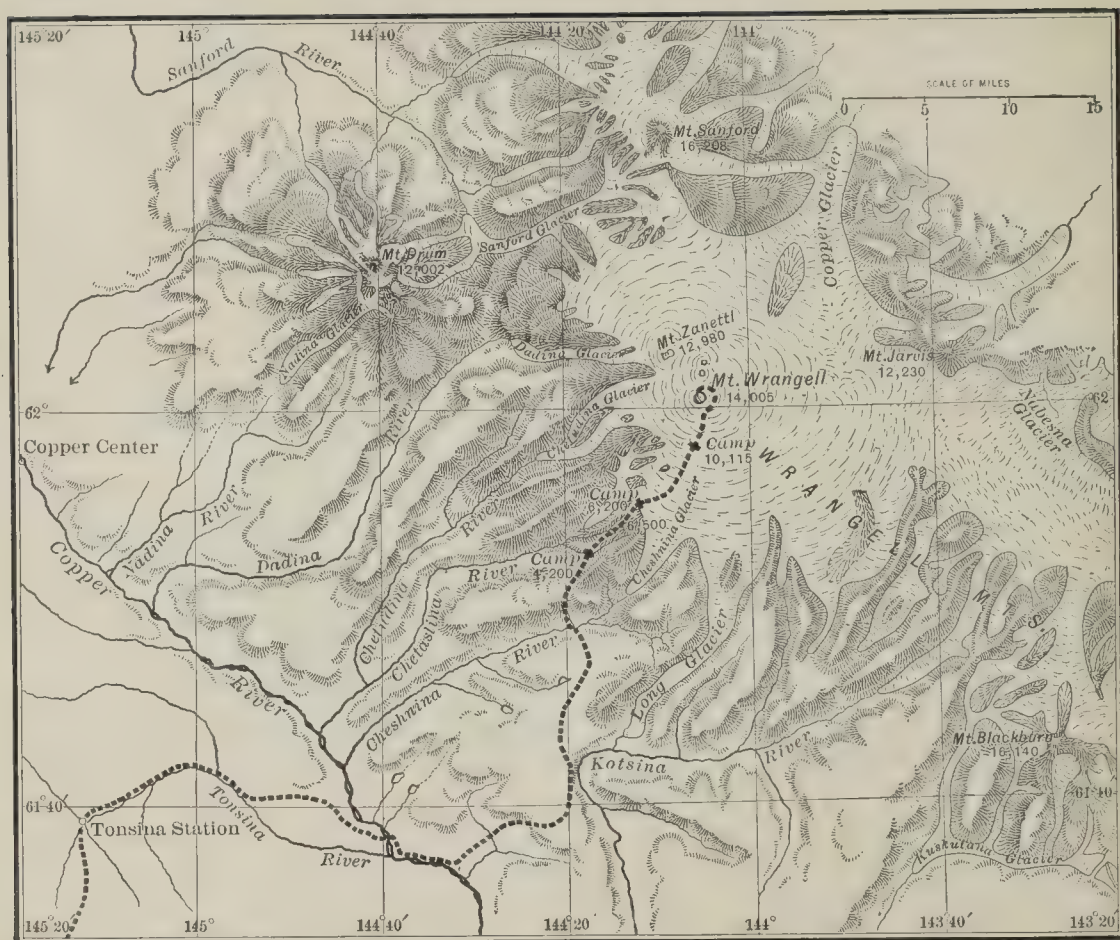
Photographed by W. C. Mendenhall, U.S. Geological Survey

mountain, into foot-hills. All day in deep snow, struggling through a blinding storm, we at length reached a 6500-foot ridge. Below to the left, northwest, we made out a high mesa draining into Chetaslina River, whose glacier was too steep to travel. Left bare, as a lip of the Cheshnina had retreated, the mesa joined its ice cleanly, at a point far above its terminal moraine. From the edge of the ice there to the summit of Wrangell was seven miles in air-line; by Long Glacier, twelve. That night we stopped at Von Zeiple's cabin. He, too, favored the Cheshnina Glacier as gained from the Chetaslina mesa; so, after baking six pans of bread next day, for the mesa was far above tree-line, we reached it by crossing a divide, and camped over the lip of a small canyon, at 4200 feet, still five miles from the eternal ice.

For three days we waited. For a week we had not seen an acre of Wrangell's snows; for a month more we might not. We had only green willows to burn, and often were an hour raising a blaze to warm the beans. The tent got messy as an Indian camp. It all seemed hopeless. Scant grass grew here, and at night the

horses back-trailed across the pass to the Cheshnina flats—a twelve-mile hunt through the drizzle every day to find them. On the 24th a heavy snowfall all but swamped the tent. But one night we heard a sparrow singing, and down the canyon a gold-white cloud rested upon a melting plain of indigo and azure. Clearing! We tied Buckskin to a willow bush at bedtime; but at four o'clock I awoke and heard no horse-bell. Outside, no Buck. He and the mare had wandered back to the Cheshnina, to spoil our first clear day, perhaps our chance on the mountain.

I was mad enough. But Billy tore after them, and I climbed the mountain above the pass. Yonder towered the vast dome, clean virgin world that it was. And there was our route: to join the ice at a big cornice, to curve north, around and above the hanging ice Niagaras that fed Chetaslina Glacier. Just below 10,000 feet, were two outcrops of black rock and a giant *bergschrund*. There the glacier plunged between splitting walls of ice into a valley wofully crevassed, as I knew. But in two steep pulls it touched the crest of the great dome,



MAP OF AUTHOR'S ROUTE TO THE SUMMIT OF THE WRANGELL VOLCANO

the edge of the old active area, from which the live cone rose like a tooth on its southwest quarter.

Billy appeared with only the mare, for Buckskin had sprung both his fore shoes. Without a saddle we packed her with a week's bread, pemmican, etc., blankets, tent, tarpaulins, and making a heavy meal of beans, were off at last over the rocks and snow of the mesa. Two hours, and we looked dizzily down a gorge upon Chetaslina Glacier. Inky clouds pursued us, level with their tops, and beat us in the race for the first deep snow-field; prisoned us there an hour, blinded even behind our smoked glasses by the glare. Onward, and the poor mare slumped in deeper and deeper, floundering pitifully; and taking to the slivered rocks, they tore and mashed her feet. At last a long slope finished her, and we raised the tent and lit the spirit stove at 6200 feet, just under the ice cornice. Overhead the great dome curved. In the

east flashed Mount Blackburn, higher than Wrangell—yes, by 2000 feet, yet dominated by it; extinct, and neither at the heart of the range nor bearing such intense glaciation as surrounded us. The low sun boiled through rainbow vapors from the dim glaciers far below. The coast alps seemed set so low and near on the pale horizon that we might have touched them.

Snow tickling the tent awoke us. Little enough we slept, from the cold, and worry that the mare could not back-trail to grass, poor hoof-gruelled, foodless thing! Twice in the night she stumbled across our guy-ropes. But when the flakes burned orange and it cleared she had vanished. We ate, dried tent and tarpaulins on the lava, cached half our pemmican (three pounds) and the horse-cinches, packed the rucksacks—light stuff like blankets in the bottoms, heavy, like grub, camera, alcohol, on top.

Onward two hundred feet we were

above all bare rock, with the ice-cap underfoot. There on a lava knife-edge below, like a statue, with her head sunk forward, stood the poor beast. In leading her down we should have lost the precious clear day. We both said, "Why, there she is now," and turned away, with feelings numbed and consciences tainted.

Then—the tuckering climb, up, up, hour after hour; over white wastes which blaze in deceitful grades and suck you in waist-deep, exhausted and cursing. Hour on hour. Your face feels aflame; off a second with your black glasses, and your eyeballs sear. You try to lose yourself in far-away thoughts, to count your steps—four hundred, five hundred—between each rest, to judge the puny hundreds, thousands, of feet you have risen above the flat 6500-foot peak across the mesa, over the crinkled snake of Long Glacier. We never spoke. At each rest I worried for fear that the plug was out of the alcohol can, jammed it down, sniffed the pack. Then onward, slinging the rucksacks on our backs like coal baskets.

We made tea at one o'clock. The stove burned unprotected in the windless glare.

We were at the lower of the twin cliffs, with the great *bergschrund* over the swell ahead. Forward again in an hour; soon the black lip of a fumarole, wavering steam, appeared high to the west. "Why, make that in three hours, easy," gasped Billy. But no. Till five o'clock we toiled under our curse of Sisyphus. Then the way narrowed between the splitting ice-cliffs. Down from their blue facets were streaked the crevasses, countless, veiled with treachery by a film of snow. Every step onward now must be tested with the tent pole, in the chance of gaining no space safe or level enough to camp on. So we threw down our packs and pitched the tent against the wall of a *sérac* with a great grinning chasm on its face, at 10,115 feet.

Billy started to melt snow—"Slow, so's it won't taste burned," he grinned. I went out with the camera, threading my way among the pitfalls (for slight grooves sometimes betrayed them), eastward toward the crisp, snow-streaked hordes of the Kotsina mountains—toy ivory carvings far below. There was Mount Regal (13,400 feet), a sheaf of bright needles;



MOUNT WRANGELL FROM THE WEST, IN ERUPTION
Photographed by W. C. Mendenhall, U.S. Geological Survey

there the ocean of ice-falls mounting in a vast anarchy toward the great Nabesna Glacier. And farther, just north of Blackburn shone St. Elias and his range, its tiny pyramid unmistakable, a strange crystallization in the sky, bubbles floating upon a sea of iridescence. You can't write it. It was all too much to see. And upward, from the ice hanging invisible behind me, plummy clouds stole close like living things.

But that time I stepped squarely into—death! I had taken my pictures safe enough. Returning by the same trail—*cruussh!* Legs and body were dangling into nothingness, elbows spread and clutching on the yielding snow. During that shred of a second's fall all substance inside my head, all the air outside, thickened into something dense and leaden. All my blood surged outward to surfaces and extremities, but with no flush of warmth. I hung there, looking down at the two slithery green walls converging into doom. Horror was suffocated by a quick anger. "Billy, come here," I shouted, calmly. "I am down a crevasse, down a crevasse." He came out of the tent; knelt near me cautiously. "Where's the edge?" he asked. "You're not on it," I said. "Come a step nearer." He did; and then could grab my left arm, rooting himself in the soft snow. I kicked against the opposite wall, dashed my right arm into the crust, braced every muscle, leaped, wormed myself out.

Neither of us spoke until we were eating pea soup in the tent. "Did you ever snuff nitro-glycerine—the stuff they give for some kind of heart disease?" I asked. "Once I did, for fun. It routs all the blood away from your heart. . . . *That* felt just like it." And I laughed. "It's rot," I went on, "what you hear about your whole life 'passing in review' when you're sinking—facing death. Nothing of the sort. I'm not broken up and sha'n't be." This with no back-thought that I must screw up courage by talk. The fear of death lies only in its apprehension. Face to face with it anger supplants terror, as when you fight a snake, or strike involuntarily at a being who insults your manhood.

So we drank hot tea, laughing over the responsibility of the tent pole—Billy's socks highest on it, then "the" watch,

then my snow-glasses, then Billy's black felt hat, last my socks and all the whangle-leathers. At eight o'clock it was freezing hard. Extending the door with our boots, we shut out the magic tiny world away under—all the Copper valley a smear of violet and ochre, a pond shining on the tundra, the burning scimitar of a river course.

We pounded the *névé* to make holes for our hips and tried to sleep. Too cold; and all the obsession of the venture was now focussed and gripped too hard upon my heart. To-morrow, to do the trick, if the clear sky held! And that depended on the stray, mindless drifts of air-pressure and cloud. I trembled, in wave after wave, till I seemed to vibrate against Billy. If he knew the reason, he said nothing. I could will myself to stop, but the effort kept me even from dozing. And if I dozed, I would start up in the ghostly whiteness of midnight, my heart racing on like a fly-wheel that has slipped its belt.

The sun rose smothered and whitish, over whitish cloud-bars. We sigh, turn over, dig snow from under our heads, light the lamp; wait as the slush steams, sings, in the little pot. After *erbswurst* another boiling comes for the tea, as we feel through our frozen and messy duffle for pemmican and shreds of dry salmon. . . . We stretched our legs outside in the first arrows of sunlight, and dropped the tent to get the pole. Light packs to-day, only the stove and camera. We mounted the bulge over camp, entered the sea of crevasses—trapped squarely right off! I went down only to my knees, but we took the warning, and for the next two hours prodded ahead for each step, while our arms ached and ached.

Four trips we made, up and down that 4000-foot slope, now our faces blistering in the heat and glare, now our feet frozen, and every step we had to test first. Follow with our eyes as we would the parallel caverns sweeping down from those tottering ice-spires, recollect as we could their faint scars under the skin of snow, sight and memory always were cheated. Their menace seemed to be designed, a conscious thing.

They infuriated me. We were making very bad time, exhausted quickly in the triple struggle to break trail, climb, jab,

all at once. Through goes the pole into azure darkness. You tear away the crust to size up the hole; jump if it's narrow enough; if not, lay the stick down, and "guessing" the crust will bear, crawl skittishly across. Why weren't we roped? That's no use for only two a-climbing. And the snow grew softer, hatefully deeper. The sun blaze was terrific, shot back and forth by those vivid walls. I would take off my glasses and bury my scorching head and wide-opened eyes into the cold snow. Billy complained of headache and nausea, and we sighed for snow-shoes. If the crust bore for a step or two, "'Sh! 'sh!'" we whispered, "don't say a word." And at 12,000 feet I got short of breath every ten paces.

We climbed a smooth space, right into a yawning chasm on top. Next, from a steeper stretch, suddenly, on a shoulder to the left, appeared our friend the fumarole, like a black pie in the snow, and now inert. "There's your what-you-call-'em—fumigig," says Billy. It was noon, and we were very near the crests of the ice-cliffs, which joined the slope in lazy undulations. The snow was levelling, with the sky-line very near. All at once, straight ahead, loomed another fumarole, and *beyond* the horizon. It was a-crawl with gray steam and gave us an acrid whiff. Then—glory!—to the right and nearer, our slope beckoned up to a sharp, long ridge, black as if inked on top, and also alive with moving wisps, like worms, which crept close along its base and were whipped downward in the wind.

My heart leaped. The edge of the old active area! The live crater couldn't be many hundred feet higher. Billy was

breaking trail, but I forged ahead, forgetting short breath, the deepening snow—everything. "That's the longest hike yet without stopping," said he, catching up. I tried to explain why, but the words came tumbled and inexact. Yet never, it seemed, could we cross that deceitful slope. Fascinated, I watched a great

coil of vapor spurt from under a balanced boulder, *willing* it toward me. And where the *névé*, ash-blackened and slushy, withdrew from the black ruff, there where the ice joined the warmth, no thought of a crevassed gap and thousands of feet into perdition ever stirred me. I crackled over the last snow and leaped upon the ash, in that damp and tarnishing breath of the earth's bowels, with a mingled thrill of victory and apprehension that was glorious.



THE HORSE SLUMPED IN DEEPER AND DEEPER

What was beyond? I ran up the ridge of fumaroles and came out. It was two o'clock. Beyond, on the far side, was snow, snow everywhere. A plain, two, three miles across—you could not tell through the refractive haze. The vast, dead chasm was filled chock-a-block, a brimming bowl of ice. Think of it!—13,000 feet and more above the sea, all but tangent to the arctic circle, immutable in the swing of seasons—the world knows no desert like it. Squarely opposite rose two heights, like snowy ranges, though surely no more than 600 feet above us. That to the west was squarish and mottled with cliffs, the eastern one a ridge leading north to a pinnacle. Farther west, through the mists now racing across the levels, flashed intermittently the two white nubs seen from the Copper River to be just north of the

live cone. Thither, but following around the steaming lip on which we stood, it dove under the ice-cap, was slashed by a crevasse, swelled into a flat dome, fronted the living heart of everything.

A curtain of fog was snatched away. A tooth—a gigantic incisor pointing upward—appeared on the southwest rim of the snow desert. To the right, on a fragment of outer slope, ran black ribs, creeping with slow vapors, downward into the *névé*. But except for this the cone was all an oval of darkness. A great cavity was blazoned there, yawning upward to its tip. Streaked and crumbling cliffs wavered behind the concealing steam. In a momentary stillness of the air the shreds of vapor thinned and hovered and drooped along the rims. Then they arose at the centre in hairlike spires, as from a simmering vat. Clinkery cave and corrugation sprang forth in horrid reticulation. The *thing* seemed to suspend its breath like a living being.

The active crater that, and not very lively to-day. The core of fire upon this continent, inscrutable behind these snows

he was saying, and chose a warm, chocolate-colored rock to curl himself upon. He complained how the moist heat chilled him; that he felt "bad. Just like seasickness," and was not hungry. I filled the pot with snow, dug into a nest of vents, and jammed it in the cheesy clay and whitish salts they had formed.

In a while the water was almost boiled. I brought it to where Billy now lay under a boulder draped with fantastic frost flowers, in a pit of warm ashes. I lit the lamp to give the water a boost, and shielded it with the poncho—all this hurriedly, in a fret to be attacking the steaming tooth. The wind was getting frisky. I looked up. For some time I had hardly noticed how the glare from the inner snow-field had grown dimmer and dimmer, how the rumpled floor of cloud at 10,000 feet was furtively ballooning upward. Stumbling across Billy, who lay flat on his face shivering, I dashed out toward the tooth. I stared into nothingness. A subtle, pervading, enervating air had sprung from the south, blending with the fetid steam of the

fumaroles. But it was only three o'clock; surely all would be clear again.

Those next four hours! I try to forget the bitter years that passed in them. The victory in my hands was snatched away. We were caught blind, marooned two miles above sea in that sky-whirl of arctic fog. I gulped the tea; but Billy would drink none, and made me melt him snow. I would run far back and forth along the hot rim, gazing for so much as motion in the



A HALT FOR DINNER

—so near and easy to scale. First we would have tea, of course; and with a flush of confidence I walked east along the inner rim of the fumaroles. There was Billy, stooping over in the shifting steam, studying the vents, the patches of tiny teats or vesicles in reddish ash. "Your fumigigs squirt just like elms,"

hateful obscurity, and come upon the tent pole stuck in the ash and lined with a long blade of ice needles. The air was too thin to keep a pipe lit. Crusting my sweater with frost leaves, the steam pulsed, pulsed, silently among the fantastic rocks piled on the ash, moulding, rotting their ancient snow-caps into

crowns and helmets, into dripping icicles and skeleton-handed stalactites. My temples burned. Hope and ambition fought in me with the softer, coward self of retreat and resignation. You see deep at these pivotal times into all effort and all purposes. In a sort of agony I looked back on our long Alaskan track, the distance and strife, the dream and hard fulfilment—ice underfoot, sleepless in the too-still nights far above the world—all stretching, as my diary (written in the fervor of those moments) says, "in one black and blasted smear across travelled seas and continents."

I was schooling myself to face returning down the 4000 feet of crevasses, surrendering all we had won; to lie huddled on the ice, watching, casting all in the balance for fair weather and another try. At five o'clock I set two hours to wait. Oh yes, at six a bright shink swam overhead, the gale eased, and a greenish-pink light sprang up from below. Clearing! But even to hope was like fighting the inevitable tides. The pain of surrender reached a climax at seven, as it began to snow through the gloom. "We don't want to stay till it fills our trail," said Billy. No; that meant— So at half past we started down, feverish, aching, weary, across the soggy ice edge, into our half-filled, ancient tracks; past the fumarole, down the steep slope into cloud and darkness, among—the crevasses.

There the struggle began. The harder we tried to remember their succession, the more confused we grew. We couldn't tell the tramped places where we had rested from our soundings for pitfalls. Billy would say: "Look for foot-tracks. There won't be any where we crawled along the pole." Suddenly he stopped, violently ill, but talking right

on about how much better he felt. "It would knock anybody, what I've eaten to-day—salmon, pemmican, chocolate," he said.

Then clouds shut in tight, so we were as well blind. We would lose the trail utterly. But we kept right on, taking the pot-luck that makes you shiver to



RESTING AMONG THE CREVASSES 12,000 FEET UP

think of afterward. False courage, yes, but without it one cannot fight the wild at all. Ugh! Sometimes in the gloomy circle about our feet the pole jammed hard, often sugared away into the blue-gloomy depths. Yet finally we rose over the mound where I had slumped through; propped and stretched the snow-swamped tent, laid blankets in the bowl-shaped depression, sodden with tea leaves, which our bodies had made; and soon, too numbed to speak, were breathing out steam over our tea. There below slept the vague, dark land, chill and drenched, as if the rain had just ceased, only to begin again. Pasty clouds floored the abyss, in streaks, feathers, continents, hanging at all angles and heights, as if in petrification.

Yet we sometimes slept. Toil is no less heroic for drugging the fret for the ideal. It began to snow again. An icy west wind rose and knifed me, till it froze the *névé* past the long the caves. Then utter windlessness, as uncanny in those upper regions as their lack of oxygen

and life. Oh for some scar in the silence, the steady roar of falling water! Yet—boom! "What's that?" We start up. Oh, a crevasse caving in somewhere, and maybe we are warming another right under us to give 'way next. Or a stray gust flaps a rib of the tent, and you are sure that some being outside is staring at us through the phosphorescent wall.

Daylight, but never the sun. In the pearly gloom and *sfft!* of flakes time leaped from six to noon, from noon to six. We never left our soggy blankets. We ate, dozed—dozed, ate—involuntarily, mechanically. We never spoke, treasuring each drop of alcohol as we filled the stove. Came sunset-time with a blue-opal vividness. We marked it by saying, "It's freezing now," which meant, "Little sleep from now on." For day no longer lapsed into night, nor night into day. That was a lost succession, like our lives up to these moments.

boiling. Flick! Flick! the north wind flapped the tent, the fair-weather wind. By half past we had hammered on our frozen boots and stood outside. Hello! There was the pyramid of St. Elias triplicated, raised and magnified by mirage into a string of pearls. And the bank of ice mist burned with an electric incandescence.

Whew! That gale blew. The mercury was at 8°, and four inches of snow had fallen. Through all the repeated upward struggle the crevasses fooled and trapped us worse than ever, the fine snow bit us in sheets and drifting volleys. We had to wait for blast after blast, heads down on the glacier. They filled our tracks; we had to break trail all over again. And I knew, and Billy knew, that he would be sick again. He looped his red handkerchief around his face, complained his feet were freezing; yet, "All right," he said, "after the sun hits us." That

lazy sun! For hours the ashy-white gloom mocked us out of the mouths of all the *bergschrand*, each with a big azure jaw detached and ready to drop. Then, first as an exhalation from the snow itself, then like a blast of needles piercing every nerve, but utterly heatless, the sun touched the snow-fields into a moving plain of stardust. We were under the rim of fumaroles. Straight from the hidden tooth blew continents of icy steam. "Smell — smell sulphur," murmured Billy. "Yes; we'll have to go around it"—from me. And to-day she was mighty active!

Over the rim finally, at just seven o'clock, Billy stumbled to our old ash-pit to thaw his feet. I photographed, though knowing how the films would parody the grandeur. Soon bravely and doggedly, glum with illness, he was ready at my side, and we stepped off into the



THE CRATER OF MOUNT WRANGELL ONE-HALF MILE DISTANT

Toward two o'clock the next morning I peered outside. Northeast a pure new light arched like an aurora over a bank of ice mist. "Billy—all clear," I whispered, trembling. But he not so much as grunted till three, when I had the soup



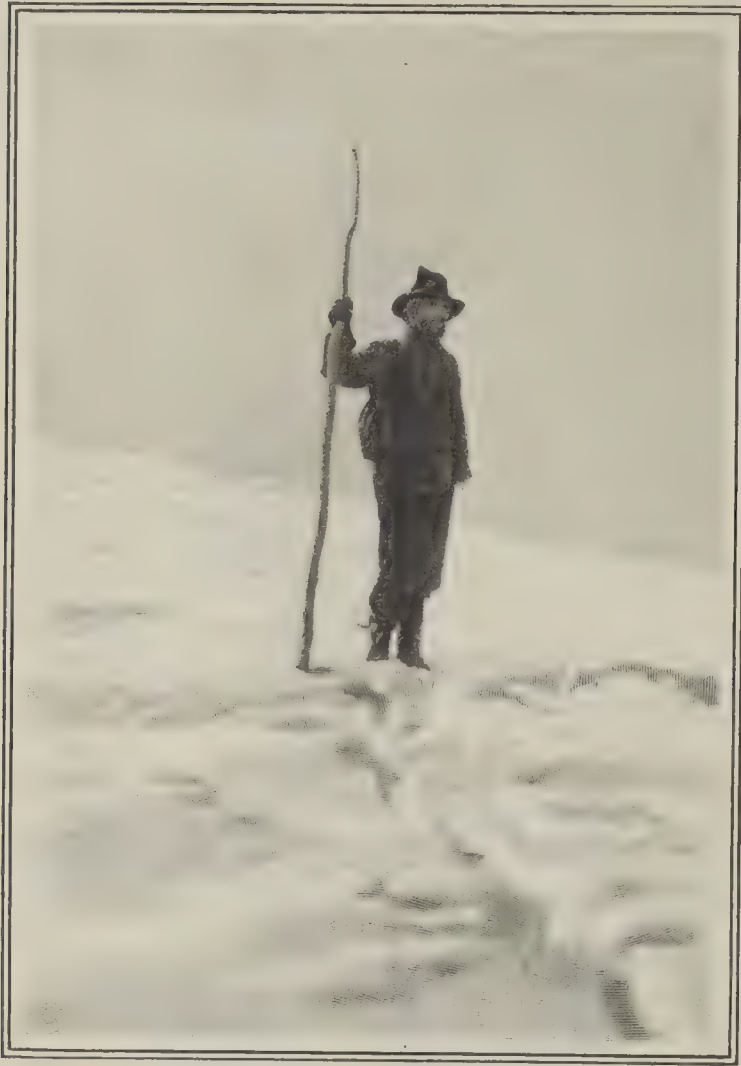
LOOKING INTO THE STEAM-FILLED CRATER FROM ITS NORTHERN EDGE

snow of the vast old crater. There was a thrill! Once thousands of feet deep, now brimming with ice, suppose warm spots remained, hollowing out caverns to let us through a pinhole into—Hades? But victory was ahead. It was a wearying fight onward against the snow-laden gale, breaking trail waist-deep toward the great tooth, which now burst madly with whipped steam-clouds. The ice mist clung curdled and stringy to the bases of the bounding peaks, in a light immature and smothered and the cold of the outer spheres. The idea of living organisms here was silly. And northwest in the racing obscurity, Mount Zanetti, the great northern spur of Wrangell, or Mount Sanford, flanking us far away, rose and sank in ghostly refractions.

Quickly it struck me—that we were going down. Our fumaroles were eating upward into the sky behind. We were right under the big hump of snow rising just south of the crater, whose inky rim banded half the sky as the toothed summit sank behind its pulsing steam. Why, now we were at the edge, too, of a vast snow-pit, a funnel-shaped hole hundreds of feet across, all dazzling and unscarred, burrowing down to a point—God knew how far below! Its inner wall was the cone's outer slope, that we had to climb. A dead crater? Likely the live tooth

was its heir-direct. In a moment it yawned below us, a mighty drop; and we were ploughing sheer upward into the ash-tainted and heat-riddled *névé* of our goal. "Look out there!" Billy called, caving through to his stomach in the glazed and broken stuff. He climbed out dripping with liquid ash. Muddy water, oozing from the black rim, rotted and pocked the ice, or seeped through the jagged gaps where it sloughed away from the slope. *Scrunch!*—and heart thundering, panting, and too dazed to feel or care, I caved down into the muck. It froze on me instantly when I had fought out again. Thus we climbed, slipped back, climbed, up that transient, traitorous wall, as it bulged out here in a glossy mud spring, there was caverned with unknowable dread; toiled like beings in a treadmill—one that might explode or crumble in a jiffy into the soul and centre of the earth's secret being; and over us the tented steam, rolling, rolling, all but touched our eyelids.

Then hard ash—chunks of black, breadly lava—a reddish boulder or two—and we stood together at the edge of the main hole. It was cone-shaped, perfectly, 150 to 200 yards across, funnelling smoothly downward in one contracting yawn. I don't remember what we said, how we looked, rooted there in the awful



ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WRANGELL.

silence. It seemed that the whole world, embodied in that soundless steam, was rising and billowing away from us. Then, magically, all vapor cleared away; down from our feet bit a dark, parched slope, bristling with grisly protrusions, or smooth and polished, blemished with ashy crusts and ancient snow, or luminous with converging ribs of a strange whiteness. The earth was holding its breath; and we, beholding its very entrails, held ours—we could not help it. And we glared, glared down to fix the eye of that great funnel. And we saw nothing, ever nothing. Then, maybe from some needle-hole, slowly the chasm filled with a rising tide of steam. We breathed out, stared at one another, and spoke commonplaces, like, "I don't smell anything, do you?" or, "It's lucky we're

on this side. We'd be choked over there." And existence, like a released pendulum, swung forward again on the north wind, in those monstrous globes of steam. We marked the dome of snow to the left, with its twin, jade-blue walls of ice that opened over the pit, and like spectral jaws drooled downward an icy lobe. And the high inner wall of the tooth wavered with kiln-stained, skeleton crags, velvety with steam wisps, dripping with ice flowers like melted tallow, salty and cracked and brittle, splashed with the hues of dead flames and tarnished rainbows, all ready at a touch to mingle and seethe in avalanches.

But the top. We were in an elbow of the crater rim, whence its level shot straight up westward. From the east face of the cone we had to swing around and climb it from the north. A steeper slope, yes, but the thing was sure! Now

time passed like lightning. Again the slippery treadmill of mud and honeycombed ice, but harder and thinner. Trickles spurted right out of the ash and cut little shining courses. An easier grade. Below, black patches swooped with hurried steam, and out sprang the great wall of Chetudina Glacier. Ash everywhere soon, white and crackly with frost flowers, beds and beds of their huge crystals, all burred over with a finer rime that formed ceaselessly and clothed us from head to foot. Then everything plunged down, south into the main universe of steam. I broke into a run. I guess I yelled.

It was exactly ten o'clock in the morning, July 30th, that we reached the top of Wrangell.

"Look out!" shouted Billy, as I jammed the pole down. "Don't—don't do that

again! I felt the whole business shake." Of course it did—the tottering, friable trap! Why we weren't fools enough to go hang over the undercut edge of the crater I don't know. With the wall of steam for background, we photographed each other—the horrid sores from sun and snow burn on our fiery cheeks and lips. I compassed off peaks and directions, sketch-mapped, made notes, all in a frenzied rush, laughing and talking at once, but with a feeling that I accomplished nothing, and that time and "the" watch were racing on with a broken escapement. The pen froze and broke and spewed all over the paper, but I scrawled right on, with illegible blurs and fly tracks, thanking Heaven that we had just spelled out our names and the date and poked them under a slab of lava.

A dappled floor of white and blue opal cloud hid all the world. Miles sheer down, Chetudina Glacier, a very Gehenna of crevasses, plunged under it. We got not a glimpse of the Copper valley, nor at the two-mile-high crest of Mount Drum. Anyhow, what mattered panoramas? North all was clearer, by the twin hazy nubs and the thumb of Mount Zanetti, and Mount Sanford raised by mirage in an orange mist and tilted toward us like a reflection in a concave mirror. And—blessed that we had eyes to see it!—the broad shoulders of McKinley (magnetic west, exactly), like one lighted window of an invisible house of splendor on the uttermost horizon.

Forty minutes of living, and then

downward. Instantly a queer drowsiness flushed me. Ten yards from the summit I could have lain in my tracks and slept. I tottered down to the crater edge and gave a sleepy look in; but there a Thing transfixed me. Was it real, was it a trick of eyes that focussed askew from the glare and gale?—Was it inherent in the dream that from the moment of descending had supplemented life? A thin ribbon, a tremulous blur, rose from the exact centre of the crater; transparent, woven of many threads, like some gelatinous sea growth. I rubbed my eyes. It was still there. Was this a spirit crater, and Wrangell but the figment of a mountain? I shivered, and plunged down the slope.

Ploughing across the white desert to the fumaroles, I had to shake myself to keep awake. "Don' care, don' care 'f school keeps or not," I kept muttering like a drunken man. And far down over the lip of ash, among the crevasses, light fogs settled over and diffused the sun into a white-hot, steely glare. Light so malign was unbelievable. Stalled, the trail lost, we had to plunge our faces into the snow and wait and wait—blind hours which fixed the illusion that reality had ended. Even through our glasses, eyes were jabbed as if with hot knives, and we felt our cheeks scorching. Yet somehow we reached the tent and food and sleep. By midnight I felt quite sane, and, oh, so happy! And still higher than any one in the world who could behold the pole-star so near the zenith, we slept.

Hodiernæ Rosæ

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

MY eyes are faded, but yours shine so clear.
Looking on you I take no thought of grief—
I wonder if the new-blown roses cheer
Yesterday's roses, withering leaf on leaf.

In the Other Room

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

THERE was a fire burning merrily in Mr. Eliphalet Grimes' grate, and on his table the cheer of a lighted lamp. Such was the cold of the dripping rain outside, the dreariness of the wet, wintry wind which howled against the window-panes, that it was small wonder that the owner of this inner coziness, his back accidentally to the closed door into the other room, drew in a sigh of happiness. His day's work had left him pleasantly satisfied, as always work well done and to be well paid leaves a man.

Turning his neat legs in the genial atmosphere of the coals, he eyed them with a pardonable admiration of the comfort with which they were clad. Even during a winter when workers at other trades felt the sting of hard times, Eliphalet Grimes felt nothing. As he could look behind him to a period of almost unbroken prosperity, so could he survey an assured present and a future which offered no cause for alarm. No matter how bitter was the storm in the village street, he need not tremble at it.

In his contentment with the charming side of life which he had found, he gave, from time to time, warming himself, a genteel cough behind his hand—a smooth hand enough. In the performance of this action, as in his eying of his legs, was no undue uppishness. Rather a cheerful self-respect. Eliphalet Grimes was a modest man.

He was possibly a trifle beyond fifty, so that he had a right to be bald, with a fringe of hair edging prosperously the shining surface of his head. Although naturally possessing a round and smiling face, he had for many years endeavored to draw down his countenance into an expression of businesslike sobriety. But it had been impossible to elongate in the slightest degree the jovial rotundity of his body, fairly bursting from the seams of his black coat—quite as impossible as it had been to really suppress the high

spirits dancing in his eyes. No sooner was his business done for the day than he became as merry as a grig.

Not only were there warmth and light in the room, but a most appetizing smell of lemons, which proceeded from the pitcher on the sideboard at the left of the white napkin which was covering a little supply of sandwiches, not to say cake; at the right were four tumblers, polished to an almost inconceivable state of brightness, four silver spoons, the sugar-bowl, and four elegant china plates. Upon the hearth a column of steam issued gayly from the teakettle, which drummed with its lifting lid like a partridge. From the depths of his armchair Eliphalet Grimes was reflected in the kettle's nickel side, beaming there rounder and happier than ever.

Now and then he pulled forth his watch—with considerable of an effort, for it was a big watch—and a tight pocket—and beheld its dial contemplatively and in not a little bright expectancy. Overhead he heard, pleasurably, his wife's steps hurrying back and forth as she dressed. He doted on a friendly game of cards, and when the two which would make this practicable were to be his friend Mr. Cotton-ear Basly and his wife's friend Miss Fanny Peaddle, and when there was in prospect, besides the game, something a bit unusual to talk about, which had lately happened in the village, he was quite lost in rapture.

Other people, when the breadwinner of the family had a paying trade, were wont to better their houses. But Eliphalet Grimes and his wife had made no change in theirs, though it might seem cramped to some. It was precisely as it had been when they had first begun to live in it and use it also for the purposes of business. They themselves still sat and received their guests—excepting off and on—in their dining-room. They had a parlor with the best—the door into it

at Eliphalet's back—but it being frequently required in the demands of trade, having a street entrance, and conveniently situated in regard to the workshop in the rear of the house, it had long been abandoned for continued use. There were just enough occasions, in between-times, that Louisa Grimes could receive her company in it to show that she had a parlor. To-night was evidently not one of these opportunities, since the door was swung to. But it would make no difference to anybody. All of their friends understood about now being parlor visitors and now not.

The hands of his watch getting around very slowly, to put in his time Eliphalet Grimes arose and opened the closed door and disappeared into the other room. It containing no fire whatever, there breathed against him, as he entered it, a singular chill. But he whistled happily to himself, taking the night lamp, burning dimly on the mantelpiece, and going over to something along the wall, on which he bestowed a contented scrutiny. The shadows about this object, when he had put the lamp back, seemed to lie athwart it more deeply, with a yet more appalling gloom and cold. No less than the dark clamor of the storm outside was the tune that he was whistling incapable of breaking the stillness which encompassed it. But he came out cheerfully, and closed the door again.

A plump hand dragged the curtain aside which covered the opening of the stairway that led to the bedrooms above. Louisa Grimes made a delightful rustle as she moved. She did love to rustle! Above her green silk she was still flushed with the exertion of dressing in a hurry. She was still working at her hooks, coming to stand over the grate.

"Why, Pet," exclaimed Eliphalet Grimes, gallantly, "if you don't look as young when you're dressed up as when I married you!"

"Now, 'Liphalet!" she smiled, bending over to poke up the fire. Plainly the years had rested on Louisa Grimes unheavily. She was rosy and stouter even than Eliphalet. Indeed she had more the gay dimensions of the teakettle than of anything else about. "Ain't it gettin' past time for 'em?" she asked with a shade of anxiety. Relishing above all

other social experiences Fanny Peaddle's and Cotton-ear Basly's weekly dropping in for cards on Tuesday night, she was fearful lest the storm to-night should prevent their coming.

Before Eliphalet Grimes could answer, the wind blew against the porch door with an extraordinary violence, which apparently landed on the door-step the guests, who had been making their way down the street in the fierce rain toward the streak of light glowing from the windows. For immediately there sounded the noise of feet stamping in goloshes.

Eliphalet Grimes found the door knob in an instant. "Don't waste no time a-comin' in!" he called out, joyfully.

A woman's streaming face was thrust coquettishly through the door frame, followed by a brace of moist spectacles and an overcoat, its shabby edges dripping.

"Land! if we ain't glad to git here!" gasped Miss Peaddle. "I can tell you, Louisa, I wouldn't 'a' ruined my feather for everybody."

"You poor creeturs!" cried Louisa Grimes. "Take off your things an' dry."

"A turrible rain," sympathized Eliphalet, setting a soaked cotton umbrella hospitably in the coal hod.

But no inclemency of the weather could really dampen the occasion at all. "Who keers?" Miss Peaddle ejaculated with a giggle.

Such was the force of this remark that everybody began to laugh tremendously.

Fanny Peaddle was done up in a great many wrappings, which she took off very fashionably. As she removed layer after layer, she glanced from her friend Louisa to the closed door into the other room. Louisa Grimes, turning her eyes in the same direction, nodded. Wiping his spectacles, Cotton-ear Basly, who was always looking at Miss Peaddle, glanced, too, at the door. Eliphalet Grimes, following the glances of the others, coughed once more genteelly behind his hand.

The final shedding of Miss Peaddle's cloak revealed an angular brown dress, with a cascade of lace, not exactly expensive, down the front of it, its meshes jabbed through with an alarming number of blue-headed pins. She had rather a longish waist, surrounded by a belt which no one could say was too snug, since there was actually, she could tell one her-

self, space for any large article to be thrust between it and her. She had rather a longish face, a trifle faded, perhaps, and yet kind and vivacious; and rather brownish hair for a lady no longer in her first youth. She put up her hands to her puffs cautiously. "Could I—" she said, archly, to Louisa.

"Why, to be sure," answered Louisa Grimes. "Go right up—that is, if you won't mind the looks of the bureau."

Miss Peadle sought the stairway. "I'll warrant you, Louisa," she giggled, "I left a worse one."

At this clever little sally everybody laughed again.

Tripping down-stairs, she had a becoming dab of powder on either cheek. She glanced over again toward the other room. "My! wasn't it awful?" she said, sitting down before the fire in her lively fashion and putting out a pair of shoes adorned with bows.

"My!" said Eliphalet Grimes, composedly.

Cotton-ear Basly stooped forward. "If anybody had a-told me when I went home to William Wyatt's house last night—" He paused impressively. It was clear that existence had not gone as easily with him as with Eliphalet Grimes. He was thin and dingy, his chest hollowed from a lifetime on a bookkeeper's stool. From one ear protruded the tuft of cotton which he habitually wore because of a sensitiveness to draughts. Behind his spectacles his eyes had a dulled look. But they did not have half as much loneliness and care in them as before he had met Miss Peadle. Since that golden day had dawned upon him he had been remarkably brightened.

"Now don't get to tellin' 'bout it," begged Louisa Grimes, "till we're all drawn up to the table."

Fanny Peadle lifted her forefinger playfully. "Not another word, Mr. Basly!"

Love had made of her, too, quite a different person. She had always used to seem very tired, although she was as brave as anybody could be who did plain sewing in her front room year after year, never daring to stop, and cooked her scanty meals in her back one, and ate them all alone, and every day saw herself growing older and nearer to a future holding nothing for her in particular but

more plain sewing and more lonely meals, until her thimble finger stiffened, and goodness knows what would happen to her then. Despite the knowledge which she and Mr. Basly had had from the first that they could not marry on his slender salary probably for several years, she had nevertheless bloomed out like a geranium taken from a cellar. Louisa Grimes was constantly astonished at the arts and graces she suddenly produced like blossoms.

"'Twas a strange thing!" Cotton-ear Basly shook his head.

"Not another *teeny* word!" threatened Miss Peadle.

While she toasted her shoes, and Louisa Grimes bustled about, changing the lamp from the middle to one side of the table, and trotting nimbly over to the chimney closet to fetch a thumbed pack of cards, the bookkeeper kept bottling himself up by hard work, as though no one in the room had heard what he had to say, nor knew anything of a certain event. Though everybody had, and knew all there was to know of it.

Eliphalet Grimes had learned of it very early that morning, from the bookkeeper himself.

And Fanny Peadle, fed on rumors all day, but a few moments before, as she and Mr. Basly made their way to the house, had been asking eager questions, which had been answered and verified. But the four had not hitherto sat together over the matter.

"If I don't get away from the fire this minute," Miss Peadle declared very soon in an intense state of interest, "I'll be roasted alive."

It being at once necessary to prevent the horror of this catastrophe, everybody left the glowing grate for the table. With much gallantry Eliphalet Grimes shoved the cards to Miss Peadle, who extended her fingers butterflyishly and turned a knave, and Cotton-ear Basly immediately after exposing a king, and the host and hostess a five spot and a two—the two falling to Eliphalet—she gave a little scream of pretended confusion at the coincidence of the partnership, and accepted the chair opposite the bookkeeper, her faded face livened almost to youth.

Eliphalet Grimes sat shuffling the

cards meaninglessly. "Twas a strange thing!" he suggested. As he sat down, the closed door was in front of him, and he lifted his eyes to it.

"A strange thing!" repeated the bookkeeper. He started to work with his dingy thumb on the surface of the table. Nobody gainsayed him the privilege of going back to the beginning to make a now familiar tale the plainer.

Seven years before he had taken a room in William Wyatt's house, already sunk to decay, the gate rusted and fallen apart, and stains on the walls from the leaking eaves, all the money gone for Benny's debts and wildness, so that there was none left to stay the ruin, and barely enough for William's and Jessie's needs.

With his thumb he put down dark stains and rust, and a man and woman made old before their times.

"More'n likely," said Eliphalet Grimes, with a bright glance around his room, "if William Wyatt had been a-contented to live in the house he begun with, and hadn't a-built a bigger, things wouldn't 'a' turned out wrong for him and Jessie."

The room the bookkeeper had taken had been across from Benny's, left always undisturbed and as it was before Benny went off to the city, where a woman had sent him to the devil.

"Oh dear *me!*" exclaimed Fanny Peadle.

"As nice a boy to start with," put in Louisa Grimes, "as ever a person seen, an' handsome."

Cotton-ear Basly rubbed on to the table a boy's chamber under the roof, and the chest beneath its window, with the B. W. cut hopefully on the lid. In the evenings, when, asked to come in, he had sometimes rested in the sitting-room on his way up-stairs, he had seen Jessie, bent under her shoulder shawl from tears and waiting for her one child, listening to the sound of footsteps going by. Often she thought a pair of coming feet were surely Benny's and ran out in the dark, only to come back and try to knit again. Many a night he had heard her in Benny's room, walking up and down.

"She always thought he'd come." The cards flipped through each other in Eliphalet Grimes' hand.

"Though she didn't live long after you went there," said Louisa Grimes.

"She didn't live long," said Cotton-ear Basly. "Jest gettin' quieter 'n' quieter. An' Benny couldn't be found for her burial. He hadn't wrote for a long time." His thumb indicated a letter which had been looked for and had never come. After Jessie Wyatt's death he had gone on living in the house. It was not long before William, too, began to fail, leaning more and more on his crutch as he might have leaned upon an only son. He had early told him his wishes that he could go on keeping his room as long as possible, which would be free to him, that the house might not be empty to a man coming back to it, and that as long as the little he and Jessie had skimped together lasted, he should pay the taxes on the place, that Benny's home might not be lost to him.

"He was sure, too, he'd come back," said Eliphalet Grimes, reflectively.

"He was sure. 'He'll come back some day,' says he to me, takin' to his high bed at last, 'an' begin over.'" Cotton-ear Basly peered across at the door into the other room. "If anybody'd a-told me, waitin' alone in that house three years, after the more'n twenty years William and Jessie waited, that Benny wa'n't too far gone on the road that woman had started him down, to ever come back, I wouldn't 'a' believed 'em. An' if anybody'd a-told me when I went home to my room last night after my supper—"

"'Twasn't a-rainin' then," said Eliphalet Grimes, "an' there was a skip o' snow."

"'Twasn't a-rainin', but clear, with a moon," answered the bookkeeper, "an' there was a skip of snow on the ground. An' as soon as I got to the gate I seen that somebody had been up the walk before me, and I seen a light in the house."

"Oh, goodness!" cried Miss Peadle.

Eliphalet Grimes stopped shuffling the cards. "An' you never guessed who them steps belonged to, an' not until you'd opened the front door an' seen the man in the sittin'-room in a cheer before the cold fireplace, did you begin to suspect who 'twas."

"Not until," answered the bookkeeper, "I seen the man with the wasted look

holdin' Jessie's shawl in his hands, did I begin to suspect who 'twas."

"He'd come back," said Louisa Grimes, "to tell William and Jessie he was goin' to begin over!"

The bookkeeper's thumb worked out a man's mother's shawl, no longer used, on the back of her chair, and his father's crutch put by on a shelf. "I made up a fire for him, though he didn't notice it. I didn't want to leave him alone, but I seen he didn't want me. Said he'd had his supper an' had been through the house an' could find things for the night. He'd come on William's note and wasn't surprised to see me."

"An' you never thought—" said Eliphalet Grimes.

"I never thought."

"And you went to bed and slept," cried Miss Peadle, "because you was so tired, poor boy, and when you woke up it was mornin', and there was nothin' stirrin' in the house. And when you come down-stairs—"

"I found Benny Wyatt dead before the fireplace, still a-settin' with Jessie's shawl," said the bookkeeper, quietly.

"Oh dear *me!*" Miss Peadle said. "You poor, poor creetur!"

Louisa Grimes shook her head as darkly as was possible for her. "There's many a one that goes that way with a weak heart, after a life like his. An' handsome still!"

Cotton-ear Basly made a figure fallen sideways in its chair, not yet old, though wrecked and done. "Handsome still." Working now with his dingy palm instead of his thumb, he wiped out the smears of a tragedy from the table.

"Handsome still!" said Eliphalet Grimes. He left his place a moment and stirred up the coals in the grate to a greater blaze. "You'll have to find you another room, Cotton-ear. They say the house 'll be sold right off for Jessie's cousins."

It was not hard in so cheerful a spot, shut in cozily from the beating of the wintry rain, to turn from death to life and hope.

"Mebbe," suggested Louisa Grimes, "you'd better look for a *house*."

Fanny Peadle blushed. "La! Louisa Grimes, how you do talk!" she giggled.

Eliphalet Grimes, to whom Providence

had granted such measure of good fortune, having to his account the two spot, shuffled slowly now in earnest and completing the operation, and the bookkeeper at his right hand tapping the offered pack on the top in perfect trust, he genially dealt out the cards.

Seldom had he more enjoyed the Tuesday night's game, the rigor of which it would have been cruel to overstrictly maintain in a circle of such friendship and spirits. If the bookkeeper too tenderly signalled to Fanny Peadle what to play, the eyes behind his spectacles growing brighter and brighter with the pleasure of the evening; if Eliphalet's wife was perpetually dropping her cards in her lap and exposing them, and picking them up again gayly; if Miss Peadle inquired every few minutes what was trumps, and was thrown into a great condition of fright, from which she was only extricated with enormous difficulty, at each trick she took, because she would have to decide what to lead next, and was terrified every time she played anything for fear she had done something dreadful, which she usually had—it but made him beam about him the more kindly and with a happier smile.

More than once Louisa Grimes, during the progress of the play, nudged Fanny Peadle to ask in a whisper, "Ain't Pa a-enjoyin' himself?"

"Ain't he!—he's such a *dear!*" cried Miss Peadle, putting forth a blossom.

When the record of the winnings stood one game for each couple of partners, Louisa Grimes interfered before the rubber. She jumped up and trotted nimbly between the teakettle and the sideboard, mixing the hot water with the contents of the pitcher, from which had been coming the delicious smell of lemons. Her green dress rustled behind her as she brought over her filled tray to the table.

Fanny Peadle threw up her hands. "Now don't tell me those 're chickun sandwiches, Louisa!"

"Chickun sandwiches." Eliphalet Grimes smiled emphatically.

His wife wiped her rosy face with her napkin.

"I knowed you wouldn't none of you like 'em!"

"I can't bear 'em!" said the book-



Drawn by H. E. Smith

IT WAS HIS MERRY TURN TO LEAD



keeper. He was already holding out his plate.

"Dear me!" said Miss Peaddle, "I won't never need to make *him* none."

"I hate 'em so," said Eliphalet Grimes, "that I sha'n't be able to eat no more of 'em than 'nough to build a steeple piled one atop the other!"

"Try an' swaller a few, all of you," Louisa Grimes urged, delightedly.

Miss Peaddle proceeded to construct a spy-glass with great archness out of a tumbler. "And that ain't a choc-late cake!"

"Yes, 'tis," said Eliphalet Grimes.

Perhaps it was because Eliphalet Grimes' guests had had some cause lately to notice the keenness of winter winds that they especially enjoyed the evening's lunch.

But Eliphalet Grimes enjoyed it no less than they. There was no apparent limit to the number of sandwiches and the pieces of cake he ate. He kept continually pressing everybody to have more of everything, being a man who loved to make others happy, never selfishly keeping his business to himself.

"You ain't a-eatin' 'nough for a bird," he said over and over to Fanny Peaddle, a remark which she accepted delicately as a compliment, notwithstanding the fact that it would have taken a bird of rather a large description to have had such an appetite as she. But there inevitably came a time when she refused anything more.

"I couldn't eat another bite," she said, vivaciously, "if you pointed a pistol at my head."

Not happening to have a weapon of this order at hand, Eliphalet Grimes was obliged to content himself with filling her tumbler and his own and every one else's with another steaming portion of hot lemonade.

Miss Peaddle helped clear away the dishes.

Just as she was about to sit down again, Louisa Grimes bethought herself. "I ain't showed you my new bunnit, hev I, Fanny?"

"Why, no, dear!" cried Miss Peaddle.

"It's in the cupboard in the other room," Louisa Grimes said. "Come in an' I'll show you."

She went ahead and opened the closed

door. Miss Peaddle followed her. Once, thus following, as the room's singular chill had struck against her, she had turned pale, but as her acquaintance with the bookkeeper had made her at friends with life at last, so had her cheerful intercourse with Eliphalet Grimes and his wife rendered her at peace with death.

Louisa Grimes took the night lamp from the mantelpiece and screwed up the wick. Moving toward the cupboard, she paused along the wall in the shadows' appalling depths and looked interrogatively at Miss Peaddle, who looked at her. They stood over the coffin, which that morning Eliphalet Grimes had selected from his stores, that lay, always ready for use, in the rear of his house. The lamp in Louisa Grimes' hand, as well as throwing its feeble gleam downward on the dead form of Benny Wyatt, shone upward on her rosy cheeks.

"My, don't he look nice!" said Miss Peaddle.

They moved on after a while to the cupboard, and the older woman drew out a green bonnet, trimmed with a parrot. "Ain't that lovely?"

"Oh, it's just *sweet*! You always look so well in parrots."

"I'm dreadful fond of 'em." Louisa Grimes laid the bonnet on its shelf again carefully, and carried the night lamp back to the mantelpiece, rustling past the coffin.

Fanny Peaddle's eyes were on the room. "It's a pity, Louisa, you have to give up the use of sech a parlor."

Her friend surveyed her carpet and her furniture. "I've been willin' to give it up," she said, simply, "an' I've had my reward. They ain't no undertaker nowhere 'bout so well thought of as 'Liphalet."

"I know they ain't!" said Miss Peaddle.

They reached their arms around each other affectionately, and went out and closed the door.

Eliphalet Grimes could not have helped hearing through the opened doorway. It came well from Louisa to put into words—which might have sounded vainglorious from himself—the fulfilment of his hopes and dreams and toil. It was his merry turn to lead. From ace, queen, knave, and ten, he placed his ace on the table. He beamed about him modestly and gave a genteel cough.

Breaking Camp at Kantara

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

WE were now come to the last day's riding toward Cairo—Googaa westward to the Suez Canal at Kantara. It was melancholy enough, indeed—the nearing end of these weeks' placid desert travelling from Jerusalem; but yet remained one day of sandy open and the last encampment of our journey. When we emerged from the tent in response to the urging dragoman, it was to the wet shadows of dawn and the sullen haste of breaking camp—to the promise of hot weather, too, I observed: no cool glow of morning, rosily expanding, but a long wound of crimson light in the eastern sky, appearing feverish. The world beyond, thought I, was already a blistering place, its ways listlessly followed in the beating yellow light; and beyond—infinately far beyond the horizon of this vacant desert—the sun had now gone down upon the snow of our own land, and the night air was there left still and frosty and blue.

Mustafa, the entertaining camel-driver, who of our caravan was first to be under-way with his slow beasts, was waiting to give the *khawaja* the salutations; and having politely performed this ceremony with his teeth chattering—the wind blew bitterly chill from the north while the earth waited for the sun—he went his noiseless way into the shadowy west, trailing after his string of camels, the camel-boys and swaying beasts grown gigantic in the slow dawn. It was broad day, cheerful weather and a fresh wind, when we mounted to follow; and those of us who were accustomed to ride together moved off at a foot pace into the sand, heartily breakfasted and eager for the road, leaving Ali Mahmoud and his muleteers to load the unwilling beasts.

We had not gone far, however, before we were interrupted by a cry from the camp; and upon this we turned sharply, to discover a Bedouin in flying pursuit, his young son following—a man of im-

poverished estate, it seemed from his patches and tatters, when he had overtaken us.

"This poor man," said Aboosh presently, "would offer a petition."

"Of what nature?" I asked.

"He has been wronged by his enemy," the dragoman answered, "and seeks redress."

"What redress have I to give!"

"The man is encouraged by the gossip of the cook's tent; it has come to his ears that six days past you dined with the English officers at El Arish, and he has grown hopeful."

The wretched Bedouin, somewhat bewildered by this foreign gabble, still regarded me in sanguine expectation. I observed that his lip hung loosely, that his diseased eyes wavered; and I conceived that beneath the brown rags of his *abba* his heart beat with accustomed timidity.

"Tell him," said I, "that I have no power."

"It is useless," Aboosh answered; "having observed the English flag flying over your tent, the man will not believe it."

"Tell him, nevertheless, that I have no power," I repeated, "but that I will listen to his story for the entertainment it may provide."

Aboosh complied with bad grace.

"I am a tribesman of those hills which the *khawaja* may descry in the south," the Bedouin related, "and I have travelled these many days hitherward afoot, my young son accompanying to ease the pangs of loneliness. I am in lamentable case, truly, being a friendless man, bound now to El Arish to obtain justice of the English, an enemy having sorely wronged me. We are two tribes of pastoral Arabs," he continued, "dwelling side by side, pasturing our flocks and tilling the soil, and have continued in this proximity in peace through many generations.



Drawn by Lauren S. Harris

EL ARISH—THE HALF-WAY CITY OF THE CARAVAN ROUTE

My little field lies between the cultivated ground of my people and the land of the neighboring tribe. That great fertile field which adjoins is possessed by a covetous man, with whom I might deal sufficiently, supported by my sheikh, were he not the nephew of the sheikh of his people. Year by year this man has encroached upon my land, now tilling a foot, now claiming to have sown where I cast my seed, until there is nothing left to me but an unyielding strip of stony ground, and I am likely to starve with my son. The sheikh of my enemy will not redress me lest he offend the man, who is a celebrated warrior in our parts and has a great following of disaffected persons among his tribesmen; and my sheikh will give me no succor

lest he involve our tribes in war, which have not warred for these generations. Nevertheless, the land is mine, and my son's after me, descended to me through the line of my forefathers, and I have not withdrawn the boundaries from the original marks, but have in every way complied with the land laws of my people. I am thus an unfortunate man, truly, abandoned by my people as a sacrifice to the ancient peace of our tribes; and it seems that my son will have no inheritance after me."

"It is an unhappy predicament, truly," I observed; "and I am amazed that you have not resorted to a private settlement of this affair."

"To what end?" he asked, with a shrug.

"To the end," I answered, "of preserving this inheritance to your son."

"I might accomplish the death of my enemy from ambush, truly," he replied; "but to what advantage this blood-feud?

for the man is a man of great family, and my son would presently follow me to the grave. It is better that I should ask the English at El Arish to deal justly between us; and to this end," he added, with an upward glance of entreaty, "I crave the boon of the *khawaja's* distinguished friendship."

"I grieve," said I, sadly, "that I cannot help you."

"Will the *khawaja* not obtain that justice for me?" the Bedouin begged.

Aboosh sighed. I fancied that the simple dragoman would have me intrude.

"Give this poor man *backsheesh* in reward for his story," said I, "and tell him that the English will deal justly."

"He will not believe," Aboosh replied, "that justice is to be had without influence."

"The lesson, then," said I, riding off, "will be to his advantage."

"Will the *khawaja* write no single word?" the Bedouin called, in entreaty.

We rode in a direction from El Arish, to which city the Bedouin was bound. I wondered that he followed us. . . .

From El Arish, the half-way city of the caravan route from Palestine to the ancient Egypt, we had for five days ridden through a sandy desert, sparsely bushed with a mean gray growth; but here, nearing the canal, was no vegetation at all—an untouched waste of yellow sand, drifted in great hills, the edged ridges now smoking in a smart breeze, valleys and brief plains set in unchanging ripples. At noon it was cruelly hot riding: the breeze had fallen away, the desert air palpitated under the sun, the yellow world merged its outlines and was become a glare of hot reflection, featureless to our protesting eyes.



ABOOSH

We had by this time overtaken Mustafa's camels, which we passed, and were closely trailed by Ali Mahmoud and his mules, with which the big master of the muleteers had followed speedily, according to the instruction of Aboosh. The cautious dragoman had said that though in the wide desert men and mules might with inviolable safety stray at will, the approach to town must be accomplished in company, lest some loss or worse catastrophe befall at the hands of practised robbers who might immediately escape to the confusion of a city.

The younger *khawaja*, however, who had jogged these days on the back of an army camel, a *thelul* of beauty, was not riding in our company; with Taufik, the dragoman's peppery brother, and Corporal Ali, a businesslike Sudanese of the garrison at El Arish, he was far in the rear, lost to view behind the sand-hills loftily intervening. From time to time Aboosh turned in his stirrups to peer into the glare behind; and so persistent was the offence against the quietude of our progress that I questioned his anxiety with much rudeness: upon which he answered mildly that if Taufik were to be accounted a reckless youth, Corporal Ali was a fool to indulge the younger *khawaja's* whim to linger on the road.

"It is true," I taunted, "of what you accuse yourself: you are not of the lion-heart."

He laughed. "You are a rascal, and would tease me!"

"I would not discover you," I answered, "in this foolish solicitude."

"It is my way thus to be anxious," said he, turning to look again.

For a time we rode without speaking—the young dragoman wretchedly downcast, it seemed: not interested, now, to keep his spare figure in the saddle with that exquisite grace to which he aspired, nor to poise his head in the proud fashion he cultivated, nor to glance boldly round about upon the world, nor to preserve the saucy angle of his mustache, nor in any other way to display those vanities in which he was frank to find delight.

"Here is a poor dragoman," I presently complained, "thus to be full of sighs upon a journey!"

"I think of my five troubles," he replied.



WE HAD OVERTAKEN MUSTAFA'S CAMELS



A BAND OF BEDOUINS STREAMED BY

"It would be interesting," I observed, "to hear them recounted."

He spurred his horse near with a gentle little laugh. "First," said he, the smile yielding place to an expression of genuine and reverent concern, "is my religion: I am no Mohammedan, to be content with the forms, but a Christian, who must live by the spirit; and I must constantly trouble myself with the question, 'Do I truly live in the fear of God?' Second," he continued, "is my flesh and blood: that mother, now grown old in Jerusalem, who fled with me over the desert from Mesopotamia, where my father was murdered; those sisters and their five children who are now dependent upon me; that Taufik, my brother, going to America—of all these I must ask myself,

'Do I serve them as my father would?' Third," he proceeded, "is my present duty: am I faithfully serving those who employ me? do they travel in the comfort and safety which I promised them according to my contract? And I am now troubled," he added, looking behind, "because the younger *khawaja* is not in sight. Fourth," he resumed, after a moment, "is my conduct: I must not fail to trouble myself with the question, 'Am I kind to the unfortunate?' for when I was a boy, travelling the roads about Jerusalem to earn bread for my family, I did not receive kindness, and I remember the feeling. Fifth," he concluded, looking up from the hot road with a smile, "is my future. I am a young man, but one with many obligations, and I cannot help troubling myself with the question,

'What is to become of me?' A young man with obligations cannot honestly take new responsibilities; and, though I have no one in view at present, I cannot help wondering—"

And the excellent young fellow's recital ended in a burst of bashful laughter.

We were interrupted, now, by the appearance of a band of Bedouin travellers, streaming unexpectedly over a near-by rise. They came swinging down the faintly hoof-marked track toward the valley wherein we labored deep in the sand-drift; and I observed that those mounted among them rode their camels without weariness, and that those afoot trod jauntily, all of them advancing with much hilarity, of calling to one another

and of a chantlike singing. They would hearten themselves for the road by chanting war-songs (said Aboosh); and I recall that the approach in this manner—the long stride, the vigorous carriage, accompanied by the rhythmical sound of voices—was an enlivening spectacle.

There was none poor among them, it seemed; they were clad in fabrics of price, worn with an air in keeping with proud countenances, and the trappings of the beasts were new and abundant: here, indeed, was neither rag of poverty, the unkempt appearance of poor men, nor the lowered eyes of the meek. They came compactly upon us, with a great flashing of eyes and grinning, throwing loud words in advance: two old men, I recall, appearing in authority, with a dozen stiff-necked fellows in a bearded prime, and some mischievous-mouthed boys.

It was a noisy passing; but Aboosh gave them no salutation in return, nor courteously yielded somewhat of the road, nor acknowledged them at all, but straightened in his saddle, riding now at the head of our caravan with that large assumption of dignity he could command, until they were well past and the answering badinage of our muleteers had ceased, whereupon he relaxed into listlessness, and the amusement was over.

"A saucy crew!" said I.

"Truly," he answered; "yet it is wise to go peaceably in a strange country."

Wearing the gray hairs of cautious age, I did agree; and I turned then to look back, but could catch no sign of the younger *khawaja* on the road.

It was ever hotter riding; we went between two flaming round wastes—sun overhead and sand underfoot: the desert

had absorbed what heat it could contain, and now reflected the white rays with hardly diminished severity. There was no heart in our company for the accustomed diversions of the road: Mustafa had no tale to recite, Rachid no love-song of his composition with which to distract us from the weariness of this

riding. I observed that Whishie, a masterless dog which had followed our camp from Jerusalem, practised a cunning expedient, which, being a beast of "the wall," she had now first discovered. She would hasten in advance, paw a hole in a sandy slope, and snuggle in this small shade of her creation until we were well beyond, whereupon she would come running after us, either to repeat the performance or trot, tongue hanging, in the shadow of my



TAUFIK

horse, which was directly under his belly. There was no other incident to enliven the way; we were indeed most unhappily hot and restless and bored—save the camels of Mustafa, which continued the slow, invariable pace, indifferent.

In this emergency of tedium I demanded of Aboosh the story of the murder of his father in Mesopotamia.

"It is a wild tale," he replied.

"So much the better," said I. "The Bedouins have a proverb: A good story is the half of a day's journey."

"I am the second son," he related, as I may paraphrase the tale, "of the Man With the Cat. My father was the sheikh of thirteen villages in Mesopotamia, with power to levy taxes and to gather them by force, and was in consequence a rich and powerful man, hated by his enemies and well served by those self-interested friends who thrived upon his bounty. I was a child when my mother fled with me into Palestine, and



THE HORIZON WAS A LINE OF PALM TREES

of the land remember only a swiftly flowing river, and of our state recall little more than a gray body-servant and a white horse; but my mother has told me many stories of our wealth—of flocks and horses, of stores of corn, of the armed servants with whom my father rode, of jewels and carpets in a great house, of coffers in the cellar, from which gold and silver were not counted, but weighed. My father was a savage man, able to defend his life against attack in force, which, indeed, he must often do, but lived in dread of poisoning. For this reason he would never venture abroad without a cat; and into strange houses, where he must eat, he would carry her to taste the food, as an extraordinary precaution: so that to many people in Mesopotamia he was known (and is to this day remembered) as the Man With the Cat. In this way he balked his enemies, until a cunning plan was devised to outwit him. Invited to feast at the house of a friend, he laid off his shoes at the door, as the custom is, and while the entertainment was in progress some enemy poisoned his shoes in a curious manner: this being with fine fragments of glass upon which some deadly fluid had been allowed to dry. When my father returned from the feast,

his feet were scratched and swollen; and he was presently dead of the lockjaw, leaving my elder brother, the father of this Taufik, to assume his station and the wealth of his office."

"The father of this Taufik who rides behind with the younger *khawaja* and Corporal Ali?" I echoed.

"Yes," Aboosh answered; "it is true that Taufik passes as my brother, and was nursed at my mother's breast, his mother having died; but he is in reality my nephew, the son of my elder brother, who was slain by my father's enemies before the young man's birth."

"This Taufik," I asked "is then by right the sheikh of thirteen villages in Mesopotamia?"

"It is true," Aboosh answered; "but what matter? for Jerusalem, to which my mother fled with us after the death of my father and brother, is a long way from Mesopotamia."

"I have a vision of adventure for the young man," said I.

Aboosh was puzzled.

"From America to return to Mesopotamia," I cried, enthusiastically, "and possess himself of that which was taken from his father."

"Why should he do this thing?"

"To be the sheikh of thirteen villages."

Aboosh laughed heartily. "It is not worth while," said he, "to be the sheikh of thirteen villages in Mesopotamia."

"Not worth while to live thus in princely state!" I exclaimed, aghast.

"It is in Mesopotamia," he retorted.

Nevertheless, the adventure upon which this young and stout-hearted Taufik might honorably embark seems to be an undertaking of proportions and rare flavor. The distance of the scene, the isolation of the struggle, the spears and flint-locks, are appealing aspects. My view, however, may be an error of the romantic imagination; perhaps, after all, it is not an interesting thing to shed blood and dwell in jeopardy.

We rounded a great sand-hill, peaked and cliffed like a veritable mountain, and rode out upon a plain, gratefully hard underfoot. The horizon was a line of palm trees, the continuity of green broken at intervals; there was no glimpse of water—no indication of change in the desert we travelled. Presently, however, against the background of sky and further sand, the smoke-stacks of a steamship appeared, traversing the barren in a way to amaze the traveller from those remote places whence we were. Here, then, was the canal, it seemed; the paces of our untroubled journey were numbered. There was instantly the end-

ing, indeed; a glimpse of smoke-stacks, and we were no longer nearing the familiar perturbations, but had returned to them. I wondered what time the train left Kantara for Cairo; and was there a time-table? and would there be a dining-car? or must the cook put up a bite to eat?

We mended the pace; the camels were urged to a lumbering trot, the mules hastened under the lusty calling of Ali Mahmoud, the dog ran barking in advance, the worn Rachid broke into the last dog-trot of his long travelling. A rusty tin can, obtruding from a little drift of sand, conveyed its suggestion; there was then the rag of a newspaper—presently the scattered refuse of a town, blown far out by the winds. Low houses emerged in shiftless detail from the bank of palms; separating from these a half-boarded structure took form, and I distinguished the sound of a hammer. Other smoke-stacks appeared; there was the fussy puffing of a tugboat, the blast of a steam whistle. The sand was unclean, the air polluted; here were all the aggravations come again.

We skirted the outbuildings of a wretched village—an out-at-the-elbows settlement, weak in the knees, indolent, sore-eyed, and unwashed—and threaded a way among hills of accumulated dredgings from the canal. At last, disheart-



THE SMOKE-STACKS OF A STEAMSHIP APPEARED

enced, we came to the bank of a green, swift-flowing stream (the tide then changing), bustling with the traffic of the world. Near by was the little town; between was a hand-propelled ferry, conveying camels toward Cairo; across was a trim railroad station, a grass-plot, a garden, and a switch-engine. The passengers of a slow-passing P. and O. liner came to the rail to stare.

We dismounted for the last time. Rachid, according to the custom he had established, took the bridle of my horse.

"It is finished!" said I, in the Bedouin way.

"*Khawaja*, truly," he replied, "it is a melancholy thing to leave these sands."

Our caravan was to return to Jerusalem, while we took train for Cairo in the morning.

I went to an eminence of dredgings to search the plain for the younger *khawaja*. He had come into view at last, but was riding alone, and that in a curious fashion, vacillating between haste and leisure. He would now tap the neck of his camel until the beast trotted, but having achieved this, would almost instantly persuade it back to agitated walk. I must therefore conclude that he would make haste if he could, but was unable to continue with the breath beaten out of his body by the jolting gait of his beast. Presently I observed Corporal Ali and Taufik emerge from the cover of a sand-hill; they were at a foot pace, with a gesticulating Bedouin walking between the horses. To this mystery was added the appearance of a second Bedouin, who came running beyond, not with untouched strength, but falteringly, in the way of a man who had run far and eagerly. Having overtaken the horsemen, the runner took the place of the first Bedouin, who then trailed disconsolately behind, his excitement all at once departed; and in this manner the group approached over the plain.

"The man in the custody of Corporal Ali," the younger *khawaja* explained, having arrived, "is our prisoner."

"And the old man following?"

"He was seized to insure the appearance of the other."

"It is doubtless an interesting adventure to have taken a prisoner," I ob-

served; "but, in the name of Heaven! what are we to do with a captured Bedouin?"

"Why," cried the younger *khawaja*—as though the thing were a privilege—"we shall make an example of him, of course!"

It seems that these three loiterers of our company, riding alone in the desert behind, had fallen in with the sixteen saucy Bedouins whom we had earlier encountered. Taufik was neither of the nature nor that mellowed age to accept an insult with no more than a contemptuous lift of the head. At any rate, small blame to him; these jaunty rascals had challenged the issue. When the younger *khawaja* was cursed for a Christian lout (and worse), the young dragoon slipped from his horse and felled the offender of his master. It was instantly an affray—and of the liveliest intention. The Bedouins cried: "Kill them! Kill them!" and fell upon the unarmed Taufik with this swift purpose.

They meant—in the passion of the moment—to deliver his death; here was no mere wayside brawl, but a murderous onslaught. Staves were employed against him; the long, curved Arab knives were drawn, but driven with poor aim in the confusion, so that no mortal blow was dealt. Corporal Ali was now engaged; but the unfortunate younger *khawaja*, perched high on the hump of his frantic camel, was unable to fetch the beast to his knees, and must for the moment contain his lust to strike. When at last he abandoned the saddle at a great leap, the Bedouins were in flight, bruised by the fists of Taufik and Ali into a reviving consciousness of their indiscretion.

Taufik was a thing of shreds and bruises, beaten about the head, and bleeding from small wounds of knives; but Corporal Ali was seathless, breathing easily and not unduly disordered. He now stood composed, with his long black fingers closed about the beard of an old man, who pleaded piteously to be released. Near by was a grave patriarch, of sheikhly authority over his departed tribesmen, to whom Corporal Ali, in a musical address, drawled that the old gentleman whose beard he retained would be held as a hostage for the

delivery of that offender whom Taufik had first accosted.

"Now," the younger *khawaja* concluded, "by good fortune we have the man to deal with."

I lamented the laborious necessity.

"What!" cried the younger *khawaja*; "would you have this fellow go free? Why," he exclaimed, outraged, adopting the English attitude, "he attacked—us!"

The thing must be done, then, for the unpardonable offence of lifting a hand against the Anglo-Saxon, or the servant of the Anglo-Saxon, in an Eastern land occupied by the English; there was no evading a duty of this grave public nature, lest the journey of some other traveller be more seriously interrupted, they all wisely said.

The tents were now raised, the rugs spread, the *khawaja's* easy chair set in the shade; and here on the bank of the cool-flowing canal the *khawaja* elegantly rested, the admired of Egyptians, his attention occupied with an occasional whiff from the cook's pots, with the manifold beauties of the Blue Rug, with the grace of the palm tree opposite, and with a fragrant cup of coffee, the product of the art of Rachid, formerly employed by David's Gate. He reverted presently to the veritable catastrophe of un-

palatable duty confronting him—justice upon the head of that erring Bedouin—but was interrupted by a diffident clearing of the throat in his proximity. It was the wronged Bedouin of Googaa, his son in his shadow—not the captured offender, but that ragged man who in the early morning had sought to enlist the *khawaja's* sympathy, but had been denied. He had followed all these sandy miles from the last well to renew his petition for the *khawaja's* influence in the proceeding he was about to take against the enemy who had encroached upon his land. "Come!" thought the *khawaja*;

"this ragged fellow is of a mind too simple and timid to conceive a plot, and, moreover, having at some cost preserved an acquaintance through one whole day, he is become like an old friend. Why shall a man not introduce one gentleman to another? I will curry additional favor with the captain at El Arish by presenting him with the furred dust-glasses he coveted. Of this gift the petitioning Bedouin shall be the bearer; and if it please the captain to listen to the Bedouin's complaint (I will write), it will doubtless please the Bedouin, too, and would unquestionably delight the vanishing *khawaja*, could the tale of this indulgence but come to his ears." The Bedouin was



THE HOSTAGE

politely grateful, assuming a letter favorable to his suit; and the sleepy attention of the *khawaja* was permitted again to engage with the palms and green water and the coffee of Rachid.

I do not know the end of the story of the poor Bedouin who was sacrificed by his sheikh to preserve the tribe in its ancient peace. It was an incident by chance of the caravan route, where men pass, going east and west, and the tales they live issue in conclusions beyond the ken of vanished travellers.

There presently arrived from the dust and odors and shiftless litter of Kantara an animated group. Here was the admirable Aboosh, in a saucy rage, browbeating a greasy, pop-eyed, corpulent Egyptian in a womanish red skirt, who radiated the pomposity of a native magistrate, which, indeed, he confessed to being; and here was the beseeching offender, pattering repentance with the fervor and regularity of a Gatling gun, his aged tribesman a melancholy echo of the forlorn assault upon our sympathies.

No sooner had the Bedouin caught sight of the younger *khawaja* than he dropped prostrate, grovelled close, kissed the astounded young man's shoes, clambered up his leggings, and embraced his knees; and in this attitude of humiliation he continued a not unmusical agony of pleading until the younger *khawaja* disengaged himself and fled blushing to his tent. Thus abandoned, the Bedouin fell at the feet even of this Armenian Taufik (but with a wry face), who dodged behind

Rachid, leaving the elder *khawaja* exposed to the culprit's attentions.

I could not release my shoes, though what with these caresses I toppled perilously; and I was as loath to strike as cruelly to kick out. It was Corporal Ali who stucked the man to his distance, and then kept him in watchful custody, in the way of a policeman who is used to the calculating repentance of sinners. In the mean time the engagement between Aboosh and the corpulent magistrate had gone crescendo to a deafening pitch; whatever the argument, it had elicited a noisy eloquence, in the exercise of which the magistrate had near lost his breath and the dragoon had altogether lost his temper.

Two benignant travellers, having hitherto wandered unmolested and unmolestingly, we were caught at last, it seemed, in a very tempest of beligerent agitation.

"This greasy rascal of a magistrate," Aboosh informed me, "will do nothing; and we are therefore demeaned by him."

"What!" cried I, in wrath.

"They are all Mohammedans together," he explained.

I had before been of the heart of compassion; but I perceived, now, with rising indignation—such is religious partisanship—that the crime of this bloodthirsty and villainous Arab was of a nature to be severely dealt with under the law.

"What has that to do with the man's guilt?" I demanded.

"The Mohammedan feast is near, and the Bedouin is in haste to celebrate it with his tribe," Aboosh answered;



THE WRONGED BEDOUIN OF GOOGAA

"the magistrate will not imprison him for as much as three days lest he be detained beyond the time."

"I will speak with him," said I, truculently.

It chanced, however, that I had no need to persuade the Egyptian; the persuasion was inadvertently accomplished by Ali Mahmoud, the big muleteer, and that in a most curious and informing manner. Ali Mahmoud, having now arranged the camp to his satisfaction, ran up the British flag, according to his custom, and lumbered off to sit with the cook, an eye on the pot, and a broad red nose expanded to the steam of the cooking.

The effect upon the magistrate was bewildering; in a flash he had transformed himself.

"What has come over this fellow?" I asked the dragoman.

"He says," Aboosh interrupted, with a triumphant little laugh, "that at Kantara they are the dogs of the English. 'We are the dogs of the English,' he says; 'what shall we do sufficiently to punish the rascally Bedouin who has assaulted your excellency's servants and secretary?'"

"Tell him that he must himself impose the punishment," I replied; "but in the name of Heaven! first explain his acquiescence."

"Ali Mahmoud raised the flag."

"Did the man not know that we were British subjects? Surely we speak the language!"

"It is true that you speak English," Aboosh answered, significantly; "but you go clean-shaven."

Forthwith the dogs of the English hurried the Bedouin off to jail.

There was an interval of repose; and



AHMED, THE CAMEL-BOY

while we sat at ease in the shade of the tent, undisturbed by the curious of Kantara, who were kept off by a patrol in the person of Rachid, Aboosh gravely reflected, apparently occupied with a problem of no small importance. It seemed he could not determine whether to bathe and array himself for the glittering promenades of Cairo at that moment or await another

time of leisure; but eventually concluding to have the solemn business over with, he departed, grave as befitted the approaching ceremony. I heard a great splashing, calls for the assistance of Rachid, admiring exclamations, an altercation and a gentle debate; then roundabout passed Elias, the cook's boy, crying, "*Khawaja* Aboosh! *Khawaja* Aboosh!" And the admirable dragoman responded, clad resplendently below a suspicious slender waist, but not ready for inspection above, one strand of his mustache in a curl-paper and the other hanging damp and limp.

There was a glint of official braid about the visitor whom he received; and I observed that Elias set stools and a table near by, and fetched coffee, and that Aboosh and the stranger got their heads together, and laughed a great deal, and in all seemed to have an excellent time together. But I was presently enlightened. Aboosh came to me woebegone, his brows drawn with trouble, his hand pulling in an agitated way at the unoccupied strand of his mustache. "You know," said he, "that one of our horses is worn and has for three days carried no burden? Well," he continued, "this man is a quarantine officer, and the thing has been reported to him. The horse is in good health, as I know, having observed him care-

fully; but this man says that he has a running at the nose and will communicate a plague to all the horses and camels of Egypt if he is permitted to return over the desert to Jerusalem tomorrow, as I had planned!"

"His greed is the doctor," said I.

"Truly," cried Aboosh, distressed to the point of tears; "but he has me at his mercy. I must either waste the profits of this long journey in maintaining my animals and men in a quarantine of three weeks at Kantara or hand the last *piastre* of them to this greedy official."

"I would not pay one penny!" said I.

"That is not the way," he replied; "the man is entitled to some small bribe from every traveller who can afford to pay. I do not wish to be ungenerous; but he seems like a hard man, and I think he will demand more than his right when he comes again, even every *piastre* of my profits."

"Has he named no sum?" I asked.

"No," the dragoman sighed; "he has not yet formed an estimate of the amount of my profits."

"What shall you do to protect your pocket?" said I.

"I will be clever in conversation," was the answer.

Here, indeed, was a pity. Aboosh had labored diligently in our service, and was a man of many obligations, generously assumed.

It occurred to me late in the afternoon that the captured Bedouin might even then be on trial; and I despatched Aboosh in haste to the village (two curl-papers now engaging his mustache) to make sure that he was not punished with undue severity by these solicitous dogs of the English. The obsequious magistrate



THE COOK'S BOY

had relieved me of attendance, and my servants; nor, said he, would he put me to the fatigue and disturbance of providing witnesses, but would himself close the incident with neatness and despatch. It was a happy thing, therefore, that Aboosh was present with a gift of mercy; for when the dragoman arrived, the zealous judge was on the very point of condemning the forsaken unfortunate to a year's servitude in the prison at Port Said.

"You remember Mirza, the sheikh of the Tribe of Them That Had Heard?" the dragoman asked me, having returned to the lengthened shadow of my tent. "You remember that with the elders of his tribe he drank coffee with you in your encampment at the Well of Mazaar? You remember that you rode through the salt-swamp and ate dates and drank coffee with him and his elders in his tent? You remember that you were served with one cup—with two cups—with the third cup? You have not forgotten the meaning of the third cup—that it signifies not only the friendship of the sheikh, for mutual defence and offence, but the loyal devotion of his tribe? You remember that, departing, you indulged Sheikh Mirza with a gift, and that he received it, vowing his devotion and the loyalty of his tribesmen to endure forever? Well," the dragoman concluded, with a knowing little wink and grin, "these offending Bedouins, of whom this man was the chief, are of the Tribe of Them That Had Heard, returning from Cairo."

"What punishment was inflicted?" I asked.

"When I informed the man of these exchanges of hospitality," Aboosh replied, "he hung his head and wept, cry-

ing out that he had shamed his tribe; and in pity I persuaded the magistrate to reduce the sentence to one week in the jail at Kantara."

The poor Bedouin had engaged my sympathies.

Night came, after a flaring sunset—of those great clouds, flung mightily forth and wide-lying in the west, terrible with heaviness and silence and lurid colors. It was presently dark; and here, again, all roundabout, was the same dear mystery of stars. Rachid called us to the fire, which crackled its own invitation to the warmth and shifting red light in a voice of persuasive cheerfulness; and we sat down in the sand, as we had these many nights, in the company of all those who travelled with us and of whatsoever wanderers would be entertained at our table. Rachid crooned a love-song, to which we listened, stirred but uncomprehending, and thereafter recited with relish a composition which set forth the heroism of the younger *khawaja* in the bloody engagement of that day (who had been no hero at all); and Mustafa, that entertaining camel-driver, related his last informing story, and Corporal Ali, the Soudanese, now first disclosed his princely descent, as to a circle of eternal friends, adding a diverting explanation of his situation of servitude with the English; and the younger *khawaja* indulgently performed tricks of magic, to the delight of little Ahmed, the camel-boy; and big Ali Mahmoud told laughable tales which Aboosh would not repeat, though they convulsed the whole company. These delights of evening recurred as when we travelled the remoter sands and there was no lapping water, no red and green lights, drifting by, no morning prospect of farewell and haste and noise, no neighborhood of dwellings, but only the vacant desert, lying infinitely roundabout under the stars.

Aboosh was withdrawn from our company by the advent of the quarantine officer; presently he rejoined us unmoved.

"Well?" I inquired.

"I have made a mistake," he whispered, humbly. "The man is a gentleman; two napoleons were sufficient to appease him."

We were early astir in the morning—abroad in the cold air long before dawn—to oblige the gentlemanly quarantine officer, who had provided, when the dragoon's gold touched his palm, that the beasts which he had mistakenly suspected of affliction must nevertheless be outward bound toward the eastern desert before the break of day. When the caravan was ready to depart on the return journey to Jerusalem, Aboosh took Ali Mahmoud aside, to ease his own heart of an oppression which had long troubled him: it being a perilous thing, said he, for Christians to be outnumbered by Mohammedans on the desert road, or Mohammedans to be outnumbered by Christians. "You are all Mohammedans but the cook and Elias," he entreated the big muleteer; "and I charge you to see that no harm befalls them—neither hunger nor thirst nor ill treatment," and Ali Mahmoud made the threefold Mohammedan oath to protect the shivering Christians in the event of catastrophe. They went one by one—a gloomy, staggering caravan—over the hills to the shadows of the plain, and were there enfolded from our view; but Elias, the cook's boy, lingered to strap the third saddle-bag upon the gray stallion I had ridden, though I had warned him that the beast would carry no burden save his rider. He was a youth overconfident, and presently in hard case, for he was instantly thrown; but he mounted again, with a laugh, and was once more toppled over the horse's head. Aboosh called to Ali Mahmoud, who came back in a rage with the folly of Elias; and the two went away together, in melancholy fashion. The last glimpse we had of our engaging followers revealed a boy from Jerusalem afoot and crying heartily.

We said good-by to Corporal Ali last of all—this when the sun was high, the village life astir.

"Corporal Ali," I said, "I have a grave commission, which you will perform upon our departure."

The Soudanese came to rigid attention.

"Do you, then," I enjoined, "go instantly to the magistrate and command the release of that Bedouin."

"The *khawaja*," he replied, smiling, "has learned mercy."

Feet of Clay

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

FOR both women the meeting had its bruise of awkwardness, softened ever so lightly to Lynn Wallace by faint instinctive triumph in the consciousness that eyes, hair, and eager, lissom figure, all gave her the advantage of vivid and untouched freshness, the insuperable advantage of youth.

Mrs. Stanton, so other women said, was thirty-five, and at close range she looked it. There were fine lines about her eyes, and a dimple deeply indenting her left cheek gave promise of becoming a wrinkle. Whatever she might have been in the high lights of youth, she had not faded—her slender blond prettiness rejected the suggestion at first glance,—but she had been somehow hardened; you saw that easily enough. The delicate, impassive face, with its even flush on cheek and lip, gave subtly the effect of frail, exquisitely glazed porcelain, and the cool, slow glance of her sea-gray eyes had nothing, even in its depths, of the younger woman's tense, unspoken feeling. She seemed rather to observe than to act, but she observed or acted, equally, with an absoluteness of conventionality that chafed upon Miss Wallace like a visible restraint.

They faced each other for a moment in a sort of compelled silence, their glances measured delicately, and old Mrs. Aylwin, who had presided at the introduction, found need for her immediate attention in a far corner of the studio. At first hand, the scene promised sparks struck from steel, to the possible detriment of an innocent bystander.

Mrs. Stanton looked after the retreating laces of the good lady's train with a leisurely and amused little smile, that hinted at thorough comprehension of the undercurrents. Presently she brought her glance back, in a casual touching on indifferent objects, male and female, to the girl beside her, where it lingered, still silently, but with an aloofness that saved it from intention.

Arched brows bent over great, eager eyes, soft lips held to a purposeful line, Miss Wallace returned the look. In her flushed sombreness she had something the suggestion of a young Tragedy—a very tragic Tragedy, and very young. Her dark tailored gown, her dark heavy furs, even the big black hat she wore, plume-wreathed and drooping picturesquely, precluded flippancy, and set her over against Mrs. Stanton's controlled soft coloring in a very vital contrast.

It was the girl who spoke first, breaking the silence with a low, quick-cadenced voice, impulsive and strangely harmonic in its deeper notes.

"I have so wanted to meet you," she said, significantly. She sent the challenging directness of her look straight into Mrs. Stanton's keener, colder eyes, and one hand clenched itself lightly and quickly within the warm seclusion of the great muff she held.

There was no acceptance of a hidden gage in the other's slight, responsive smile. She only murmured in courteous acknowledgment.

"You are very good to say so," and turned to the quiet of a corner in the big crowded studio, where a settle of some black, carved wood, heaped with bright silken cushions, stood momentarily empty.

"Shall we sit down?" she asked, with the cool, pretty drawl habitual to her. She led the way, trailing the exquisite folds of a green clinging gown over the shining surfaces and mottled tiger-skins of Leonard's cherished floor. "One gets so tired standing—don't you think?"

She watched Miss Wallace settle herself, with swift, eager movements thrusting the enticing pillows aside, then leaning forward with a kind of restless uncertainty behind the waiting poise.

"Or are you easily tired?" Mrs. Stanton went on, her smile still a pleasant abstraction.

"I am never tired," Miss Wallace answered at once, vividly. "I cannot remember that I have ever been tired in my life. I am very strong, you see."

Mrs. Stanton looked back at her in a careless survey that escaped impertinence by a sudden gracious curving of the lips and an easy shifting of the glance, just as the other moved restlessly, resenting it.

"I see," she murmured; "you are very fortunate. After all—athletics are so popular nowadays—I have a sister who thinks nothing of ten miles in the morning before breakfast."

"I am not at all athletic," objected Miss Wallace, briefly. She had not sought this meeting to talk conventional nothings. She drew herself tenser within her corner of the settle, her dark, glowing face flushed almost feverishly. Her furs stifled her, and she loosened them, so that they slipped softly down upon her shoulders.

"I suppose it is temperament, then," Mrs. Stanton offered, with just the right degree of courteous interest, "or nervous force, or something of the sort."

She was not looking at the girl now, but across the room, between knots of chattering men and women, to where, at the big open piano, a little woman in black was turning over a pile of music. She was a thin little woman, with smooth, brown hair, brought down Madonna-wise on either side of a placid oval face, and she wore one pink rose on the breast of her unfashionable black cloth gown.

"Have you heard Miss Neville sing? She has a charming voice, wonderfully sympathetic."

"No," said Miss Wallace, "I have not." She caught her breath in a little choke of nervousness before the thing she was about to do, but went on, determined and intense. "It is strange—isn't it?—that we haven't met before."

Mrs. Stanton's eyes came back, with a sudden ripple of light on their untouched surfaces, to the eager, darkling eyes that dared them.

"Why?" she asked, aloofly—nothing more.

The girl clasped her hands within the big soft muff, and lifted it unconsciously to her cheek. "Did you know me? No—wait—I mean, *should* you have known me?"

"Why," Mrs. Stanton considered, disinterestedly, "should I have known you?" She regarded Miss Wallace with a meditative and unruffled smile, touching the corners of her lips but not her eyes. "Have I met you somewhere, Miss Wallace? I have the poorest memory for faces. Do forgive me if I *should* have known you."

"I don't mean that." Miss Wallace's mood went deeper than the flicker of sarcasm in the other woman's voice. She faced her with straight, ardent inquiry.

"The book—"

"There are so many books—which one, Miss Wallace? I read almost nothing. One has so little time."

"*Still Waters*, your husband's book. You read that?"

"Yes," Mrs. Stanton admitted, amusedly. "Oh yes, I read my husband's books. I remember now, that you are said to be the heroine of *Still Waters*. I believe it has been very successful; it is in its sixth edition now—isn't it?"

"Did you know me?" Miss Wallace insisted.

Mrs. Stanton smiled. She played with a bracelet of silver and jade, slipping it up and down upon a slender, black-gloved wrist.

"Yes," she said at last, "I dare say I did know you. It doesn't matter, does it, one way or the other? Mr. Stanton has made your hair lighter and given you a year or two more than I fancy you have lived, but, on the whole, the picture is recognizable, and—attractive. You like it?"

Miss Wallace lifted her head with a proud little gesture of acknowledgment.

"It is an honor."

"Oh, as for that—" drawled Mrs. Stanton. She shrugged delicately, with a possible dissension as to interpretations of the term.

"It is an honor," the girl repeated, ardently. She smoothed her muff with the fingers of one long, nervous hand. "It has meant a great deal to me, just knowing Mr. Stanton."

His wife's smile was remarkably without enthusiasm. "Edgar is a liberal education."

"Ah! So near to him, you must see—"

"Nearness rather mars a good perspective, doesn't it?" Mrs. Stanton

smothered the ghost of a yawn behind a rose, drawn from a tall bronze jar beside the settle. "Wives of great men all remind us—I believe we're supposed, as a rule, to be incapable of appreciating greatness—the result of too intimate acquaintance."

"He is wonderful! wonderful!" murmured Miss Wallace, as if the other had not spoken. "I think there is nobody like him." She broke off, watching Mrs. Stanton intently, a slow flush mounting beneath the clear, fine olive of her skin. "That," she finished, almost timidly, "is why I have wanted to meet you. You understand?"

Mrs. Stanton looked back at her coolly, a hint of interest new-lit in the gray, still eyes, her brows arching to a question.

"I am very dense, I know," she reasoned, slowly, "but why should you want to know *me*, because you find Edgar—attractive? Of course you do find him attractive. People talk, you know—I have heard various bits of gossip this winter, since the book came out—some of them I am quite sure you wouldn't have liked,—but none of it explains your wish to meet me. I confess, Miss Wallace, it would not have occurred to me that you should."

"You mean," Miss Wallace suggested, "that because of my friendship with him—"

"We have very few friends in common," explained Mrs. Stanton, lightly.

"Still, it's because of my—"

"Friendship?"

"Friendship," she accepted proudly, "is not quite a big enough word, still it will do. It's most of all because of that I have wanted to know you. This is an absolutely impossible thing for me to say to you, but in a way I can't help feeling that I owe you—reparation—as if I had taken something that was yours, something not mine, by right. They say you don't care—forgive me—I have so wanted to *know* if you cared—to tell you, if you do, how sorry I am. You see, knowing him like this has been the very biggest thing that ever came into my life."

She leaned back, relaxing suddenly from her attitude of tense-strung uncertainty, and Mrs. Stanton stared gravely, still slipping the jade bracelet up and down upon her wrist.

"What a remarkable place to say it!" she mused, pleasantly, "with the world and his wife not three feet away from our elbows, drinking tea from Dicky Leonard's cups. And what a remarkable thing to say! My dear Miss Wallace!"

Miss Wallace watched her, unsmiling and vital. "You don't care," she decided, instantly, "and I have been tormenting myself horribly for nothing. All along I have been thinking that I was doing you a tremendous wrong, and that I should have to pay for it somehow. He couldn't give me such perfect comradeship, such beautiful sympathy and understanding, without depriving you—that's what I've thought,—and while it's made me happier than I ever dreamed of being (the liking of such a man, you know—it's as if Keats had written a song or Botticelli painted a Spring for *me*), still it's been an ache and a shame to me that I was taking from you—his wife—hurting you perhaps." She looked wistfully across at the even delicacy, the rose and white modelling of Mrs. Stanton's small, clear-featured face, and a quaint illogical hope grew in her eyes. "You know, I come from South Carolina," she explained, with an irrelevancy and a crudity winningly young. "I heard some one describe us the other day as a people who still believe in the Bible and read Walter Scott—that's funny, of course, but in a way it's true. Out on the plantation we're very simple, I suppose, and we do believe in things like that. I can't outgrow all I've been taught, and I can't quite look at life the way that you all do—some of you. You see, if you cared, I should have no right to—if you don't, there's no reason why I shouldn't, is there?"

"A few reasons," Mrs. Stanton suggested, mildly,— "a few reasons, including custom and propriety and legality. I believe there's a popular prejudice against ignoring them."

Miss Wallace burned scarlet on the instant.

"I am talking about real things," she cried, hurriedly. She thrust the trivialities of law and custom aside with one ruthless young hand. "I know what you mean, of course. I'm not horrid—you can't possibly think that. But one can go on caring. One has an inner soul



Drawn by Walter H. Everett

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

"I HAVE BEEN THINKING THAT I WAS DOING YOU A TREMENDOUS WRONG"

where things like that don't matter. There is still his comradeship—I can still give him the help of my belief in him—if you don't care. Just that would be more to me than all any other man could offer. Isn't it crooked and strange that you—oh, isn't life a horrible tangle?"

"A good many poets have said so," agreed Mrs. Stanton, pleasantly; "it rhymes so easily, you know—jangle and wrangle and all that. You are delightfully frank." She leaned back against the settle, searching the other's face with keen, cool eyes, that softened unexpectedly before the almost painful earnest of that brave regard. "Are you always so open with your opponents?" she went on, not waiting for an answer, laughing a little to herself as she patted a silver and black brocaded cushion into more effective place beside her. "It's a new experience to me, this taking Edgar seriously; still, if you like, I'll be as honest with you as you've been with me." She nodded languidly to some one passing in the crowd. "I shall have to be frightfully personal, of course; still—"

A pleasing young man with a quizzical smile on an impassively featured face drew himself out of a near-by group and intruded boldly.

"Miss Wallace," he pleaded, "was to show me the pictures. Are you a monopolist, Mrs. Stanton?"

"No," drawled Mrs. Stanton, gently,—"oh no; come back presently, and she may, Mr. Hunt. Just now we are deep in a most interesting discussion."

"I suppose," Mr. Hunt remarked, discontentedly, "that if I were a lady, you'd let me stay; I wish my parents had thought to start me out in petticoats."

"There's an old French proverb to the effect that if the good God had been a woman He never would have made one." Mrs. Stanton smiled sweetly. "Better let well enough alone."

"Do go away, Jimmy," interrupted Miss Wallace, impatiently. "Aline will show them to you. She's near the piano." She shut him out with a regally disdainful shoulder, and he left them, grinning in large comprehension when they could no longer see his face.

"You don't care for him?" Mrs. Stanton asked, indifferently. "Rather amusing, isn't he?"

"So is a clown," said the girl. She made a little grimace of distaste. "He was never serious in his life."

Mrs. Stanton leaned forward suddenly and laid her hand on the muff.

"My dear girl," she murmured, "blessed are they that laugh, for they shall inherit the earth. You must be younger even than I thought, or you would not rate gravity so high. Is that Edgar's teaching?"

"Ah, Life means something to *him*," cried Miss Wallace, quickly.

Mrs. Stanton shrugged imperturbably.

"Not so much, perhaps, as you imagine. He keeps nothing of what it means to himself, that's all, so it makes a great show. Oh, he's disappointing—he is, really. I used to think, just as you do, that he got more out of life than other men; that he was a creature of finer perceptions, more sensitive senses, keener ideals—" She opened one hand, palm out, with a little amused gesture of defeat. "I've lived with him now, twelve years or so, and—"

"Isn't it possible—forgive me—I don't want to seem impertinent—that you don't understand him?"

"Possible," admitted Mrs. Stanton, dryly, "but, after twelve years of married life, not very probable. Twelve years, you know—that's a long time—one has room to learn and adopt and readjust. It's a thing of compromises, after all, marriage is—once the mists are off it—and you couldn't compromise unless you understood. Even then you might not do it, except for peace's sake. No, he's disappointing. I fancy men of talent are apt to be. Their other virtues, you know, are all stunted by the flowering of intellect. I heard him say that once about Byron. Clever, isn't it?" She glanced swiftly out across the room and back. "I quite see the idea he's given you of me. I'm a good woman but trivial, and I don't understand him—something like that, isn't it?" She waited the answer with a curiously untouched smile, the smile of a woman diverted by the knowledge for which at some long-gone time she has had to pay.

"He has never said anything remotely unkind of you," Miss Wallace protested, uneasily.

"He's very clever; he wouldn't, of

course; still, by being intensely grateful to you for your comprehension he manages to convey the impression that he doesn't find in me the sympathy and understanding that he needs. I know. I am supposed not to care for his work."

"You have your own world," the girl protested, strangely perplexed. The other's amused detachment gave her a sense of uncertainty. Her values were no longer confident. "That's only natural—if it means more to you—"

"As a matter of fact," Mrs. Stanton went on, evenly, "his work is the one thing about him that I care most for. He *does* do good work. One sees that. Isn't it deliciously vulgar of me to discuss my husband with you like this, when I scarcely know you? His work is a great deal bigger than he is. I am not sure that some of it won't last—*To-morrow's Tangle*, for instance. Miss Neville, you know, inspired that— Oh, didn't you know?"

Across the intervening space the girl's widening eyes fastened upon the thin little woman in black with the one pink rose. A queer small sound stifled itself in her slender throat, and some sudden shaming thought sent the hot blood leaping to her face, but she held herself gallantly in hand, and her voice was not unsteady when it came.

"I didn't know," she said, briefly.

"A painter doesn't work without models," Mrs. Stanton explained, carelessly; she did not once look at the girl's tense face. "I suppose a writer can't either. Some one must sit for the portrait, and Edgar's studies of women are thought to be his best work, I believe. I often think that he shows an absolutely remarkable cleverness in his selection of different individualities—don't you?"

"I had not thought—" began Miss Wallace, hesitantly. She stopped, unconscious of her silence, still looking across to the piano, and her lip trembled on an attempted smile.

"There's another way his cleverness shows itself," Mrs. Stanton said, leisurely. "He's always platonic. He'll never make a scandal, don't you know, by getting some charming woman to elope with him. He has ever so many affinities—isn't it a silly, common word?—but he's very discreet, for himself and them. He

always knows he'll outgrow the phase. All he wants is an episode—and a memory to work on. It used quite to distress me at first, before I understood; but really I've had moments in the last two or three years when my wildest regret was that he *wouldn't* elope." She laughed a little, watching the crowd about them with whimsically narrowed eyes; there was no sign of deeper feeling in her cool, slow inflections, her half-abstracted look. She might have been analyzing the hero of one of Stanton's own stories, so little did the personal application touch or hinder her. "I dare say, however, I'm too exacting; very few geniuses, I'm told, make satisfactory men."

Miss Wallace leaned toward her impulsively, her lip drooping like an unhappy child's.

"You make me feel as if I had been mad," she said, unsteadily, "and unpardonably crude. But it is all hard to understand. He has been so good to me."

"It is you who have been good to him," objected the other, calmly. "You are young and vivid and unhackneyed—he drew the woman in his book from you. See—you have given him something, and the gift with him is the end of the story. I know. What you think is only what a great many other women have thought, but I am the only woman who is in a position to know, and I tell you frankly—you are mistaken."

"It's what he has done—isn't it?"

"Ah!" sighed the wife, mirthfully. "But one can't live with what a man has done; one has to live with the man. I assure you it's a disillusioning process. His work is a thing quite outside of himself. He's much the same, at breakfast, as any other human. And he doesn't really design to attract a feeling that he can't keep. It's simply a selfishness common to creators of any sort. They must have material to work with. It's instinct to take it where they find it—and leave it where they found it. I don't altogether blame him, but all the same—he's disappointing, really." With a sudden, impulsive movement she looked full in Miss Wallace's brooding eyes, her own gentle but keen.

"You paid me the compliment," she finished, lightly, "of wanting to meet me. I have paid you the compliment of

speaking the truth—the naked truth. It's incredible that one should need it in this world, but—once in a lifetime—it's good, isn't it, to be shamelessly frank? Are you sorry?"

"Not sorry," said Miss Wallace, slowly,—“oh no, not sorry—but what you have told me makes an enormous difference.” She managed an answering smile, but it wavered a trifle and its span was brief.

"You were in earnest," drawled Mrs. Stanton. "I was, once, myself. It's a very interesting state of mind—for the bystanders. But it really isn't worth the trouble it makes." She stood up leisurely, and Miss Wallace, drawing her furs about her with a rather chilly hand, rose too, just as Edgar Stanton's lithe, long-limbed figure crossed the room and stopped before their corner.

"Well, Helen!" he said, lightly. "Not going, Miss Wallace? There's a wonderful pastel in the next room I wanted you to see."

"Which of us do you mean?" asked Mrs. Stanton, fastening her glove and smiling her slow, amused smile.

"Both, unless you don't care for it," retorted Stanton, quickly. He settled his eye-glasses, regarding the two women impartially, his wide, rather handsome mouth twisting at one corner into a half-laugh.

"Thanks," said Miss Wallace, suddenly. "I'm afraid I can't. I'm leaving now. I have to pack this evening, and I really haven't time."

Mrs. Stanton looked up swiftly and comprehendingly. "Are you going away?" she asked.

Stanton bit his lip upon the question, but looked it vividly.

"I thought I had mentioned it," Miss Wallace answered, with a brave assumption of carelessness. "Yes, I leave in the morning. After all, I've only been visiting here. I have a home in the South, you know. It's a long-deferred return;

I really should have gone back in the fall." She held out her hand to Mrs. Stanton with a steady look, and Mrs. Stanton clasped it in cool, friendly fingers. "Good-by—thank you very, very much. Good-by, Mr. Stanton. I hope the next book will be an unqualified success."

When she had disappeared between the heavy curtains of the nearest door, Stanton turned to his wife, with a disagreeable little frown creasing between his eyebrows.

"What was she thanking you for?"

"Nothing of any consequence," said Mrs. Stanton, lightly. "I told her you were disappointing; she seemed to have thought otherwise. She's quite a charming girl, isn't she? Too bad you should have made her so conspicuous this winter." She crossed the floor beside him, with a delicate semblance of interest in their conversation, but her eyes looked tired, and her smile, that came so easily in response to the world's look, had a sort of chill, forced sweetness.

"She's going home, I suppose, on your advice?" Stanton suggested; his sneer was guarded with a laugh.

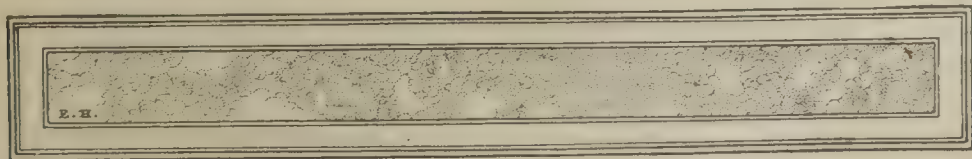
"Not on my advice," corrected his wife, pleasantly. "With my approval—oh yes, entirely."

They paused, having come to the piano with its circle of ardent musicians, and suddenly Stanton touched her arm.

"Good heavens!" he muttered, irritably. "Rita Neville is going to sing again. Let's get out of this and go home."

He made his way to the door with indiscriminate careless good-byes, and Mrs. Stanton followed unhurried. As they went down the stairs, the first bars of Miss Neville's song drifted out to them—"If Love were what the rose is."

Stanton swore softly under his breath, but Mrs. Stanton, following silently, smiled, thereby deepening the dimple that was some day to become a wrinkle.



The Prevention of Infectious Diseases

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OF all the notable achievements in the realm of science during the nineteenth century, certainly none have been so pregnant for the welfare and happiness of mankind as those of scientific medicine, especially as regards the prevention of infectious diseases. Physicians of earlier periods, in complete ignorance of the existence of man's potent enemy, the disease germ, considered sickness a necessary evil and gave their entire attention to its cure; but now that the cause and nature of so many pestilences have been disclosed, there is a growing realization that it is incomparably better economy to institute measures which will prevent the incidence of an epidemic than to take up the fight after the contagion has gained a foothold.

During the past fifty years preventive medicine has done far more to alleviate suffering and to prolong life than the average man is aware. It is estimated that during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the death rate throughout the civilized world ranged from 50 to perhaps 80 per 1000. To-day in London, Berlin, and New York the average lies between 17 and 19. This great decrease in yearly mortality is due principally to protection from infectious diseases now afforded to children during the first five years of life. In New York City there has been a reduction since 1873 of over fifty per cent. in the death rate of the infantile portion of the population. It is obvious that the probable lifetime has increased coincidently with the prevention of diseases to which children of tender years are especially susceptible. Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, of the New York City Health Department, has estimated that "the expectation of life at birth in this city in 1866 was only a little more than twenty-five years, while in 1903, calculated on the death rate for that year, it had almost doubled, and equalled about

forty-two years." Such statistics as these are certainly striking commentaries on the advance and triumph of medical research; for it is true beyond cavil that this progress has been dependent primarily upon the knowledge gained in the laboratories, the harvest of persistent investigation.

The victories of the Japanese in their struggle with Russia commanded the admiration of the world, but how much more glorious was their conquest of disease in their armies! For the records show that in the wars of the last two centuries four men have died in camp of disease to one man from wounds received in battles, whereas according to the Japanese statistics only one man died of disease to two from wounds—a result due entirely to rigorous supervision and regulations.

Following the guiding light of the discoveries of Pasteur and of Koch that certain diseases are caused by microbes, preventive medicine has advanced along two main lines: the suppression, by sanitary regulations, of conditions which stimulate the propagation of pathogenic bacteria and protozoa; the use of specific vaccines, serums, and drugs as prophylaxis, viz., to prevent the onset of the disease. In general the one safeguards the community by preventing pathogenic microbes from entering and multiplying in water, milk, and food supplies, and by stopping the spread of contagion through disinfection of habitations and the destruction of animals and insects carrying the virus of pestilences; the other protects the individual from infection in times of epidemics or prevents the development of the parasite in the host after infection has occurred.

The limits of this article do not allow of more than a few words in regard to the manifold benefits which humanity has derived from the enforcement of

hygienic laws and regulations. Lord Beaconsfield's aphorism, "*Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas*," not only substantiates the proverb that many a truth is told in jest, but, in fact, to-day, echoes the key-note of the most effective methods of preventive medicine. In view of the knowledge which has come to us within the last generation, epidemics of typhoid fever, cholera, or dysentery are now generally inexcusable. Such an epidemic is, in fact, the nemesis visited upon a community because of carelessness in the conservation of the purity of the public water system, the milk supply, or less often of the foods which come in contact with polluted water. Infants, because of their dependence upon milk, are the first to suffer when this food becomes polluted through disregard of sanitary precautions, as is evidenced by the great increase in their death rate each summer in all large cities. Thanks to the enlightened philanthropy of Nathan Straus in the establishment of public pasteurizing plants both in this country and abroad, there is every likelihood that this annual mortality from infantile intestinal diseases will be greatly lessened. The abatement of infectious diseases of the respiratory tract, such as pneumonia, influenza, and the "great white plague," tuberculosis, offers problems of greater difficulty, as the specific germs are widely disseminated in the dust-laden air by careless spitting. There is good hope, however, that the last disease will rapidly decrease when each individual, realizing his duty to the community, shall be willing to observe a few personal sanitary regulations. Through the recognition of the fact that filth, insufficient sunlight and impure air, uncleanly habits, and wretched crowded quarters are the hotbeds of disease, one pestilence, typhus fever, fifty years ago very prevalent in the British Isles, has been almost stamped out, although the causative germ has not been discovered.

Having briefly indicated certain sanitary aspects of preventive medicine, let us consider at greater length the development of specific prophylactic medicines themselves, by the use of which the individual may gain a more or less transitory immunity to various contagions. It is a matter of common knowledge that

a primary attack of certain infectious diseases confers almost sure immunity to these particular contagions for a lifetime. Smallpox, scarlet fever, and measles are familiar examples of this fact. Nor is the duration of this immunity especially dependent upon the severity of the sickness. A mild and hardly recognized attack of measles in childhood leaves a lasting refractive condition, an acquired immunity. This capacity of animals and man to develop within their own organization forces antagonistic to the contagions of toxins of certain diseases is the principle which underlies the use of vaccines and anti-serums.

Whatever insight into the nature of this acquired immunity to various infectious diseases we may now possess has been gained entirely through experimental investigations upon animals; and, further, whatever utilization this knowledge has received in the production of specific remedies has been dependent upon the same source. Pasteur was the first to prove that the disease-producing properties of a microbe might be either decreased or increased. By the repeated vaccination of an animal with an attenuated or weakened virus he was able to induce an immune or refractory condition, such that a dose ordinarily fatal might be given without ill effect. In other words, the stimulus of the vaccine caused the production within the animal's organization of substances antagonistic to the virus of the disease, viz., anti-bodies. Subsequent investigation has shown that these anti-bodies may have the property of bringing about the destruction of the invading bacteria, or they may merely neutralize the poison or toxin of the germs and thus render them harmless.

The problem in the production of vaccines, then, has been the modification of the virus or microbe in such a way that there would be sufficient stimulus for the development of anti-bodies in the individual vaccinated without the production of the disease. Pasteur believed it was necessary to use living bacteria in vaccination, but it has subsequently been proved that dead cultures or even extracts from bacteria may be suitable for some immunizations.

More than a century ago the first and what has proved to be the surest preventive medicine was given to the world. Jenner, through his discovery of smallpox vaccine, conferred upon his fellow man a blessing of which the magnitude is just being realized. In his day this most loathsome disease was the most prevalent of all. From 1750 to 1800 it was the cause of fully one-tenth the total number of deaths. Smallpox was then a disease of childhood, as measles is to-day, and was considered just as inevitable. What are the results of a century's world-wide use of Jenner's prophylactic treatment? In England, where the vaccination of infants has been compulsory, the deaths from smallpox have dropped from one-tenth to one-hundredth of the total mortality. In Germany, where vaccination and revaccination are compulsory, the disease is rare, in the army practically unknown. Austria and Belgium, with no vaccination laws, have a death rate from this disease twenty times as great. In New York City the "Vaccinating Corps" was organized late in 1874. The statistics in regard to smallpox during the following four years are notable. In 1875 there were 1280 deaths due to this disease; in 1876, 315; in 1877, 14; in 1878, only 2. Although since then there have been six years in which the number of these deaths reached the hundreds, no wide-spread virulent epidemics have occurred, and during the past five years the average has been less than two smallpox deaths in a population more than twice as great as in 1875. The danger of serious complications from vaccination is now insignificant, and carries no weight in view of the fact that an unvaccinated child under ten years of age is approximately 440 times more liable to die in a smallpox epidemic than one vaccinated. It is, in fact, the unvaccinated portion of the community which keeps the fire of smallpox alight; they, like the vulnerable heel of Achilles, present one point unprotected from attack.

The brilliancy of the results of Jenner's investigations is widely recognized; yet, founded as they were wholly on empiricism, he could have had little realization of the principles of immunity to which they were probably due.

Pasteur, working in the light of a later day, gave to the world a most important prophylactic treatment—the vaccine for the prevention of hydrophobia—and with it certain general laws of immunity, which have been of great value in the prevention of other diseases. The various stages by which the final result was gained not only furnish a good example of Pasteur's keenness in analysis, but, in fact, are characteristic of the experimental method to-day in the study of the nature and the prevention of infectious diseases.

As the saliva of rabid animals was known to hold the hydrophobic virus, it was used in the first attempts to produce the disease in dogs. A fatal septicemia or general infection followed the inoculation and a bacillus was isolated from the blood, but Pasteur realized there was no proof of this microbe's being the cause of rabies. Observation of rabid animals next aroused the suspicion that the virus attacked primarily the nervous system. Accordingly a bit of the medulla from a dog which had died of rabies was emulsified and inoculated under the skin of other dogs and rabbits. Most of these animals died with symptoms of rabies and without the development of septicemia. Although this was a great step in advance, Pasteur remained unsatisfied until a method had been devised by which all animals inoculated should contract rabies with a shortened incubation period. To bring this about it was necessary to increase the toxicity of the virus by a long series of uninterrupted transplantations from the brain of one rabbit to another, until finally a maximum and fixed virulence was reached. Death now followed invariably in seven days instead of in fourteen, as with the original virus. The next problem was how to attenuate this standard virus and so obtain vaccines of graded strength. Its solution was found to lie in drying, over caustic potash, bits of the medulla of a rabbit dying after inoculation with the fixed virus. This desiccation caused the brain tissue to lose gradually its virulence, until after fourteen days it had completely disappeared. Attempts were then made to protect dogs against rabies by vaccinating them first with the brain tissue dried fourteen days, on the second day

with that desiccated thirteen days, and so on until finally the strongest virus in the brain of a rabbit, dead that same day, was inoculated. The animals were now found to be immune and suffered no ill effects from the bites of rabid animals, nor from intra-cerebral injections of the strongest virus. The long incubation period of hydrophobia in man, generally six weeks, awakened the hope that by this treatment the infection might be checked before the onset of the final acute symptoms, and such, we know, has proved to be the case.

The wave of popular enthusiasm aroused by this victory resulted in the dedication of the Pasteur Institute in Paris in 1888, primarily for the treatment of rabies cases by this method. In general the technic of Pasteur has since been followed in that institution and elsewhere, although when the bites are severe and on naked parts or are received from rabid wolves it is now customary to use the stronger virus earlier in the treatment, and the number of inoculations is greater and may be continued for several weeks. The death rate among bitten persons who are *not* treated by the Pasteur method is given by Horsley as 15 per cent. This means that 85 per cent. of men are not susceptible to the rabies virus; for hydrophobia, when once developed, is certainly fatal. Statistics, gathered from all parts of the world, indicate that between 1896 and 1900 the mortality in treated persons oscillated between .39 per cent. and .20 per cent.; certainly a vindication of the value of vaccinations in the prevention of hydrophobia.

In 1903, Negri described certain microscopic bodies in the brain tissue of rabid animals. Subsequent investigation has shown that these "Negri" bodies are characteristic of rabies and constitute a reliable diagnostic sign. Since a rapid determination as to the presence or absence of hydrophobic virus in an animal is of the utmost importance, a method has been devised, in the Research Laboratory of the New York City Department of Health, whereby the presence of these characteristic bodies may be determined within a few hours after the reception of the brain. The procedure consists of making smears of the brain tissue and

staining with Giemsa's stain. Examination with the microscope almost invariably discloses the "Negri" bodies, if the animal was rabid.

The hopes enkindled by these first protective vaccines that others would be discovered as effective for the various human infectious diseases have only in a small measure been fulfilled. The attempts to curb certain pestilences of domestic animals, such as anthrax, swine erysipelas, and rinderpest, have met with much greater success, primarily because a rigorous experimental method could be applied in the origination of protective treatments; whereas in the diseases naturally peculiar to man it is necessary to proceed with the greatest caution, and our final judgment as to the efficiency of a prophylactic is largely empirical, by reason of our dependence upon statistics.

Typhoid fever is one of these distinctively human infectious diseases for which preventive vaccinations have been attempted. The results are of general interest because of the wide-spread prevalence of this fever. Pfeiffer and Kolle reported in 1896 the phenomena following the injection into man of the *bacillus typhosus* killed by heat. Their most important observation was that these injections imparted to the blood of human beings specific bacteria-killing properties, just as they protected guinea-pigs against fatal doses of the bacillus. Taking advantage of the almost certain epidemics of typhoid fever in military camps, Sir A. E. Wright instituted an extensive test of anti-typhoid vaccine among the British soldiers in the Boer war. The vaccine consisted of cultures of the typhoid germ grown in broth for several weeks and then sterilized by heat and an antiseptic. Thousands of soldiers were treated with standardized amounts of this vaccine. As to whether the results justified the trouble and disagreeable effects of the treatment there is great diversity of opinion. The statistics of the British War Office were considered unfavorable, and the prophylactic inoculations have been officially discontinued. Wright has claimed that the general results were favorable, and in this opinion he is supported by the majority of the medical men who followed the experiments. Metschnikoff has placed the great weight

of his judgment in favor of the utility of a continued trial of the prophylactic. According to Wright, the most exact data are those in regard to the army men isolated at the siege of Ladysmith, and here there were only one-eighth as many cases among the vaccinated as among the unvaccinated, with the mortality very much lower in the former. Wright has found that especially good protection is afforded by two successive vaccinations. He now injects subcutaneously in the first dose about one million dead typhoid bacilli, and in the second, given approximately a week later, two million.

The use of sterile cultures of streptococci, a chainlike microbe, as a preventive vaccine during scarlet-fever epidemics is less familiar than Wright's prophylactic for typhoid. In Russia, where scarlet fever is at present especially prevalent and virulent, this vaccine has been employed most extensively. As the cause of scarlet fever has not been determined definitely, the most interesting feature of these treatments from the scientific standpoint is the accompanying reactive phenomena, which seem to indicate that the streptococcus may be of etiological importance in the disease. Gabritschewsky has found that 14 to 17 per cent. of the hundreds of children vaccinated in Moscow with dead cultures of streptococcus isolated from scarlet-fever cases developed an intensely colored scarlet-fever-like rash, together with sore throat, vomiting, and "raspberry tongue." These symptoms, so suggestive of scarlet fever, disappeared within one and three days, and seemed peculiar to the use of scarlet-fever streptococcic vaccine. As regards the protective qualities of this prophylactic, Nikitin noted that of 767 children receiving one inoculation, only 8 contracted scarlet fever; of others receiving two or three treatments, none became sick, in spite of the fact that they lived in the midst of an epidemic with a mortality of 20 per cent. Although the specific reaction caused by this vaccine seems to furnish some scientific basis for its employment, the statistics available are too few to warrant a judgment in regard to its value.

Of less immediate interest to us in the western hemisphere are the specific vac-

cines for the prevention of cholera and bubonic plague, but their decided worth necessitates their mention. Cholera was one of the first of the infectious diseases peculiar to man for which prophylactic treatments have been attempted. The preventive vaccine of Haffkine consists of living cholera germs attenuated by prolonged cultivation at a relatively high temperature, while that of Kolle is prepared with virulent cultures killed by exposure to 58° C. for one hour. In 1902, in Japan, Kolle's vaccine established its utility by a reduction in the incidence of the disease from 13 per cent. in the untreated to .06 per cent. among the treated. Very recently an American investigator in the Philippines, Dr. Strong, has reported favorable experimental results with an improved prophylactic vaccine. This consists of the filtrates of autolysed, heated and living cholera germs. By using the filtrate alone he claims to have a more potent and less toxic vaccine than those employed heretofore. The trial during a decade of the various vaccines specific for bubonic plague indicates this method of preventive treatment may be an important factor in the suppression of India's scourge. Both the German and English plague commissions expressed themselves as favorable to the continued use of such a vaccine as Haffkine's, prepared from killed cultures of the plague bacillus. Haffkine, in 1907, reported that although the natives of India are more susceptible to plague than other races, the inoculation treatment reduces the liability to attack to less than one-third of the non-inoculated; the recovery rate of the inoculated is at least double that of the non-inoculated; inoculations of infected persons prevent the appearance of symptoms or mitigate the attack; the immunity derived from inoculations may last during several outbreaks.

It is a common practice to designate as serums a large variety of substances which are injected subcutaneously to prevent or cure disease. According to this popular and erroneous use of the term, bacterial vaccines, or organic products derived from bacteria, extracts from various tissues and organs, are all classed as serums. Properly a serum, in the therapeutic sense, is the clear fluid exuding

from the clot of blood drawn from an animal immunized to some organized substance, commonly bacteria or their toxins. There is an implication that this fluid contains elements antagonistic to the matter injected, viz., anti-bodies. As regards the infectious diseases, a serum may have the property either of neutralizing the toxins formed by bacteria (antitoxic serums) or of destroying bacteria (bactericidal serums), or it may combine both properties to a certain extent.

Two serums which have proved of sterling worth are the antitoxins for diphtheria and tetanus. Von Behring in collaboration with Kitasato in 1890 discovered that by injecting into an animal gradually increased amounts of the toxin of the diphtheria bacillus its organization is stimulated in such a way that a substance capable of combining with the toxin and rendering it innocuous is produced. During this immunization the antitoxic substance is formed greatly in excess of the amount required to neutralize the toxin injected, and the uncombined portion present in the blood serum constitutes the antitoxin used in the prevention and cure of diphtheria. Later researches have shown that diphtheria toxin has an affinity not only for its antitoxin, but also for certain tissues of the body. Such being the case, to cure the disease an amount of antitoxin should be injected sufficient to tear away that portion of the toxin in combination with the tissue cells as well as to neutralize the free toxin circulating in the body fluids. The longer the attack of diphtheria has continued, the firmer the union between the toxin and the tissues, and hence the larger the amount of antitoxin necessary to disrupt this combination.

The great value of the diphtheria antitoxin as a curative agent is now universally recognized, inasmuch as the mortality from this disease has been reduced to about one-fifth of the rate before its introduction; its use as a protective measure for those exposed to infection is possibly not so familiar. Statistics compiled in many localities, especially in Russia, where diphtheria is very prevalent, have proved beyond doubt that where children are exposed to epidemics in institutions, in school districts, and in hospitals, prophylactic inoculations of anti-

toxin are of great value. The dosage is generally two or three hundred immunizing units, each unit consisting of sufficient antitoxin to protect a guinea-pig of a certain size from one hundred lethal doses of standard diphtheria toxin. The immunity gain by one injection lasts only two or three weeks, and if there is still danger of infection another treatment should be given.

Potency is the essential requisite of diphtheria antitoxin when used as a curative agent. It should contain 300 to 500 units in each cubic centimeter. Relatively few horses, however, can be made to produce such a strong serum. To prevent the waste of the serums weaker in antitoxin a practical method of concentration has been devised at the New York Health Department Laboratory, and has been adopted widely in other serum laboratories. This method consists in its essential features in the precipitation of the serum globulins with magnesium sulphate and the extraction of the antitoxic elements in the precipitate with a solution of sodium chloride. In this way the antitoxin in a given serum is freed from useless serum-proteids, and may be concentrated two or three times. Not only by this "Gibson" method are serums, otherwise worthless, rendered serviceable for therapeutic purposes, but the refined product has been found to cause rashes and systemic disturbances less frequently than when the whole serum is injected.

For the discovery of a tetanus antitoxin we are also indebted to Von Behring and Kitasato. These investigators found that the serum of an animal immunized to tetanus toxin possessed the property of neutralizing the poison and rendering it harmless. The value of this serum lies largely in preventing the onset of attacks of tetanus. After the spasms have once become established, no therapeutic method has proved of any great value. The relative impotency of tetanus antitoxin to cure tetanus after the symptoms have reached the acute stage has been explained on the ground that tetanus toxin has a stronger affinity for nerve tissue than for its antitoxin. It would follow, then, that this antitoxin is not capable of breaking up the combination of tetanus toxin and nervous tissue-cells to the same

degree that diphtheria antitoxin can draw away its toxin from association with various tissues of the body.

Tetanus resembles hydrophobia in the length of the incubation period, and in this respect offers the same opportunity for preventive treatment. The disease is generally contracted from the contamination of wounds and bruises with dirt containing the spores of the microbe. These do not multiply, as a rule, nor invade the system, but bring about the fatal issue through the toxin reaching the brain, probably by way of the nerves. If the injection of serum is given early enough, the toxin is neutralized before it reaches the nerve centres. In the United States, the celebration of the "glorious Fourth" always involves the horrible death from tetanus of a certain number of the enthusiasts. Thanks to a more general realization of the dangers of blank-cartridge wounds and a more frequent employment of tetanus antitoxin as a prophylactic, the number of these deaths has been reduced from 415 in 1903 to 73 in 1907. In this country during the past five years a timely injection of the serum has proved uniformly successful in aborting tetanus.

The undoubted efficacy of these antitoxins led to attempts to produce antisera for many other infectious diseases. It was soon realized that great difficulties block the way to the successful serum treatment of such diseases as typhoid fever, cholera, pneumonia, and those of a streptococcic origin. The technical nature of these obstacles precludes their discussion here. However, it may be mentioned that the toxins of the germs causing these diseases are associated closely with the bacterial proteid substance, and do not diffuse from the bacteria during life as is the case with the diphtheria and tetanus microbes. For these so-called "endo-toxins" it has been impossible as yet to produce in sera effective antitoxins. The virtue of sera directed against bacteria of this class lies essentially in their bacteria-destroying properties. There is some experimental evidence for the belief that the mode of action of these sera, when introduced into the body, consists either in a direct destruction of bacteria through bringing into action a fermentlike sub-

stance of the blood called "alexine," or by "sensitizing" the microbes in such a way that the white blood corpuscles ingest them more actively and consequently destroy them more rapidly. Although the results with most of these "bactericidal" sera have not been convincing, Shiga's anti-serum for the treatment of dysentery seems to be of real value, judging from the results of its use in Japan. The marked curative effect of this serum may be ascribed to the fact that it contains elements which not only bring about the destruction of the dysentery bacillus but also neutralize its poison.

One of the more recent and most promising sera of this class is that for the treatment of epidemic cerebro-spinal meningitis. This anti-serum was produced practically synchronously in the United States and in Germany, and was the outgrowth of the study of the severe epidemics of this disease which visited these countries during 1904 and 1905. Wasserman and Kolle in Berlin, in April, 1906, were the first to describe the method of preparation and the properties of an anti-meningococcic serum designed for therapeutic purposes. A month later Jochmann of the Breslau University Clinic gave notice of the preparation of a similar serum, and reported on the treatment of forty patients. He injected the serum both subcutaneously and into the spinal canal, but with only a moderate degree of success. He demonstrated, however, that intra-spinal injections could be effected without danger to the patient. In August, 1906, Flexner, director of the Rockefeller Institute, as a member of a special commission appointed by the New York Health Department, published his investigations on the biology and pathogenic properties of the *diplococcus intra-cellularis meningitidis* (meningococcus). Of special value were his experiments showing that monkeys could be "infected" with this germ without great difficulty by injecting it into the spinal canal, and could be "made to reproduce the pathologic conditions in man in epidemic cerebro-spinal meningitis." Furthermore, the serum of monkeys immunized to the meningococcus seemed to exercise curative properties when injected into these animals in which this infection had been instituted.

The report of Flexner and Jobling, published the first of last year, offers hope that the successful serum treatment of this disease has been attained. Of forty-three patients receiving injections of this serum there were 79.9 per cent. recoveries and 20.1 per cent. deaths, and subsequent statistics have substantiated these figures; whereas, during the epidemic year 1905, the percentage mortality was 73.5. The results with the anti-meningococcic serums prepared in Europe have been favorable, but not as striking as those with the serum of Flexner and Jobling. It is futile, however, to make a comparison, as the strains of meningococcus concerned in sporadic outbreaks in different parts of the world may differ greatly in virulence. Our final decision in regard to the therapeutic value of this anti-serum must await its use in a wide-spread and virulent epidemic.

Both in this country and in Germany the serum is produced through the inoculation of horses with heated, living and autolysed cultures of the meningococcus. Flexner ascribes the curative effect of this anti-serum to an injurious influence exercised on the meningococci in the cerebro-spinal fluid, both by inhibiting the multiplication of these microbes and by causing them to be taken up and digested more rapidly by the leucocytes. The serum may also have a certain antitoxic value. In their report, Flexner and Jobling lay stress on the advantage of introducing the serum into the spinal canal of the patient, for in this way "the anti-serum is brought into direct contact with the focus of infection and inflammation." From five to thirty cubic centimeters have been injected intradurally without harmful effects. On one point there is general agreement among those who have employed this serum-therapy, and that is the importance of introducing the anti-serum as early as possible in the attack.

One other method for the protection of the individual from certain infections should be mentioned, and that is the use of drugs which are specifically destructive for the parasite, but cause little or no injury to the host, viz., the person harboring the parasite. This procedure has been found to be effective as yet only in two parasitic diseases, and in both the

etiological factor is a protozoan and not a bacterium. For centuries the medicinal value of Peruvian bark in the treatment of malaria has been known to physicians, but only since the discovery of the malarial parasite, *Plasmodium malariae*, by Laveran, thirty years ago, has the specific parasite-destroying action of its alkaloids been revealed. The use of quinine as a prophylactic in malarial districts is now almost universal. The other protozoan disease in which a drug is being used with success as a prophylactic is sleeping-sickness. In fighting this greatest pestilence of Central Africa, a much greater curse than is tuberculosis in this country, Koch has employed, apparently with considerable success, an arsenic preparation, atoxyl. By its use the etiological factor in sleeping-sickness, *Trypanosoma gambiense*, has been banished from the blood for ten months, and the disease in its mild form or in early stages has been clinically cured.

Although some notable victories have crowned the efforts of scientists to protect man from his invisible but potent enemy, the disease germ, the knowledge acquired in the struggle has disclosed serious obstacles to further progress. For example, on the one hand it is well established that the tissues and body-fluids of man may become immune to the causative micro-organisms of certain diseases, but on the other hand there are many indications that the parasites themselves by a process of adaptation may become refractory to anti-bodies and other protective agencies developed in the host. We know that by passing certain pathogenic bacteria through a series of animals the parasites rapidly increase in virulence and in their capacity to resist the destructive agencies of that specific animal. It is probable that the great severity of epidemics of typhoid fever in military camps is due to the increased invasive properties of one strain of the bacillus gained by frequent passages. The mounting wave of severity in the epidemics of certain other diseases may likewise be the result of adaptive changes in the parasite. Furthermore, it has been shown that the trypanosoma of sleeping-sickness may become immune to arsenic and trypan red.

In the past, except in the toxemias,

diphtheria and tetanus, the active immunity produced by vaccines has proved of greater service in the *prevention* of disease than the more fleeting and less substantial protection conferred by bactericidal serums. It seems probable that the progress in the future will be in the direction of perfecting methods for inducing active immunity by vaccine. As has been stated, Pasteur considered it necessary to use *living* microbes, but robbed of their disease-producing properties, in protective inoculations, and it seems probable that for the prevention of some infectious diseases this procedure is safe and advantageous, as the living vaccines apparently create a condition more nearly like the enduring immunity derived from an attack of the disease than sterile vaccines. Strong has recently advanced weighty experimental and clinical evidence that such is the case in vaccination protective against bubonic plague. The danger associated with the injection of living attenuated microbes, however, necessitates the greatest caution in their use, and probably presents an insurmountable barrier to their employment as a prophylactic for certain diseases. At present only very small quantities of most bacteria, even though sterile, may be inoculated, because of their toxic effect. In certain of these cases the pathway of progress may lie in the elimination from the vaccines of the poisonous elements of the bacteria, as Strong has done in his anti-cholera vaccine; thus far greater amounts of the immunity-producing elements in the prophylactic might be injected with safety, bringing about a corresponding increase in the degree and stability of the protection conferred. An entirely

different solution of the problem has been suggested by Ehrlich in the prophecy that our hope lies in the discovery of chemical substances which will be specifically destructive of pathogenic bacteria without injury to the host. Encouragement for this line of research is found in the successful control of two protozoan diseases by drugs.

The growing realization of the truth that it is better to prevent diseases than to cure has been one of the moving factors in the foundation of seven institutes in Europe and this country devoted entirely to their study. To the fruit of the researches in these institutions are continually being added the contributions from the laboratories of medical colleges and from municipal, state, and national hygienic departments. But the final triumph of preventive medicine depends not alone upon the study of the cause and nature of disease; almost equally important is the co-operation of the public and those in authority in the prosecution of researches and the application of protective measures that have been proved to be of value. The ultimate gain will fall to all classes of society alike, for disease is no respecter of persons. To-day some of the most fruitful regions of the tropics are rendered uninhabitable for the white man because of pestilential fevers. The success of Reed, Carroll, Gorgas, and others in the control of yellow fever, the knowledge gained from the English and German commissions in regard to sleeping-sickness, the work of Ross and Koch in stamping out malaria, warrant the expectation that within the near future these gardens of nature may become the theatre of human progress and civilization.



Between Men

BY LEO CRANE

"From ancient tales renewing,
From clouds we would not clear—
Beyond the Law's pursuing,
We fled and settled here."

—*The Broken Men.*

IT was a very lonely life. Innsbruck sometimes wondered if he had not taken the wrong turning when coming out to it. There was the little *casa*, which in morose moments he vilified as "hut"; there was the inner patch of growing stuff, segregated from the larger plantation, which in softer times he called his "garden." A short distance away began the wilderness, dense, torrid, primeval. He could speak of himself as one of the sentinels of civilization.

But why had he come out to this solitude, this isolation, beyond the haunts of men? He had known that friendship which binds society and which is often said to make life endurable. Perhaps for the same reason that other popular men had sought out the silent, unquestioning edge, to exist between its indifference and the sincerity of the vaster silence: to be at peace. Innsbruck had not been able to suffer patiently social injustice. He knew that he was right; he knew that he had done no wrong; but the rest of the moral fabric thought it knew better. Merely to move in new circles, to merge with new people of the same narrow convention, could not suffice. He had felt that he must purge himself of the whole rotten, unbelieving system which had so heartlessly condemned him because of circumstances. The fact that he knew he was right did not lift for a single instant the heavy knowledge that others thought him to be wrong. To get away from old trails, to be freed of doubtful glances, he had sought the *casa*, and the lips of the wild.

But he was not to be a pioneer. This had been denied him. Nearer the coast he had heard of the man who existed even beyond his far outpost. People had

said he would, ought to be, neighborly with that man, since it was such a very lonely life, and miles are not to be measured by words. Innsbruck had at first thought of going in search of him, and of inviting him to sup and chat in off-times; but, as yet, other things had employed his time, and he had not gone.

One hot afternoon, when dozing in the hammock on his rude veranda, unusual sounds came from that part of the plantation through which ran the track to the darker and the lighter worlds. Innsbruck thought he knew every one of the humming things, the thousand things, rioting and rustling there in the great tangle of vines; but this was a new voice—agreeably new, since it heralded the approach of a man, a white man, singing. An old song, too; he had known it in college days, and it brought a slight frown to his face. But it all sounded so very sweet, and true, and white to him now, that the expression vanished in a pleasant smile, and he swung his feet out of the hammock as the man, leading a pony, came into the sunlit open.

"Hello! the house!"

"Hello, yourself!" shouted Innsbruck, gladly.

"Oh! Resting, weary man? Just dropped aside to speak a word or two—'a mouthful of human speech.' Heard down country that another chap had broken into deep water. Glad to have some one close by, but I suppose . . ."

The man had come forward, rubbing the sting of the sun out of his eyes; he looked up at Innsbruck inquiringly, a big fellow, tanned and bearded and rough.

"Hello! . . ." he said, his voice drawling off into a tone of the deepest regret mingled with a shamed astonishment. "I didn't know—I didn't really know it was you, Innsbruck, . . . I . . . I didn't know—"

Innsbruck was staring as if he could not believe his sight, his face white, his

lips dry and apart. Then he sat down again in the swaying hammock. He did not say anything more of welcome. His hands were trembling visibly, and little beads of moisture had started from his face. Twice he tried to speak before words actually came, and finally, in a voice of the plainest dejection, his arms drooping as if broken by failure and sapped enthusiasm, he replied:

"Court! I wouldn't have known you with the beard . . . until you spoke."

They faced each other, as if the thing had to be accomplished and gotten over with. The visitor laughed, a short, dissatisfied, anxious laugh. He hesitated, not knowing whether to go or stay. There was something in his attitude and manner like that of a boy who, thought only to be a truant, is proved a thief.

Innsbruck broke the little uncomfortable silence.

"So . . . you are the man, out there?"

"Yes. Came a year ago."

Innsbruck wet his dry lips, and the vacant doubting light went slowly out of his eyes, to be succeeded by a half-pitying glance. He was host, and the new life demanded certain things of him.

"Sit down," he said. "It's devilish hot, and . . ."

"I was just riding back with a few supplies; the *taos* have gone ahead of me by now. . . . Ought to get on after them."

"Rest for a minute, then."

"I . . . I must be going."

It had been a very lonely life, and Innsbruck was great-hearted. Besides, he was not quite sure of his suspicions, now. Time had given him more of opportunity for thought and less for introspection. So he sprang up, his face lighting for the moment.

"Don't be a fool, Court. We've become neighbors, and while I'm frank enough to say I'd rather have seen any one else, why . . . damn it all, man, we're here, . . . and there's nothing to do but to make the best of it. We white folk can't afford to be small out here."

The bearded man glanced up at him, a pleased, not to say grateful, light stealing into his furtive eyes. Innsbruck noted that he had aged much. Court did not offer his hand, but sat down in the chair.

Innsbruck put up his feet again, his arms bent behind his head. Court reached to the little bamboo table and picked from a box a cigarette. He had not waited for invitation. His action seemed to announce that he expected nothing in friendship or sham courtesy. When, later, Innsbruck arose to pour him water, "Don't . . ." he said.

They did not talk of old things, as other men would, but spoke of the plantation life, and the rains, and the people of their conquest. After half an hour, Court arose abruptly, as if he had taken a strong resolution to be gone.

"No reason to hurry," muttered Innsbruck, mechanically.

"I'll be going along. Sorry . . . sorry this thing happened as it has, Innsbruck—you know, it gets to a fellow. If we had been friends, back there, why . . . but I'm not such a cad to have come had I known. You've been white—too white. If we had met somehow else, it would have been different; but . . . as you said, we're *out here*. . . ." He was speaking quickly, nervously, as if something might be said to further embarrass him. "But we can't be friends, can we?" There was a weak note of appeal in this half-question. He went on in a burst of nervous temper: "No, no . . . that would make me act as though I were afraid of you, Innsbruck, and— Well, damn you, I'm not afraid of you."

Innsbruck did not move. The speech had not affected his calm other than to cause a slight curling of his lips.

"Since we're out here, Court, let that rest. The country quiets nine-tenths of the matter, I suppose. We can be friends when another is present—but always neighbors, Court; at the least, neighbors."

The bearded man turned slowly and looked at him.

"That's very good of you," he said. "I . . . I may stop over once in a while for a word or two. Now, I'm off. . . ."

He made a step down the stair of the veranda, when he paused, his head shaking as if from doubt and reconsideration.

"Innsbruck, I can't go away without telling you that there is trouble brewing among the people. The *insurrectos* are busy these days. I rode in yesterday—was getting uneasy, and I had everything confirmed by the colonel at the post, and



Drawn by W. Herbert Dutton

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"WILL YOU TELL ME SOMETHING?—ABOUT HER?"



... and I wanted to make sure, too, of the sort of man that lived here. Since it's you . . ."

"You can depend on me," said Innsbruck, coldly.

"I just can't do that; but—you watch out for yourself. There's going to be trouble, and you watch out all the time. If the people get up and raise hell, I won't ask anything of you."

Innsbruck said nothing, and the man started off a second time. Again he seemed to think of something. He had mounted, but sat in the saddle as if doubting, debating, hesitant. Slowly he urged the pony up to the veranda steps. His voice was rather husky, faltering with half-hearted, dangerous words:

"Guess you know more than I do, Innsbruck, old man, about the . . . the other people, out back— Will you tell me something?—about her?" When he came to the last word, his jaws set, for he expected an outburst of rage, and he had dared it. Innsbruck answered the man evenly and truthfully:

"I can't say that she was . . . happy. You know, Court, that I had asked her to marry me, just . . . just before that little affair at the Bank, and she wouldn't . . ." The man's lips were very close pressed. "One couldn't expect her to, afterward, you know . . . and people talk a great deal in that old set . . . of every one, man and woman."

There was a silence, deep, effective. Court cut his legging with his whip. He had received too much of an even answer. It had been calculated, bitter, half accusing.

"We won't ever speak of the matter again, Court," said Innsbruck.

"No," came the low reply.

Then the visitor rode away into the wilderness, heavy with the weight of his welcome.

For a long time after he had gone, Innsbruck lay thinking. He could not thoroughly appreciate the situation; or rather, thoroughly grasping it, the proportions stunned him. A man is set down in a city of a million people, and he feels utterly apart from each atom of the million, when, at the height of his misery, he stumbles into a passer-by to receive an apology from his dearest friend. On the other hand, one imagines

he has lost himself in a wilderness, when, presto! of all the forgotten world the man least welcome stops at his door and asks for a cup of water. Innsbruck considered these strange things vaguely. He knew when Court had disappeared, but he had not given the probable place of his hiding a thought. He had remained and shouldered the blame of the disappearance. Now he had found him. The world is very small, a mere handful of men chained together. What use to seek seclusion in anything save death, he thought, bitterly, and the old feeling of despondency came upon him. What ought he to do? Innsbruck spent the long afternoon without reaching any definite conclusion—other than that he had lost something—lost doubly, since the hoped-for friend had proved a problem gained. Once he lost control of himself as well, and the blood hammered at his temples, and his nails bit into his palms.

"I said that I would kill him . . ." began the words of his impotent denunciation; but he finished by murmuring aloud in a tone of pity—"poor devil."

Think as he might, he could map out no plan. He resolved he would not be the man to leave. His journey to the edge of things, that long obliteration of the backward trail, the divorce of his every longing, the relinquishment of humanity, had been too wearisome to begin it anew. He could not seek another wilderness. Then he started up, crying:

"By God! I'll make him tell me . . . I'll strangle it out of him! . . ." only to drop back in the hammock, muttering, "Worse trouble. . . ."

Late in the day, when argument had worn him quite weak, he half sobbed:

"Oh, God! If he were only a man—if he would only speak out like one once, just once. . . ."

Before he went to bed that night Innsbruck took from a shelf a small silver-framed picture. A minute he stood gazing at it as if he would compel the image to speak aloud; and the look in his eyes, his tired eyes, the longing, the desire, the hope that had for the moment recurred, flamed once again. He sighed wearily. And slowly he unlocked a chest to place the picture within it. "He might come inside, some day," he said.

With the lid of the chest closed and

locked, suddenly there overwhelmed him a feeling that he was now indeed alone. He sank down on the chest, his whole body shaking with sobs.

Court had no happy time of it as he rode through the forest that afternoon. His brain suffered as grand a tumult as that which he had caused. An old feeling of fear sat in the saddle with him. He cursed at the *taos*, and at the packs, and at the pony, without lifting any of his trouble, knowing all the time that he should be the one cursed, as he was cursed, effectively.

For the next month he lived in an atmosphere of uneasiness, a season of mental torment. At no waking period had he peace. Four miles away, in a little planter's *casa*, alone, unhappy, sat the proclamation that had banished peace. There lived condemnation. He had wronged the man, and the man had suffered and suspected; perhaps the man knew. Some day he would have to tell that man. When—he did not know. Meantime, the sin ate at his heart, and called him coward unceasingly. Court was a coward while the life beat within him. He admitted it. "But I am not afraid of *him*," he would say.

Behind all was the woman he, too, had been forced to surrender. She waited, back there, for this man's vindication, for that which was in his hands; he knew that she did not suspect him with the strength of reasoning, as did that one who had suffered. Strong in his own guilt, yet he refused to yield. While he lived in silence there could be no vindication; while they both lived, the woman drifted, and there could be no happiness for her or either of them.

"At the first word from me, he will start for home—to her . . ." Court would say to himself. "And he will brand me with the truth of it, and I shall always have to live here in this hell of loneliness, with nothing but a picture of her."

Then he would take down from a cabinet his idol, and he would look at it, perhaps kiss it, and the rage would grow in his heart. Some day, no doubt, he would have to face it all—some day; but meantime . . . and he would tremble in the thought of confession. They were but two men, ran his argument, loving

the same woman, and they would have to fight it out while she waited.

Twice during the month a wave of sympathy swept over him, and he started for the little *casa*, determined to yield her, that he might live in peace with himself. Twice he retraced his steps, swearing that he would do nothing.

One evening a strange native appeared before him. The man said his name was José, and that he came from the *casa*, off there, indicating Innsbruck's place; that the master was ill; that they could not help him with their little knowledge of white men's troubles.

"Did he send you to me?" asked Court, suspiciously.

"No," replied José; then he told Court of all that had occurred. How Innsbruck had grown silent and moody, and finally vicious in the sun; how he had spent five days lying across his bed with a gun in his hands and the flush of fever on him; how he had complained as a child, and had sung queer snatches of song. José believed him mad, and he had come to a white man, since white men ought to know white madness. Court shivered. He knew. He prepared to go with the native. He did not want to go, but an invisible force seemed to clutch him and to drag him relentlessly across that tangle of forest into the presence of the judge.

He found Innsbruck in the *casa*, white, shuddering, but no longer violent.

"Something's wrong . . . something's wrong with me," Innsbruck whispered, staring at him without recognition. "Go chase away that sun . . . it shrieks names at me and burns me in the eyes. It has been telling me to go kill a man . . . that man off there. . . ."

Court let down the shades and tried to bar out the sunlight. He took a look into Innsbruck's medicine chest. Toward night the fever grew worse. Innsbruck's face was drawn and discolored, and Court knew only enough to wait patiently. All night long Innsbruck tossed about, mumbling, pleading, explaining. Court was forced to sit and review their common history. Under the red beard of him his face grew tense and white. Once Innsbruck struggled up in bed, declaring his innocence, and swearing he would find him—Court.

It was a wearing week for the bearded man. He brought Innsbruck around in that time, and when the two *muchachos* were able to manage for him, Court rode away. Sick as he had been, Innsbruck could see that Court was very nervous, a pale, hollow-eyed man. He had begun to be afraid.

"Did I talk much—out loud?" asked Innsbruck of José.

"Much, Señor," replied the native.

"About men, José?"

"Men and women, Señor."

Innsbruck wondered what he had said.

One touch of fever does not destroy a world, nor the man, and Innsbruck came to get about as before, singing sometimes, when his heart was not aching. He learned from one of the constabulary that Court no longer rode in for supplies, but trusted to his *muchachos*. It is not pleasant to be indebted to one we charge with all our sorrow, and Innsbruck prayed to God for some method of squaring the account.

That time of reckoning was fast approaching, but silently, barefooted, in the shadowy dank stretches of the forest. The first significance came from José, who suggested that living would be much safer nearer the constabulary station. José waved his hand toward the forest.

"Much trouble there; strange men, not friends, much afraid of soldiers, but not care for one white man."

The insistence of the native caused Innsbruck to worry a bit. He barred his door at night, and oiled his heavy guns.

One night he was awakened by fear. The cold point of a knife could not have made him more apprehensive. Something had either happened or was about to occur; yet he could distinguish nothing unusual in sound. He was convinced of danger, however, and lay trembling. The door was barred, and he had a few days before crossed the one window of the *casa* with wooden cleats. But this window was open, and Innsbruck watched it as the place from which to expect attack. The thousand and one sibilant things that make the hymn of a tropic night were each exaggerated into terrors for him. Once he thought he had heard gently slipping feet, and that there must have been a fumble at his door.

"José!" he called. "Are you there, José?"

Certainly he had heard a soft tread on the veranda, the slip of a bare foot. Slowly his hand reached to the little bamboo table, and his fingers clasped over the warm butt of a revolver.

"José!" he called again, to be sure.

As if in answer there came a scream. Innsbruck heard the crashing of thickets. Imagining a shadow's waver at his window, he fired, and then sent a second bullet spudding through the door. Immediately after there whipped in at the window a long knife. Heavily this whirled across the room and snicked against the wall above him, while he heard the patter of retreating feet. Innsbruck sprang from bed and crouched low. Shots rang out, as he had expected, and the sides of the *casa* crackled at the imperative thud-thudding of the lead. It was as Court had predicted. The *insurrectos* were up and doing.

It took Innsbruck a long time to close the sliding shutter of his window. He had to proceed with caution, wriggling across the floor, his revolver held ready. Twice he banged away at unwarranted shadows, firing rather to instil fear than in the hope of reaching a mark, and gaining a deal of confidence from the gun's sturdy promises. At length he had things as tight as could be, and there ensued a long wait for the terror to announce itself definitely. The low humming confusion that had sounded from the lower plantation, where lived the *taos*, had now ceased. Silence all about him, silence and the quiet dread of it. Innsbruck lay on the floor, partly barricaded by his upturned bed, grimly waiting to welcome the *insurrectos*. Time passed slowly, allowing him to figure his chances.

The nearest post of the constabulary was distant a good five miles through the brush, and this likely had its own troubles to deal with, were the insurrection of any extent. No doubt the force could quiet matters eventually, when they might think to look him up. Meantime—meantime he must fight for his life. As for Court, Innsbruck could not hope. By now, he thought, all chance of complete vindication through that man had been effaced. There was sorrow as well as danger in this insurrection.

All the while his little clock ticked loudly, and the leaden minutes crept away without event. Suddenly Innsbruck started and listened. He thought he had heard shouting in the distance; now there was to be heard a commotion of some sort, a hallooing, a beating of the jungle, louder and growing nearer. Firing sounded, and the rushing of a horse. Then out of the *mêlée* came a voice, calling:

"Innsbruck! Are you there?"

There was in this cry something of inquiry, but more of supplication. Immediately crackled a series of reports, accompanied by a chorus of demoniacal yells. It was Court, riding through the cordon of natives, fighting his way and perhaps paying for it with his blood. Innsbruck's heart thumped. A great feeling of exultation possessed him, thrilled him, as he realized the safety of his redemption. But what if they killed the man in his sight? How could he ever hope to clear away the lie unless this man lived? And Innsbruck hated those brown devils of the jungle more than he had hated any one, even this one, this fugitive, this beggar for sanctuary.

"Come on, Court!" he yelled, in reply. "Fight, man, fight! Give 'em hell!" and he stood ready to throw open his door, holding his heaviest gun. Would the man ever come in sight? Had they killed him on the threshold? Quivering there in the dark, Innsbruck raised his hands in direct supplication, praying:

"O God! keep him safe—keep him safe, that he may confess . . . to me!"

A bright moon mellowed the clearing before the *casa*, flooding the open with a silvery light. Innsbruck from his place by the door caught the view through a frame of vines and sweeping branches, dark against the moonlight, and in the background lifted the tall silhouettes of palms into a dim star-pointed sky. Now he saw Court emerge into the clearing, his head low down as a man might bend in a drenching storm. Shot after shot followed Court, and once he staggered, but came on. A dozen leaping figures sprang from the thickets. Innsbruck gritted his teeth in rage. Were these to seize his triumph? They would have to fight for the man, and throwing wide the door, he went out on to the veranda, gun

in hand. His first shots dropped three of the figures as putty men, but in reply he had to stand the fire of a dozen he could not see. Court hurtled up the steps, panting, reeling, and threw himself within the house. The door slammed, and they flung up the bars.

"Down, man, down!" cried Court, dragging Innsbruck to the floor, where they awaited the fusillade. But a quiet, dull and sinister, settled round the *casa*. Quivering there in the dark, Innsbruck smiled. He had preserved the secret for himself. Then, almost at once, he began to think less of this and more of a strange numbing sensation that seized him.

"Didn't get you, did they, Innsbruck?" asked Court.

"I don't quite know," said he, groping to the wall and sitting down.

"Think we can . . . keep 'em off till help comes?" queried Court, speaking nervously, his voice betraying an anxiety. But before Innsbruck could summon strength enough to answer against the pain that now told him he was hit, Court groaned and rolled to the floor.

"They got you, too?" half whispered Innsbruck, stretching out his hand and feeling for the other.

"Something caught me fierce . . . in the side . . ." groaned Court. "We ought to have . . . a light . . ."

Innsbruck made an effort to rise, but something seemed to be dragging at his knees, and the whole roof of the *casa* fluttered down to oppress him. He felt that he was stifling. He trembled back against the wall, his head whirling, his eyes fighting a mass blacker than the dark, a wavering, fascinating sensation.

When this feeling of giddiness passed, he did not make a second effort to reach the other man, even though he knew Court was in agony. He wanted to be left alone for a little. He wanted to consider what had happened. There had been a terrible fight in the clearing—but this no longer troubled Innsbruck. He sat quiet, patient, as if waiting. He wondered what was pressing his legs so, and, feeling tremulously, touched a gun; having no further use for it, he pushed it away into the dark. Almost an hour passed. Court was silent. He wanted to hear Court speak of something—what? He had forgotten. Court was hurt, and



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton

COURT HURTLED UP THE STEPS, PANTING, REELING

might die. He must speak before that—but of what? What was it that he wanted to choke out of him? Innsbruck could not remember. Then out of the dark there seemed to drift a woman's face, and Innsbruck suffered his head to fall back against the wall as he watched this vague, floating, beloved vision.

Court had grovelled down to the floor. When the excitement had ebbed, the pain had seized him ruthlessly. He had weakened under it, and made no sound. Innsbruck was a heartless wretch, Court thought, knowing his guilt; and this was to be his punishment. He had kept silent, and now he would be paid in silence. He was wounded, wounded, and he wanted help—a word, just a word. He had been so long alone, pitifully alone, out there with his conscience, and now—could this man really mean to mock him? Court found time to review life.

"Innsbruck . . ." he whispered. And then louder, insistent: "Are you there, Innsbruck? Why don't you answer?"

Only silence. It seemed to take form about him, this stillness, to stand at his side, to stare at him, imperturbable, sphinxlike. Court gritted his teeth savagely to keep back the groans. The pain was tearing him, but he would not allow this judge to have a triumph. Suddenly there was a rush of something warm over his hand. He would die, possibly. The thought quite stunned him.

Die!—and die in the dark, with no one, save that accusing fellow who had followed him across the world to have revenge in silence. Die!—he did not want to die. There was much to live and be strong for, while if he died he would lose all. And he did not want to die in the night. The sun would be out bright and warm again in the morning, and the revolt would be put down, and Innsbruck need never know how he had twice started across the wilderness to confess, or of that which he had in his heart. Court gasped. A faintness came over him, and his brain reeled into confusion. He must be hurt sorely—he might die.

And he dared not take the dim trail fettered by his dragging sin. If there was a moment left, he would speak. Never before had he the courage to confess, silence had been his refuge, and

health his sanctuary; but he now felt that the silence of the human breast is pitiful to that vast silence of eternity.

"Innsbruck . . ." he whispered.

Court groped his way over the floor until he felt the gun, and then the other man's knee, and then his hand. Court's fingers were gripped close, tight. He was glad that Innsbruck's hand gripped his so—there was comfort in this hand-clasp, there in the dark. He had been so utterly alone.

Court spoke quickly, painfully.

"I've something . . . something to tell you, old man. . . . When you go back—back home, Innsbruck, you tell her of this . . . that I . . . tell her that I . . . Innsbruck, do you hear . . . ?"

The fingers gripped his terribly now; there came a long sigh, as if Innsbruck had murmured something. It had sounded like a name, a woman's name.

"I loved her, too," gasped Court. "I loved . . ."

He felt the hand slipping from him.

"Don't, Innsbruck, don't!" he begged, feverishly. "You won't deny me now—don't, it's so dark. . . ."

Perhaps the hand paused, rested in his as if in reconsideration.

"I was the one who did it," hurried Court's lips. "I did it—I let you suffer . . . while I ran away . . . here, to hide. You'll go back, Innsbruck, and set yourself right . . . you'll . . ."

There sounded a confused noise without the house. Court heard the crackling of flames over dry brush. He caught at the man's arm, clutching it spasmodically, and whispered:

"They've fired the . . . house. . . ."

A crimson flare shot up and lighted the interior of the *casa*. It seemed to blow the misty blur from Court's eyes, and fear lent him strength. Turning, he looked at his companion, seeing him for the first time plainly. Court shrank back and uttered a terrible cry. He struggled upright, staring at that uncaring, immutable, stony face. Innsbruck had left him unabsolved. Innsbruck was dead!

Then Court shrieked out as a madman. He staggered, struggled to the door, tore down its bars, and dragged it open. A volley of shots greeted him at the red portal. He plunged out into the fire and the silence.

Apathy and Steel

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

OUTSIDE—a moonlit river, wooded hills that embosomed the town, trees along the roadways, lighted houses; movement of people, calls and shouts of playing children, babies' cryings, and the buzz of many words; busy streets, trolley-car gongs that clangored, and the strident yammer of a giant gramophone at the garish doorway of a nickel show. And then across the foot of the street there reared a high, grimy fence; a narrow, guarded gate was opened for us, and we went inside.

Within the fence, a wilderness, a dust-covered, dreary, and silent wilderness of sheet-iron buildings that stretched in endless monotony to the farthest shores of sight. Buildings that shut in acre upon acre of dull, motionless machinery; buildings faintly luminous with violet arc-light that sifted wanly out through glass transom and window all but opaque with dust and grime; buildings that stretched, buildings that squatted, buildings that reared themselves back on their haunches and towered over their flat-roofed neighbors in grotesque misshapen hulks; and of chimneys and smoke-stacks a forest, like bloated unrigged masts of countless anchored vessels. From the stacks there floated vapor—a mere visual echo of the dun smoke clouds that belch upon the sky by day; a vapor which canopied overhead in a dim-seen haze that veiled the moon into a pallid Dian and diffused her rays into a very travesty of moonlight, stagelike, unreal, and very gray and cold. Overhead, the lifeless, lava mountains of the moon; underfoot, the dead, gray mountains of man, mountains of cinder—of jagged coral-like slag, and foot-hills of mined, naked coal. Miles of dusty roadways and a maze of railroad tracks curved and spurred and side-tracked and trestled themselves over all the barren enclosure in bewildering confusion.

The desolate silence of the place! The

mockery of inactive wheels that were made only to turn and roar and clatter! It was as though I, having come out to see a great mailed giant fight, had come upon him asleep in his armor, with his inert arms at his sides.

We wandered on. Now and then we would chance upon some small group of men clustered about a smoky forge whose glare made a cheap red splotch in the vast emptiness of a four-acre building; the light on the men's faces seemed too red to be real—the scene looked like the feverish masterpiece of an ambitious amateur painter. These men whom we saw were working silently, as though oppressed by the weight of the black loneliness of the place; it had the melancholy of an empty sea.

At the doorway of a high one-storied building we turned in and looked upon all the machinery in all the world. Here and there a sputtering arc-light swung from the dim-seen roof; beneath each light were revealed huge lathes and delicately adjusted machines; their polished, undimmed surfaces, catching the light in points and streaks, glittered lustrously. Overhead, midway to the roof were miles of belts and chains and pulleys and shafting—a network of motionless wheels, the sound of whose turning would have drowned the rush of an express train.

Machines, machines, pregnant machines. In the arms of each lathe, on the bosom of each trip-hammer, rested yet other machines, unborn, and the perfect tool would on the morrow take up again the drilling and the boring, the polishing and perfecting, of their many-parented offsprings.

Far down the building we heard the faint whir of turning wheels, and we hurried eagerly thither. Amid a low-hung cluster of yellow incandescent bulbs we found a young man who indifferently watched a great rectangular plate of steel travel slowly back and forth, forward and



Drawn by John Edwin Jackson

A WILDERNESS OF SHEET-IRON BUILDINGS AND SMOKING STACKS
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back upon a steel carriage; along the exposed edge of the moving plate there scraped a ridiculously minute cold chisel, and at each passage of the carriage a tiny spiral of steel curled away from the plate. One shave too many, one shave not enough, and the perfect alignment and register of this Harveyized armor plate would be destroyed, and the vault door or the battleship would some day fail. I turned from the wonder of the machine to the man who so unconcernedly shaved the plate; he was a very young man, with a hatchet face and a roving eye, and he chewed tobacco freely; he must have known his business or he would not have been there, but I resented his indifference to this marvellous machine. He carelessly gave a half-turn at intervals to a small wheel, and for the rest of the time the plate and the shaving did without him very well. He scarcely looked at us, so busy was he with staring vacantly down the shadowy perspective of the aisle. His machine pared away at the plate, the carriage ran smoothly along to the end of its track, then automatically shifted itself and ran smoothly back to a fresh start; it was a triumph of mechanical perfection, and its steel brains shamed the mind of the young man who spat tobacco juice upon the base of the machine.

And then we became conscious of the near presence of another man, and I gladly turned my back on the fellow who was less human, less cunning, than the mechanism that he served. We walked along beside the thirty-foot length of a 12-inch gun, and I rejoiced with it in the brave sheen of its polished barrel. And at the breech we came upon another, younger man, who hailed us with a "Ey, youse! Wot time is't?—Gawd! Five an' a half hours more!" and he wearily adjusted a tiny set-screw and morosely watched a marvel of human skill perform a miracle. A drill was silently working its way into and through steel that was harder than any God-wrought substance on the earth. And the great gun that was so near its birth after all the months of labor, so near its full, first meal of brown powder and hot gaseous flame, whose voice was so soon to leap from its long throat and roar upon the world—the gun that might turn

the tide of a world's battle and save or lose a republic—this gun was being worked upon by an apathetic man whose enthusiasm would have been equally great had he turned wooden spools for sewing-cotton.

We walked away and passed slowly through the Wonderhouse; past thousands of tons of steel that stood completed and that wanted only the touch of a hand to make them come to life more marvellously than did ever a marble Galatea. Past, here, a hydraulic forging-press, complete but for some infinitesimal screws; there, the unassembled parts of a disappearing gun-carriage; past the house-large base of what was to be a twelve-million-gallon force-pump that would some day give the water to a city of three hundred thousand souls. And so out into the dusty yard again, and under the night sky that was rosy now with the pulsing, wavering flare from the top of a roaring blast-furnace far over to the left. The glare died swiftly, and the mocked moon resumed the lighting of the desolate yard; by contrast her light had been made colorless, more thin, more cold. We wandered on.

Steel is slow. But the hours of preparation were now nearly complete, and presently we entered a building that was too big to be beheld in its entirety in the faint light. Along its whole length inside stretched a succession of open-hearth furnaces that were open in name only; they were like flat-topped brick bake-ovens; a narrow iron balcony clung precariously along the front of the row; the furnaces glowed red in the dusk. I was given blue goggles, and with them I approached a tiny peep-hole no larger than a goblet top, from which outpoured a torrent of heat, and for a moment I peered in at a lake which bubbled and seethed and heaved up and down—a lake of gorgeous colors that blended and then dissolved into blues and greens and violets, only to rush together again into one dull roaring hue of flame. It was steel. I turned to see what sort of men had awakened this tiny hell, had fed and tended it throughout the night. They were heavy-eyed fellows, and for the most part they sat about upon barrows and upon the earthen floor with their backs against the walls, phlegmatic



DUN SMOKE CLOUDS BELCH UPON THE SKY

and inert—waiting—just waiting. One lay, face down, asleep upon a heap of powdered clay; for the rest, sleep had been better than that deadly supineness. There was one small group which stood listlessly about a tub filled with black water, in which a man was washing his naked torso and arms; he had given himself a once-over wash—a promise of what

was to follow; the high places of his muscles gleamed pink in the firelight, and the flesh above each rib was his natural color, but in the faint hollows between there lingered valleys of sooty grime; it gave him a bizarre striped effect. The rest of the party were waiting in placid bovine silence for a turn at the black water.

We went round upon the little iron balcony, hot under our feet from proximity to the unseen fires, and looked down into the gaping crater of a colossal iron tank which stood upon the floor beneath; it had sides two feet thick, and on the bottom of its inside were two men digging away with pickaxes at the thick caking in the bottom and on the encrusted sides. This tank was "the ladle," and the men were digging away the "skull" or sediment from a former tapping. After a while they climbed out, and we all waited again. Then in a matter-of-fact way a man opened some sort of gate or plug in the bottom of the furnace, and through a little trough trickled sluggishly a thin fiery thread of molten metal, and the thread grew to a band and to a stream, and then to a small-sized torrent that blazed high along all its length and poured into the ladle, which seemed to rebel against swallowing it, and to try to spit it out in showers and storms of darting, kaleidoscopic sparks, whose brilliancy blinded us, and from whose raging heat we backed step by step. And now the lethargic men sprang to vigorous life and moved with swift deftness and trained precision. Each caught up a filled paper bag, like a sack of flour, and ran out on to the iron balcony and close up to the eruptive ladle, and hurled in his bag, and rushed back for another, until the platform was for a few moments like the shores of an inferno. The bags held a composition to clarify and settle the rising contents of the ladle—it was the egg in the coffee. In the fierce light I could see every expression of their faces, these men, and they were as stolid and uninterested as though putting salt on a fried egg. On a sudden I saw the leaden drag of their hours, their days, weeks, years—the drag of their lives. To me the sight of the tapping of the furnace was one never to forget; to them it was the monotony that made them what they were and were always to remain.

The ladle was filling fast; then the steel rose bubbling above the top and rose yet higher, hovering stickily at the edge for an instant, and then gushing over; it cascaded down the sides in unbroken flaming sheets that fell upon the earthen floor, and split apart and radiated lava-like into a hundred fire-tongued rivulets,

and the heat, rising wave upon wave to the high arched roof, filled the place with dead, burnt air that seemed to scorch our lungs and our lips as we breathed. And when the furnace had drained itself dry, and when the ladle no longer vomited sparks and flame and trickling metal, there came a great overhead crane with dangling hooks and chains, and caught up the ladle and held it suspended above a long row of little steel flat cars, on each of which there was a single mould—a black iron prism five feet high. Then the ladle in its turn was tapped, the prisms were filled one by one, and the train moved slowly away, we in pursuit. The men we left standing passively awaiting the cooling of the overflow on the floor, that they might clear it away just as they had done last night and last month, and as they would do till old age should be crowded out of the line of youth.

We followed after the train of little flat cars, each bearing a miniature volcano, a spiteful, vicious little volcano which peevishly belched out smoke and gaseous white flame that discolored the night; followed till we came to another of those immense dim-seen iron buildings, and the train stopped, and we sat down beside it upon a pile of scrap-iron that was cruelly hard, and watched to see what might happen next. The little volcanoes had given up their ill-natured ways and stood in a sombre, gloomy row, cooling. And then, out of the dark overhead there swooped down a great iron claw that—nip!—and it had snatched off one of the black prism moulds, which opened up along both sides and came away from the little volcano readily enough. But, behold, instead of any volcano there stood upon the iron car a little steel ingot, naked, and a hot, deep red from shame. The giant claw methodically plucked away each mould, and revealed on every car a stiffly upright little ingot, and then the train moved slowly away, and instead of black moulds with flame plumes it now bore a gorgeous procession of glowing hot ingots that lighted up the murky building and set a-dancing a horde of sleepy shadows on the walls. The train stopped, and a stout, uninteresting implement picked up each ingot and stood it gently and politely in the



THE WHITE-HOT METAL FILLED THE PLACE WITH BLINDING LIGHT

pit furnace where it was to be re-heated into a state of plastic non-resistance to a process which I judged later on must be painful for the ingot, painful in the extreme.

We wandered on, stumbling in the gloom over ties and tracks and heaps of steel, till we came to the rail-mill, and

here there were more men than I had yet seen together in any part of the plant. Steel is slow. These, too, were waiting, and the waiting was for them what it had been for all their fellows, a dull monotony that hung heavy on their hands. They were all young men, strong, slender, wiry young men, to whom the

enforced rest could not have been grateful, since it dragged out the night so intolerably long. They were talking in the desultory fashion of men who are at a work which gives them nothing about which to talk; they were just waiting—waiting; for them there were no common interests, no ties of mutual pride in the work of their hands. Ah!—I had chanced upon it—the reason for the apathy. It was because all is work of their hands, because no part is work of *their* brains. The machines held the brains of the labor of making steel. The perfected machines had made of these men merely other machines, who mechanically did work with hand and eye—dexterous, vigorous work, yet which had in it neither heart nor interest nor individual thought. For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have. Men of great intellect had made machines, made them by heart work, made them by the travail of their brain, and these cold, perfected machines had absorbed the opportunity for human skill, and had made of these men mere tool-serving tools. I did not argue that without these inventions there could be no such products, no such chance for honest labor; I did not hear the giant strides of Progress, for just then I could see only the pity of the stagnation of human thoughts—the heritage of the children of these men; and in the march of civilization I heard above the sound of Progress' footfalls the crunch of hearts that are dry.

I was glad when the rolls began slowly to turn, and a whistle having a shrewish voice called the men to activity and the chance to quicken for themselves the pulse of Time. There was a rumbling that was a mere clearing of the throat to the full-voiced song of the rolls; the men sprang to their stations, and then from far down the building, back of the pit furnace we had left behind, there came trundling along an ingot, illuming its own way by the glow of its own red-hot body. It travelled along a skidway on an endless succession of revolving steel rollers; it came loathly, sticking where it could—which was seldom—and it was then prodded into motion by two men who were there to that aim, waiting

stolidly during the long periods of inaction. It came rapidly, and in a few moments was before the first of the rolls; long steel guides caught it from either side, the huge steel rolls ground their lips lustfully, and the ingot was rushed end on into them; there was a roar like typhoon breakers on a beach of hard-packed sand; the ground trembled, and the ingot, an ingot no more, bounded out on the far side of the rolls, shot ahead a short distance, was automatically switched on to another skid, was rushed back and through a second pair of steel lips that came closer together; then to another, and over into a channel where it was guided into roll number two. And there the rolls were grooved, and bit into that which had been the ingot and drew it into a crude, rough-hewn shape, and stretched it yet longer, and ground it more slim, and passed it on roll after roll until it came through the final rolling perfect in shape and weight and finish—unrecognizable as the ingot of a brief four minutes ago. Thus is evolution turned topsyturvy—parodied—in the making of a standard rail: the ladle with its flying shower of sparks is the gorgeous-winged butterfly which deposits its fiery eggs on the little flat cars; from the cocoon moulds come fat little slug ingots, and these grow into great attenuated, writhing caterpillar rails; it is all a burlesque on Mother Nature.

We followed, walking swiftly along beside the reincarnated body of our friend the ingot, which, still by roller method, was travelling toward a fresh indignity. Suddenly it was stopped abruptly, and there smote our ears the most piercing yell I have ever heard. Five circular saws had fallen on our friend, and in a twinkling, despite the shrieking protests of every disintegrating molecule, it became four friends with ends that were neatly trimmed. So had we seen one ingot make four perfect ninety-pound-to-the-yard standard rails.

We retraced our steps; I had a justifiable curiosity to see the power behind the throne. A short flight of iron stairs, slippery with oil, led up to an enclosed bridge above and in front of the rolls. By looking out at the back we could see the succession of ingots coming over the rollers to the rolls; they stretched in



A GORGEOUS PROCESSION OF GLOWING HOT INGOTS

single file at regularly spaced intervals clear back to the pit furnace, and the route of their coming glared with fierce light. Beneath us through the cracks of the floor could be seen the dazing succession of rails in process of rolling; they were shooting back and forth shuttle

fashion, now forward to this roll, back from that, only to be propelled to the next roll beyond: on and on, ingots and ingot-rails and rails themselves, weaving into instantly vanishing patterns, of which the threads were white-hot strands of steel. In front of us were the rolls,



HEAVY-EYED FELLOWS, PHLEGMATIC AND INERT

massive, thunderous, insatiable; beyond them the embryo rails—for whom there was neither rest nor pause—hurtled forward and back, finally, far over to the left, to be squeezed through the finishing-roll and go on from it to the circular saws. And all this, constantly, all in dizzy movement of white-hot metal that filled the place with blinding light and with pale blue, pungent smoke. Sound? It was as reverberating thunder—crash of cannon fire—sea roar—and the stridor of a thousand cracked and clangoring bells. The bridge swayed and quivered; it was foul with acrid smoke and resounding with the everlasting din. And on the bridge, side by side, stood four grim-visaged young men, their eyes red from the glaring steel and their never-

shifting gaze at the rolls. They were never still, these men; they tugged and dragged at tall levers, of which each had four or five; sometimes a mere grip of the hand, and all was well; then some one of them must fling his whole weight against a lever, or, furiously straining backward, drag at it with both hands in a movement that came only just in time. They never paused, they never spoke, and never did they even glance aside; had one of them fallen dead, the going would have been unnoticed until his absence had caused the clogging of the rolls. Every unit of intellect was concentrated in compelling eye and hand to work instantaneously and always together; the quickness of the hand was the quickness of the eye. These men were the pilots of the rails into the rolls, for them training of eye and of hand took the place of judgment by intellect; the “guides” were steel extensions of their deft fingers, but it was with the inventor of the connection between lever and guide that the brain lay. Yet for celerity of simultaneous action between eye and hand I have never seen the equal of those sweat-bathed, red-eyed men, who stood shoulder to shoulder and worked like giants in a rage.

And then a sweat-slimy hand slipped for an instant on a polished handle, and a half-rolled rail bucked viciously to the manifest purpose of destroying the rolls. As he worked the clogged lever back and forth savagely the young man pulled a

bell cord, and a whistle shrieked a warning. In a second the rolls stopped, and all movement stopped, and the smoke thickened and eddied up into the bridge; and sound ceased into a momentary silence that seemed loud. Two men stationed for just such an emergency ran out between the spinning rollers, and with crowbars wrestled with the rail and gouged it into submission, and after half a minute's time the whistle shrieked merrily, the sound came roaring back, and the last little red ingot that left the pit furnace jogged sulkily forward once again. And the young man caught my look of admiration for the quickness of his eye and hand, and for a little his hard, drawn face relaxed, and he flashed on me a smile of such good-fellowship that I carry it in memory with me still. I took a farewell glimpse of the festival of fire, then we turned and went away; the scene would be to me a never-ending glory; to the men who were surrounded by it day after day it was never seen at all.

We lingered here and there; at another set of rolls they were making Grey "I" beams, I was told, making them larger than they can be made elsewhere

in all the world, yet these men were no whit more interested or more proud of their labor than were those who worked the commonplace rails; the apathy had fallen on them all.

We went out of the little gate, which was closed behind us, and we stepped back into the sleeping town, and drew long breaths because we were again under green-smelling trees, and could glimpse cool running water, and hear no sound but our own footfalls, and afar off the droning of the distant mill softened to the plaint of a drowsy beetle. Instinctively I thought of the men who would go home to the drab-colored, smoke-stained houses that perched on the sterile cliff above the mills, and they would sleep there and eat there, curtained in together, they and the mills, by the smoke that enveloped them both and that bound the men to never-ending remembrance of their toil. And then they would come down into the town and stand in idle, passive groups on the street corners, aimlessly talking together, apathetically waiting for the time to go back to work through which mentally they likewise wait.

The Rose Vine

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

THE rose vine climbed the window
Of my fair Love;
My Love looked out all smiling
And leaned above.

But ere their time the roses
Died on the stem—
I could not know what spirit
Wrought harm to them.

When winter came and sorrowed,
At last I knew—
My Love, my pretty Love . . .
She was not true.

The Inner Shrine

A NOVEL

CHAPTER XI

HALF an hour after Derek's return, Diane was summoned into his presence in the little room where she had arranged his letters in the afternoon. The door was standing open, and she went in slowly, her head high. She was dressed as when she had parted from him; and the whiteness of her neck and shoulders, free from jewels, collar, or chain, was the more brilliant from contrast with the severe line of black. In her pale face all expression was focussed into the pained inquiry of her eyes. If she betrayed any sign of trepidation it was in the nervous twisting of her fingers, as her hands hung clasped before her.

She entered so silently that he did not hear her, or lift his head from the hand on which it leaned wearily, as he rested his elbow on the desk. Pausing in the middle of the room, she had time to notice that he had opened a few of the letters lying before him, but had thrust them impatiently from him, evidently unread. The cablegram she had laid where his glance would immediately fall upon it was between his fingers, but the envelope was unbroken. His attitude was so much that of a man tired and dispirited that her heart went out to him.

It was perhaps the involuntary sigh that broke from her lips that caused him to look up. When he did so his eyes fixed themselves on her with a dazed stare, as though he wondered from whence and for what she had come. In the eager attention with which she regarded him she noted subconsciously that he was unshaven and ill-kempt, and that his eyes, as Dorothea had said, were bloodshot.

He dragged himself to his feet, and with forced courtesy asked her to sit down. She allowed herself to sink mechanically to the edge of the divan

where, only an hour ago, Dorothea and she had exchanged happy confidences. In the minutes of silence that followed, when he had resumed his own seat, she felt as if she were in some queer nightmare, where nothing could be explained.

"Did you ever hear of a young French explorer named Persigny?"

She nodded, without speaking. The irrelevancy of the question was in keeping with the odd horror of the dream.

"Did you know he was exploring in Brazil?"

"I think I may have heard so."

"He came up from Rio with me—on the same steamer."

She listened, with eyes fixed fast upon him, wondering what he meant.

"He wasn't alone," Derek went on, speaking in a lifeless monotone. "There were others of his party with him. There was one,—especially, with whom I became on terms that were almost—intimate."

For the first time it occurred to her that he was trying to see through her thoughts; but in her bewilderment at his words, she met his gaze steadily.

"There was something about this young man that attracted me," he continued, in the same dull voice, "and I listened to his troubles. In particular he told me why he had fled from Paris, to hide himself in the forests of the Amazon. Shall I tell you the reason?"

"If you like."

"It was an old story; in some respects a vulgar story. He had got into the toils of an unscrupulous woman."

Her sudden perception of what he was leading up to forced her into a little involuntary movement.

"I see you understand," he said, quickly, with the glimmer of a smile. "I thought you would; for, as a matter of fact, much of what he said brought back our conversation on the night before I

sailed. There was not a little in it that was mystery to me at the time, which he—illuminated."

She sat with lips parted and bosom heaving, her hands clasped tightly in her lap. If she was conscious of any sensation, it was of terrible curiosity to know how the tale was to be turned.

"What you said to me then," he pursued in the same cruel quietness of tone—"what you said to me then, as to the influence of a bad woman in a man's life, seemed to me—what shall I say?—not precisely exaggerated, but somewhat overwrought. I didn't know it could be so true to the actual facts of experience. My friend's words at times were almost an echo of your own. He had been the lover of a woman—"

Once more she started, raising her hand in silent protest against the words.

"He—had—been—the—lover—of—a woman," he repeated, with slow emphasis, "who, after having ruined her husband's life, was preparing to ruin his. She would have ruined his as she had ruined the lives of other men before him. When he endeavored to elude her she set on her husband to call him out. There was a duel—or the semblance of a duel. My friend fired into the air. The poor devil of a husband shot himself. It appears that he had every reason for doing so."

"My husband didn't shoot himself."

"Your husband?" he asked, with an ironical lifting of the eyebrows. "What makes you think I've been speaking of him?"

"The man whom you call your friend is the Marquis de Bienville—"

"He didn't mention your name; but I see you're able to tell me his. It's what I was afraid of. I've repeated only a very little of what he said; but since you recognize its truth already, it isn't necessary to continue."

She passed her hand over her forehead, with the gesture of one trying desperately to see aright.

"I must ask you to tell me plainly: Was I the—the unscrupulous woman into whose toils Monsieur de Bienville fell?"

"He didn't say so."

"Then why—why have you spoken of this to me?"

"Because what I heard from him fitted in so exactly with what I had heard from you that it made an entire story. It was like the two parts of a puzzle. The one without the other is incomplete and perplexing; but having both you can see the perfect whole. I will be frank enough to tell you that many of your sayings were dark to me until I had his to lend them light."

"Would it be of any use to say that what he told you wasn't true?"

"I don't know that it would be of any use to say it, unless it could be proved."

"Did you ask him to give you proof?"

"No; because you had already provided me with that."

"How?"

"Surely you must remember telling me that you had ruined one rich man, and might ruin another: that no man could cope with a woman such as you were two or three years ago. There were these things—there were other things—many other things—"

"And that's what you understood from them?"

"I understood nothing whatever. If I thought of such words at all, it was to attribute them to a morbid sensibility. It wasn't until I got their interpretation that they came back to me. It wasn't until I had met some one who knew you before I did, and better than I did—"

"It wasn't till then that you thought of me what no man ever thinks of a woman until he is ready to trample her in the mire, under his feet."

Straightening himself up, as a man who defends his position, he took an argumentative tone.

"What motive would Bienville have for lying?—to a stranger?—and about a stranger? There are moments when you know a man is telling you the truth, as if he were in the confessional. He wasn't speaking of you, but of himself. Not only were no names mentioned, but he had no reason to think I had ever heard of the woman he talked to me about, nor has he yet. If it hadn't been for your own half-hints, your own half-confessions, I doubt if I should ever have had more than a suspicion of—of—the truth."

"I could have explained everything,"

she said, with a break in her voice. "I've never concealed from you the fact that there was a time in my life when I was very indiscreet. I lived like the women of fashion around me. I was inconsiderate of other people. I did things that were wrong. But before I knew you I had repented of them."

"Quite so; but, unfortunately, what is conventionally known as a repentant woman is not the sort of person I would have chosen to be near my child."

She rose, wearily, dragging herself toward the desk. "Now that I've heard your opinion of me," she said, quietly, "I suppose you have no reason for detaining me any longer."

"Are you going away?" he asked, sharply.

"What else is there for me to do?"

"Have you nothing to say in your own defence?"

"You haven't asked me to say anything. You've tried and condemned me unheard. Since you adopt that method of justice I'm forced to abide by it. I'm not like a person who has rights or who can claim protection from any outside authority. You're not only judge and jury to me, but my final court of appeal. I must take what you mete out to me—and bear it."

"I don't want to be hard on you," he groaned.

"No; I can believe that. I dare say the situation is just as cruel for you as for me. When circumstances become so entangled that you can't explain them, everybody has to suffer."

"I'm glad you can do me that justice. My life for the past week—ever since Bienville began to talk to me—has been hell."

"I'm sorry for that. I'm sorry to have brought it on you. I'm afraid, too, that the future may be harder for you still; for no man can do a woman such wrong as you're doing me, and not pay for it."

"Wrong? Can you honestly say I'm doing you wrong, Diane? Isn't it true—you'll pardon me if I put my questions bluntly, the circumstances don't permit of sparing either your feelings or my own—isn't it true that for two or three years before your husband's death, your name in Paris was nothing short of a byword?"

"I'm not sure of what you mean by a byword. I acknowledge that I braved public opinion, and that much ill was said of me—often, more than I deserved."

"Isn't it true that your name was connected with that of a man called Lalanne, and that he was killed in a duel, on your account?"

"It's true that Monsieur Lalanne made love to me; it's also true that he was killed in a duel; but it's not true that it was on my account. The instance is an excellent illustration of the degree to which the true and the false are mixed in Parisian gossip—perhaps in all gossip—and a woman's reputation blasted. Unhappily for me, I felt myself young and strong enough to be indifferent to reputation. I treated it with the neglect one often bestows upon one's health—not thinking that there would come a day of reckoning."

"If there had been only one such case it might have been allowed to pass; but what do you say of de Cretteville? what of de Melcourt? what of Lord Wendover?"

"I have nothing to say but this: that for such scandal I've a rule, from which I have no intention of departing even now: I neither tell it, nor listen to it, nor contradict it. If it pleases the Marquis de Bienville to repeat it, and you to give it credence, I can't stoop to correct it, even in my own defence."

"God knows I'm not delving into scandal, Diane. If I bring up these miserable names it's only that you may have the opportunity to right yourself."

"It's an opportunity impossible for me to use. If I were to attempt to unravel the strand of truth from the web of falsehood, it would end in your condemning me the more. The canons of conduct in France are so different from those in America that what is permissible in one country is heinous in the other. In the same way that your young girls shock our conceptions of propriety, our married women shock yours. It would be useless to defend myself in your eyes, because I should be appealing to a standard to which I was never taught to conform."

"I thought I had taken that into consideration. I'm not entirely ignorant of the conditions under which you've lived, and I meant to have allowed for them

But isn't it true that you exceeded the very wide latitude recognized by public opinion, even in a place like Paris?"

"I didn't take public opinion into account. I was reckless of its injustice, as I was careless of its applause. I see now, however, that indifference to either brings its punishment."

"Those are abstract ideas, and I'm trying to deal with concrete facts. Isn't it true that George Eveleth was a rich man when you married him, and that your extravagance ruined him?"

"It helped to ruin him. I plead guilty to that. I had no knowledge of the value of money; but I don't offer that as an excuse."

"Isn't it true that the Marquis de Bienville was your lover, and that you were thinking of deserting your husband to go with him?"

"It's true that the Marquis de Bienville asked me to do so, and that I was rash enough to turn him into ridicule. I shouldn't have done it if I had known that there was a man in the world capable of taking such a revenge upon a woman as he took on me."

"What revenge?"

"The revenge you're executing at this minute. He said—what very few men, thank God, will say of a woman, even when it's true, and what it takes a dastard to say when it's not true. Even in the case of the fallen woman there's a chivalrous human pity that protects her; while there's something more than that due to the most foolish of our sex who has not fallen. I took it for granted that, at the worst, I could count on that, until I met your friend. His cup of vengeance will be full when he learns that he has given you the power to insult me."

"I don't mean to insult you," he said, in a dogged voice, "but I mean, if possible, to know the truth."

"I'm not concealing it. I'm ready to tell you anything."

"Then, tell me this: isn't it the case that when George Eveleth discovered your relations with Bienville, he challenged him?"

"It's the case that he challenged him, not because of what he discovered, but of what Monsieur de Bienville said."

"At their encounter didn't Bienville fire into the air—?"

"I've never heard so."

"And didn't George Eveleth fall from a self-inflicted shot?"

"No. He died at the hand of the Marquis de Bienville."

"So you told me once before—though you didn't tell me the man's name. But, Diane, aren't you convinced in your heart that George Eveleth knew that which made his life no longer worth the living?"

"Do you mean that he knew something—about me?"

"Yes; about you."

"That's the most cruel charge Monsieur de Bienville has invented yet."

"Suppose he didn't invent it? Suppose it was a fact?"

"Have you any purpose in subjecting me to this needless torture?"

"I have a purpose, and I'm sorry if it involves torture; but I assure you it isn't needless. I must get to the bottom of this thing. I've asked you to marry me; and I must know if my future wife—"

"But I'm not—your future wife."

"That remains to be seen. I can come to no decision—"

"But I can."

"That must wait. The point before us is this: Did, or did not, George Eveleth kill himself?"

"He did not."

"You must understand that it would prove nothing if he did."

"It would prove, or go far to prove, what you said just now—that I had made his life not worth the living."

"His money troubles may have counted for something in that. What it would do is this: it would help to corroborate Bienville's word against—yours."

"Fortunately there are means of proving that I'm right. I can't tell you exactly what they are; but I know that, in France, when people die the registers tell just what they died of."

"I've already sent for the necessary information. I've done even more than that. I couldn't wait for the slow process of the mails. I cabled this morning to Grimston, one of my Paris partners, to wire me the cause of George Eveleth's death, as officially registered. This is his reply."

He held up the envelope Diane had placed on the desk earlier in the evening.

"Why don't you open it?" she asked in a whisper of suspense.

"I've been afraid to. I've been afraid that it would prove him right in the one detail in which I'm able to put his word to the test. I've been hoping against hope that you would clear yourself; but if this is in his favor—"

"Open it," she pleaded.

With the silver dagger she had laid ready to his hand he ripped up the envelope, and drew out the paper.

"Read it," he said, passing it to her, without unfolding it.

Though it contained but one word, Diane took a long time to decipher it. For minutes she stared at it, as though the power of comprehension had forsaken her. Again and again she lifted her eyes to his, in sheer bewilderment, only to drop them then once more on the all but blank sheet in her hand. At last it seemed as if her fingers had no more strength to hold it, and she let it flutter to the floor.

"He was right?"

The question came in a hoarse undertone, but Diane had no voice in which to reply. She could only nod her head in dumb assent; and then, with the hurried glance of the animal which knows that there is nothing left for it but to flee, she turned, and walked swiftly from the room.

It grew late and Derek Pruyn still sat in the position in which Diane had left him. His hands rested clenched on the desk before him, while his eyes stared vacantly at the cluster of electric lights overhead. He was living through the conversations with Bienville on shipboard. He began with the first time he had noticed the tall, brown-eyed, black-bearded young Frenchman on the day when they sailed out of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. He passed on to their first interchange of casual remarks, leaning together over the deck-rail, and watching the lights of Para recede into the darkness. It was in the hot, still evenings in the Caribbean Sea that, smoking in neighboring deck-chairs, they had first drifted into intimate talk, and the young man had begun to unburden himself to the older. They had been distinctly interesting to Derek, these

glimpses of a joyous, idle, light-o'-love life, with a tragic element never very far below its surface, so different from his own gray career of business. They not only beguiled the tedious nights, but they opened up vistas of romance to an imagination growing dull before its time, in the seriousness of large practical affairs. In proportion as the young Frenchman showed himself willing to narrate, Derek became a sympathetic listener. As Bienville told of his pursuit, now of this fair face, and now of that, Derek received the impression of a chase, in which the hunted engages not of necessity, but, like Atalanta, in sheer glee of excitement. Like Atalanta, too, she was apt to overestimate her speed, and to end in being caught.

It was not till after he had recounted a number of *petites histoires*, more or less amusing, that Bienville came to what he called "*l'affaire la plus sérieuse de ma vie*," while Derek drank in the tale with all the avidity the jealous heart brings to the augmentation of its pain. To the idealizing purity of his conception of Diane any earthly failing on her part became the extremity of sin. He had placed her so high that when she fell it was to no middle flight of guilt; as to the fallen angel, there was no choice for her, in his estimation, between heaven and the nether hell.

Outwardly he was an ordinary passenger, smoking quietly in a deck-chair, in order to pass the time between dinner and the hour for "turning in." His voice, as he plied Bienville with questions, betrayed his emotions no more than the darkened surface of the sea gave evidence of the raging life within its depths. To Bienville himself, during these idle, balmy nights, there was a three-fold inspiration, which in no case called for strict exactitude of detail. There was, first, the pleasure of talking about himself; there was, next, the desire to give his career the advantage of a romantic light; and there was, thirdly, the storyteller's natural instinct to hold his hearer spellbound. The little more or the little less could not matter to a man whom he didn't know, in talking about a woman whose name he hadn't given; while, on the other hand, there was the satisfaction, to which the Latin is so

sensitive, of showing himself a lion among ladies.

Moreover, he had boasted of his achievements so often that he had come to believe in them long before giving Derek the detailed account of his victory, on the gleaming Caribbean seas. On his part, Derek had found no difficulty in crediting that which was related with apparent fidelity to fact, and which filled up, in so remarkable a manner, the empty spaces between the mysterious, broken hints Diane had at various times given him of her own inner life. The one story helped to tell the other as accurately as the fragments of an ancient stele, when put together, make up the whole inscription. The very independence of the sources from which he drew his knowledge negated the possibility of doubt.

There was but one way in which Diane could have put herself right with him; she could have swept the charge aside, with a serene contemptuousness of denial. Had she done so, her assertion would have found his own eagerness to believe in her ready to meet it half-way. As it was, alas! her admissions had been damning. Where she acknowledged the smoke, there surely must have been the fire! Where she owned to so much culpability, there surely must have been the entire measure of guilt!

For the time being, he forgot Bienville, in order to review the conversation of the last half-hour. Diane had not carried herself like a woman who had nothing with which to reproach herself; and that a woman should be obliged to reproach herself at all was a humiliation to her womanhood. In the midst of this gross world, where the man's soul naturally became stained and coarsened, hers should retain the celestial beauty with which it came forth from God. That in his opinion was her duty; that was her instinct; that was the object with which she had been placed on earth. A woman who was no better than a man was an error on the part of nature; and Diane—oh, the pity of it!—had put herself down on the man's level with a naïveté which showed her unconscious of ever having been higher up. She had confessed to weaknesses, as though she were of no finer clay than himself, and

spoke of being penitent, when the tragedy lay in the fact that a woman should have anything to repent of.

The minutes went by, but he sat rigid, with hands clenched before him, and eyes fixed in a kind of hypnotic stare on the cluster of lights, taking no account of time or place. Throughout the house there was the stillness of midnight, broken only by the rumble of a carriage, or the clatter of a motor, in the street. The silence was the more ghostly owing to the circumstance that throughout the empty rooms lights were still flaring uselessly, welcoming his return. Presently there came a sound—faint, soft, swift, like the rustle of wings, or a weird spirit footfall. Though it was scarcely audible, it was certain that something was astir.

With a start Derek came back from the contemplation of his intolerable pain to the world of common happenings. He must see what could be moving at this unaccustomed hour; but he had barely risen in his place when he was disturbed by still another sound, this time louder and heavier, and characterized by a certain brusque finality. It was the closing of a door; it was the closing of the large, ponderous street-door. Some one had left the house.

In a dozen strides he was out in the hall, and on the stairway. There, on the landing, where an hour or two ago he had turned to look down upon Diane, stood Dorothea in her nightdress—a little white figure, scared and trembling.

"Oh, father, Diane has gone away!"

For some seconds he stared at her blankly, like a man who puzzles over something in a strange language. When he spoke, at last, his voice came with a forced harshness, from which the girl shrank back, more terrified than before:

"She was quite right to go. You run back to bed."

CHAPTER XII

FROM the shelter of the little French hostelry in University Place, Diane wrote, on the following morning, to Miss Lucilla Van Tromp, telling her as briefly and discreetly as possible what had occurred. While withholding names and suppressing the detail which dealt

with the manner of her husband's death, she spoke with her characteristic frankness, stating her case plainly. Though she denied the main charge, she repeated the admissions Derek had found so fatal, and accepted her share of all responsibility.

"Mr. Pruyn is not to blame," she wrote. "From many points of view he is as much the victim of circumstances as I am. I have to acknowledge myself in fault; and yet if I were more so, my problem would be easier to solve. There are conditions in which it is scarcely less difficult to discern the false from the true than it is to separate the foul current from the pure, after their streams have run together; and I cannot reproach Mr. Pruyn if, looking only on the mingled tides, he does not see that they flow from dissimilar sources. Though I left his house abruptly, it was not because he drove me forth; it was rather because I feel that, until I have regained some measure of his respect, I cannot be worthy in his eyes—nor in my own—to be under one roof with his daughter."

To Miss Lucilla, in her ignorance of the world, it seemed, as she read on, as if the foundations of the great deep had been broken up and the windows of heaven opened. That such things happened in romances, she had read; that they were not unknown in real life, even in New York, she had heard it whispered; but that they should crop up in her own immediate circle was not less wonderful than if the night-blooming cereus had suddenly burst into flower in her strip of garden. Miss Lucilla owned to being shocked, to being grieved, to being puzzled, to being stunned; but she could not deny the thrill of excitement at being caught up into the whirl of a real love-affair. She had heard it said that no one can be a great artist without an experience of passion; and, in truth, it was the passionate element which, more than any other, she missed in her musical compositions. She had felt as helpless hitherto to remedy the defect as if she had been told that she could not be a Christian without the gift of tongues; but now, with a man like Derek, a woman like Diane, a nameless French marquis to

make mischief between them, and herself to play the part of the goddess from the machine, there were emotional possibilities such as had never before entered into her pale existence.

When the first of the morning's duties in the sick-room were over she waylaid Mrs. Eveleth in a convenient spot and told her tale. She did not read the letter aloud, finding its phraseology at times too blunt; but, with those softening circumlocutions of which good women have the secret, she conveyed the facts. There was but one short passage which she quoted just as Diane had written it.

"I am sure my mother-in-law will stand by me, and bear me out. She alone knows the sort of life I led with her son, and I am convinced that she will see justice done me."

Mrs. Eveleth listened, silently, with the still look of pain that belongs to those growing old in the expectation of misfortune.

"I've been afraid something would happen," was her only comment.

"But surely, dear Mrs. Eveleth, you don't think any of it can be true!"

The elder woman began moving away toward the door.

"So many things have been true, dear, that I hoped were not!"

This answer, given from the threshold, left Miss Lucilla not more aghast than disappointed. It brought into the romance features which no single woman can afford to contemplate, even in the pursuit of artistic inspiration. She would have entered into the affairs of a wronged heroine with enthusiastic interest; but what was to be done with those of a possibly guilty one? She was so ready for the unexpected that as she stood at a back window, looking into the garden, it was almost a surprise not to find the night-blooming cereus really lifting its exotic head among the stout spring shoots of the peonies. With the vague feeling that the Park might prove more fruitful ground for the phenomenon, she moved to a front window, where she was not long unrewarded.

If it was not the night-blooming cereus that drove up in the handsome, open automobile, turning into the Park, it was

something equally portentous; for Mrs. Bayford had already played a part in Diane's drama, and was now, presumably, about to enter on the scene again. Miss Lucilla drew back, so as to be out of sight, while keeping her visitors in view. For a minute she hoped that Marion Grimston herself might be minded to make her a call, for she liked the handsome girl, whose outspoken protests against the shams of her life agreed with her own more gentle horror of pretension. Marion, wreathed in veils, was, however, at the steering-wheel, and as she guided the huge machine to the curbstone, showed no symptoms of wishing to alight. Beside her was Reggie Bradford, a large, fat youth, whose big, good-natured laugh almost called back echoes from the surrounding houses. As the car stopped he lumbered down from his perch, and helped Mrs. Bayford to descend. When he had clambered back to his place again the great vehicle rolled on. It was plain now to Miss Lucilla that a new act of the piece was about to begin, and she hurried back to the library in order to be in her place before the rising of the curtain.

For Miss Lucilla's callers there was always an immediate subject of conversation which had to be exhausted before any other topic could be touched upon; and Mrs. Bayford tackled it at once, asking the questions and answering them herself, so as to get it out of the way.

"Well, how is Regina? Very much the same, of course. I don't suppose you'll see any change in her now, until it's for the worse. Poor thing! one could almost wish, in her own interests, that our Heavenly Father would think fit to take her to Himself. Now, I want to talk to you about something serious."

Mrs. Bayford made herself comfortable in a deep, low chair, with her feet on a footstool.

"I suppose you've never guessed," she asked at last, "why Marion has been with me all this time?"

"I did guess," Miss Lucilla admitted, with a faint blush, "but I don't know that I guessed right."

"I expect you did. No one could see as much of her as you've done without knowing she had a love-affair."

"That's what I thought."

"It's been a great trial," Mrs. Bayford sighed, "and it isn't over yet. In fact, I don't know but what it's only just beginning."

"Wasn't he—desirable?"

"Oh yes; very much so, and is so still. It wasn't that. He was all that any one could wish—old family, position, title, good looks, everything."

"But if Marion liked him, and he liked her—?"

"I could explain it to you better if you knew more about men."

"I do know a—little," Miss Lucilla ventured to assert, shyly.

"There is a case in which a little is not enough. You've got to understand a man's capacity for loving one woman and being fascinated by another. I think they call it double consciousness."

"I don't think it's very honorable," Miss Lucilla declared, in disapproval.

"A man doesn't stop to think of honor, my dear, when he's in a grand passion. Bienville has honor written in his very countenance, but this was an occasion when he couldn't get it into play. It was perfectly tragic. He had already spoken to Robert Grimston in the manliest way—told all about himself—found out how much Marion would have as her *dot*—and got permission to pay her his addresses—when all came to nothing, because of another woman."

With this as an introduction it was natural that Mrs. Bayford should go on to repeat the oft-told tale in its entirety, lending it a light that no one had given to it yet. With the information she already possessed from Diane's letter it was impossible for Lucilla not to recognize all the characters as readily as Derek Pruyn had done, while she had the advantage over him of knowing Marion Grimston's place in the action. It was a dreadful story, and if Miss Lucilla was not more profoundly shocked it was because Mrs. Bayford, by overshooting the mark, rendered it incredible. None the less she agreed with Mrs. Bayford on the main point she had come to urge, that Diane, on one side, and Marion and Bienville, on the other, should be kept, if possible, from meeting.

"Not that I think," Mrs. Bayford went on, "that Raoul—that's his name—would ever take up with her again."

Still, you never can tell; I've seen such cases. A fire will often blaze up when you think it's out. And now that everything is going so smoothly it would be a thousand pities to throw any obstacle in the way."

"Everything is going smoothly, then? I'm glad of that, for Marion's sake."

"Yes; it's practically a settled thing. When it seemed likely that he would return to France by way of New York, Robert Grimston wrote me to say that if anything happened it would have his full consent. Things move rapidly in Paris, and the whole episode is as much a part of the past as last year's styles. Then, too, everybody knows now that Raoul didn't kill George Eveleth; and, of course, that removes a certain unpleasant thought that some people might have about him."

"Have you seen him yet?"

"I heard from him this morning. He asked if he could call on Marion and me this afternoon. You can guess what was my reply."

The nature of this having been made clear, Mrs. Bayford went on to express her fears as to the complications which might arise from the chance meeting of Bienville and Derek on the steamer, of which the former had given her information in his note. Nothing would be more natural now than for Derek to invite Marion and Bienville to dinner; and there would be Diane!

"I think I can relieve your mind on that point," Miss Lucilla said, trying to choose her words cautiously. "There would be no danger of their meeting Mrs. Eveleth just now, as she has left Dorothea, for the present."

There was so much satisfaction to Mrs. Bayford in knowing that, as far as Diane was concerned, the coast was comparatively clear, that she gathered up her skirts and departed. After she had gone, Miss Lucilla's sense of being the pivot of a romantic plot was heightened by the appearance of Diane. She came in with her usual air of confidence in her ability to meet the world, and if her pale face showed traces of tears and sleeplessness, its expression was, if anything, more courageous. Had it not been for this brave show Miss Lucilla would have wanted to embrace her

and hold her hands, but, as it was, she could only retire shyly into herself, as in the presence of one too strong to need the support of friends.

"No; don't call my mother-in-law yet," Diane pleaded, as Miss Lucilla was about to touch a bell. "I want to talk to you first, and tell you things I couldn't say in writing."

Then the story was told again, and from still another point of view. Once more Diane acknowledged the weaknesses of conduct she had confessed already, but Miss Lucilla was a woman and understood her speech.

"I knew you'd believe in me," Diane said, half sobbing, as she ended her tale. "I knew you'd understand that one can be a foolish woman without having been a wicked one. Mr. Pruyn would not have been so hard on me, if he had thought of that."

"Shall I go and tell him?"

"No; it's too late for that. The wrong that's been done needs a more radical remedy than you or I could bring to it. Bienville has lied, and I must force him to retract. Nothing else can help me."

To poor Miss Lucilla this was a new and alarming feature in the situation. If it was so, then Marion Grimston ought not to be allowed to marry him. If Diane was right—and she must be right!—Mrs. Bayford was mistakenly urging on a match that would bring unhappiness to one of the noblest young women in the world. This complication was almost more than Miss Lucilla's quietly working intellect could seize, and she followed Diane's succeeding words with but a wandering attention.

She understood, however, that, next to being justified by Bienville, Diane attached importance to the aid she expected from Mrs. Eveleth. Hers was the only living voice that could testify to the happy relations always existing between her son and his wife. She could tell, and would tell, that George had fallen as the champion of Diane's honor, and not as the victim of her baseness. If he died it was because he believed in her, not because he was seeking the readiest refuge from their common life. Diane would explain all to Mrs. Eveleth, to whose loyalty she could trust, and on whose love she could depend.

"I'll go and find her," Miss Lucilla said, rising. "You'd like to see her alone?"

"No; I'd rather you were present. My troubles have got beyond the stage of privacy. It's best that those who care for me should hear what can be said in my defence."

Miss Lucilla went, and returned. A few minutes later Mrs. Eveleth could be heard coming slowly down the stairs. But before she had time to enter the room Derek Pruyn, using the privilege of a relative, walked in without announcement.

CHAPTER XIII

IF the morning had brought surprises to Miss Lucilla Van Tromp, it had not denied them to the Marquis de Bienville. They were all the more astonishing in that they came out of a sky that was relatively clear. As he stood in his dressing-gown, with a cigarette between his fingers, at one of the upper windows of his tall, towerlike hotel, he would have said that his life at the moment resembled the blue dome above him, from which, after a cloudy dawn and dull early morning, the last fleecy drifts were being blown away.

There were many circumstances that combined just now to make him glad of being Raoul de Laval, Marquis de Bienville. The mere material comfort of modern hotel luxury had a certain joyous novelty after nearly two years spent amid the unprofitable splendors of the tropical forest. True, New York was not Paris; but it was an excellent distributing centre for Parisian commodities and news, and would do very well for the work he had immediately in hand. So far, all promised hopefully. His valet had joined him from France, with whatever he could wish in the way of wardrobe; and Mrs. Bayford's reply to his note contained much information beyond what was actually written down in words. Moreover, the statement he had found awaiting him from the *Crédit Lyonnais* revealed the fact that, owing to the two years in which he had little or no need to spend money, he could now live with handsome extravagance, until after he married Miss Grimston. He might even pay the more

pressing of his debts, though that possibility presented itself in the light of a work of supererogation, seeing that in so short a time he should be able to pay them all.

Then would begin a new era in his life. On that point he was quite determined. At thirty-two years of age it was high time to think of being something better in the world than a mere man-beauty. His experience with Persigny had shown that he was capable of something worthier than dalliance, as his fathers had been before him.

He did not precisely blame himself for shortcomings in the past, since, according to French ideas, he had not enough money on which to be useful, while his social position precluded work. He could not serve his country for fear of serving the republic, nor live on his estates, because Bienville, already heavily mortgaged to Van Tromp and Co., was too expensive to keep up. However well-meaning his nature, there had been almost nothing open to him but the career of the idle, handsome, high-born youth, with money enough to pay for the luxuries of life, while his name secured credit for its necessities.

With his looks and his address it would have been easy to find a wife who, by meeting his financial need, would have facilitated his path in virtue; but on this point he was fastidious. Rather, perhaps, he was typical of that modern, transitional phase of the French social mind, which, while still acknowledging the supremacy of the family in matrimonial affairs, insists on some freedom of personal selection. That his future wife should have enough money to make her a worthy *châtelaine* of Bienville, as well as to meet the subsidiary expenses the position implied, was a foregone conclusion; but it was equally a matter beyond dispute that she should be some one whom he could love. He had not found this combination of essentials until he met Marion Grimston, and the hand he was thereupon prepared to offer her was not wholly empty of his heart.

In her he saw for the first time in his life the intrepid maiden who seems to dare a man to come and master her. That she should be the daughter of Robert Grimston, with his commercial primness,

and Mrs. Grimston, with her pretentious snobbery, was a mystery he made no attempt to solve. It was enough for him that this proud creature was in the world, especially as her bearing toward him inspired the hope that he might win her. It was a pity that he should have turned aside from such high endeavor, in a foolish dash to make himself the Hippomenes of Diane Eveleth's Atalanta. Putting little heart into the latter contest, he would have suffered little mortification from defeat, had it not been that the high spirits of the pursued lady invited the world to come and laugh with her at his expense.

Then it was that the Marquis de Bienville, in an uncontrollable access of wounded vanity, threw his traditions of honor to the winds, and lied. It was not such a lie as could be told—and forgotten; for there were too many people eager to believe and repeat it. Within twenty-four hours he found himself famous, all the way from the Parc Monceau to the rue de Varennes. After his conscience had given him a sleepless night he got up to see that any modification of his statement meant retraction. Retraction was out of the question, in that it involved the loss of his reputation among men. He was caught in a trap. He must lie and maintain his place, or he must confess and go out of society. It must not be supposed that he took his predicament lightly, or that he made his choice without pangs of self-pity at the cruel necessity. It was his honor, or hers! and if only the one or the other could be saved, it must be his. So he saved it—according to his lights. He saved it by being very bold in his statements by day, and heaping ignominy on himself during the black hours of sleeplessness. He found, however, that the process paid; for boldness engendered a sort of fictitious belief, which paralyzed the tendency to self-upbraiding, until it ceased.

The special quality of his courage was shown on that gray dawn when he stood up before George Eveleth, in a corner of the Pré Catalan. He had not the moral force to confess himself a perjurer, in the sight of Paris, but he could stand ready to take the bullets in his breast. In going to the encounter he had no

intention of doing otherwise. He would not atone to an injured woman by setting her right in the eyes of men, but he would make her the offering of his life.

It was a satisfaction now to know, as he was assured by letters, that the incident was practically forgotten, and that Diane Eveleth had disappeared. He himself found it easier than it used to be to dismiss the subject from his mind; and if he recalled it at times, it was generally—as it had been on shipboard—when at the end of his store of confidential anecdotes. He was thinking, however, of dropping the story from his repertoire, for he had more than once remarked that its effect was slightly sinister upon himself. He noticed, too, that, during the last twenty-four hours on the steamer, Derek Pruyn avoided him, while he on his part had felt a curious impulse to slink out of sight, which could only be explained by the supposition that, as often happens on long voyages, they had seen too much of each other.

Finding that he had let his cigarette go out, he threw it away, and turned from the window to complete his toilet. As he did so his valet entered with a card, stating that the gentleman who had sent it in was waiting in the hall outside.

"Ask him to come in," he said, briefly, when he had read the name. He was scarcely surprised, for Pruyn had spoken more than once of showing him some civilities when they reached New York, and putting him up at one or two convenient clubs.

"My dear sir," he cried, going forward, with outstretched hand; but the words died on his lips as Derek pushed his way in, brusquely, without greeting.

Again the young man attempted the ceremonious by apologizing for the informality of his surroundings and the state of his dress; but again he faltered before the haggard glare in Derek's eyes.

"I want to talk to you," Pruyn said, abruptly.

Bienville made a gesture of mingled politeness and astonishment.

"Certainly; but shall we not sit down while we do it? Will you smoke? Here are cigarettes, but you probably prefer a cigar."

Educated in England, like many young Frenchmen of the upper classes, Bien-



Drawn by Frank Craig

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"YOU AND I ARE MEN OF THE WORLD - WHY SHOULD WE QUARREL?"

ville spoke English fluently and with little accent.

"I want to talk to you," Derek said again. He took no notice of the proffered seat, and they remained standing, as they were, with the round table, bestrewn with letters, between them. "You remember," Derek continued, speaking with difficulty—"you remember the story you told me on the voyage—about a woman?"

Bienville nodded. He had a sudden presentiment of what was coming.

"I must tell you that on the night before I sailed for South America, three months ago, I asked that woman to be my wife."

"In that case," Bienville said, promptly, and with a tranquillity he did not feel, "I withdraw my statements."

"Withdrawal isn't enough. You must tell me they were not true."

Bienville remained silent for a minute. He was beginning to realize the firmness of the ground he stood on. His instinct for self-preservation was strong, and he had confidence in his dexterous use of the necessary weapons.

"You must give me time to reflect on that," he said, after a pause.

"Why do you need time? If the thing isn't true, you've only got to say so."

"It's not quite so easy as that. You can't cut every difficulty with a sword, as they did the Gordian knot. One may go far in defence of a woman's honor, but there are boundaries which even a gallant man cannot pass; and, before I speak, I must see where they lie."

"I want the truth. I want no defence of a woman's honor—"

"Ah, but I do. That's the difference."

"Damn your difference! You didn't think much of a woman's honor when you began your infernal tales."

"Did you, when you let me go on?"

"No. That's where I share your crime. That's all that keeps me from striking you now."

"I let that pass. I know how you feel. I know just how hard it is for you. I've been in something like your situation myself. No man can have much to do with a woman without being put there in one way if not another. It's because I do understand you that I share your pain—and support your insults."

The tremor in his voice, coupled with the dignity of his bearing, carried a certain degree of conviction, so that when Derek spoke again it was less fiercely.

"Then I understand you to confirm what you told me on board ship?"

"On the contrary; you understand me to take it back. Why shouldn't that be enough for you—without asking further questions?"

"Because I'm not here to go through formalities, but to seek for facts."

"Precisely; and yet, wouldn't it be wise, under the circumstances, not to be too exacting? If I do my best for you—"

"It isn't a question of doing your best, but of telling me the truth."

"I can quite see that it might strike you in that way; but you'll pardon me, I know, if I see it from another point of view. No man in my situation would consider it a matter of telling you the truth, so much as of coming to the aid of a lady whose good name he had unwittingly imperilled. My supreme duty is there; and I'm willing to do it to the utmost of my power. I am willing to withdraw everything I have ever uttered that could tell against her. Can you ask me to do more?"

"Yes; I can ask you to deny it."

"Isn't that already a form of denial?"

"No; it's a form of affirmation."

"That's because you choose to take it so. It's because you prefer to go behind my words, and ascribe to me motives which, for all you know, I do not possess."

"I've nothing to do with your motives; my aim is to get at the truth."

"Since you have nothing to do with my motives," Bienville said, with a slight lifting of the brows, "you'll permit me, I am sure, to be equally indifferent to your aims. I tell you what I am prepared to do; but what is it to me whether you are satisfied or not? I am sorry to—to—inconvenience the lady; but as for you—!"

With a snap of the fingers he turned and strolled to the window, where he stood, looking out, with his back toward his guest. It was significant of their tension of feeling and concentration of mind that both gesture and attitude went unnoted by both. Derek remained silent and motionless, his slower mind trying to catch up with the Frenchman's nimble

adroitness. He had not yet done so, when Bienville turned and spoke again.

"Why should we quarrel? What should we gain by doing that? You and I are two men of the world, to whom human nature is as an open book. What do you expect me to do? What do you expect me to say? What more did you think to call forth from me when you came here this morning? Do me justice. Am I not going as far as a man *can* go when I say that I blot out of my memory the cursed evenings you and I spent together in cursed talk? That doesn't cover the ground, you think; but would any other form of words cover it any better? Would you believe me the more, whatever set of speeches I might adopt? Would you not always have in the back of your mind your expressive English phrase, that I was lying like a gentleman? You know best what you can do, as I know best what I can do; but is it not true that we have arrived at a point where the less that is spoken in words on either side, the better it will be for us all?"

When he had finished, Bienville turned again towards the window, leaning his head wearily against the frame. Derek stood a minute longer watching him. Then, as if accepting the assertion that there was nothing more that could be said, he went quietly, with bent head, from the room.

He was down in the street before he became fully conscious that, among the confused, strangled cries of pain within him, that which was loudest and most imploring was a wailing self-reproach. It was a self-reproach with a strain of pleading in it, akin to that with which a mother blames herself for the failings of her son, seizing on any one else's wrong to palliate the guilt of the accused. He had injured Diane himself! He had pried into her past, and laid bare her sins, and stripped her life of that covering of secrecy which no human existence could do without, least of all his own.

He walked on, with bowed head, his eyes blind to the May sunshine, his ears deaf to the city's joyous, energetic uproar, his mind closed to the fact that important business affairs were awaiting his attention. His feet strayed toward

Gramercy Park, directed not so much by volition as by the primary man-instinct to be near some sweet, sympathetic woman in the hour of pain. Lucilla and he had grown up in one family as boy and girl together, and there were moments when he found near her the peace he could get nowhere else in the world.

He pushed by the footman who admitted him and walked straight to the room where Lucilla was generally to be found. Though he could scarcely be surprised to see Diane sitting by her, he stopped on the threshold, with signs of embarrassment, and made as though he would withdraw. Overwhelmed by the responsibilities of such a moment Miss Lucilla looked appealingly at Diane, who rose.

"Don't go, Mr. Pruyn," she said, forcing herself to show firmness. "You arrive very opportunely. I have just asked my mother-in-law to come to my aid in some of the things we discussed last night. Won't you do me the justice to hear her?"

She crossed the room to where Mrs. Eveleth appeared on the threshold, and, taking her by the hand, led her to the chair which Pruyn placed for her.

"I'd better go, Diane dear," Miss Lucilla whispered, tremblingly.

"Please don't," Diane insisted. "I'd much rather have you stay. I've no secrets from Miss Lucilla," she added, speaking to Derek. "I need a woman friend; and I've found one."

"You couldn't find a better," Pruyn murmured, while Miss Lucilla slipped her arm around Diane's waist, rather to steady herself than to support her friend.

"Miss Lucilla knows everything that you know, *petite mère*," Diane continued, turning to where her mother-in-law sat, slightly bowed, her extended hand resting on her cane, like some graceful Sibyl. "She knows everything that you know, and she knows one thing more. She knows what some cruel people say was the way in which—George died."

Diane uttered the last two words in a kind of sob, and Mrs. Eveleth looked up, startled.

"George—died?" she questioned, slowly, with a look of wonder.

Diane nodded, unable, for the minute, to speak.

"But we know how—he died."

"Mr. Pruyn tells me that we don't."

"I beg you not to put it in that way," Derek said, hurriedly. "I repeated only what was told me, and what was afterward verified. Do you not think we can spare Mrs. Eveleth what must be so painful?"

"There's no need to spare me, Mr. Pruyn. I think I've reached the point to which old people often come—where they can't feel any more."

"Oh, mother, don't say that," Diane wailed, with a curiously childlike cry. She had never before called Mrs. Eveleth mother, and the word sounded strangely in this room which had not heard it since Miss Lucilla was a little girl. "My mother would rather know," she declared, almost proudly, speaking again to Pruyn, "than be kept in ignorance of something in which she could help me so much."

"What is it?" Mrs. Eveleth asked, eagerly.

Then Diane told her. It had been stated, so she said, that George had not fallen in her defence, but by his own hand—to escape her; and there was no one in the world but his own mother to give this monstrous calumny the lie. During the recital Mrs. Eveleth sat with clasped hands, but with head sinking lower at each word. Once she murmured something which only Miss Lucilla was near enough to hear:

"Then that's why they wouldn't let me look at him in his coffin."

"He did love me, didn't he?" Diane cried. "He was happy with me, wasn't he, mother dear? He understood me, and upheld me, and defended me, whatever I did. He didn't want to leave me. He knew I should never have cared for the loss of the money—that we could have faced that together. Tell them so, mother; tell them."

For the first time since he had known her Derek saw Diane forget her reserve in eager pleading. She stepped forward from Miss Lucilla's embrace, standing before Mrs. Eveleth with palms opened outward, in an attitude of petition. The older woman did not raise her head nor speak.

"He was happy with me," Diane insisted. "I made him happy. I wasn't

the best wife he could have had, but he was satisfied with me as I was, in spite of my imperfections. He was worried sometimes, especially toward—toward the last; but he wasn't worried about me, was he, mother dear?"

Still the mother did not speak, nor raise her head. Diane took a step nearer and began again.

"I didn't know we were living beyond our means. I didn't know what was going on around me. I reproach myself for that. A wiser woman *would* have known; but I was young, and foolish, and very, very happy. I didn't know I was ruining George, though I'm ready to take all the responsibility for it now. But he never blamed me, did he, mother? never by a word, never by a look. Oh, speak, and tell them."

Her voice came out with a sharp note of anxiety, in which there was an inflection almost of fear; but when she ceased there was silence.

"*Petite mère*," she cried, "aren't you going to say anything?"

The bowed head remained bowed; the only sign came from the trembling of the extended hand, resting on the top of the stick.

"If you don't speak," Diane cried again, "they'll think it's because you don't want to."

If there was a response to this, it was when the head bent lower.

"Mother," Diane cried, in alarm, "I've no one in the world to speak a word for me but you. If you don't do it, they'll believe I drove George to his death—they'll say I was such a woman that he killed himself rather than live with me any longer."

Suddenly Mrs. Eveleth raised her head and looked round upon them all. Then she staggered to her feet.

"Take me away," she said, in a dead voice, to Lucilla Van Tromp. "Help me. Take me away. I can't bear any more." Leaning on Miss Lucilla's arm, she advanced a step, and paused before Diane, who stood wide-eyed, and awe-struck rather than amazed, at the magnitude of this desertion. "May God forgive you, Diane," she said, quietly, passing on again. "I try to do so; but it's hard."

While Derek's eyes were riveted on Diane, she stood staring vacantly at the

empty doorway through which Mrs. Eveleth and Miss Lucilla had passed on their way up-stairs. This abandonment was so far outside the range of what she had considered possible that there seemed to be no avenues to her intelligence through which the conviction of it could be brought home. She gazed, as though her own vision were at fault, as though her powers of comprehension had failed her.

Derek, on his part, watched her, with the fascination with which we watch a man performing some strange feat of skill—from whom first one support, and then another, and then another, falls away, until he is left with nothing to uphold him, perilously, frightfully alone.

When at length the knowledge of what had occurred came over her, Diane looked round the familiar room, as though to bring her senses back out of the realm of the incredible. When her eyes rested on him it was simply to include him among the common facts of earth after this excursion into the impossible. She said nothing, and her face was blank; but the little gesture of the hands—the little limp French gesture—the sudden lift, the sudden drop, the soft, tired sound, as the arms fell against the sides—implied fatality, finality, inexplicability, and an infinite weariness of created things.

CHAPTER XIV

"DO you think he did—shoot himself?"

They continued to stand staring into each other's eyes—the width of the room between them. A red azalea on the long mahogany table, strewn with books, separated them by its fierce splash of color. The apathy of her voice was not that of worn-out emotion, but of emotion which finds no adequate tones. The very way in which her inquiry ignored all other subjects between them had its poignancy.

"What do *you* think?"

"Oh, I suppose he did. Every one says so; then why shouldn't it be true? If it were, it would only be of a piece with all the rest."

"I reminded you last night that he had other troubles besides—besides—"

"Besides those I may have caused him."

"If you like to put it so. He might

have been driven to a desperate act by loss of fortune."

"Leaving me to face poverty alone. No; I can't think so ill of him as that. If you suggest it by way of offering me consolation, you're making a mistake. Of the two, I'd rather think of him as seeking death from horror—horror of me!—than from simple cowardice."

"It would be no new thing in the history of money troubles; and it would relieve you of the blame."

"To fasten it on him. I see what you mean; but I prefer not to accept that kind of absolution. If there's any consolation left to me, it's in the pride of having been the wife of an honorable man. Don't take it away from me as long as there's any other explanation possible. I see you're puzzled; but you'd have to be a wife to understand me. Accuse me of any crime you like; take it for granted that I've been guilty of it; only don't say that he deserted me in that way. Let me keep at least the comfort of his memory."

"I want you to keep all the comfort you can get, Diane. God forbid that I should take from you anything in which you find support. So far am I from that, that I come to offer you—what I have to offer."

There was a minute's silence before she replied:

"I don't know what that is."

"My name."

There was another minute's silence, during which she looked at him hardly.

"What for?"

"I should think you'd see."

"I don't. Will you be good enough to explain?"

"Is that necessary? Is this a minute in which to bandy words?"

"It's a minute in which I may be permitted to ask the meaning of your—generosity."

"It isn't generosity. I'm saying nothing new. I've come only for an answer to the question I asked you before going to South America, three months ago."

"Oh, but I thought that question had answered itself."

"Then perhaps it has—in that, whatever reply you might have given me under other conditions, now you must accept me."



Drawn by Frank Craig

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"I'VE NO ONE TO SPEAK A WORD FOR ME BUT YOU"

"You mean, I must accept—your name."

"My name, and all that goes with it."

"How could you expect me to do that, after what happened last night?"

"What happened last night shall be—as though it had not happened."

"Could you ever forget it?"

"I didn't say I should forget it. I suppose I couldn't do that any more than you. I said it should be as though it hadn't been."

"And what about Dorothea?"

"That must be as it may."

"You mean that Dorothea would have to take her chance."

"She needn't know anything about it—yet."

"You couldn't keep it from her forever."

"No. But she'll probably marry soon. After that she'll understand things better."

"That is, she'll understand the position in which you've been placed—that you could hardly have acted otherwise."

"I don't want to go into definitions. There are times in life when words become as dangerous as explosives. Let us do what we see to be our obvious duty, without saying too much about it."

"Isn't it your first duty to protect your child?"

"My first duty, as I see it now, is to protect you."

"I don't see much to be gained by shielding one person, when you expose another. What happens to me is a small matter compared with the consequences to her."

"Your influence hasn't hurt her in the past; why should it do so now?"

"You forget that there are other things besides my influence. Her whole position, her whole life, would be changed, if she had for a mother—if you had for a wife—a notorious woman like me."

"There are situations where the child must follow the parent."

"But there are none, as far as I know, in which the parent must sacrifice the child."

"I don't agree with you. There are moments in which we must act in a certain definite manner, no matter what may be the outcome. Don't let us talk of it any more, Diane. You must know as

well as I that there is but one thing for us to do."

"You mean, of course, that I must marry you."

"You must give me the right to take care of you."

"Because it's a duty that no one else would assume. That's what it comes to, isn't it?"

"I repeat that I don't want to discuss it—"

"You must let me point out that some amount of discussion is needed. If we didn't have it before marriage, we should have it afterwards, when it would be worse. You won't think I'm boasting if I say that I think my vision is a little keener than yours, and that I see what you'd be doing more clearly than you do yourself. You know me—or you think you know me—as a guilty woman, homeless, penniless, and without a friend in the world. You don't want to leave me to my fate, and there's no way of helping me but one. That way you're prepared to take, cost what it will. I admire you for it; I thank you for it; I know you would do it like a man. But it's just because you *would* do it like a man—because you *are* doing it like a man—that your kindness is far more cruel than scorn. No woman, not the weakest, not the worst, among us, would consent to be taken as you're offering to take me. A man might bring himself to accept that kind of pity; but a woman—never! You said just now that you had come to offer me—what you had to offer; but surely I'm not fallen so low as to have to take it."

"I said I offered you my name and all that goes with it. I would try to tell you what it is, only that I find something in our relative positions transcending words. But since you need words—since apparently you prefer plainness of speech—I'll tell you something: I saw the Marquis de Bienville this morning."

She looked up with a new expression, verging on that of curiosity.

"And—?"

"Since then," he continued, "I've become even more deeply conscious than I was before of the ineradicable nature of what I feel for you."

"Ah?"

"I've come to see that, whatever may

have happened, whatever you may be, I want you as my wife."

"Do you mean that you would overlook wrong-doing on my part, and—and—care for me, just the same?"

"I mean that life isn't a conceivable thing to me without you; I mean that no considerations in the world have any force, as against my desire to get you. Whatever your life has been, I subscribe to it. Listen! When I saw Bienville this morning he withdrew what he said on ship-board—as nearly as possible, without giving himself the lie, he denied it—and yet, Diane, and yet I knew his first story was—the truth. No, don't shrink. Don't cry out. Let me go on. I swear to God that it makes no difference. I see the whole thing from another point of view. I'll not only take you as you are, but I want you as you are. I give you my honor, which is dearer than my life—I give you my child, who is more precious than my honor. Everything—everything is cheap, so long as I can win you. Don't shrink from me, Diane. Don't look at me like that—"

"How can I help shrinking from anything so base?"

Her voice rose scarcely above a whisper, but it checked the movement with which, after the minutes of almost motionless confrontation, he came towards her with eager arms.

"Base?" he echoed, offended.

"Yes—base. That a man should care for a woman whom he thinks to be bad is comprehensible; that he should wish to make her his wife is credible; that he should hope to lift her out of her condition is admirable; but that he should descend from his own high plane to stay on hers is despicably weak; while to drag down with him a girl in the very flower of her purity is a crime without a name."

The dark flush showed how quickly his haughty spirit responded to the flicker of the lash.

"If you choose to put that interpretation on my words—" he began, indignantly.

"I don't; but it's the interpretation they deserve. There's almost no indignity that can be uttered which you haven't

heaped upon me; and of them all, this last is the hardest to be borne. I bear it; I forgive it; because it convinces me of what I've been afraid of all along—that I'm a woman who throws some sort of evil influence over men. Even you are not exempt from it—even you! Oh, Derek, go away from me. If you won't do it for your own sake, do it for Dorothea's. I won't do battle with Bienville's accusations now. Perhaps I may never do battle with them at all. What does it matter whether he tells the truth or lies? The pressing thing just now is that you should be saved—"

"Thank you; I can take care of myself. Let's have no more fine splitting of moral hairs. Let us settle the thing, and be done with it. There's one big fact before us, and only one. You can't do without me; I can't do without you. It's a crisis at which we've the right to think only of ourselves and thrust every one else outside."

"Wait!" she cried, as he advanced once more upon her. "Wait! Let me tell you something. You mustn't be hard on me for saying it. You asked just now for my answer to your question of three months ago. My answer is—"

"Diane!" he said, lifting his hand in warning. "Be careful. Don't speak in a hurry. I'm not in a mood to plead or argue any longer. What you say now will be—the irrevocable word."

"I know it. It will not only be the irrevocable word, but the last word. Derek, I see you as you are, a strong, simple, honest man. I admire you; I esteem you; I honor you; I'm grateful to you as a woman is rarely grateful to a man. And yet I'd rather be all you think me; I'd rather earn my bread as desperate women do earn it, than be your wife."

They looked at each other long and steadily. When he spoke, his words were those she had invited, but they made her gasp as one gasps at that which suddenly takes one's breath.

"As you will," he said, briefly.

And without so much as another glance he turned and left her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

“Adena Bellissima”

BY LEWIS E. MACBRAYNE

IT may have been the stories told by that bold navigator, Bartolommeo Palestrello, that inspired his son-in-law, Cristoforo Colombo, to set sail in quest of a new world; and certainly it was the boastings of Pietro Costi, some centuries later, that induced Luigi Avesti to turn his back upon Sorrento and seek his fortune in America. Bartolommeo had founded a colony on the newly discovered island of Porto Santo, and thereby gave some encouragement for Cristoforo to believe that fame and fortune awaited him beyond the seas. And did not Pietro return to Sorrento after five years, wearing American shoes, a derby hat, a blue and white shirt with standing collar, and sundry other articles of dress that bore evidence of his having departed from the ways of his fathers? And more than that, he let it be known that he was merely a visitor in Italy for the winter, and that he would return to his “business” in the spring.

Sorrento sits serenely in the sun upon the cliffs across the bay from Naples. One may look at night and see the myriad lights of the city. But Naples is a long way off to an indolent son of Sorrento; and, moreover, it is known full well that there are hundreds of people there who still sleep out-of-doors for lack of shelter, and that they are often hard pressed for food, and enjoy none of the conveniences of a village. In Sorrento one has a pretty town, with a sizable church where the feast days are excellently observed, and beyond the town cool roads lead out into the country between the high walls that enclose the estates of the wealthy. And above the walls are orange trees in bloom or in fruit, tall oleanders, and high roses that make the air sweet to the smell; and at the cross-roads will be found shrines where a tiny oil wick burns at night, reminding one to say a prayer for himself if it be late, lest there be robbers lurking in the shadows; while

in the country proper are hills upon which grow the great purple grapes, and peach trees, and olives. It had never occurred to Luigi to leave Sorrento, not even for Naples—that is, not until “Mister” Costi returned from America.

“That is what they call me there—Mister Costi,” he had said one day, with a deprecatory wave of the cigar in his right hand. “Here I was Pietro—‘Pietro, the stupid son of a mule-driver.’ See what I am now! Some day when my son is grown up he will be known as Peter Costi.”

“Peter!” said one of the old men, scornfully. “When were you married? Where the wife—where?”

All this in Neapolitan, of course; the time late in the afternoon, when the shadows were beginning to cover a part of the roadway, and the place a rustic house that sells simple refreshment beyond the village, on the road to Amalfi.

“Me, I have not yet had time to marry,” Pietro replied, loftily. “I have been busy making the money. Some day I will marry and have the son. Perhaps I will come back here and buy a fine place in the country, and do nothing but raise grapes for my wine.”

“Some Americans came here last summer and asked me to be the guide,” began Luigi, timidly. He had been trying for a quarter of an hour to gain courage to join in the conversation. “I was the guide to the church, and to the store that sells the yellow and red blankets, and to the Signor Crawford’s villa, and they gave me four lire. Perhaps this year I will be the guide all the time, and make so much money every day.”

Pietro shrugged his shoulders with an eloquent deliberation that brought the flush to Luigi’s face in spite of the dark tan of his skin.

“*Mi fai seek.*” he said scornfully, using one English word to make his sentence more expressive. “You make me sick.”

"*Si, ma—*"

"Yes, but nothing. What is being a guide? In America there are no guides, and no beggars at the churches. Everybody has money."

"Then why no guides and beggars?" asked the old man, craftily; at which Pietro laughed with good nature.

"When you go to America, father," said he, knowing full well that the old man would never go, "ask the big man whom you will see upon the corner in blue coat and gold buttons, 'What is that street, please?' or, 'Where does this car go?' or, 'Where can one buy a good dinner for five lire?' It will cost you nothing to ask."

"Cinque lire," echoed the old man, quite abashed.

"America is like Rome," Pietro continued, with audacity, sure now of his ground. "Only the houses are six times as high; the stores are ten times as large; there are a thousand more tram-cars, and ten thousand more people in the streets; there are no kings, no soldiers, and everybody does as he will."

There had been long-drawn breaths from the listeners, and an appreciative shaking of heads; and Luigi Avesti had believed. In due time Pietro returned to America as he had promised, and a few months later Luigi prepared to follow suit, his father speculating in his adventure by the sale of a goat, which brought his own scant savings up to the point where he could afford a steerage passage and still have the sum of money that one must show before being allowed to land in the United States. Had not Pietro said that there were no beggars in America? He spoke the truth, for it seemed that none were allowed to enter.

To every man the world as he finds it. To Luigi Avesti the whole world was as the first play that one sees at the theatre; as the first book of thrilling adventure that one reads in youth—all new and unexpected; all done in high colors and appealing to a roused imagination. See him about to embark upon the quay at Naples, a good-looking young fellow with jet-black hair, fine eyes and excellent teeth, brown-red skin and a laughing mouth, natural grace of figure that sets off the rough suit of village clothes and the well-worn felt hat. There

are two great steamships ready to sail, one of them now taking on a regiment of troops of the line, destined for garrison duty somewhere. Luigi has a passing thought of becoming a soldier and going to foreign countries to fight and be made a hero. He feels within him the stirring sense of freedom, and he mistakes it for personal valor. He could show those soldiers how to attract the attention of their general. Why should he, though? There is not much money in the business of war. He is booked in the other great ship for America, where he will become rich, and return to Sorrento to tell the town boys of the things that he has done.

There are emigration agents upon the quay, rounding up distracted members of families who have become confused and in their excitement cannot see in front of their own noses. A steward has shouted that all third-cabin passengers must come aboard at once—at once! Why don't they heed him? Look out there, man selling the fried fish. Get away or be run over. This business of going to America is important, and not to be interfered with by one who does not know his place. "You'll stick a knife in me? Campo Santo, if I had not other business in hand I would make you crawl in the dust like a kicked dog of our village."

But when all the steerage passengers are aboard, the ship does not move. It is well, though, to have a place at the rail where one can see the first-cabin passengers drive up in their hired carriages and walk leisurely to the upper deck. Those people who always laugh are the Americans; rich Americans, who can travel anywhere.

"Where do you journey—to America?" Luigi politely asks of a dried-up little man standing at his elbow.

"Si, Signore," the little man replies. "My son has sent me the money. He will meet me there."

"Si, Signore!" Avesti repeats the phrase to himself and feels his own importance. A Neapolitan has come aboard with little wooden folding-chairs that he is selling for two *lire*, and that will break down when one has sat in them for an hour. "Buy your chairs, buy your chairs," he cries. "One must sit on the deck in the third-class unless he buys a chair."

Luigi buys one and presents it to the old man. The latter has two cooked fish done up in a clean neckcloth, and he gives one to him in return. This is a friendly world when we are so inclined. One may eat his fish leisurely and observe Naples in contentment—there the castle of St. Elmo on the hill; down there, the cathedral; over on the other side, Vesuvio, smoking his morning pipe; there Sorrento, so small and insignificant now that one has almost forgotten it already.

"Come sta?" inquires a young fellow who has come up behind him, apparently in a friendly mood.

"Benissimo," Luigi replies. "You going to America, too?"

"Sure," says the other in English. "Io parlo inglese."

Luigi determines to make friends with him as well as with the old man. It will be a fine thing to learn English from him. So the three talk together, and then go below to pick out their iron beds, and to reserve them by putting their boxes upon the springless frames; for the mattresses have not yet been given out. All of the men on the aft deck will sleep in this hold, with its long lines of iron bunks, rising one above another. The women will sleep together elsewhere. Upon the deck men and women may mingle together; but not below.

"A sensible idea," observes Carlo, the young fellow who speaks English.

"A good idea," echoes Luigi, profoundly. Up to the present time the world has contained food and frolic for him, but no girls. One has observed them in passing, but given them no second thought.

Luigi goes to sleep that night with his mind overcrowded with what he has seen and heard. For hours, in his dreams, he is standing beside the rail looking at the misty islands as they fade away in the wake of the ship; smiling at the groups of people upon the crowded steerage deck; gazing with frank admiration at the visible end of the upper deck, upon which the well-dressed first-cabin passengers pause to look down from time to time. But finally the dreams fade away into the profound sleep of youth; the sleep that is oblivious to all noise or sense of motion. The ship's doctor, on his inspection below decks the next

morning, finds one occupant of a bunk still slumbering heavily, and turns him over to see whether he is ill. Up springs the surprised Luigi, supposing himself to be in his garret room in Sorrento, with his father calling him to go out and drive the goats to his milk customers in the village; finds himself apparently in a prison; talks excitedly and shows fight; but is finally calmed by the physician, and sheepishly arises to go on deck. Breakfast has already been served by the deck stewards, but he says nothing, and feeds his lusty appetite upon the clean, cool sea wind until it is dinner time. Then he joins Carlo and the little old man, and they constitute a group to whom a large dish is given filled with vermicelli, garnished with tomato and small pieces of meat.

"Wait there, wait, wait," shouts a steward's boy who brings them their allotment of cheap wine in a small wooden cask. "There must be four of you." He calls a Sicilian who has just come into view, and gives him the fourth place at the common bowl.

There is much discussion over these first meals. An Italian and his wife with five children complain that they are entitled to two bowls and another piece of hard bread. A man who is unmistakably an American in hard luck pulls his cap lower over his eyes and eats his food with his back to the others, thereby losing a part of his share. Five Russian soldiers, recently discharged from their service in the army, stand in tattered uniforms as though waiting for the drum to call them to mess. They are from one of the distant provinces, and nobody upon the deck—at least nobody in authority—appears to speak their language. A petty officer discovers their plight from an upper deck, and gives orders to see that they are fed. They fall upon the food impassively, but with the hunger of beasts.

After dinner the Sicilian, who is a worldly-looking fellow, amuses his companions with a copper coin. He can make it disappear and appear again at will, but he promises a more wonderful illusion if anybody will be so generous as to loan him a *lire* piece. Luigi draws his wallet from his money belt and takes out the required coin. The Sicilian

promptly makes it disappear overboard, amid exclamations of surprise; but he cannot bring it back again, no matter how hard he tries. He is apparently so chagrined that the Sorrento lad finally tells him, with a grand air, that it does not matter at all.

Ah, Luigi Avesti, you have many things yet to learn before you can safely venture into that promised land across the seas; things that one did not need to know in Sorrento!

He was to learn one of them two nights later, when a warm day upon the Mediterranean was followed by an evening that made the hold stuffy and unbearably hot. The Sicilian had suggested his spending the night with him on deck, and had led the way to a secluded nook where an overhanging deck led to the storage-rooms in the stern. The two men had lain down to rest side by side, and the ship was very still when Luigi was awakened by the striking of a bell; "eight bells" sounding the midnight hour. He was upon his back, but with his head resting upon his left arm, and as he heard the sound that had partially aroused him from slumber he was also aware of a hand slowly feeling its way along his belt. At first his dormant mind did not grasp the situation, but as he felt the hand close over his wallet and begin to draw it out, he suddenly realized that he was being robbed; and with the strength of a young animal he threw himself forward, at the throat of the man bending over him. The latter, taken by surprise, struggled in vain as the grip tightened upon him, and was slowly forced back to the deck. His head was almost bursting when the fingers about his throat finally loosened a little, and Avesti bent over him.

"You!" he cried under his breath, in surprise at finding that it was the Sicilian. "You take my money and I will kill you. Understand?"

The Sicilian nodded his head, too weak yet to speak. The Sorrento lad hissed a torrent of angry abuse into his ear, accentuated now and then with a tightening of the hold upon his throat. Finally, having spent his passion, he released his hold.

The Sicilian sat up and felt in his coat for a crumpled cigarette. "I would kill

you," he said, judiciously, "but I am not here for your money alone. You are a strong boy, though," he added, not without admiration.

"Not here for my money?"

"Camorra," replies the Sicilian, significantly. He had tracked an enemy to the ship, and though he could not find him, he would watch when the steerage passengers were landed in New York, and he would finally get him. One could not escape who had incurred the sentence of the *camorra*.

As to the attempted robbery, they both agreed to drop the subject as an incident of their acquaintance not to be referred to now that they had come to a better understanding.

After that matters moved quietly for two or three days. Luigi repeated the English words and phrases taught him by Carlo, over and over a hundred times a day, and he increased his knowledge of the ship, and widened his circle of acquaintances. At the Azore Islands a large number of Portuguese emigrants came aboard, being rowed out to the steamship in a fleet of small boats. They appeared to be simple-minded people, who went into quarters at the other end of the ship, and who were not inclined to make friends with the other nationalities. Consequently that part of the steamer did not offer the cosmopolitan society that prevailed on the deck where the Italians predominated. For here were to be found Greeks, Bulgarians, Servians, Russian Jews, Armenians, Turks from Damascus, and even a handsome girl from Arabia. To one accustomed to what had seemed to be the world-wide religious faith of Sorrento, it was enlightening if confusing to find in so small a space not only Roman but Orthodox Catholics, not only Orthodox but Unorthodox Jews, Protestant Armenians, Mohammedans, and men of apparently no faith at all.

"Do they always go to America like this; in every ship?" Luigi inquired of Carlo, whose fund of information was a source of wonder to him.

"Always the same," replied Carlo.

"Then where do they all go; what do they all do there?" It had occurred to him for the first time, as a disquieting thought, that there might be some limit

to the number who could find work and obtain riches.

Carlo shrugged his shoulders, as though the question were a large one even for him. "That man from Cairo whom I know, he who wears the red hat, is able to talk with the Russian soldiers," he said. "He tells me that they are going to America to fight the Japanese."

"Are there Japanese in America, too?"

"No. People with pigtails are not allowed in America; only white men. But the Japs they beat Russia in their war, and these men believe that America will now fight Japan. They say it was in their papers at home, and many soldiers in the army believed it."

"And the others?"

"Well, the Jews are going over because the Russians kill them at home; and the Portuguese because one does not have to serve in the army in the United States; and the Armenians are going because they learned to speak English in American mission schools; so, you see, no two are going for the same reason."

"But they will all find work?"

"Well, you may be sure that none will be worse off than they were before. That is something. Come quick; here is trouble."

A babel of excited voices was rising from the other side of the ship; loud cries raised in many tongues. As the two men turned their heads in that direction, a man broke through the crowd and ran past them; an unkempt, dishevelled creature, with fresh blood on his cheek and wild terror in his eye. They recognized him as probably the stowaway who had been discovered when the Azore-Islanders came aboard, and who was said to have been sent below by the captain to earn his passage by shovelling coal into the boiler fires. And as he ran past them they saw that the Sicilian was in pursuit, a blood-stained knife in his hand.

"Sancta Maria!" cried a woman. "Look where he is going!"

The stowaway, having come to the overhanging stern deck, had clambered up it with the agility of a monkey, and was now running about among the ropes and chains in search of something with which to defend himself. As the eyes of those below were turned to follow him it was

seen that the deck had another occupant, the Arabian girl whom so many of the men had admired, but who had held herself aloof throughout the voyage. She had risen from the lee side in alarm, and stood now watching the Sicilian, who was climbing up more slowly, hindered by the knife that he held in his right hand. As his head came in view above the rim of the deck, the man behind her uttered a shrill cry, and the girl took in the full meaning of the situation. Without hesitation she seized the Sicilian by the shoulder and sought to prevent his gaining a foothold, and so they struggled for a moment, the terror-stricken man behind her still uttering cries, but giving her no aid.

Then it was that Luigi Avesti, who was standing nearest in the crowd that had gathered below, saw that the Sicilian was raising his arm to strike the girl with his knife, and with something of the anger that he had felt upon the discovery of the attempted robbery, he sprang at the man's dangling leg, tore him from his hold, and brought him down. To be sure, the third officer, an Englishman who feared neither man nor beast, had just thrown himself headlong through the crowd, and was upon the Sicilian almost as soon as he fell, but it was the Sorrento lad who had saved the girl, whose great black eyes, blazing a moment ago like those of a tigress, were changed now to a frank admiration that held Luigi in a fatal spell.

So, for the time being, let us dismiss the others—the Sicilian in chains, to be sent back to Italy on the return voyage; the stowaway slinking back to the roaring furnaces below; Carlo shouting, "Bravo, Luigi"; and the excited groups upon the lower deck. What drew the lad up to the height from which the Sicilian had fallen, the Arabian girl's hand or her eyes? Certainly he found himself there without knowledge of how he came, and she led him to her nook beyond the chains, where they were out of the sight and hearing of the others. There they sat for the remainder of the afternoon, smiling, but silent after the first chatter of their exchange of greetings. She had called him, in her musical Arabic, her "fleet defender, noble stranger, and most welcome deliverer." And he, in his soft Ital-

ian, had called her "*amica beata, rosa bellissima, mea adorata.*" But neither had understood the other's words.

She was a beautiful creature for any eyes; open to criticism in a dozen ways, of course, if measured by the niceties of civilization, but as a velvet-skinned, full-grown girl of an Arabian village, supple, graceful, and with her lustrous eyes, she was superb; and she was more than that to a youth who had seen only the beauties of his own countryside. What was there in his free and easy ancestry to warn him that he must not love her? Why should not she go to the heart of things and discover the bewildered admiration in his eyes, and note that he was almost boyish in his honesty of purpose? Yet they only sat there and smiled until the sun went down; nodding in appreciation when a dolphin darted through the foam in the wake of the ship; pointing out the distant smoke of another steamer that was crossing the sky-line; holding friendly converse of the soul—only this latter phrase is our own.

Now it happened that she was from near the city of Aden, a free port in Arabia since the English made it so, and that she had a working knowledge of the English tongue. This might have done them little good had not Carlo been giving Luigi his morning lesson when she came up from the women's quarters on the following day and walked carefully down the fresh-washed deck.

"Hello!" Carlo was saying, in his capacity as schoolmaster. "Fine day out."

"Yis, t'ank you," Luigi replied.

"You speak English?"

"Yis, t'anks. I speak little English."

She paused just behind them. "I spe'k English too," she said. "Good morn'ing, gentlemen."

Carlo replied familiarly. "Hello, mees!" he said. "Makes fine day to-day. We all speak bime-by."

But to Luigi the incident at once became a momentous one, and for a time he was held mute by its possibilities. Then he stammered: "Ah, *amica adorata!* You please to speak to me all time."

So Carlo lost a willing pupil, and she gained one. When a steward drove them from her retreat on the stern deck she promptly appealed to the third officer,

telling him that she was from Aden, where the English were, and that the steward was annoying her; and after that they were unmolested. Early in their acquaintance Luigi told her he was from Sorrento, and proclaimed its beauties of orange and of rose; but when she in turn sought to convey to his mind that she had come all the way from Aden before joining the ship at Naples, he could not understand, and thought that she was trying to tell him her name. So ever after that she was Adena to him; "*Adena bellissima.*"

As his knowledge of English increased, they talked often of America. She was going to join her father, mother, and brother there. Two years ago, when they had gone upon the long journey to seek their fortune, she had remained behind with an aunt, because there was not passage money for the four; but they had prospered enough to send for her now, and she was making the passage alone.

"What your fadder do?"

"He sell the t'ings from my country," she replied.

"He make the money?"

"He make the money for my teeket."

"I like your fadder much good."

"T'ank you."

"I like your mudder and your brudder."

"T'ank you."

A pause; then, from her, archly, "You no like me?"

"I lofe you, Adena bellissima; ah, Adena mea."

"Where you learn that word lofe? I do not know that word."

"You learn me that word, Adena bellissima."

So they courted in the long summer days, while on the deck below them their fellow voyagers made merry in their own way—with the accordeon or with wild singing, and sometimes with the hoof-like clatter of a country dance. Warm breezes had given way to cooler winds, so that the ship's captain no longer appeared upon the bridge in white uniform; but this was a sure sign that they were coming nearer to America, and that the day of freedom and great opportunity was drawing near at hand.

Looking down upon the shifting scenes,



Drawn by N. H. MacGillivray

THEY TALKED OFTEN OF AMERICA

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especially in the afternoon, one could see that good fellowship and friendly feeling prevailed in nearly every group, and that minor mishaps—such as when the little old man from Naples fell into a wash bucket while absorbed in looking at a smoke-stack—were seized upon as subjects for general hilarity. Two groups of emigrants alone failed to join in the laughter—on one side of the deck, the Russian soldiers in their worn-out uniforms; on the other, the Jewish exiles from Moscow. The former had seen the retreat from Mukden; the latter had experienced even worse things, the horror of which was not yet deadened. Neither group felt any resentment against the other, nor appeared to note the coincidence of their going to a common place of refuge. Behind the tattered soldiers were the countless miles of marching and the impelling force that still sent them on—to avenge their dead left on the field of Mukden, perhaps, or to join that mysterious army of their countrymen that they knew had gone that way, beyond the reach of the Tsar. Behind the muttering Jews were the numberless years of wandering and persecution; wanderings as old as the retreat to the waters of Babylon, persecution as recent as the massacres that had broken families and left many of the survivors maimed and suffering; and an unseen force was driving them on to the land where already their people numbered a kingdom.

"Those Jews, they do not seem glad," said Luigi, looking at them upon such an occasion.

"They are seek," replied Adena, glancing at them, and then turning her head again to keep her back to the sun. Of late she had begun to complain of a smarting of the eyes when the light was too bright, for the glare on the water was at times like liquid metal in a great moulding-pot.

"Jews not much good," suggested the youth, with some superiority.

"Some of these Jews were rich, and had the good houses," the girl replied. "Now they are poor and seek. The woomen sleeps near me."

"*Eh bene!* Jews is not very much good, anyway," Luigi condescended.

Adena shrugged her shoulders as though she did not care to discuss the

subject further. She was thinking of the terrible secret that she had discovered two nights before when befriending one of the women. The latter never had her face uncovered upon the deck, and it was whispered that she had been flogged and scarred by the Cossacks; but the Arabian girl had surprised her trying to bathe her eyes, and had asked her if she did not suffer from the dread trachoma. The woman, to whom she had spoken in French, had begged her piteously not to tell, and the girl had since aided her secretly.

"Carlo my good friend," said Luigi, hastening to change the subject. "He start a shine-shop with me in America. Maka the money."

"Ah!" from Adena.

"He show me where to find the little *casa*; two room. I buy the flowers, the bird cage, much to eat. Your flowers, your bird cage, your *casa*, Adena bellissima."

He finished the sentence triumphantly, though his thoughts were far ahead of his vocabulary.

"What you mean, my bird cage, my flowers?"

Luigi gazed into her eyes rapturously. "I make you Signora Avesti," he cried. "Adena bellissima, grandissima—"

"Signora Avesti? No, no."

"Scusatemi; yes. I make the money for you in the shine-shop all the time. We have the fine *casa*. Signora Avesti, bellissima; please."

"Signora Avesti? I say no. I never be Signora Avesti. I tell you so a hundred time. You mind what I say?"

Luigi would have fought a thousand Sicilians for her at that moment, when she seemed slipping from his grasp. He had intended to wait until he was established in his shine-shop in America, and was making ten, twenty *lire* a day. Then he was to have gone to her with the visible wealth in his hands, to offer it to her unreservedly, asking her to share with him the house with the two rooms, and the flowers, and the singing bird, that he would have ready for his bride; and here he had declared himself prematurely, and been rejected. His face bespoke dismay, but he was too much a son of Italy to relinquish his suit without a last eloquent effort; and throwing

out his arms in extended gesture, he pleaded his cause in broken English and impassioned Italian, all the rough gallantry of his class rising to meet the demand and the occasion.

And Adena, with slightly swaying figure as she rested her arms upon the rail and watched him, smiled with a rising pride, but did not interrupt him. When he had quite finished she said with quiet deliberation: "You do not yet speak good English. It is not to say Signora Avesti in America, but Meeses Avesti."

To Carlo and the little old man from Naples he confessed that night that Adena was more beautiful than all the women of Italy; as wise as the Roman ladies; as witty as he had heard were the people of Firenze; and that he was going to marry her in America. And after that he wore his holiday clothes daily, though the steamship was still five hundred miles from its destination, and one was not yet called upon to make an appearance before the immigration inspectors.

Lovers, after the first rapture of acknowledgment, always talk of the home that they will build. It was ever so. Jacob, when he toiled for Rachel on the plains of Padan-aram, must have told her in the quiet of the day of the time when they would count the ewe lambs of their own flocks at the home they would make in distant Beersheba. Pioneers went cheerily into the American wilds not so many centuries ago to raise and defend a new home in the wilderness for some Priscilla of the colony. In our own day and generation the clean-limbed product of our prosperous civilization places a diamond in its golden circlet upon the finger of some budding flower of American womanhood; and straightway they flee from the multitude, and their conversation has to do with solid mahogany furniture, rare imported rugs, and simple but costly services in silver and in copper. Whatever his preconceived idea of a home, the emigrant to America is capable of nourishing a seed of domesticity that often grows to fruitage of some sort if years of prosperity permit of its cultivation.

Luigi and Adena were having their dream; too soon to be rudely disturbed, but as real and inspiring now as that

enjoyed by any home-coming lovers who had plighted their vows upon the first-cabin deck. America for them reared itself fantastically through the golden mist of youth; and to further the illusion the steamship passed quarantine at dusk, and steamed on through the deepening twilight, out of which a million lights now began to shine and to outline a unique, an unparalleled, a monster city. To-morrow might show things in their true proportions—but to-night realized every fancy and justified every expectation. Here, indeed, was the gateway of a new world so great that even night itself could not blot out its huge proportions, nor check the teeming, pulsing life that one could feel on every side. It mattered not that the steerage passengers must remain upon the ship until morning; all night long groups of immigrants sat upon the deck amid their boxes and bundles, or stood by the rails and talked excitedly.

Morning finally dawned. Carlo and the little old Neapolitan had gone to sleep upon the deck, but Luigi and Adena were still wide awake, eager to see the new day from its very beginning. In due time breakfast was served, the immigration officers began to appear, and the preliminaries for landing were well under way. The lovers parted at the gang-plank, to meet again, they promised, as soon as they had undergone questioning in the order of the numbers distributed to them. Luigi saw Adena pass along with the Jewish women; he was still with Carlo and the little man from Naples. Two hours later the trio were safely and officially admitted by the inspectors, and free to go whither they desired.

They passed the little man on to his son, a boss of railroad construction gangs, who appeared to have prospered in the new land. Carlo was for going out to see the sights; but Luigi would not budge until Adena came, and so they waited.

In the immigration sheds a few groups still remained to be questioned as to their visible wealth, their object in coming to the United States, and the whereabouts of tardy relatives who had promised to meet them. The Russian Jews were being examined through an interpreter, who was relating, in slow but literal language, the story of the massacre. The immi-



Drawn by N. H. MacGilvary

"YOU MUST BUY THE LEETLE HOUSE ONLY FOR YOURSELF"

gration officer swore softly under his breath, for although he had seen the stream of Russian exiles passing in for months, he had not yet become hardened to the scenes.

"One woman has had her face cut up by Cossacks," recited the interpreter, impassively. "Would you like to see?"

"Hell! no," the inspector replied. "You know these people?" he asked, turning to a representative of one of the Hebrew charitable societies. "Their money appears to be all right."

"We were expecting them," replied the man in even tones. "There should have been more, but they did not survive."

"All right, then. Tell them to take their baggage, Ike, and move along." He ran his eye over his landing list, to make certain that he had checked off the last one. "Bulgarians, Servians, Jews—Here, Ike, hold those women up a minute. There's one of them I want to see."

But they had all slipped through silently, excepting one girl, who had been met by an aged man. The interpreter overtook her and brought her back. The inspector sent for a young physician of the government staff.

"Say, Doc, have a look at this girl," he said. "There was one trachoma suspect among the Jews. This seems to be the right one."

The physician looked into Adena's startled eyes with professional interest. "You'll have to stay," he said, shortly. "Is that your father out there? Call the old man in, Billy, and tell him. The girl will have to be shipped back. I'm glad we didn't let her through."

Outside in the sunlight Luigi still waited. Carlo remonstrating. "They have all come away," he argued. "We will find your girl on shore. We lost her in the crowd."

"No, she has not come," replied Avesti, stubbornly. "She would not go away and leave us. I am going back."

"*Eh bene*, if you really will not believe, come along. You will see that nobody is there."

But they found a few, though the landing-shed was nearly deserted. The tattered Russian soldiers were still there, standing stolidly as though overlooked, but still expecting orders. They had not been able to muster enough coin of the land to warrant their admission; and the interpreter had not been able to make clear their desire to enlist in the army and fight against Japan. Over in another compartment a girl and her father were weeping.

"Adena bellissima!" Luigi shouted. "Se sapeste quanto ne vado lieto. I come queek."

The father turned a face to him that was already furrowed with grief. The girl, hearing his cry, smiled through her tears. "I go back to Aden alone," she said, in explanation of the scene that he did not understand. "My eyes they are no good now—seek, trachoma. They will not let womans with seek eyes in America. You must buy the leetle house with the flowers and the bird only for yourself—" Then her brief courage failed her, and she broke down and cried bitterly. As for Luigi, his was rage and grief that were primal, but none the less dreadful to see.

"Come," said Carlo, patiently, after the outburst had finally spent itself. "She must go back to Arabia in the ship; you must come with me."

"I will go back in the ship, too."

"Bah!" said Carlo, scornfully. "You have not enough money to go back. What would they say of you in Sorrento? What a fine figure you would make!"

Still Luigi hesitated, disconsolate, though the girl herself bade him go, that she might be alone with her father.

"You come with me now," pleaded Carlo, in his most ingratiating voice. "We will have the shine-shop together, and make money, and some day you will go back in the ship with money and grand clothes. Who knows?"

So Luigi kissed the girl passionately, and then turned his back upon her and walked into the promised land.

A Naturalist in the Tropics

BY C. WILLIAM AND MARY BLAIR BEEBE

ONE day late in March, just as the tropical sun was sinking from view, our barefooted Spanish crew pulled up anchor from the muddy bottom of Port-of-Spain's harbor. Slowly the sails filled, and the spray began to fly from the bow as we steered straight into the crimson path of the sunset. Behind us the lofty Trinidad ranges glowed softly—great velvety peaks and ridges, purpled by distance, gilded by the last rays of day. Then the twilight passed swiftly as if the sun had been quenched by the waters which covered its face; the mountains became merged into the darkness of the sky, and the city of busy life behind us melted into a linear constellation of twinkling lights.

After much delay we had chartered a little sloop of twenty-one tons, the *Josefa Jacinta*, manned by a captain, a cook, and a crew of three, and flying the flag of Venezuela. With a month's provisions in the hold and all the varied paraphernalia of a naturalist, we were headed for the northern part of the Orinoco delta in search of the primitive wilderness of which we had dreamed.

Jamaica, Colon, Savanilla, La Guayra, had passed in quick succession, and we were surprised to find Trinidad the most modern and wide-awake of all. The well-appointed hotels, the trolleys, electric lights, museums, and newspapers of Port-of-Spain, the wireless station even now flashing its aerial messages from yonder peak—all boded ill for our search for primeval conditions. Was there no spot left on earth, we wondered, which could truthfully be called an untrodden wilderness! Jungles untouched by axe or fire, where guns had not replaced bows and arrows; where the creatures of the wilderness were tame through unfamiliarity with human beings!

The Southern Cross rose and straight-

ened its arms; the pole-star hung low in the north. As the night wore on, an ugly sea arose and half buried our little craft in foam and spray. A cross-wind disputed our advance, and the strong tide drove us out of our course. But our captain had navigated these waters for more than half a century, and we had no fears, but clung to our coffinlike bunks, listening to the rats chasing each other merrily about below the flooring, and to the ever-changing equilibrium of our trunks and boxes.

The following day was as wild as the night, and no living thing appeared in sky or sea, save a host of milky jelly-fish. They kept below the surface, and seemed to suffer no damage from the roughness of the water. In an area of a square yard we counted twenty, and for hour after hour we passed through vast masses of them, extending to the farthest waves visible on either hand and as deep down as our eyes could penetrate—myriads upon myriads of these lowly beings, each vibrating with life, and yet unable to guide its course against the tide or to do aught but to pulsate slowly along. Later in the day, although the water grew less rough, the whole company sank lower in the muddy depths—muddy, because the brown waters of the great Orinoco hold sway over all this gulf and scatter out at sea the sediment washed from the banks far inland.

Finally the storm passed and we saw a blue cloud to the north, hinting of the great mountain ranges of the Spanish Main. Ahead, a low green mist along the horizon told us we were nearing shore. This became more and more distinct until we could make out individual trees. By noon we had left the tumultuous waters of the Gulf of Paria and were floating quietly on a broad stream between two majestic walls of green; we had entered our wilderness, and the silence and beauty of our reception seemed all the more



THE "JOSEFA JACINTA" ENTERING THE MANGROVE FOREST

vivid after the noise and turbulence of the wind and water behind us.

Our first impression was of a vast solitude. It was midday, and the tide was almost at its height. With limp sails we drifted silently onward, not a sound of life coming from the green depths about us. We skirted the mangroves along the south bank, moving more and more slowly, until at last we rested motionless on the water, between the blazing sky overhead and the muddy depths beneath. The tide had reached its highest, and, like the living creatures of the jungle, rested in the midday heat. The captain gave a gruff order in Spanish, and the anchor splashed into the water, dragging the chain after with a sudden roar and jangle which echoed from shore to shore—jarring the silence as would a shriek of pain in a cathedral.

A chatter came from the mangroves near at hand, and high up among the dense foliage we saw the first life of the continent—a wistful little human face gazing out at us, a capuchin monkey striving with wrinkled brows to make out what we were. At his call two oth-

ers came and looked; then, as our sail came down with a rattle of halyards, the trio fled through the branches with all the speed which four hands and a tail could lend.

We spent the afternoon in getting our floating home ready for use. No more waves would be encountered, so everything was unlashed. Stereo-glasses, camera plates, and ammunition were placed ready to hand; the galley stove was moved far forward, and a mosquito-proof tent of netting was erected under the tarpaulin in the stern.

The sun had sunk low in the west, when we saw a long, narrow dugout canoe coming down-stream. An Indian woman and her baby were crouched in the bow, while in the stern a naked Indian paddled swiftly and silently. His skin shone like coppery bronze in the sunlight, his long black hair was bound back from his face by a thong of hide. In front of him rested a bow and arrows and a long fish-spear. Silently he approached and in silence he passed—unheeding our salutations.

One more beauty of this wild wonder-

land was vouchsafed us before night fell. We had been disappointed in the birds. Where were the myriads of water-fowl of which we had heard? We had seen nothing—not a single feather. But now the scene slowly changed. The tide was falling rapidly, swirling and eddying past the boat, and the roots of the mangroves began to protrude, their long stems shining black until the water dried from them. Mud-flats appeared, and suddenly, without warning, a living flame passed us—and we had seen our first scarlet ibis. Past the dark-green background of mangrove foliage the magnificent bird flew swiftly—flaming with a brilliance which shamed any pigment of human art. Blood red, intensest vermilion, deepest scarlet—all fail to hint of the living color of the bird. Before we could recover from our delight a flock of twenty followed, flying close together, with bills and feet scarlet like the plumage. They swerved from their path and alighted on the mud close to the mangroves, and began feeding at once. Then a trio of snowy-white egrets with trailing plumes floated overhead; others appeared over the tops of the trees; a host of tiny sandpipers skimmed the surface of the water and scurried over the flats. Great cocoi herons swept majestically into view; curlews and plover assembled in myriads, lining the mud-flats at the water's edge, while here and there, like jets of flame against the mud, walked the vermilion ibises. Terns with great yellow bills flew about the sloop, and skimmers ploughed the surface of the tide in endless furrows. Macaws began to pass, shrieking as they flew, two and two together—and then night closed quickly over all. From the zenith the sun had looked down upon a stream quiet as death; it sank upon a scene full of the animation of a myriad forms of life.

As dusk settled down and hid the shore from our eyes, another sense was aroused, and to our ears came the sounds of night in these tropical jungles—a thousand cries, moans, crashes; all mysterious, unexplainable. In time we became so accustomed to them that we could distinguish repetitions and details, but this first night brought only a confused chorus of delightful mystery, now broken by a moment of silence, now rising to

an awe-inspiring climax. One sound only remained clear in our memory, often repeated, now uttered in lower, now in higher tones—a terrible choking sigh. It might have been the last death-gasp of some great monkey, or the pitiful utterance of hopelessness of a madman.

With the turn of the tide we raised anchor and drifted through the night—mile after mile for six hours, and then anchored again. And thus it was that we came to our wilderness.

Not until we had been in the mangrove jungle for many days did we begin to realize its vastness, its mystery, its primeval character. Just four hundred and ten years ago Christopher Columbus sailed through the gulf we had left and gazed on the dark forest in the heart of which we now were. Throughout the whole extent of this wilderness we found no hint that conditions were not as they were in 1498.

One of the most astonishing things about the mangrove forest is the apparent diversity of its plant life. Until one actually comes within reach of trunk and leaves, it is impossible to believe that all this forest is composed of a single species of plant. The foliage of some of the trees is light; of others dark; here stands a clump of pale beechlike trunks, there a dark, rough-barked individual is seen. The manner of growth of the young and the old trees is so different that a confusion of mingled trees, shrubs, and vines seems to confront one. But everywhere the mangrove reigns supreme. It is the only vegetable growth which can gain a footing in this world of salt water. In fact, it makes its own footing, entangling and holding mud and débris about its stems, and ever blindly reaching out dangling roots, like the legs of Brobdignagian spiders.

Far out on the tip of a lofty branch a mangrove seed will germinate, before it falls assuming the appearance of a loaded club from eight to fifteen inches in length. One day it lets go and drops like a plummet into the soft mud, where it sticks upright. Soon the tide rises, and if there is too strong a current the young plant is swept away, to perish far out at sea; but if it can maintain its hold, roots soon spring out, and the ideal



A VAST FOREST REGION, WITHOUT A FOOT OF SOLID SOIL

of the mangrove is realized, the purpose for which all these interesting phenomena are intended: the forest has gained a few yards, and slimy mud and leaves will soon choke out the intervening water.

The mangroves have still another method of gaining new territory. Aerial roots are thrown out from branches high in air, swinging downward and outward with a curve which sometimes wins three or four yards ahead. Like hawsers thrown from a vessel to a wharf, these roots clutch at the mud beneath; but where the current runs swiftly they swing and dangle in vain, until they have grown so heavy that they touch bottom some distance down-stream. We made use of these dangling roots as anchors for our canoe, bending the elastic unattached end upward and springing it over the gunwale.

Throughout all this great region there is not a foot of solid ground. In one place we pushed a tall shoot some eight feet in height straight down through the mud, and it went out of sight. A man

falling on this mud, out of reach of aid, would vanish as in quicksand. So the wild creatures of the mangroves must either swim, fly, or climb. No terrestrial beings can exist there. We once selected a favorable place, and for fifty yards made our way over the roots and branches before exhaustion and an impassable gap of mud and water stopped all progress. As never before we realized how safe from man are the denizens of these strange swamps. Monkeys fled swiftly before us, birds rose and flew overhead, while we painfully crept and pulled ourselves along over the slippery stems.

More wonderful even than the coral polyps are these mangroves, for by this plant alone all this region has been rescued from the sea and built up into land. In future years, as the mud banks become higher and are fertilized by the ever-falling leaves, other growths will appear, and finally the coast of the continent will be thus extended by many scores of miles of fertile soil.

A network of narrow channels stretches

through this wilderness and allowed us to explore the far interior in our shallow curiale or dugout. Thus we spent days and weeks in search of the creatures who lived in this world of a single tree, and here we learned how delightful the climate of such a region can be. Every night we slept under blankets, and during the day the temperature ranged from 66° at five and six o'clock in the morning to about 86° at noon, although we were within nine degrees of the equator. One could paddle all day with more comfort than on a hot summer day in the north. By day mosquitoes were generally absent, and only a few biting flies reminded us of the "terrible insect scourges" of the tropics. During the day we drifted or paddled where we would in our dugout—on the wide *caños* or among the tangled arching roots of the narrow channels. At night we returned with ravenous appetites to the weird concoctions which Maestro the cook offered us as food; and to the soundest of sleep on pneumatic mattresses, while *Stegomyia* hummed in vain without our netting. Life here was delightfully new and strange, with the spice of danger ever attendant upon the exploration of unknown lands.

The fishes attracted our attention from the first. When we came on deck before sunrise for a plunge, our little vessel would be surrounded by hosts of catfish, all, like our sloop, headed up-stream against the tide. They would bite indifferently at bait, a bit of cloth, or a bare hook, and were delicious eating. On the bottom our hooks would sometimes be taken by great fierce-whiskered cats, bedecked with long streamers, which gave no end of trouble before they were quieted. They were pale yellow, and the head and back were encased in bone. Maestro called them the crucifix fish, and later showed us why. On the under surface of the bony armor is a large cross with a halo about it just above the arms. The crew never caught one of these fish without making the sign of the cross in their right palms.

On one of our first excursions among the mangroves in our small canoe we made a most interesting discovery. Here and there sprawled out on the mud-flats were small crocodiles, and occasionally a large one would rush off into the water

at our approach. Hugging the edge of the tide where the ripples lapped back and forth on the black ooze were many other living creatures. For a long time we could not make them out, but finally, drifting silently upon a whole school, we knew them for four-eyed fish—strange creatures which we had hoped to see.

We came to a tiny bayou, shaped like a bottle, from which four little blue herons flew as we approached. We placed our dugout corklike athwart the mouth and anchored with our crossed paddles. The air was warm, bees hummed about the tiny four-parted flowers of the mangroves, and a great blue morpho butterfly flapped past, mirrored in the water beneath. Then came tragedy—never far off in this land of superabundant life. A clay-colored crocodile made a sudden rush at a ripple, and a quartet of little four-eyes shot from the water in frantic fear. One was slower than the rest, and the fierce jaws of the diminutive reptile just grazed him. Another fell on his back in the ooze, and in a twinkling was caught and dragged into the depths. No wonder the poor little four-eyes are ever on the lookout for danger and spend most of their time where they merge with the ripples along the shore, when such enemies are on the watch for them.

A whirl of wings sounded, and a kingfisher alighted within arm's reach. But such a kingfisher! the veriest mite, clad in a robe of brilliant emerald and orange. So small was he that it seemed as if the tiniest of minnows must choke him. He seemed to be of the same opinion, for while we watched him he caught only the insects which passed him in mid-air or which were floating on the water.

By far the most numerous, and in their way the most interesting, of the mangroves' inhabitants were the crabs. There were untold millions of them, all small, all active and keen of vision. If we sat quietly, they would appear from everywhere, peeping out like little gnomes from their perches on the mangroves, forever playing their noiseless little fiddles. These tiny tree-folk not only played, but danced. Let us picture a scene constantly enacted so close to us that we could all but touch the performers. Two crabs approach each other, now fiddling

vigorously, now waving their diminutive pincers back and forth over their heads as a ballet-dancer waves her arms. They move never in straight lines, but sideways, now running back a few steps, now forward, until at last they meet, and each grasping the other's claws, raises them aloft, and then for five minutes they circle about in most ludicrous imitation of a waltz. All this usually took place on the lower surface of a mangrove trunk, the inverted position apparently making no less secure the footing of the little dancers. We could not discover whether this performance was in the nature of courtship or defiance or just pure play.

What we did discover concerning the lives of these crabs was full of interest. Hundreds of the smallest-sized ones lived in holes in the mud, and when the tide went down they came out and ran about—intent on some all-important business of their little existence. Another class of larger individuals had their holes near the roots of the mangroves, one or rarely two good-sized crabs apparently taking possession of each root. Here he disported himself, running up and down, from the water into the air, with no change in speed; and here, strangest of all, he grew to resemble his home root. There was as great diversity among the roots as among the larger trunks—whitish, black, mottled, and all intervening shades. It was a fact, of which we had hundreds of daily proofs, that the crabs

were so like their particular roots that often we could not detect the quiescent crustacean when within a foot of our faces. There was one group of five black roots forming a rough circle about a single mottled root. As we approached, a crab ran down each stalk into the water, and as we peered down and saw them

go into their holes, we could at a glance tell the mottled crab from the five black ones. Even the roots which were as yet a foot or more above the bottom mud each had its occupant, which thus had to swim upward from his hole before he could grasp his swaying perch.

A third class of crabs lived among the higher trunks and branches of the mangroves, and, except where here and there was a highroad of some large trunk dipping into the water, these less fortunate fellows had to scamper in frantic haste up the roots of their larger brethren. The indignant owner would rush



CRANIAL BONES OF THE CRUCIFIX FISH

at the trespasser with uplifted pincers, sometimes forcing him to leap for his life. Where an unusually large tree was frequented by many crabs, their carapaces bore a close resemblance to its pattern and hue. But among these more aerial and roving crabs the mimicry was, on the whole, less striking than among the sedentary class. In the latter, protective coloration was carried to a greater degree of perfection than we have ever seen it elsewhere. These were loath to leave their roots and swim, preferring to run swiftly down until they reached the

mud. This habit made it easy to catch them, merely by taking the end of the root aboard and shaking it, when the unsuspecting crab would rush down in all haste into a pail or jar held at the bottom.

They have many enemies, not only among fish, reptiles, and birds, but even some of the mammals, such as opossums and monkeys, catch and devour them in large numbers. We saw a beautiful little falcon, bright chestnut in color, with a pale creamy head and black throat, dashing at them and skilfully catching the unfortunate crabs in one outstretched foot.

Scores of other beings of still more lowly degree swarmed about us, but as the tide lapped out of our little bayou, the four-eyes again attracted our attention. They began to get restless, swimming back and forth and shuffling over the mud, until at last, in desperation at the ebbing of their element, they made a dash to get past us into the open water of the *caño*. Some dived, but so buoyant are they that they can scarcely stay below a second, and soon popped up to the surface again. Others scrambled, rolled, and squirmed over the soft ooze on each side of us, many making good progress and escaping. We caught several and placed them in an aquarium for study. When hard pressed in deep water these curious fish progress by a series of leaps—up on their tail end and down again, up and down again, describing a series of curves and making very fast time.

When examined closely we see that these fish have only two eyes, but these are divided in such a way that there appears to be double that number. There are two distinct pupils, one elevated above the head like the eyes of a frog, the other separated by a band of tissue and below the water-line. So when the fish floats in its normal position at the surface the upper pupils, fitted for vision in the air, watch for danger above, while the lower pair keep a submarine lookout for insect food and aquatic enemies.

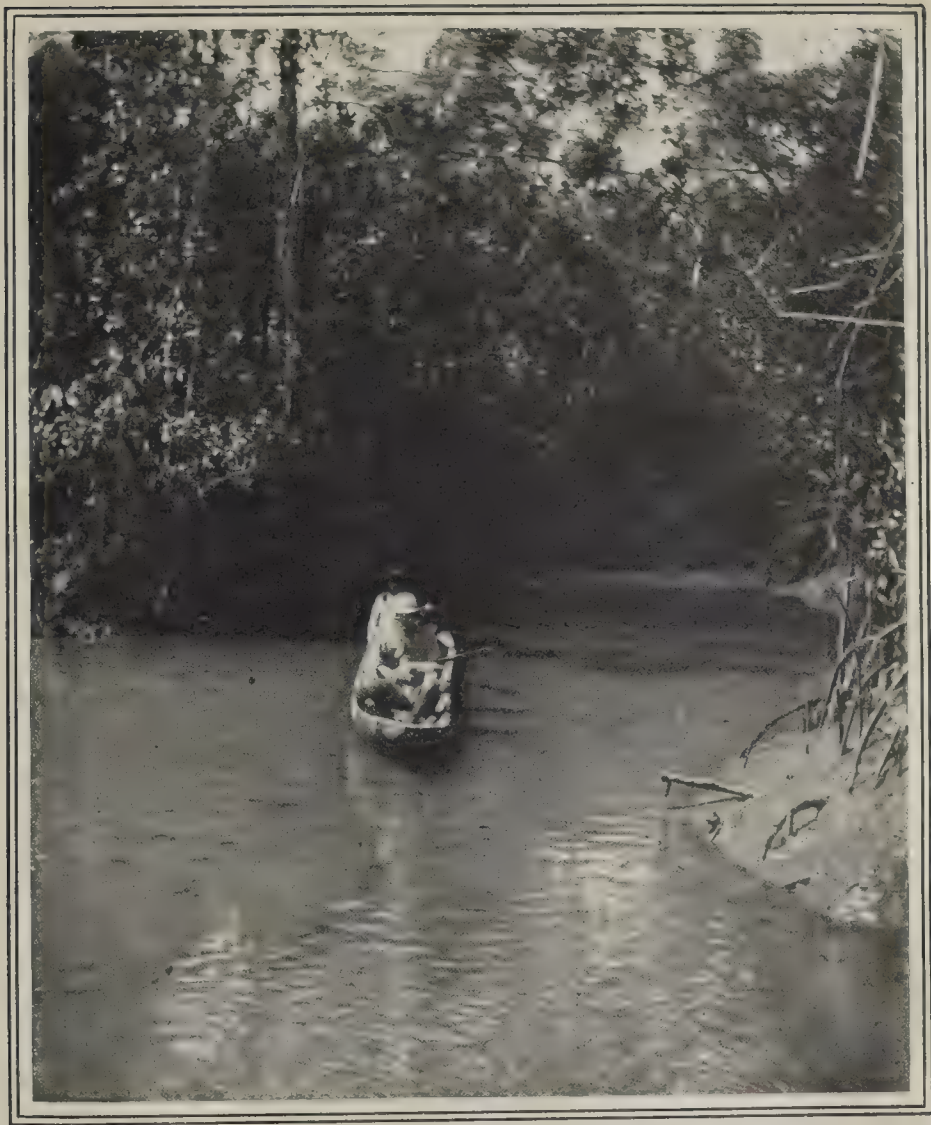
Monkeys are perfectly at home in this land of branches, the ever-cautious capuchins and now and then a long-limbed spider-monkey swinging through the trees with as easy a motion as the flight of a bird. Biggest of all were the great red

howlers, who kept to the deeper, more narrow channels, and in the evening and again at dawn sent their voices to the farthest limits of the mangroves. They do not howl, they roar, and the sound is perfectly suited to such a wilderness as this. Before the first signs of day light up the east, a low, soft moaning comes through the forest, like the forewarning of a storm through pine trees. This gains in volume and depth until it becomes a roar. It is no wind now, nor like anything one ever hears in the north; it is a deep, grating, rumbling roar—a voice of the tropics; a hint of long-past ages when speech was yet unformed. We grew to love the rhythm of this wild music, and it will always be for us the memory-awakening sound of the mangrove wilderness.

The wealth of life in this region was evident when we began to explore a river flowing down from the highlands in the far-distant interior of Venezuela. One could spend a year here and not begin to exhaust the wonders on every hand.

Early in the morning the roaring of the monkeys would awaken us, and after a hasty breakfast we would start out in our little boat. At this time everything is dripping and fresh with dew, and there is a bite and tang in the air which reminds us of Canadian dawns. It is still dusk, and the lines of mangroves on either side show only as black walls. For some minutes hardly a sound breaks the stillness, except the distant roars and the drip, drip of our paddles. Then a sudden splashing and breaking of branches show that we are discovered by a pair or more of capybaras, those enormous rodents which pass as guinea-pigs in Gulliver's land of giants. Now an overhanging branch drenches us as we brush against it, and as it is pushed aside a whole armful of orchids comes away, the pure white blossoms filling the *caño* with their sweetness. Now the delicate foliage of a palm is silhouetted for a moment against the brightening eastern sky, and a mass of great convolvulus blossoms shines out from the shore. By this we know that we are not many miles from dry ground, and other growths are already beginning to dispute the dominance of the mangroves.

Silence again, to be broken by one of



WE PADDLED THROUGH A NETWORK OF NARROW CHANNELS

the most remarkable and startling outbursts of sound which any living creature in the world could utter. A series of unconnected sighs, shrieks, screams, and metallic humming notes suddenly breaking forth, apparently within thirty feet, is surely excuse enough for being startled. The hubbub ceases as abruptly as it began; then again it breaks out, now seeming to come from all directions, even from overhead. The author of all this is the chachalaca—a bird not larger than a common fowl, but with a longer tail. Its plumage is soft, and it is a poor flier, spending most of its time among the branches in the swamps. It was seldom that we caught sight of one, but we shall never forget the first time we heard their diabolical chorus.

The sun's rays now light up the narrow path of water ahead of us, and a thousand creatures seem to awaken and give voice at once. Two splendid yellow and blue macaws fly high overhead, their screams softened by the distance; a flock of great white-billed, red-crested woodpeckers drum and call; from the bank come the rolling cry of the tinamou and the sweet, penetrating double note of the sun-bittern; humming-birds squeak in their flight as they shake the dewdrops from the orchids above us; squirrels with fur of orange and gray scramble through the branches, fleeing before the little capuchin monkeys. Then, one after another, three splendid swallow-tailed kites dash past us at full speed, brushing the surface of the water and floating up again.

Swallows, emerald and white, catch the flies which hover near us; a big yellow-breasted flycatcher alights for a moment on the bow of our boat—and a tropical day is fairly begun. These and a hundred other creatures about us bathe, sing, and seek their food during the fresh hours of early morning. Then, as the sun rises higher and its heat draws a hush over all, the notes of the birds die away, leaving the insect vocalists supreme. Butterflies click here and there, a loud humming tells of huge wasps winging their way on murderous missions, but above all rises the chant of the cicadas. The commonest of these grinds out harsh, reverberating tones—whir-r-r-r-r! wh-r-r! wh-r-r! wh-r-r! wh-r-r! rolling the r's in the first utterance for a minute or more, then ending in a series of short, abrupt whirs.

Then another cicada, a giant species, sends his call through the jungle; he has

full glare of the sun one perspires so freely that the great heat is hardly felt.

We eat our luncheon in the shade of a clay bank, the first hint of dry land we have seen along the *caño*, and here we watch the little crocodiles basking in the sun and the crabs scuttling over the mud. A bird of iridescent green and orange swoops down to our very faces, and hangs swinging in a loop of a tiny liana on the face of the bank. The next instant it vanishes into the earth, darting into a hole hardly larger than the crab-holes around it. We have found the home of a jacamar. At the end of the short tunnel are four round white eggs laid on the bare clay.

While examining the nest we hear at our very feet the terrible night noise—the muffled choking sigh which had come to us every night since we entered the mangrove wilderness. We are standing in our narrow dugout, which the least

movement will overturn, and for an instant it is indeed a question whether we can control ourselves enough to keep it from filling. Now the mystery solves itself, as a large anaconda, nine or ten feet long, slowly winds out from a hole in the bank beneath the surface of the water and slips into the depths of the muddy current. Then the tide laps a little lower, and a big bubble of air, caught in the entrance of the ser-



THE PARROT PUFF-FISH

two strings to his bow, one a half-note higher than the other, and on these he plays for five minutes at a time. It is Chinese music to the very tone. Sometimes his tune ends in a rising shriek, and we know that one of the big blue wasps has descended on him and stabbed him in the midst of his love-song.

The day wears on, and even the cicadas become quiet. The sun is overhead and the air full of tropical heat. In the shade it is always comfortable, and in the

serpent's lair, frees itself with a sudden gasping sob. When the tide is rising or falling over these large openings in the mud the air escapes from time to time with the terrifying sound which had so long puzzled us. Our mysterious nocturnal creature is thus explained away in the prosaic light of day.

An hour later, as our dugout rounds a sharp bend in the *caño*, there comes to our ears a series of rasping cries—hoarse and creaking as of oiled wheels.

The glasses show a flock of large, brown, fowl-like birds in a clump of bamboos and palms overhanging the water. Their barred wings and tall, delicate crests tell us that they are the bird of all others which we had hoped to see and study. We are floating within a hundred feet of a flock of hoatzins—the strange reptile-like “living fossils” which are found only in this part of the world, and which are closely related to no other living bird.

As we draw near, the birds flutter through the foliage as if their wings were broken. We find that this is their usual mode of progression, and for a most interesting reason. Soon after the young hoatzins are hatched and while yet unfledged they are able to leave the nest and climb about the branches, and in this they are greatly aided by the use of the wings as arms and hands. The three fingers of the wing are each armed with a reptilelike claw, and at the approach of danger the birds climb actively about like squirrels or lizards. In extremity they do not fear to take to the water, where they are perfectly at home, diving and swimming like young ducks.

It has usually been thought that when they grow up they lose all these reptilian habits and behave as conventional feathered bipeds should. But we find that while, of course, the fingers are deeply hidden beneath the long flight-feathers of the wing, yet these very feathers are often used, fingerlike, in forcing aside thick vines, the birds thus clambering and pushing their way along.

It was with the keenest delight of the pioneer and discoverer that we watched these rare creatures, and attempted to take the first photograph of living hoatzins in their haunts. We also photographed them as they were paddling or

pushing their way through the thick growth, one wing after the other, but the pictures unfortunately are not adequate for reproduction here.

Although they do not nest until July and August, yet we found them in the very trees and bushes which held the remains of last year's nests, thus reveal-



THE FOUR-EYED FISH

ing their sedentary life during the rest of the year. And day after day and week after week we learned to know that they would be found in this or that tree and nowhere else; they were veritable, feathered sloths. They feed chiefly upon leaves, but fish also enter into their bill of fare, although we could not determine how they caught them.

We shot two, one for the skin and the other for the skeleton, and we found the plumage in a very worn and ragged condition, the wing feathers especially so, where the branches and leaves had rubbed and worn away the barbs. Throughout the noonday heat these birds were always to be found in the foliage overhanging the water, ready when disturbed to flop and thrash a few yards through the mangroves and bamboos.

After many days of pure delight, our note-books filled and our photographic plates more than half gone, we decided

to see something of real Venezuelan dry land. We would go on and on until we had left the mangroves with all their unpeopled mystery behind us, and see what new surprises the villages of the Guaraunos Indians and the jungles of the foot-hills would afford.

At nine o'clock one night, when the stars alone cast a faint, weird light over everything, we sent two of the crew ahead in the rowboat to keep our bow straight, and then began a long night of noiseless drifting with the tide. It was a night to remain forever in our memory. The men relieved their monotonous towing with strange wailing chants; on each side the mangroves slipped past, black and sinister; invisible creatures snorted and splashed in sudden terror as we rounded each turn; great fireflies burned on the trees and were reflected in the water, and to our ears came the roars of the four-handed folk, the calls and screams of night birds, the metallic clinks of insects, and ever the gasps and chokings of the serpents' burrows—hardly less sinister now that we had solved their mystery.

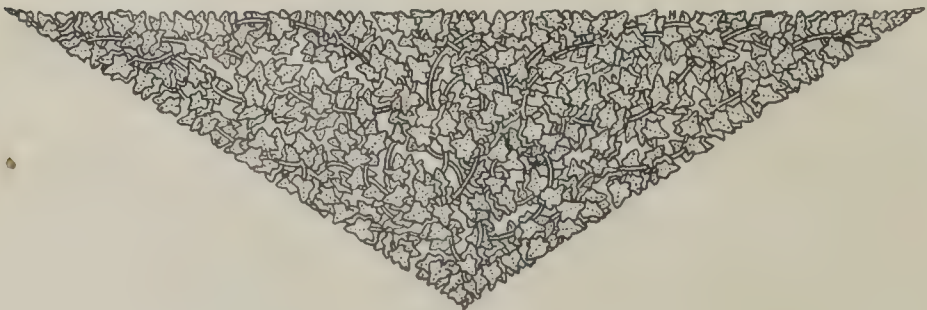
Now and then throughout the night we would awaken from our half-sleep, and there before me in the dim light, ever intent on the tortuous course, was the rugged profile of our captain. His fingers were closed over the tiller as if they loved it; as they had held it for the last fifty years. Not a shallow or turning was unfamiliar to the man. El Capitan Truxillo was a Venezuelan of the old Spanish type, all too rare nowadays. His courtesy was from the heart, his efforts to please us bounded only by the limits of his strength or by the laziness of

the crew. He guided us through the wilderness with a surety and skill all but miraculous.

Throughout all the night we passed up one *caño*, down another, past miles and miles of black foliage, all alike to us, almost indistinguishable in the starlight; yet, early next morning, as we rose to rout the cloud of mosquitoes about our head nets, the captain said in his soft Spanish tongue, "The mountains of my country should be in sight ahead." And, sure enough, an hour later, as the day dawned, we could discern the blue haze in the north which marked them out.

Toucans, big muscovy ducks, and snake-birds flew past us; great brown woodpeckers and flights of parrakeets swung across the *caño*; dolphins leaped and played around us, but we heeded them little, all eager to press on and see the new land. We longed for a run on shore; the schooner suddenly seemed cramped, although we loved the little craft, with the frolicsome rats in her hold and her little idiosyncrasy of a perpetual leak which refused to be stopped!

So we sat far up in the bow and watched the mountains take form and the palms upon them become ever more distinct. From a land of mystery untrodden by man, we were soon to come upon a bit of land so prized by man that nations had almost gone to war over it—La Brea, the strange lake of pitch hidden in the heart of the forest, with its strange birds and fish and animals; lying on the border-land between the foot-hills of the northern Andes and the world of mangroves, which for many days had held us so safely in its heart.



The Grain Ship

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON

I COULD not help listening to the talk at the next table, because the orchestra was quiet and the conversation unrestrained; then, too, a nautical phrasing caught my ear and aroused my attention. For I had been a lifelong student of nautical matters. A side glance showed me the speaker, a white-haired, sunburned old fellow in immaculate evening dress. With him at the table in the restaurant were other similarly clad men, evidently of good station in life, and in their answers and comments these men addressed the white-haired man as Commodore. A navy captain, I thought, promoted on retirement. His talk bore it out.

"Yes, sirree," he said, as he thumped the table mildly. "A good, tight merchant ship, with nothing wrong except what might be ascribed to neglect, such as light canvas blown away and ropes cast off the pins, with no signs of fire, leak, or conflict to drive the crew out, with plenty of grub in the stores and plenty of water in the tanks. Yet, there she was, under topsails and topgallantsails, rolling along before a Biscay sea, and deserted, except that the deck was almost covered with dead rats."

"What killed them, Commodore," asked one, "and what happened to the crew?"

"Nobody knows. It might have been a poisonous gas from the cargo, but if so it didn't affect us after we boarded her. The log-book was gone, so we got no information from that. Moreover, every boat was in its chocks or under its own davits. It was as though some mysterious power had come down from above and wiped out the crew, besides killing the rats in the hold. She was a grain ship from Frisco, and grain ships are full of rats.

"I was the prize-lieutenant that took her into Queenstown. She was condemned in Admiralty proceedings and, later, restored to her owners. But to this day no man has told the story of that voyage.

It is thirty years and more since then, but it will remain one of the unexplained mysteries of the sea."

The party left the table a little later, and left me, an ex-sailor, in a condition of mind not due to the story I had heard from the Commodore. There was something else roused into activity—something indefinite, intangible, elusive, like the sense of recognition that comes to you when you view a new scene that you know you have never seen before. It was nothing pertaining to myself or my adventures; and I had never heard of a ship being found deserted with all boats in place. It was something I must have heard at some time and place that bore no relation to the sea and its mysteries. It tormented me; I worried myself into insomnia that night, thinking about it, but at last fell asleep, and wakened in the morning with a memory twenty-five years old.

It is a long stretch of time and space from that gilded restaurant of that night to the arid plains of Arizona, and back through the years of work and struggle and development to the condition of a sailor on shore beating his way, horseback and afoot, across the country from the Gulf to the Pacific. But in my sleep I traversed it, and, lying on my back in the morning, puffing at my first pipe, I lived again my experience with the half-witted tramp whom I had entertained in my camp and who changed his soul in my presence.

I was a line-rider for a cattle company, and as it was before the days of wire fences, my work was to ride out each day along my boundary and separate the company's cattle from those of its neighbor, a rival company. It was near the end of the day, when I was almost back to camp, that I saw him coming along the road, with the peculiar swing to his shoulders and arms that, once acquired,

never leaves the deep-water sailor; so I had no hesitancy in greeting him after the manner of seamen.

"Well, mate, how are you heading?" I inquired, as I leaned over the saddle.

"Say, pardner," he said, in a soft, whining voice, "kin you tell me where a feller might git a bite to eat around here?"

"Well," I answered, "yes and no. I thought you were a sailorman." Only his seamanly roll had appealed to me. His face, though bearded, tanned, and of strong, hard lines, seemed weak and crafty. He was tall, and strongly built—the kind of man who impresses you at first sight as accustomed to sudden effort of mind and body; yet he cringed under my stare, even as I added, "Yes, I'll feed you." I had noticed a blue foul anchor tattooed on his wrist.

"Come along, old man," I said, kindly. "You're travelling for your health. I'll ask no fool questions and say nothing about you. My camp is just around that hill."

He walked beside my horse, and we soon reached the camp, a log house of one room, with an adobe fireplace and chimney, a rough table, and a couple of boxes for seats. Also, there was a plank floor, a novelty and a luxury in that country at that time. Under this floor was a family of huge rats that I had been unable to exterminate, and I had found it easier and cheaper to feed them than to have them gnawing into my stores in my absence. So they had become quite tame, and in the evenings, keeping at a safe distance, however, they would visit me. I had no fear of them, and rather enjoyed their company.

I fed and hobbled my horse, then cooked our supper, of which my guest ate voraciously. After supper I filled my pipe and offered him another, but he refused it; he did not smoke. Then I talked with him and found him weak-minded. He knew nothing of consequence, nothing of the sea or of sailors, and he had forgotten when that anchor had been tattooed on his wrist. He thought it had always been there. He was a laborer, a pick-and-shovel man, and this was the only work he aspired to. Disappointed in him, for I had yearned for a little seamanly sympathy and companionship, I finished my

smoke in the firelight and turned to get the bed ready, when one of the rats sprang from the bed, across the floor and between the tramp and the fire; then it darted to a hole in the edge of the floor and disappeared. But its coming and going wrought a curious effect upon that wayfarer. He choked, spluttered, stood up and reeled, then fell headlong to the floor.

"Hello!" I said, anxiously; "anything wrong?"

He got on his feet, looked wildly about the place, and asked, in a hoarse, broken voice that held nothing of its former plaintiveness:

"What's this? Was I picked up? What ship is this?"

"No ship at all. It's a cow camp."

"Log cabin, isn't it?"—he was staring at the walls. "I never saw one before. I must have been out of my head for a while. Picked up, of course. Was the mate picked up? He was in bad shape."

"Look here, old man," I said, gently, "are you out of your head now, or were you out of your head before?"

"I don't know. I must have been out of my head. I can't remember much, after tumbling overboard, until just now. What day is this?"

"Tuesday," I answered.

"Tuesday? It was Sunday when it happened. Did you have a hand in picking me up? Who was it?"

"Not me," I said. "I found you on the road out here in a dazed state of mind, and you knew nothing whatever of ships or of sailors, though I took you for a shellback by your walk."

"That's right. You can always spot one. You're a sailor, I can see, and an American, too. But what are you doing here? This must be the coast of Portugal or Spain."

"No, this is a cow camp on the Crossbar Range in the middle of Arizona."

"Arizona? Six thousand miles from there! How long have I been out of my head?"

"Don't know. I've only known you since sundown. You've just gone through a remarkable change of front."

"What day of the month is it?"

"The third day of December."

"Hell! Six months ago. It happened in June. Of course, six months is time

enough for me to get here, but why can't I remember coming? Some one must have brought me."

"Not necessarily. You were walking along, caring for yourself, but hungry. I brought you here for a feed and a night's sleep."

"That was kind of you—" He involuntarily raised his hand to his face. "I've grown a beard, I see. Let's see how I look with a beard." He stepped to a looking-glass on the wall, took one look, and sprang back.

"Why, it isn't me!" he exclaimed, looking around with dilated eyes. "It's some one else."

"Take another look," I said. He did so, moved his head to the right and left, and then turned to me.

"It must be me," he said, hoarsely, "for the image in the glass follows my movements. But I've lost my face. I'm another man. I don't know myself."

"Look at that anchor on your wrist," I suggested. He did so.

"Yes," he said, "that part of me is left. It was pricked in on my first voyage." He examined his arms and legs. "Changed," he muttered. He rubbed his knees, and passed his hands over his body.

"What year was it when, as you say, you jumped overboard?" I asked.

"Eighteen seventy-five."

"This is eighteen eight-four. Matey, you have been nine years out of your head," I said.

"Nine years? Sure? Can you prove that to me? My God, man, think of it! Nine years gone out of my life. You don't know what that means to me."

I showed him a faded and discolored newspaper.

"That paper is about six months old," I said, "but it's an eighteen eighty-four paper."

"Right," he said, sadly and somewhat wildly. "Got a pipe? I want to smoke on this, and think it out. Nine years, and six thousand miles travel! Where have I been, I wonder, and what have I done, to change the very face of me, while I lived with it? It's something like death, I take it."

I gave him a pipe and tobacco, and he smoked vigorously, trembling with excess of emotion, yet slowly pulling him-

self together. Finally he steadied, but he could not smoke. He put the pipe down, saying that it sickened him. I knew nothing of psychology at the time, but think now that in his second personality he had given up smoking.

I forbore questioning him, knowing that I could not help him in his problem—that he must work it out himself. He did not sleep that night, and kept me awake most of the time with his twitchings and turnings. Once he was up, examining his face in the glass by the light of a match, but in the morning, after a doze of an hour or so, I found him outside, looking at the sunrise and smoking.

"I'm getting used to my new face," he said, "and I'm getting used to smoking again. Got to. Nothing but a smoke will help a fellow at times. What business is this you're in here?"

"Cow-punching—riding out after cattle."

"Hard to learn?"

"Easy for a sailor. I'm only hanging on until pay-day, then I make for Frisco to ship."

"And some one will take your place, I suppose. I'll work for my grub if you'll break me in so that I can get the job. I'm through with going to sea."

"Certainly. All I need is to tell the boss. I've an extra saddle."

So I tutored him in the tricks of cow-punching, and found him an apt pupil. But he was heavy and depressed, seeming to be burdened with some terrible experience, or memory, that he was trying to shake off. It was not until the evening before my departure, when I had secured him the job and we sat smoking before the mesquite-root fire, that he took me into his confidence. The friendly rat had again appeared, and he sprang up, backed away, and sat down again, trembling violently.

"It was that rat that brought you to yourself that evening," I ventured. "Rats must have had something to do with your past life."

"Right, they did," he answered, puffing fiercely. "I didn't know you had rats here, though."

"A whole herd of them under the floor. But they're harmless. I found them good company."

"I found them bad company. I was

shipmates with thousands of rats on that last passage. Want the yarn? It'll raise your hair."

I was willing, and he reeled it off. His strong self-control never left him from the beginning to the end, though the effect upon me was not only to raise my hair, but at times to stop the beating of my heart. I left him next morning, and have never seen or heard of him since; but there is strong reason to believe that he never went to sea again, or told that yarn in shipping circles. And it is because I have not seen that old Commodore since the evening in the restaurant, and because I cannot recall the name of the ship, or secure full data of marine happenings of the year 1875, that I am giving that story to the world in this form, hoping it will reach the right quarters and explain to those interested the mystery of the grain ship, found in good shape, but abandoned by all but the dead rats.

"I shipped in her at Frisco," began Draper. "She was a big, skysail-yarder loading grain at Oakland, and as the skipper had offered me second mate's berth, I went over and sized her up. She seemed all right, as far as man may judge of a ship in port—nearly new, and well found in gear and canvas, which the riggers had rove off and bent. Her cargo of grain was nearly in, and there would be nothing much to do in the way of hard work. Still, I couldn't make up my mind. Something seemed to prevent me liking the prospect, so I went on up to Oakland to visit some friends, and on the way back, long after dark, stopped again at the dock for another look at her. And this time I saw what was needed to ease my mind and decide me. You know as well as I do that rats quit a ship bound for the bottom, and their judgment is always right, though no one knows why. And I reasoned that if rats swarm into an outbound ship she would have a safe passage. Well, that's what they were doing. Wharf rats, a foot long—hundreds of them—going up the mooring-chains, the cable to the dock, the lines, the fenders, and the gangway, some over the rail, others in through the mooring-chocks. The watchman was quiet, perhaps asleep; so, perhaps, every

rat that went aboard got into the hold. I signed on next morning.

"Nothing occurred aboard that ship except the usual trouble of breaking in a new crew, until we'd got down to about forty south, when the skipper brought up a rat-trap with a big, healthy rat in it. He was a mild-mannered little man, and a rat and dog fight marked the limits of his sporting nature. That was what he was after. He had a little black-and-tan terrier, about the size of the rat, and there was a lively time around the deck for a while, until the rat got away. He put up a stiff fight with the dog, but finally saw his chance, and slipped into the forward companion of the cabin; then, I suppose, he found the hole he'd come up. But the dog had nipped him once, it seemed, for the rat left a tiny trail of blood after him. As for the dog, he nearly had a fit in his anger and disappointment, and when the skipper picked him up he nipped him, too. It was only a little wound on the skipper's thumb, but the dog's teeth were sharp, and the blood had come. The skipper gave him a licking, and the work went on.

"The dog was a spirited little fellow, and used to sit on the skipper's shoulder when we were going about, or wearing ship, or handling canvas, and he would bark and yelp and swear at us, bossing each job as though he knew all about it. It kept the men good-humored, and we all liked the little beast. But from the time of the licking he moped, and finally grew sick, slinking around the deck in a dispirited fashion, refusing any attention, and unwilling to remain a minute in one place. We felt rather sore at the skipper, who seemed ashamed now and anxious to make friends with the dog, for the little bite in his thumb had healed up. This went on for a few days, and then we woke up to what really ailed that dog. He was racing around decks one morning with his tongue hanging out, froth dropping from his mouth, and agonized yelps and whines coming from him.

"'My God!' cried the skipper. 'Now I know. He was bitten in Frisco. He is mad, and he has bitten me. Keep away from him, everybody. Don't let him get near you.'

"I'll always count that in the skipper's



Painting by Howard Pyle

"HE WATCHED ME AS A CAT WATCHES A MOUSE"

favor. Bitten and doomed himself, he thought of others.

"We dodged the little brute until he had dropped in sheer exhaustion and gone into a spasm. Then we picked him up with a couple of shovels and threw him overboard. But this didn't end it, for the skipper was bitten. He studied up some books on medicine he had below, but found no comfort. I heard him tell the mate that there was nothing in the medicine chest to meet such an emergency.

"In fact," he said, mournfully, "even on shore, with the best of medical skill, there is no hope for a man bitten by a mad dog. The period of incubation is from ten days to a year. I will navigate the ship until I lose my head, Mr. Barnes; then, for fear of harm to yourselves, you must shoot me dead. I am doomed, anyway."

"We tried to reassure him, but his mind was made up and nothing would change it. Whether or not he had hydrophobia we could not tell at the time, but we knew that strong and intense thinking about it would bring on symptoms. In the light of after happenings, however, there was no doubt of it. He got sick after we'd rounded the Horn, fidgety, nervous, and excitable, and, like the dog, he couldn't stay long in one place; but he wouldn't admit that the disease had developed in him until the little scar on his thumb grew inflamed and painful and he experienced difficulty in drinking. Then he gave up, but he certainly showed courage and character.

"I am against suicide on principle," he said to Mr. Barnes and me, "so I must not kill myself. But I am not against killing a wild beast that menaces the lives of human beings. I am to be such a wild beast. Kill me in time before I injure you."

"But we didn't. We had the same compunctions about killing a sick man that he had about suicide. We strapped him down when he got violent, and after three days of frightful physical and mental agony he died. We buried him with the usual ceremonies, and Mr. Barnes took command.

"He and I had a consultation. We were well up toward the river Plate, and he was for putting into Montevideo

and cabling the owners for orders. As he was a competent navigator I advised keeping on; and in this, perhaps, is where I earned my punishment. He took my advice, and we had reached up into the doldrums on the line, when a man turned out at eight bells of the middle watch—midnight, you know—and swore that a big rat had bitten him as he lay asleep. We laughed at him, even though he showed four bloody little holes in his wrist. But, three weeks later, that man was raving around the deck, going into periodic convulsions, frothing at the mouth, and showing every symptom that had preceded the death of the skipper. He died in the same horrible agony, and we realized that not only the skipper, but the rat bitten by the dog had been inoculated with the virus, and that the rat could inoculate other rats. We buried the man, and from that time on slept in our boots, with mittens on, and our heads covered, even in the hot weather of the tropics. It was no use. Mad rats appeared on deck, frenzied with pain, frothing at the mouth, fearless of all living things, a few at first and after dark, then in larger numbers night and day. We killed them as we could, but they increased. They filled the cabin and fore-castles, and we found them in coils of rope, up aloft in the tops, the crosstrees, and the doublings of the masts. They climbed everywhere, up or down, on a sail or its leach, a single rope or a backstay. The mate and myself, with the steward, could shut the doors of our rooms and keep them out until they chose to gnaw through, but the poor devils forward had no such refuge. Their fore-castles and the galley and carpenter shop were wide open. Man after man was nipped, awake or asleep, on deck or below, or up aloft in the dark, when, reaching for another hold on a shroud or a backstay, he would touch something soft and furry, and feel the teeth and hear the squeak that spelled death for him.

"In two weeks from the death of the first sailor, seven others were sick; and all went through the symptoms—restlessness, talkativeness, and the tendency to belittle the case and to deny their danger. But the real symptom, which they had to accept themselves, was their in-

ability to drink water. It was frightful to see the poor wretches, staggering around with eyes wide open and the terrible fear of death in them, going to the barrel for a drink, only to tumble back in convulsions at the sight of the water. We strapped them down as they needed it, and they died, one by one; for there was no helping them.

"We had started with a crew of twenty, a carpenter, sailmaker, steward, and cook, besides the mate and myself. Eight were gone now, and from the exhaustion of the remainder, due to extra work and loss of sleep, it became difficult to work ship. Men aloft moved slowly, fearing at any moment the sting of small, sharp teeth. Skysails, royals, and staysails blew away before men could get up to furl them. Gear that had parted was left unrove; for a panic-stricken crew cannot be bullied or coerced. Any of them would take a knock-down from the mate or myself rather than go aloft at night.

"We got clear of the doldrums in time, and by then six more of the crew, including the cook, had been bitten, and things looked bad. I now strongly advised the mate to put in to St.-Louis or some other port on the African coast, land the crew, and wait until the last rat had been bitten by his fellow and died; but he would not have it. To land the men, he said, meant to lose them, and to wait until another crew was sent by the owners. This would be loss of time, money, and prospects. I could only give way, even though the last item pertained solely to him. I was not a navigator, and did not hope for promotion to a command.

"So we held on, dodging the crazed men when the disease had reached their brains, knocking them down and binding them when necessary, and watching them die in their tracks like so many mad dogs. And all this time the number of rats that sought the deck for light and air was increasing. We carried belaying-pins in our boots now, ready to swipe a rat that got too close; but as for killing them all this way, it was beyond any chance. There were too many, and they ran too fast. Before the six men had died, others had been bitten, and one had felt the teeth of a maddened shipmate.

So the terrible game continued; we had only seven men before the mast now, and the carpenter and sailmaker had to drop their work and stand watch, while the steward quit being a steward to cook for those that were left.

"The man at the wheel had heard me arguing with the mate about making port, and, counting upon my sympathy, had prevailed upon the others forward to insist upon it. Well, you know the feeling of an officer up against mutiny. No matter what the provocation, he must put the mutiny down; so, when the men came aft, they found me with the mate, and dead against them. We called their bluff, drove them forward at the muzzles of our guns, and promised them relief from all work except handling sail if they would take the ship to Queenstown. They agreed, because they could not do anything else, and the mutiny was over. But my conscience bothered me later on; for if I had joined them, some lives might have been saved. Even though the mate was a big, courageous Irish-American half again as heavy as myself, he could not have held out against me with the crew at my back. But, you see, it would have been mutiny, and mutiny spells with a big M to a man that knows the law.

"Before we reached the Bay of Biscay every man forward, including the carpenter, sailmaker, and steward, had been bitten, either by a mad rat or a mad shipmate, and was more or less along on the way to convulsions and death. The decks, rails, and rigging, the tops, cross-trees, and yards, swarmed with rats, darting along aimlessly, biting each other, and going on, frothing at their little mouths, and squeaking in pain. By this time all thought of handling the ship was gone from us. The mate and I took turns at steering, and keeping our eyes open for a sail. But a curious thing about that passage is that from the time we dropped the Farralones off Frisco we did not speak a single craft in all that long four months of sailing. Once in a while a steamer's smoke would show up on the horizon, and again a speck that might be a sail would heave in sight for an hour or so; but nothing came near us.

"The mate and I began to quarrel. We had heeled ourselves with pistols

against a possible assault of some frenzied sailor, but there was strong chance that we might use these playthings on each other. I upbraided the mate for not putting in to St.-Louis, and he got back at me for advising him against putting in to Montevideo. It was not an even argument, for the first sailor had not been bitten at the time I advised him. But it resulted in bad feeling between us. We kept our tempers, however, and kept the maddened men away from us until they died, one by one; then, with the wheel in beackets, and the ship steering herself before the wind, we hove the bodies overboard. There was no funeral service now; we had become savages.

"'Well,' said the mate, as the last body floated astern, 'that's done. Take your wheel. I'm going to sleep.'

"'Look out,' I said, grimly, 'that it's not your last.'

"'What do you mean?' he asked, eyeing me in an ugly way. 'Do you strike sleeping men?'

"'No; but rats bite sleeping men,' I answered. 'And understand, Mr. Barnes, I'd rather you'd live than die, so that I may live myself. With both alive and one awake a passing ship could be seen and signalled. With one dead and the other asleep, a ship might pass by. I shall keep a lookout.'

"'Oh, that's all, is it? Well, if that's all, keep your lookout.' His ugly disposition still held him. He went down, and I steered, keeping a sharp lookout around; for I knew that up in the bay there were sure chances of something coming along. But nothing appeared, and before an hour had passed, Mr. Barnes was up, sucking his wrist, and looking wildly at me.

"'My God, Draper,' he said, 'I've got it! I killed the rat, but he's killed me.'

"'Well, Mr. Barnes,' I said, as he strode up to me, 'I'm sorry for you; but what do you want?—what I would want in your place?—a bullet through the head?'

"'No, no.' He sucked madly at his wrist, where showed the four little red spots.

"'Well, I'll tell you, Barnes. You've shown antagonism to me, and you're likely to carry it into your delirium when it comes. I'll not shoot you until you men-

ace me; then, unless I am too far gone myself, I'll shoot you dead, not only in self-defence, but as an act of mercy.'

"'And you?' he rejoined. 'You—you are to live and get command of the ship?'

"'No,' I answered, hotly. 'I can't get command. I'm not certificated. I want my life, that's all.'

"He left me without another word, and stamped forward. Rats ran up his clothing, reaching for his throat, but he brushed them off and went on, around the forward house, and then aft to me.

"'Draper,' he said, in a choked voice, 'I've got to die. I know it. I know it as none of the men knew it. And it means more to me.'

"'No, it doesn't. Life was as sweet to them as to you or the skipper.'

"'But I've a Master's license. All I wanted was my chance, and I thought my chance had come. Draper, if I'd taken this ship into port I'd have been a hero and obtained my command.'

"'So that's your cheap way of looking at it, is it?' I answered, as I hove on the wheel and kicked rats from underfoot. 'A hero by the toll of twenty-four deaths. Down off the river Plate I didn't realize the horror of all this. Off St.-Louis I did, and advised you. You withstood, to be a hero. Well, I'm sorry for you, that's all.'

"A big rat jumped from the wheel-box at this moment, climbed my clothing, and had reached my chest before I knocked it off with my fist.

"'You see, Barnes, the rat does not know, and I did not kill it. But you do know, and I shall hasten your death with a bullet if you approach me. It will not be murder, nor manslaughter. It will be an act of mercy; but I cannot do it now. See how I feel?'

"'Oh, God!' he shrieked, running away from me. He reached the break of the poop, then turned and came back.

"'Got your gun on you, Draper? Kill me now; kill me, and have it over with. I'm down and done for. There's nothing more for me.'

"I refused; and yet I know that with regard to that man's mental agony for the next few days, culminating in the first physical symptoms of unrest, fever, and thirst, I should have obeyed his re-

quest. He was doomed, and knew it. And he was a madman from mental causes before the physical had produced effects, even though the disease ran its course quickly in him. On the third day he was raving of a black-eyed woman who kept a candy store in Boston, and who had promised to marry him when he obtained command.

"I got out a bottle of bromide from the medicine chest and induced Barnes to take a good dose of it. He drank about half a teacup of it, and in an hour was asleep. Then, clad in boots and mittens, with a sailor's clothes-bag over my head, I went aloft and lashed myself in the mizzen-topmast crosstrees, where I obtained about six hours' sleep, which I needed badly. Barnes was worse when I came down; three more rats had bitten him, he declared, and he begged me to shoot him. It never occurred to him to do the job himself, and I couldn't suggest it to him.

"Well, Draper," he said at last, "I'm going, and I know it. Now, if you escape, sometime you'll be in Boston. Will you take the street-car out the Boston Road, and at Number 24 Middlesex Place drop in and say a few words to that woman? Call her Kate, and say we were shipmates, and I told you to. Tell her about this, and that I thought of her, and didn't want to die because of her. Tell her, will you, Draper?"

"Barnes, I promise," I said. "I will hunt up or write to that woman if I get ashore. I'll tell her all about it. Now, go and lie down."

"But he couldn't lie down; and when the time came that I had to sleep in the crosstrees again, I found, on waking, that Barnes had followed me, and in some way had got my gun out of my pocket. I knew he had it by the insane way he laughed as I came down from my perch. I hunted through the cabin for pistols or rifles, but he had been ahead of me; and as I came up and he stood near the wheel—the wheel, like everything else, was neglected now—there was a crazy look in his eyes that meant bad luck for me.

"Going to kill me, weren't you?" he chuckled. "Well, you won't. Nor will you get that woman out the Boston Road. I'm dead on to you, you dog. And you'll

get no credit for the advice you gave—that I put down in the log. Not much you won't."

"He darted into the cabin and returned with the ship's log, which he had charge of, and the official log of the skipper. I do not know what was entered in them, but he tossed them overboard.

"There goes your record of efficiency," he said.

"He came toward me on the run, his eyes blazing, but I did not budge. He made no gun-play, but put up his fists, and I met him; I was used to this form of fighting. However, I went down before his plunges and punches, and realized that I was up against a bigger, heavier, stronger man than myself, and could not hope to win. I'm no small boy, as you see, but Barnes was a giant, and a skilled fighter.

"I got away from him, and kept away. I wanted to hoist an ensign, union down, but the lunatic prevented me; his intelligence had left him. He watched me as a cat watches a mouse, or I might have brought a handspike down on his head and ended his troubles and some of my own. And it would have been no foul play to have done so; but I could not. He followed me everywhere, ready to pounce upon me at the first move I made.

"I spent that night walking away from him as he nosed me around the deck, and brushing off the crazy rats that climbed my legs. I did not dare make for the rigging, for without my bag I would have been worse off than on deck, and at such a move he would have jumped on me. But in the morning he had his first convulsion, and it left him a wreck. While he lay gasping and choking on the deck, with equally afflicted rats crawling over him and nipping where they felt flesh, I managed to get a bite from the steward's storeroom, and it roused me up and strengthened me. I came out, resolved to bind him down, but I was too late. He was on his feet, the paroxysm gone, crazy as ever, and though weak, still able to master me.

"The ship was rolling heavily in the trough of a Biscay sea, which, no matter how the wind, is a violent, troublesome heave of cross-forces. The upper canvas was carried away, or hanging in the buntlines. Some of the braces were



Painting by Howard Pyle

"HE LOST HIS HOLD AND FELL, TAKING ME WITH HIM"

adrift and the yards swinging. We had the courses clewed up when the men were alive, and the lower yards were fairly square; so the ship, with the aid of the head-sails, kept the canvas full, and she sailed along, manned by a crew of rabid rats, a crazy first mate, and a half-crazy second mate. I knew I was half crazy, for I had a fixed, insistent thought that would not go—that of a little school-ma'am who had whipped me in childhood. I deserved the whipping, but—Lord, how I hated her now!

"I feared the mate. He was again nosing me around the deck, glaring murder at me and talking to himself. I feared him more than I feared the rats, for I could brush them off. I could not get out of his sight; but I did venture on grabbing a circular life-buoy from the quarter-rail as I passed it, and slipping it over my head, and he did not seem to notice the manœuvre. I was resolved, as a last resort, to jump into the sea with this scant protection against death by drowning, hunger, or thirst, rather than risk another assault by this lunatic or a bite from a rat. These were numbered now by the thousands. The deck was black with them in places, and here and there a rope was as big around as a stove-pipe.

"All was quiet this last day aboard. The mate busied himself in following me around, talking to the rats and to himself, even as they bit him, and I busied myself in quietly keeping out of his way and brushing off rats that climbed my legs. I was dead tired, being on my feet so long, and in sheer desperation and love of life I hoped for another convulsion that would give me relief from the strain. But before it came to him I was out of his way, and, I strongly suspect, he was out of the way of the convulsion.

"He caught me on the fore-castle deck and made for me, half mad from the disease, but wholly mad from his mental state. There was no escape except out the head-gear, and I went that way, with him after me. Out the bowsprit, on to the jib foot-ropes, and out toward the end

I went, hoping to reach the martingale-stay and slip down it to the back-ropes. I did so, but he scrambled down, tumbling and clutching, and gripped me just abaft the dolphin-striker. His face was twisted in frenzy, and he growled and barked like a dog, occasionally breaking into a horrible, ratlike squeal. But he didn't bite me; he simply squeezed me in both arms, and in that effort lost his hold on the back-rope and fell, taking me with him. We struck the water together, and his grip loosened, for he was now up against something too strong for him—the sound and sight and feeling of cold water. When we came up, the cutwater was between us, and I didn't see him again, though I heard his convulsive gurgling and screaming from the other side of the ship. Then the sounds stopped, and I think he must have gone under; but I was too busy with myself to speculate much. I was trying to get a finger-nail grip on that smooth, black side slipping by me, but could not. There was nothing to get hold of, and no ropes were hanging over. Then I thought of the rudder and the iron bumpkin on it that the rudder-chains fastened to, and swam with all my strength under the quarter as it came along. But it was no good. The life-buoy hampered me in swimming, and I missed the rudder by an inch.

"The ship went on and left me alone on the sea. I remember very little of it. I think my mind must have slowly gone out of me, leaving me another person. I remember a few sensations—and it only seems like a week ago to me—one, of being alone on the surface of the sea at night, supported by the life-buoy; and then, I seemed to be back among the rats, but that was just as I wakened on your floor here. The next sensation was the sight of you, and the sound of your voice, speaking to me, and then the knowledge that I was really alive and ashore."

"And the woman out the Boston Road?" I inquired at length.

"I will write to her as I promised. But I will not go there. Boston is too close to the sea."

Shakespeare's "Henry VIII."

BY J. CHURTON COLLINS

SHAKESPEARE and Euripides have little enough in common, but in one respect they are provokingly alike. Each has left us a drama full of fascination and full of power, but presenting so many anomalies both as a work of art and as a representation of life that even the most impressionable and sympathetic of readers must find bewilderment largely interfering with enjoyment. Nothing can exceed the beauty and impressiveness of those portions of the *Alcestis* in which the heroine is presented to us, whether we consider the typical conception of the character or its relation to the purpose and motive of the work. The very incarnation of all that exalts and glorifies womanhood from the moment she is introduced to us to the moment she passes finally from our sight, she has an inexpressible charm, appealing equally to our affections and to our moral sense. Pathos assuredly never went further than in the scenes in which she takes leave of all she loves on earth, or in the speeches which she addresses to her husband. The scene in which Hercules restores her, if to our taste it has a few false notes, is most impressive and affecting. The choruses, regarded as compositions, have very great beauty. But side by side with all this Euripides has throughout not only introduced scenes and incidents which appear to have been designed for the express purpose of burlesquing his own work, but he has made the husband of his heroine so ludicrously despicable that disgust and contempt, mingled with laughter, for the craven object of the sacrifice so sublimely made, blend themselves with the serious passions excited by the spectacle of wifely heroism. Thus in this extraordinary play we have farce and tragedy, not introduced, as in our own Romantic Drama, realistically to reflect life or through contrast to set each other off, but mingled in utter and shocking incongruity.

The apologists of Euripides have endeavored to explain this in various ways. Perhaps the least satisfactory theory is, that as there appears to have been no Satyric Drama in the trilogy with which the *Alcestis* was associated, it was designed to take the place of that drama. This being so, Euripides had no choice; buffoonery and farce were required from him, and these he had to supply. If he pleased himself by delineating Alcestis, he had to please his audience by degrading Admetus and Hercules. But it may be doubted whether even so daring an innovator as Euripides would deliberately venture on such a monstrous violation of æsthetic and moral propriety as to attempt to amalgamate Satyric Drama and Tragedy.

We have a similar anomaly in *Henry VIII.* In many respects it is one of the most attractive, in some of its incidents one of the most powerful, of Shakespeare's minor masterpieces. Katharine stands, with Imogen and Hermione, in the very first rank of his female creations, and perhaps no scenes in any of his dramas come so directly home to our hearts as those which unfold her character and her wrongs. Second to none in his studies of human nature stands his delineation of Wolsey's character. It required a master hand to depict and blend what had here to be exhibited. Presented to us at the very acme of his fortunes and about to trample the only enemy whom he feared under his feet, Wolsey stands before us, insolent and infatuated, the odious incarnation of all that is most detestable in the class to which he belongs and in the characteristics peculiar to it. An upstart and an adventurer, he had bought his way to where he stood, and an upstart and adventurer in everything but in position he remained. Without patriotism and without principle, all he does and all he designs centres on himself. He lives and acts for nothing



Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.

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HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BULLEN

but his own glorification. Innately vulgar, he squanders his ill-gotten wealth on pomp and show, and delights to insult the aristocracy whom he has spitefully impoverished by flaunting his profusion in their faces. He knows neither pity nor justice; his laws are his lusts and his interests. A sycophant and a bully, he is as false to those to whom he cringes as he is brutal and arrogant to those who refuse to cringe to him. At last comes retribution: the bolt falls, and all is ruin.

The change which comes over Wolsey immediately after his fall is so sudden and so great that many have questioned whether it be true to nature. To nature it is surely profoundly true. Not gradually, but without warning and in a moment had life been reversed for him. All on which he had relied and on which he had built his hopes had collapsed. The scales had fallen from his eyes. He saw now with what bubbles he had been sporting, for what baubles he had sold his soul. He was alone with the truths with which he had long been theoretically familiar and had practically ignored. They were all that were left to him. All this passes into the majestic pathos of the great soliloquy and into the speech addressed to Cromwell. There is a certain analogy between Wolsey and Henry IV., as both are presented to us with equal impressiveness in their arrogant prime and in their world-weary decay, and in both cases the pathos is heightened by the contrast.

Buckingham, necessarily a much slighter sketch, yet lives, and lives vividly for us. The ghastly insecurity of life, fortune, and reputation when such men as Wolsey have the ear of kings is finely depicted in the way in which Buckingham instantly realizes the hopelessness of his position when his arch-enemy's intrigues have secured his arrest. A net, he knows, has him in inextricable toils, it is useless to reluct, submission to Heaven's will is all that remains.

It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on
me
Which makes my whitest part black. The
will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.
In the account of his trial and in his
last speech to the people, which is one

of the most moving ever written by Shakespeare, we have not only a companion picture to the subsequent fall of his now exulting destroyer and an analogy to the speeches in which his destroyer's remorse and humiliation were to find equally pathetic utterance, but an ironical anticipation of them. Each position heightens the pathos of the other, and each affects us differently. Buckingham has our pity and sympathy because of the resignation with which he meets so meekly an undeserved fate, and because he dies blessing his enemies and forgiving those who have destroyed him. With Wolsey we have no sympathy, and, if any, very little pity. What affects us in his fate is what the Greeks called *φιλανθρωπία* as distinguished from *ἔλεος*. We are profoundly moved by the sudden and utter wreck of so much to which we pay, and always as men must pay, instinctive homage, and we are moved also by the sure and pitiless completeness with which the moral law has vindicated itself.

In depicting the character of Henry it is quite clear that the poet was under some constraint. Imperious and autocratic, choleric and bluff, impulsive and generous, but coarsely sensual and profoundly selfish, he is in the main the King Hal of Holinshed and popular tradition. But while all that is derogatorily objectionable in these traits is softened, the darker traits of the Henry of history, his brutal cruelty, his jealousy, vindictiveness, and malice, are, if not actually concealed, kept studiously in the background. Altogether the character gives the impression that Shakespeare wished to produce such a portrait of Henry as might, without palpably violating truth, run no risk of displeasing James or even, so perhaps he fondly hoped, Elizabeth. He must have been under similar constraint, and it is evident that he was so, in depicting Anne Bullen, whom he had necessarily to place in contrast with Katharine. He has certainly been more successful in the contrast than in the portrait. All that made her the paragon which the Lord Chamberlain discerns in her we have to take on credit from him and others. All that we deduce from the dramatic presentation of her is that she is an affected little hypocrite. She must have known per-

fectly well what the King's attentions to her meant, but she pretends that her heart is with the discarded Queen, and that the climax of all that is most abhorrent to her would be to be a queen herself. Pomp and state would be loathsome to her, and yet what most melts her in thinking of the degraded Queen is the agony she must feel at having to part from them.

A sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

As "for all the riches under heaven" she would not be Queen, so titles are equally distasteful to her; but the moment wealth and title are conferred on her, "more than her all is nothing" to express her gratitude and thanks. And so begins and ends Shakespeare's presentation of the mother of Elizabeth and the successful rival of Katharine—one of the many problems in the play. Of the minor and purely subordinate characters in the drama, Norfolk and Surrey are admirably drawn and contrasted—Norfolk wise, staid, deliberative, sound; Surrey rash, impulsive, and fiery. How admirable is the touch in the scene between Norfolk, Surrey, the Lord Chamberlain, and Wolsey, where the Lord Chamberlain in pity interposes to check Surrey's rancorous tirades against their fallen foe!

O my Lord,

Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you correct him. My heart weeps to
see him

So little of his great self.

SURREY: *I forgive him.*

Masterly also are the portraits of Gardiner and Cranmer, and gentle Griffith clings unforgetably to the memory. In none of the historical plays are there so many singly impressive scenes; in none have the *dramatis personæ* been enriched with a greater number of memorable portraits; in few are there passages of superior eloquence, and in none do those inimitable felicities of expression so peculiarly characteristic of Shakespeare's style teem more abundantly.

But when we regard the drama from another and more important point of view and consider its structure, its motive, its ethics, and the total impression

made by it, we must certainly pronounce it to be strangely unworthy of its author. A greater and more striking contrast between the power of a work in parts and its feebleness as a whole is probably not to be found in the drama of the world. And, indeed, we are here confronted with what it would be no exaggeration to describe as the knottiest and most insoluble problem in Shakespearian study.

The letter of Sir Henry Wotton, corroborated by Lorkin and Chamberlain, places it beyond all doubt that this play was first exhibited on June 19, 1613. It was therefore the last work which came from Shakespeare's hand, appearing some two years after such masterpieces as *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest*. In these and in all his mature works two characteristics are invariable; the one is the elaborate skill with which the plot is constructed, and the other is the lucidity and precision with which the ethic expresses itself. In *Henry VIII.* we have neither. So far from having any pretension to unity, it simply resolves itself into a series of tragic episodes, not fused but loosely tagged together. First our interest is centred, and centred with intensity, on Buckingham and his designs against Wolsey, but in the first scene of the second act Buckingham disappears. Next our interest is centred with even more intensity on Wolsey, but at the end of the third act he disappears. Lastly our interest is centred on Katharine, and at the end of the fourth act she disappears. The fifth act, in which the interest of the drama ought to culminate, is a mere tag, the feud and long conversations between Gardiner and Cranmer, with Henry's intervention, having no reference either to what has preceded or to what follows. That a play so essentially grave and so full of tragedy, "of things," as the Prologue puts it,

That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working,

should find its climax in such a scene of festivity and jollification as the christening scene—a scene which has no connection whatever with anything which has interested us in the action of the drama—not only sets all propriety at defiance, but more than borders on bathos. Nor are the ethics of the play less in-

firm. No attempt is made to justify Henry in taking the step which broke his wife's heart; his pretended scruples we naturally set down to hypocrisy or to the interested sophistry of a selfish voluptuary; all our sympathies are enlisted in her favor. And yet with him is the victory; on him and on his shallow and frivolous consort are lavished all the blessings of Providence and of prophecy. These are not the ethics of Shakespeare.

Not less perplexing are the peculiarities of the style and the versification. In some parts, notably in the first and second scenes of the first act, in the scene between the old lady and Anne Bullen, in the trial scene, in the speeches interchanged between the King and Wolsey in the second scene of the third act, in the first and in the opening of the second scene of the fifth act, we have all the unmistakable characteristics of Shakespeare's later style—the note of *Cymbeline*, of *The Winter's Tale* and of *The Tempest*. But in other parts of the play—in the third and fourth scenes, for example, of the first act, in the first and second scenes of the second act, in nearly the whole of the third act, and in the christening scene in the fifth act—the note entirely changes. In the style terseness and nerve dissolve in fluidity and diffuseness, expression takes a florid tinge, and rhetoric everywhere predominates. The ear at once perceives that in the verse rhythm and cadence have entirely changed, both have a studied variety, with, however, a monotonous insistence on redundant syllables at the end of the lines. Whoever will compare the following passages will at once perceive how in point of phrase and rhythm they are essentially distinguished:

Be advis'd:

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself; we may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run
o'er,

In seeming to augment it wastes it?

and:

So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him.

All the rhetorical and, as a rule, the less successful scenes in the play, dramatically speaking, belong to the portions written in this last style. Of the semblance of this style and of its general correspondence in color, tone, lexis, rhythm, and cadence to the style most characteristic of John Fletcher there can be no question. And in this fact the late Mr. James Spedding found the solution of the anomalies presented by Shakespeare's most perplexing drama. His theory was a plausible one. It is of course quite apparent that this play is, as Coleridge conjectured, a *gelegenhets-gedicht*, that it was designed for production on some important state occasion, such as a royal marriage which it was particularly desirable to associate with the interests of Protestantism. In the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the Prince Palatine of the Rhine we have precisely such an occasion; and we know as a matter of fact that the play was produced at the Globe Theatre about three months after the marriage was celebrated. Mr. Spedding's contention, or rather conjecture, is that Shakespeare had been working at a historical drama on the subject of Henry VIII., and had proceeded perhaps as far as the third act when pressure was put upon him to provide a play for the important public function; that unable or unwilling to do so, he submitted instead his unfinished drama, and that this drama was adapted to the occasion and completed by Fletcher. This, argues Mr. Spedding, not only accounts for the infirmities in the structure of the work and in its defective ethic, but for the comparative feebleness and languor of certain portions of it, and, above all, for the characteristics of the diction and versification where they differ from those peculiar to Shakespeare's later style.

And now let us see what this theory compels us to accept. We are to credit Fletcher with the last speeches of Buckingham, with the powerful and pathetic scene between the Queen, Wolsey, and Campeius; with the greater part of the fall of Wolsey, with his fa-



Painted by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.

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KATHARINE OF ARAGON

mous soliloquy, with his noble speech to Cromwell, with Griffith's character of him, and *proh pudor* with the death of the Queen. Fletcher has left us ample means of judging of his powers and much which may be placed in direct parallel with what is here ascribed to him, and to say that he was equal to the composition of any of these scenes and passages is to say what is refuted by the very best of what in a similar vein he has left us. He could no more have written Wolsey's two great speeches and the death of Katharine than he could have written *Lear* or *Macbeth*. Fletcher was not in the habit of parodying himself, but he was very much in the habit of parodying Shakespeare. According to Mr. Spedding, he was the author of Cranmer's christening speech, but in *The Beggar's Bush* he puts in Higgens' mouth a ludicrous parody of a part of that speech. It is not a little astonishing that such a critic as Mr. Spedding could not see the absurdity of supposing that evidence based on peculiarities of metre can weigh against evidence based on such facts as these. If he wished to justify the ascription to Fletcher of what for more than two centuries had been held to belong to Shakespeare, it was incumbent on him to show, not by statistics of line endings or any such peddling pedantries, but by adducing proof of capacity, or at least of approximate capacity, that Fletcher was equal to its composition. This he has neither done nor made any attempt to do.

Another result of Mr. Spedding's theory is that while it robs Shakespeare of most of what is best in the play, it maims and futilizes what it leaves him. Buckingham disappears with his arrest, Wolsey becomes little more than a torso, and Katharine fares very little better. Forlorn indeed are the proportions to which Shakespeare is reduced.

Speculative criticism is generally futile, and when dogmatic, disgusting. I am, therefore, very unwilling to offer any theory of my own in attempted solution of the critical problem presented by the play. But conjectures which result in such a *reductio ad absurdum* as Mr. Spedding's do, surely justify counter-conjectures, which, however unsatisfactory, at least have not that effect. I would therefore suggest that the perplex-

ing differences in style and the numerous infirmities in the play are to be accounted for partly by the fact that it was composed in different periods of Shakespeare's career, and partly by the fact that they are the result of an attempt to utilize for practical purposes a scheme which he had more than once abandoned because as an artist he had found it unmanageable. The probability is that he had originally conceived, as Mr. Spedding conjectures, "the idea of a great historical drama on the subject of Henry VIII., which would have included the divorce of Katharine, the fall of Wolsey, the rise of Cranmer, the coronation of Anne Bullen, and the final separation of the English from the Romish Church." Here was a noble theme—a theme which may well have fascinated the poet of *King John*. But he must soon have discovered the immense difficulty of comprising so much within the compass of a single drama. As the important and impressive events necessarily to be woven into the plot, and the great historical figures which were a part of them, came thronging on his imagination, he must have felt that he was in the position of a painter whose canvas was too narrow for what had to be crowded into it.

He probably made his first experiment comparatively early in his career, about the time he was engaged on *King John* and *Richard the Second*, or possibly later. There cannot be the smallest doubt that the greater part of the drama was composed in Elizabeth's reign. Not Cranmer's speech only, but the pointed references to her in the play, "From this lady [*i. e.*, Anne Bullen] may proceed a gem to lighten all this isle," and more especially such a remark as Henry's:

Ye have been too prodigal.

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English,

a remark which must have been particularly offensive to James I.—all place this beyond reasonable question. Elze plausibly conjectures that it may have been intended for production on the seventieth anniversary of Anne Bullen's marriage, in 1603, but that it was put aside in consequence of the Queen's death. It seems to me highly probable that in this its earlier form it was intended for production at or about that date, but that it

was put aside not on account of the Queen's death, but for other reasons. It is a play which would never for one moment have been exhibited in the reign of the great Queen. To suppose that she would have allowed either her father or her mother to be depicted as they are depicted here, that she would have tolerated such a pathetic presentation of the woman whom her mother superseded, that she would have permitted herself to be publicly exhibited as a puking baby or to be referred to as "an aged virgin," is to suppose what is improbable to the point of impossibility.

Nor is this all. Mr. Gerald Massey was, I believe, the first to point out that Buckingham's speech is in its most important features simply a reproduction of the speech made by Essex on the scaffold, and that the account of his trial given in the dialogue between the two gentlemen is an exact account of the trial of Essex. This would have had no point in 1613; it went home to every soul in London between 1601 and 1603. It is quite possible that Shakespeare, then a young man, did not realize these objections to his drama, and that he may have thought that Elizabeth's sympathies would have been with him when he thus recalled, as he did in *Julius Cæsar*, the fate of her favorite. But the moment the play was submitted to the Lord Chamberlain there could be no doubt what its fate must have been.

Assuming, then, that the greater part of *Henry VIII.*, as we now have it, was composed early in Shakespeare's career, no difficulties at all are presented by the style and the versification. The lexis, rhythm, and tone are simply in essentials what we find in Shakespeare's own earlier style. The speeches of Buckingham, Wolsey, and Cranmer are simply variants on the rhythm of the earlier historical plays: the redundant syllable, if not quite, is almost as common as here in *Richard the Second*:

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand
nobles
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employ-
ments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.

The infirmities in the structure of the play are probably to be accounted for by the fact that, despairing of his attempt to make it satisfactory as a work of art, and as such troubling himself no more about it, he resolved to utilize it as a court pageant. Having failed, for the reasons stated, to do this in 1603, he made a second attempt in 1613. On this occasion it was particularly necessary to emphasize the triumph of Protestantism, and so, for a fifth act, he languidly set to work with ludicrous indifference to dramatic propriety, but with much relevance to the occasion, to versify Fox's account of the events attending the birth of Anne Bullen and Gardiner's feud with Cranmer. He did not even take the trouble to remove from the drama what would be calculated to annoy James, satisfying himself by throwing a sop to his royal master by an awkward interpolation in a eulogy to that monarch's hated predecessor. What happened is what might have been expected to happen. The unfortunate poet fared with James' Lord Chamberlain as he had probably fared with Elizabeth's, though without being prohibited from exhibiting his play on the Bankside. Among the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian is a list of the plays produced at court between the feast of St. Michael's, 1612, and the feast of St. Michael's, 1613; they are twenty-four in number, including *The Tempest* and *Julius Cæsar*, but they do not include *Henry VIII.* To his mortification, no doubt—though what else could he have expected?—he was obliged to content himself with the plaudits of the Globe.

I venture to submit, then, that the whole of *Henry VIII.* is from Shakespeare's pen: that the differences in its characteristics of style and verse are to be attributed to the fact that it was composed at different periods in his career, and that its infirmities as a drama are to be accounted for by the fact that when he found he had attempted an impossible task he abandoned it, but seeing that what he had done could be utilized for practical purposes, turned it in a desultory way to account, ceasing, however, as an artist to have any serious interest in his work.

In Honor of General Regan

BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

THE fair green in Ballyguthrie stood empty in a blaze of August sunshine. The shops were open. Their windows were decked with goods—inappropriate oilskin coats, cheap corsets, and rolls of flannellet in the drapery stores; whiskey, tobacco, and advertisements of transatlantic steamers in those of the grocers—but there were no customers to buy anything. Nor were customers expected. On Saturday, which is market day, and on fair days the town does business. At other times its inhabitants enjoy the abundant leisure of a wealthy aristocracy.

At twelve o'clock, just as the angelus bell was ringing, a motor-car drove into the town and stopped at the door of the hotel: Mr. Michael O'Clery's hotel, advertised as "The Imperial" in the railway guide. A gentleman, alert-looking, well dressed, of middle height, stepped from the car and entered the hotel. A few minutes later the chauffeur followed him, carrying a couple of bags. The car, a large and opulent-looking vehicle painted bright yellow, was left standing in the street. Two policemen emerged from the barrack at the opposite side of the fair green and contemplated the car from a distance, stately and dispassionate observers. The owners of the various shops, drapers and publicans, appeared at their doors and stared at the car. Three small boys, eying the police dubiously, approached the car and prodded its tires with their fingers. Father Cassidy, a book in his hand, left the presbytery, walked slowly past the hotel, and inspected the rugs which littered the tonneau. Mr. Patsy Flanagan, chairman of the Urban District Council and proprietor of the *Connaught Democrat*, came out of the office of his paper and turned into the Imperial Hotel. He found Mr. O'Clery behind the bar, and was immediately served with a pint of porter.

"Is it the Lord Lieutenant you have within?" he asked, casually.

"It is not," said Mr. O'Clery; "nor yet the Chief Secretary."

"It might be the President of the Congested Board, then, or maybe one of the Land Commissioners."

"It is not."

"It's a high-up man, anyway. It isn't everybody would go driving round the country in the like of that." He nodded toward the window, through which the yellow motor-car was visible.

"I wouldn't wonder," said Mr. O'Clery, "but he might be an American gentleman. The first words he says to me was that the town and the surrounding district looked mighty sleepy. 'It would be a good thing,' said he, 'if somebody'd wake the whole lot of you up with a start. I'd like to try and do it myself,' says he."

"Let him be damn!" said Mr. Flanagan. "It's a returned Yank he is, and I don't hold with them ones, coming back here and insulting the country that gave birth to them, rising the minds of the people and encouraging emigration, which is the curse of Ireland."

"He's no returned Yank, but an American gentleman. Didn't he ask for a bath the minute he came inside the house—a bath with warm water in it, no less? Would a returned Yank be wanting the like? Tell me that, now."

"Be damn!" said Mr. Flanagan.

The evidence of the bath was conclusive against his hypothesis. He took a second pint of porter and threw out suggestions about the nature of the American gentleman's business in Ballyguthrie. Lingered over a third pint, he was gratified, as he hoped he would be, by the appearance of the stranger, who seemed an affable and friendly man.

"I'll have some lunch," he said to Mr. O'Clery, "as soon as you can get it ready. After that I'd like to go round

and see your interesting town and neighborhood."

Mr. O'Clery opened a door at the back of the bar and shouted:

"Bridgy! Bridgy Ryan! are you listening to me? Let you run across to your aunt's and get a couple of chops, and when you have them got put them down in the pan for the gentleman's lunch."

"My name," said the stranger, "is Joseph Prince Caledon. I am a citizen of the United States of America, and when I tell you that I'm deeply interested in the republic of Bolivia you'll be able to guess what it is brings me to Ballyguthrie."

Neither Mr. O'Clery nor Mr. Flanagan knew of any connection between Bolivia and Ballyguthrie which gave a clew to the purpose of Mr. Caledon's visit. In the back of both their minds there was an idea that Bolivia was in South America, and South America, they knew, was interested in the cattle trade. Ballyguthrie was also interested in the cattle trade. It was just possible that Mr. Caledon had come to buy bullocks. If so, he ought to be encouraged. Mr. O'Clery nodded intelligently. Mr. Flanagan, who was accustomed to public speaking, ventured a remark.

"I mightn't be far out," he said, "if I was to make a guess at the nature of the business that brings you here."

"You'd hit it first time for certain," said Mr. Caledon. "I'm engaged at present in writing the life of General John Regan, and naturally Ballyguthrie was the first place I wanted to visit when I set foot on this side of the Atlantic."

"Of course," said Mr. Flanagan. "Where else would you go?"

He had never heard of General John Regan, nor, it appeared afterward, had Mr. O'Clery.

"I want," said Mr. Caledon, "to see his birthplace. I want to collect such

local traditions as may survive about his family."

"It's lucky, as it turns out," said Mr. O'Clery, "that Mr. Flanagan happens to be here this morning. Let me introduce yez. Mr. Flanagan, J.P.—Mr. Caledon. Mr. Caledon—Mr. Flanagan, J.P."

Both men bowed.

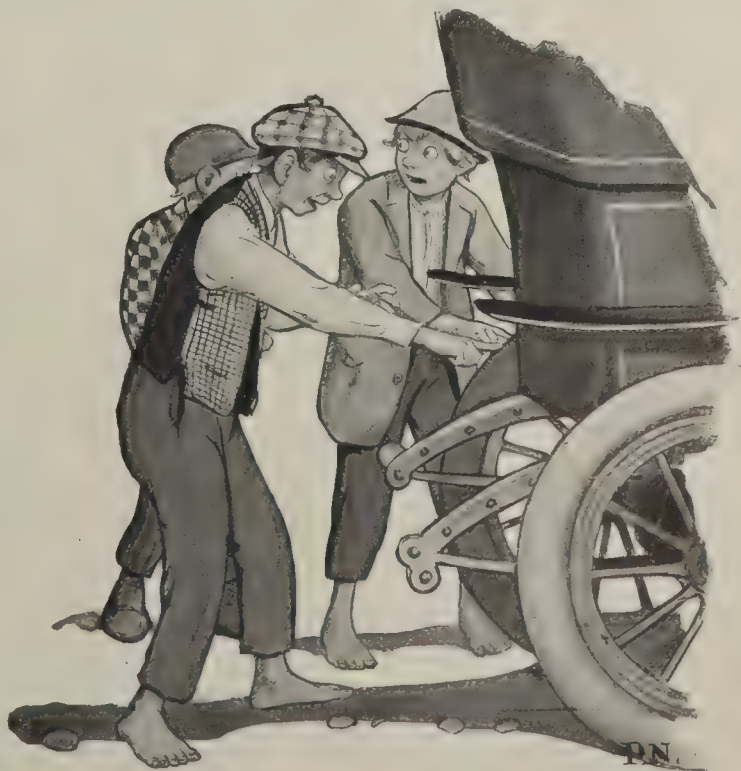
"There isn't in Ballyguthrie," said Mr O'Clery, "nor yet in the whole of Connaught, a man that's better up in local traditions than Mr. Flanagan, J.P. He's the proprietor of the *Connaught Democrat* and the chairman of the District Council."

"A prominent citizen," said Mr. Caledon. "Pleased to meet you, sir."

"If your business engagements will permit," said Mr. O'Clery to Mr. Flanagan, "I'd look on it as a personal favor if you'd take Mr. Caledon round this afternoon and show him the birthplace of General John Regan."

"I'll do that," said Mr. Flanagan, "and whatever there is to be discovered about the ancestors of the Regan family I'll see that it's forthcoming."

At two o'clock, having eaten Bridgy Ryan's aunt's chops and drunk some of Mr. O'Clery's bottled stout, Mr. Caledon called at the office of the *Connaught*



PRODDED ITS TIRES WITH THEIR FINGERS

Democrat and picked up Mr. Flanagan. The departure of the Chairman of the Urban District Council with a distinguished stranger in a motor-car caused considerable excitement in the town. It was generally believed, though Father Cassidy discouraged the idea, that arrangements were being made for an immediate grant of home rule to Ireland.

Mr. Flanagan, who had never been in a motor-car before, enjoyed his drive and took care that it should be a long one. He directed the chauffeur to go along various execrable by-roads, and at the end of an hour had made two wide circles round the town of Ballyguthrie. At length he gave orders to stop.

"That," he said, "is the spot where the General was born."

At first Mr. Caledon saw nothing except a large field—apparently an inferior kind of field, for the grass was coarse and there were numerous patches of rushes.

"Where?" he said.

"There," said Mr. Flanagan, "you see before you the ruins of the house that sheltered the General in his infancy, from which the family of the Regans, the industrious and hard-working father, the tender mother with the baby at her breast, was cruelly and heartlessly evicted by the tyranny of the landlord, and their happy home laid in ashes before their eyes, with it snowing heavy at the time."

"A striking fact," said Mr. Caledon, taking a note-book from his pocket. "Can you give me the date?"

"It was," said Mr. Flanagan, "at the time of the Clearances, and the people have been kept off the land ever since. But please God it won't be so for long."

Mr. Caledon descended from the car and stood bareheaded beside a small pile of gray stones which lay together in a corner of the field. Mr. Flanagan, who was beginning to feel a considerable respect for General John Regan, also got out of the car, took off his hat, and stood staring at the stones.

"So it was here," said Mr. Caledon—"here that he first saw the light! Have you a photograph of the spot?"

"I have not," said Mr. Flanagan, "but it could be got. There's Dennis O'Clery, that's nephew to the proprietor of the Imperial Hotel, does the like beautiful."

"The General!" murmured Mr. Caledon. "The hero-statesman of Bolivia!"

"You may say that," said Mr. Flanagan, with deep feeling. "You may well say that."

"Are there any of the family left in the neighborhood? I should like to shake the hand of a relative, even a distant cousin, of the illustrious General."

"There is not," said Flanagan. "Devil the Regan there is about the country now." Then noticing an expression of disappointment on Mr. Caledon's face, he added, "Unless it might be young Mrs. O'Clery, the wife of the boy that takes the photographs, who's related to the Regans through her mother."

"Take me to see her."

"It's herself," said Mr. Flanagan, "that'll be sorry when she hears of your wanting to see her and to be talking to her about the General—but—there's no use in telling you lies about it—it can't be done."

"Why not? Surely—"

"Are you a married man?"

"A widower," said Mr. Caledon.

"Then you'll understand me when I tell you that you can't see young Mrs. O'Clery, because it was only yesterday that it happened. It was twins," he added, with a view to demonstrating the impossibility of the lady's receiving a visitor.

Mr. Caledon, with a deep sigh, got into the motor-car again. Mr. Flanagan followed him. He felt that he had successfully avoided a serious difficulty. It would not have been easy, in the presence of Mr. Caledon, to convey to young Mrs. O'Clery an intimation of the fact that she was the only surviving relative of the famous General John Regan.

"I'm surprised," said Mr. Caledon, "that there's no public memorial in Ballyguthrie to the honor of the General."

"Faith, I've often wondered at that same myself."

"The town can't boast of many more famous men, I should think."

"Devil the one. And believe you me, if there isn't a statue of the General in the fair green it isn't because the people isn't proud of him; for they are. There isn't an old woman in the place but when a boy's going off to America will be saying to him, 'Thomas,' says she, or, 'Michael Pat, let you do as well for the



"THERE ISN'T A MAN THAT'S BETTER UP IN LOCAL TRADITIONS THAN MR. FLANAGAN"

old country as General John Regan did, and we'll be proud of you."

"Quite so," said Mr. Caledon; "a very proper feeling; but all the same I think there ought to be a memorial to him."

"A statue?"

"Yes, a statue, or a drinking-fountain, or a public library—something."

"It was a statue we were thinking of," said Mr. Flanagan.

"The matter is under consideration, then?"

"It was discussed at the last meeting of the District Council," said Flanagan, "although, owing to the pressure on our space, it wasn't reported in our paper. We were thinking of getting up a public meeting, with Father Cassidy in the chair, and raising a subscription."

"I hope," said Mr. Caledon, "that you will permit me to contribute to the fund."

"We will, of course. Why not? And what's more, we'll feel obliged to you if

you'll make a speech on the occasion. It will be a source of gratification and pride to the inhabitants of Ballyguthrie, young and old, to give you a hearty welcome in our midst."

"Let me know the date of the meeting," said Mr. Caledon, "and if it's any time within the next fortnight I'll attend it."

Mr. Flanagan guided the motor-car back to Ballyguthrie by the shortest route and saw Mr. Caledon safely into the commercial-room of the hotel. Then he sought out Mr. O'Clery, who led him from the bar to a private room at the back of the premises.

"I'm of opinion," said Mr. Flanagan, "that a public meeting ought to be held in the town to raise funds for the erection of a statue to the memory of General John Regan."

"Is it him the American gentleman was talking about?"

"The same. And it's a crying shame and a scandal that there's no kind of a memorial to him in the town."

"We've done well enough without a statue up to this."

"Listen to me, now, Michael O'Clery. When the American gentleman is willing to subscribe as much as will pretty

to himself the same as if he'd be making a public speech about the land? 'The patriot,' says he, 'the poet, the soldier of liberty, the mighty statesman!' Be damn, but we ought to be proud of him!"

"It's a queer thing that I never heard tell of him, if so be he's all you say."

"He's more," said Mr. Flanagan, "and if you haven't heard of him, which is what I can hardly believe of you, Michael O'Clery, you ought to have heard of him. Anyway, by next Monday night there won't be a man within five miles of Ballyguthrie but will be proud to call himself the fellow countryman of General John Regan."



"SO IT WAS HERE THAT HE FIRST SAW THE LIGHT!"

near pay for the statue, what harm can it do us to have it? Isn't it no more than right that we should do honor to the most famous man that ever came out of Ballyguthrie?"

"It is surely. And when will the meeting be?"

"I was thinking," said Mr. Flanagan, "that if it suited Father Cassidy, we might have it on Monday next, that same being a fair day when the country people will be in town."

"You're right," said Mr. O'Clery; "but tell me this, now, are you sure it was Ballyguthrie where the General was born? I never heard tell of a Regan about these parts, good nor bad."

"Didn't the gentleman say it was? And didn't I see him standing by the side of Jamesy Killeen's field beyond, with the tears running down his two cheeks at the thought, and him talking

held at three o'clock in the afternoon to honor the memory of General John Regan. They promised that Father Cassidy would take the chair, and that the principal speaker would be the Right Hon. Joseph P. Caledon. Mr. Flanagan prefixed the Right Hon. on his own authority, and substituted the initial "P" for the name "Prince," because anything which savors of royalty excites prejudice in the west of Ireland. Speculation was rife during the morning as to who General John Regan might be. Some ardent politicians claimed him as a Member of Parliament who had fought against the English in the Boer war. Others thought he was a friend of Wolfe Tone, and went so far as to assert that he had commanded the French forces at the battle of Castlebar. A third school of historians maintained that he was the leader of the American Fenians and

The printing-press of the *Connaught Democrat* turned out a number of imposing green placards, which Carey, the town bill-sticker, posted on all the walls likely to catch the eye of any one coming into the town to attend the fair. They summoned all faithful Irishmen to attend a meeting to be

had invaded Canada. The attendance at the meeting was very large, because there was a good deal of betting about the General, and every one wanted the question of who he was decided one way or another.

Father Cassidy opened the proceedings with what Mr. Flanagan afterward described in the *Connaught Democrat* as "a few well-chosen words." He said that the first duty of a living nation was to honor its dead heroes, and hinted that subscriptions must be liberal if a creditable statue was to be erected. He then introduced Mr. Caledon as a distinguished American, deeply interested in Bolivia, the author of the forthcoming life of General John Regan. Mr. Caledon said that he would not insult the audience he saw before him by recapitulating the facts of the life of General John Regan—facts, as well, perhaps better, known to them than to him. He spoke, amid thunders of applause, of the glorious liberty enjoyed by the people of Bolivia—liberty won, as all liberty must be won, with the sword. He quoted a poem, which the audience understood to have been specially written in honor of General John Regan, about men who

"Departing leave behind
them
Footsteps on the sands of
time."

He concluded by announcing that he would give five hundred dollars to the statue fund. Father Cassidy and Mr. O'Clery of the hotel did sums rapidly on the backs of envelopes with pencils. Mr. O'Clery, who adopted the simple expedient of dividing the five hundred by five, arrived at his answer first, and proclaimed in a loud voice one hundred pounds. Father Cassidy, a more conscientious man, entangled himself with a number of detached pence and farthings. It was only at the end of ten minutes that

he was able to correct Mr. O'Clery and announce that the subscription really amounted to £102 3s. 1d.

It was not until the cheering which greeted this announcement had subsided that the audience realized that they did not yet know who General John Regan was. They were not enlightened by Mr. Flanagan, who proposed a vote of thanks to Father Cassidy for presiding. He had, contrary to his usual custom, prepared his speech beforehand. He began by saying that it was unnecessary for him to add anything to the masterly sketch of the dead patriot's career which had fallen from the lips of the learned gentleman who that day graced Ballyguthrie with his presence. He estimated the cost of a good statue, made in Ireland, out of Irish stone, at two hundred pounds. He promised to subscribe two pounds himself, and to take part in a house-to-house col-



"IT'S A CRYING SHAME THAT THERE'S NO KIND OF MEMORIAL TO HIM"

lection to secure the rest of the money. He proposed that Father Cassidy, Mr. Caledon, Mr. O'Clery, and (in a modest aside) Mr. Flanagan should form a committee and ask for estimates from all the firms of statue-manufacturers in Dublin.

The audience dispersed, still inclined to wrangle over bets, but convinced that whoever General John Regan might be, he deserved the best memorial that could be erected to him. Mr. Caledon left Ballyguthrie the next day in his motor-car, promising to return for the unveiling of the statue.

By dint of unremitting exertions on the part of Mr. Flanagan a sum of £27 4s. 3d. was collected in cash and promises. Negotiations were entered into with a gentleman in Dublin who described himself on his business cards as a mortuary sculptor. He seemed, as

General John Regan was understood to be dead, exactly the kind of man wanted for the statue. He agreed to carve, mount on a pedestal, and erect on the middle of the fair green in Ballyguthrie a figure of the General eight feet high. He sent down to the committee a number of designs. It was decided to adopt one which represented the General with a drawn sword in one hand and a roll of parchment in the other. The sword, so the mortuary sculptor said, represented liberty; the parchment, constitutional right. The question of the inscription for the base of the pedestal next engaged the attention of the committee.

"I propose," said Mr. Flanagan, "that Father Cassidy be empowered to draw

up the inscription, and I take this opportunity of saying that there's not a man in Connaught better able to do the same, nor one that would do it in more appropriate language."

"I second that," said Mr. O'Clery.

Father Cassidy excused himself. He said that he was quite unused to drawing up inscriptions for the bases of statues, and that in any case the job was one which Mr. Flanagan, with his experience as a newspaper editor, could do in ten minutes.

"All you've got to do," said Father Cassidy, "is to put, 'Erected by the people of Ballyguthrie in memory of their illustrious fellow countryman, General John Regan—' and then put the date of his birth and a short list of his principal achievements."

Mr. Flanagan definitely declined to undertake the task. Father Cas-

sidy was equally firm. Mr. O'Clery, by way of an escape from an *impasse*, suggested that Mr. Caledon should be written to and asked to do it.

"It 'll be no good writing to him," said Mr. Flanagan. "He told me himself that he'd be touring the continent of Europe for six months after him leaving this, searching the libraries for documents and such that might have a bearing on the life of General John Regan, and he said that letters wouldn't be forwarded to him."

"Let yez write," said Father Cassidy, "to the librarian of the National Library in Dublin and tell him to look out the facts of the General's life and make a note of them on a slip of paper, and let the man that's doing the statue



HE ANNOUNCED THAT HE WOULD GIVE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS TO THE STATUE FUND

call and get them. That 'll save all the trouble."

Three days later Mr. Flanagan received a letter which startled him. It came from the librarian of the National Library. It ran:

"DEAR SIR: In reply to your inquiry I beg to inform you that so far as I have been able to ascertain there never was a General John Regan of Bolivia. I am therefore unable to supply the maker of his tombstone with any facts regarding his life. I am, sir, yours truly, etc."

Mr. Flanagan carried the letter across to the Imperial Hotel and spread it on the table of Mr. O'Clery's private room.

"Read that," he said.

Mr. O'Clery read it.

"Well," he said, "I'm damned! But you have his subscription, anyway."

"I have yours," said Mr. Flanagan,

"and I have Father Cassidy's, and I have my own. But if it's Mr. Caledon's you mean, I haven't got it."

"And why not?"

"Because he said he'd send it as soon as ever the accounts for the statue came in. That's why I haven't got it."

"Nor you won't get it," said Mr. O'Clery, pessimistically.

"I will not. I know that. But if ever I lay hands on that fellow Caledon it's not crying over the birthplace of dead generals he'll be, but over what 'll hurt him a deal more."

"He did say," said Mr. O'Clery, meditatively, "the first day ever I set eyes on him and the yellow motor-car—he did say that the town was half asleep, and that himself would like to have a try at wakening it up a bit."

Mr. Flanagan brought his fist down with a crash on the table.

"Be damn!" he said.

Indian-Pipe

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

IN the heart of the forest arising,
Slim, ghostly, and fair,
Ethereal offspring of moisture,
Of earth, and of air,
With slender stems anchored together
Where first they uncurl,
Each tipped with its exquisite lily
Of mother-of-pearl,
Mid the pine-needles—closely enwoven
Its roots to embale—
The Indian-pipe of the woodland,
Thrice lovely and frail!

Is this but an earth-springing fungus—
This darling of Fate,
That out of the mouldering darkness
Such light can create?
Or is it the spirit of Beauty,
Here drawn by love's lure
To give to the forest a something
Unearthly and pure:
To crystallize dewdrop and balsam
And dryad-lisped words
And starbeam and moonrise and rapture
And song of wild birds?

The Household of Felicity

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

ALONG the Way of the Green Joseph (commonly known as Via Giuseppe Verdi), from early dawn till late night, walk, sit, sprawl, or rush the throng of natives, fruit-sellers, vendors of everything, *buona-menta* (peppermint) girls, ice-cream men—each with a prolonged and heaven-storming cry of his or her own, infinitely repeated. And in the intervals all the children cry in concert or singly. Just at dawn, when we are sleeping our best, a *vetturino* drives through the street, cracking his whip like cannon-crackers, and from then on it is an uproar to which the Fourth of July morning is pale and weak. The only thing comparable is a St. John's Eve at Rome.

We came here to be quiet.

While we sit at breakfast in the little front room, every few minutes a brawny arm pushes unceremoniously aside the muslin curtain whose fiction it is to screen us from the street, and some one says or shrieks: "Naselle, fresche—belle fresche! Carciofi! Pesche!" ("Trout, beautifully fresh trout! Artichokes! Peaches!") You can buy anything, from dry-goods to crockery and a lemon, without rising from the breakfast table. Across the street you can buy pins—a "discreet" quantity; I asked for two cents' worth the other day (they come twelve for a cent), but that proved to be an *indiscreet* quantity—they did not carry so large a stock.

There are also other opportunities for shopping. The other day Blondina and I were busily engaged in dodging breakers and a close eternity—for the shore was full of dangerous wells ground out by the storm-sea, in which more than one swimmer had been submerged—when a man deliberately deposited his baskets at the water's edge and proceeded to unpack his entire stock, holding up article after article and offering bargains in bath-robcs, oil-silk caps, and the like.

"Does he think," demanded Blondina, indignantly, "that we carry our pocket-books in our hair?"

Along the Green Joseph, besides vendors, come also the beggars—begging friars, Franciscan Sisters in hats like mushrooms, Little Sisters of the Poor, and (far less often) the poor themselves. Also every living being with any kind of a petition.

The other day the "Baths of Hope" blew down. This was distinctly what the railroad companies define as an "Act of God," and, moreover, why should those already ruining themselves with their own *capanna* hire be expected to support rival *capanne*? The thing did not seem reasonable. "Thank you the same," said the old woman who came to solicit aid, graciously bowing herself out. Just like that beggar on the Pincio in Rome who has a harrowing way of getting even with us by wishing us *buon' appetito* as he recovers his empty hat; the effect, of course, being to destroy *all* appetite, unless you are an old resident and have presence of mind enough to recall how much better he can afford an appetite at all, the professional beggars of Rome being the true moneyed aristocracy.

There are others, however; and when we catch Adrianna and Felicita in a conference of knotted brows with two gaunt laborers, we know the moment for the production of our pocketbooks—however thin—has come. It is sure to be a case of no work and no bread. Felicita apologizes afterwards. "You see, my six pensioners had already been here, and Adrianna had only a soldo." Felicita gives a soldo a week to six old people.

This is the place of large charities, having been once the place of utmost poverties; for charity is the virtue of the poor. It is no longer so poor as it was. I remember when sail-makers and spinners got but half a franc a day, and heads of families (and a family is a real

thing here—something between twelve and twenty) were thankful for two days' work a week at the shipyard, at a wage of fifty cents a day. Now they are getting four francs and tolerably steady work. Now, too, there is a "season," and we are all millionaires, accordingly, for at least two months out of twelve. But like any seafaring community, stress is the rule; we still see old men knee-deep in the water hauling nets, in the hope of half a franc to be divided among several; or dipping their impossibly hard crusts in the sea water to soften and to salt, for the salt tax still remains; or preserving the smallest wriggling fish carefully in their hatbands against a moment's leisure for a raw feast. "If the sea fruits, *va bene*"—but it does not always fruit, and that fruit of the sea—God alone (and the fisherfolk) knows how bitter it can sometimes be.

This is one of the things which puzzle Felicita.

"Supposing," she says, "Iddio, who *can*, does not save our mariners—why does He not? That is what I want to know. Look at my 'Tonio's boat—nine heads of families on board!—they have not gone to sea for their pleasure—by Bacchus, no!—but to get a piece of bread, a mouthful of polenta, for their families. If a storm comes and He can save them, why does He not? That is what I want to be told."

The house of Felicita fronts on the Green Joseph; there are four rooms in it, and we—Blondina, the Artist, and I—possess them all. Felicita and the



FRANCISCAN SISTERS IN HATS LIKE MUSHROOMS

children occupy the little *casetta* in the bottom of the garden. This is quite as it should be; are not we "the people"—that is to say, *Signori*?

The garden is but an earth yard between two stone walls, roofed over in its entirety with a glory of grape—one massive vine with hundreds of the winy clusters purpling and greening against the leaves, a roof for an emperor's palace. Every day Giovanni and Giovannina climb up and capture fistfuls, mostly green, and then when they have pains in the front of their plump backs Felicita goes on record to the effect that there is nothing good in fruit for children, and gives them their choice be-

tween sugar and bread with vinegar on it.

Giovanni and Giovannina are not Felicita's own; they overflow into the little house in the summer from the big bathing establishment of which Felicita's sister is proprietor's wife. I sometimes wonder what Felicita's own will be like; it is so difficult to imagine our Felicita a staid matron, or her pretty hair other than a tempest; five minutes after she brushes it it is all on end, and when in a great fit of dignity she tucks all its curly ends away beneath a kerchief knotted severely under her little chin, she only looks more a child than ever.

Giovanni is four and a half; Giovannina is three. On either side of them children taper away, older and younger, till we come to the Next One, whose sex is not yet determined, but whose name is already a matter of counsel. Felicita says there are too many—"Troppi bambini"—it is her severe and iterated judgment.

"And now—another!" she exclaims in an outburst of despair. "We have Italia—all that is lacking is France. France and Italy—yes, yes, that will be the next thing!"

I wonder if Felicita knows how very political she is becoming?

Giovannina is a perfect Catherine the Great. From the blond curls of her head to her plump and curling toes she is incarnate energy and will. She has the luck to be the family beauty, too, so, somehow, all things come her way. Forth-putting also she is; Giovanni weeps from sheer timidity when required to go to the corner shop and make a purchase involving the change of a two-soldo piece, but Giovannina howls unless *she* is permitted to make the purchase and take a whole franc to do it with—the change being that part wherein she considers glory lies. She had already a pair of yellow shoes so adorable that she took them to bed with her and kept them beside her plate at dinner; now somebody has given her a pair of little sandals to wear on the beach.

"Oh, Zia," calls Giovanni in awe-struck tones, "come and see Nina's beautiful little shoes to walk in Paradise with!"

And with all this multiplicity of footwear Giovannina goes barefoot nine-

tenths of the time. One chilly day, in the effort to please me, she put her shoes on and off five times in the afternoon, then gave it up with a sigh. She is not alone in her prejudice; the populace generally seem to find shoes the trammel they really are. I asked Pasquina, the Artist's model, who was always slipping her restless toes out of her wooden *zoccoli*, why she did it.

"To let them breathe, of course!" she answered with amazed pity for my simplicity.

Giovannina breathes all over, especially in the matter of underwear, but what is there to object to in that? Little pink and yellow bodies have been breathing about us all summer long. We are "habituated," as they say, and begin to feel early Greek ourselves. Is not the body more than raiment? Still, consistency is an ornament, if no longer a jewel, and when Felicita vetoed a recommended bath for Giovannina on the ground of Giovanni's masculine presence, Blondina retired hastily under the stairs to compose her emotions. Felicita evidently believes Giovanni to wear the fabled emperor's robe, invisible to us only for our sins. In this Felicita may not be altogether wrong.

At least, she only renders a beautiful popular faith. There is an accepted fiction that if you open an umbrella on the sands you thereby become invisible. All up above our *capanna*, therefore—we being the "farthest north" of *capanna*-land—there is a forest of umbrellas in the sand, and before this emblem of invisibility boys, women, and children, buxom girls and beautiful mothers with little loves of babies, dress and undress chastely; chastely, truly—it is the cleanest bit of life on the whole beach. As the sign-board on the Chinese theatre stands for scenery, so the umbrella stands for seclusion. On the other side of us hundreds of boys and girls, the anæmic fruit of the cities, sent hither by that beautiful charity which is our present substitute for civic common sense, frisk and play. Down below still, lies the ugly crowded World, where people flirt and peacock, poisoning the cleanly air with gossip and slander. Up here we live that Simpler Life which so many of our friends are expensively trying to live at



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PASQUINA

home. For truly, as Blondina observes, "you can't be much simpler than Turkish towelling," and in that, made like a Capuchin robe, hood, cord, and all, we write, saunter, and lie about the sands hours together, in company, at discreet distances, of some four thousand other bath-robcs. The Simpler Life!—it is curious, here, to reflect upon what a complex thing it seems to be. Most people, I observe, can only live it in a certain shade of necktie, and if they set a "simple" meal, the shape of the dishes in which they shall simplify it straightway becomes an elaborate issue. They spend more time and money trying to be simple than I could invest in being ever so complex. But let that pass; "Sufficient

unto the day is the evening and morning thereof," as an earnest child-friend of mine says. Here, at least, we are simplicity itself. The Mediterranean shines all blue and gold—Madonna colors—before us, with sails golden, tawny, or white. Gorgona, Capraja, Elba, smile at us—if sad Gorgona can smile. But it cannot delude us—this dimpling sinner of a sea; even this summer it has drowned a handful of us. And hereabouts it was that Shelley's cast-off garment of the flesh came ashore, just as the poet had slipped it. Not a thousand miles away (for I do not wish to be too precise) on the sands was that worn-out garment burned—a reason why the colors here never look quite like colors elsewhere.

And yet, when all is said, why not Shelley, just as much as Antonio, or Antonio's younger brother, commonly known as Adrianna's "piece of a son"? It is of them we are thinking, for the change of weather is near.

Every night we go down to watch it blazoned in sunsets, like conflagrations against which the huge nets shine like Mexican fire-opals, instead of the pale moonbeamy Hungarian kind they are by day. And we wait for the return of the fishing fleet. Eighteen boats there are—nine pairs, for they fish in pairs, drawing the vast nets between them. And truly it is a thing to see, however often one sees it, when all their felucca sails are set for home, or they come drawn slowly one by one up the long *molo*, a boy on every swaying mast tying in the snowy folds. At a certain point, each felucca loops its sail; they really are like folded wings. Sometimes the Adriatic fleet comes down from Ancona, and doubles the number—boats shaped like the "blunt-nosed bees" of Theocritus, dark wood richly stained without and decked (our fleet is open), and these shorter, broader sails are deeply colored and bear strange, lurid devices, with *I. H. S.* on nearly every sail. The *molo* is a sight at sunset when they mass, like mournful, tragic flags, with all their rich stains against the glowing skies. And if across the low-arched bridge a Misericordia procession happens to pass at that moment, with all its weird figures and flaring torches, it is like not "the bridal of the earth and sky," but their funeral.

Hard enough days the fleet sees—like our own Gloucester—hunger often, and Death always, brooding near. The sea takes its toll annually. In the little graveyard, on the Day of the Dead, still they hang the gruesome tablets, at once warning and memorial, telling of fathers and sons who, in defiance of the unwritten law, sailed in one boat and came not back.

Two masculine things; two breadwinners; there is the tragedy. Feminine things do not count for much here—how should they? There is nothing a woman can do by which she can earn much more than half a franc a day, little enough by which she can earn that. And does not the world everywhere rest on "economic values"?

Sail-making, one of the hardest of industries, or weaving the heavy cloth itself from dawn to dark, brings the worker no more than this.

For the rest, a little vending, and incessant knitting (so that I should think there can never be any but a *forestiere* to buy a stocking), and the tale is told. For the bearing and rearing of a dozen children is not accounted an industry by these sea-mothers.

Boys, on the other hand, can do many things—shipbuilding in that mysterious yard where more mysterious ships grow, robe themselves in gay flags, and slip down into the sea, and to which they return to lie like huge leviathans, panting on their sides, while men tar and rope and bind up their bruises, and heal them and launch them forth again; rope-making on that breeze-swept field between the sea and the Carraras; a part in any of the small maritime industries; above all, they can go to sea. Virtually they all do go to sea.

In the fishing fleet the catch is thus divided: one half to the owner of the boat, the other half to the captain and the men, the captain receiving two shares, and each of the crew one. Men have been known to follow the sea six months together for a profit of fifteen dollars; twenty dollars in five months is held a fair average; forty dollars a rich harvest. And they carry their lives in their hands, for this is the Sea of Surprises. Commonly the boats go out at midnight, to be in the far grounds by morning; often in the darkness we have been awakened to see their white procession sweep noiselessly under our windows out of the dim canal to the darker mystery of the open sea. The sunset after, they perhaps come in. With them they take bread and wood, and at sea they cook a portion of the inferior fish, but, once landed, "the catch" goes to market and rarely does the fisherman's family eat fish. A few proprietors of boats share the poorest portion of the catch among the men, and these employ a woman to sell it, dividing the proceeds, but these liberal proprietors are few.

There are other boats, those which the *vapore* (steamboat) has not yet driven out of business, and which carry the coastwise trade; of one of these our Felicità's *promesso sposo* is master.

We are deeply interested in Antonio's boat. It is only two years since he lost another (he himself was not on board), and that was the very moment the bank took to fail, so that he lost his insurance. The new boat cost eight thousand dollars, and we are paying for it now. By "we" I mean Antonio, but it is the same thing. Every time he comes home we wait impatiently to learn how much money he has brought towards it, and see another stamped receipt added to the pile of Felicita's treasures—for Antonio brings them all to her.

Felicita is paying for it, too—in sleepless nights and anguished hours whenever a breeze blows. She reasons thus: When a tempest passes, darkening the Carraras and the waters, she sees the small *Aricle* straining against the seas, and her face grows white and her pretty hair flies wildly; when, on the contrary, it is bluely calm and mirrorlike here, she says:

"But where *he* is, who knows?—who knows?"

Thus, womanlike, she evolves the full possible amount of torture. For Felicita adores her *fidanzato*. And when I think of the years of this before Felicita, my heart aches. We can hardly wait for Antonio's return. On such occasions both homes suffer a *festa*. Over the way I can see Adrianna scrubbing and polishing, and downstairs Felicita makes a great to-do, sweeping and cleaning, and we insure our necks again, for there will be brooms on the stairways, and water jars—Heaven alone knows where. When we break our necks over these Felicita will explain apologetically, in that voice of hers "with a tear in it," that it was all a *combinazione*—which, so far as we can make out, is a cross between a coincidence and a catastrophe. Then Felicita flies out and buys a dish of clams, for mariners eat little meat—"fruit of the sea is what they like." The



LIKE MOURNFUL, TRAGIC FLAGS AGAINST THE GLOWING SKIES



MOONRISE IN THE PINETA

table knows a fair white cloth, a flask of red wine appears, and presently savory odors cause the Artist to sniff enviously; that is the clams cooking in oil and tomato. Giovanni and Giovannina are hustled into clothes and scrubbed till they shine again. Last of all, Felicita dons her prettiest gown and brushes the soft hair quite smooth—and five minutes after Antonio's arrival, I am glad to say, it is in a worse tumble than ever. She will smooth it once again, and later in the evening, in the safe shadow of multitudes of other strolling lovers, she will walk with Antonio in the Pineta and *far l'amore*.

To walk in the Pineta and *far l'amore*! You do not know what that is? One can only pity you, but nobody can tell you. For who can put stone-pines and Mediterraneans and moonlight and twenty years of youth into a word? In the daytime the Pineta is a thing of beauty, its long pine vistas filled with happy shapes of children watched over by white-robed nuns, or strolling idlers, or burden-bearers—old women and children with mountains of pine needles on their heads

and the softest faded blues, purples, and greens in their short skirts beneath; but at eve the Pineta becomes a thing of beauty hardly bearable, except when one is Felicita or Antonio and has twenty years of youth safe in one's heart.

But Antonio deserves even the Pineta.

I wonder, if all men went down to the sea in ships, whether it would make them all so serious. His eyes carry the look of Fate—the look of one at least used to facing Fate on dark midnights and in sudden stern moments. We hear of the “jolly sailor boys”; they must be the blue and white crew of an automobile yacht. The sea—the real sea—does not make men merry. Antonio is a man for a woman to lean on—good, grave, tender, old beyond his years. “Good as bread,” says Felicita in one emphatic superlative. And one day—when the last payment is made (Antonio hopes this very summer)—there will be a home-coming indeed. Then will Felicita move out of the little *casetta*—the house will know foreigners (even ourselves) no more; the hired furniture will vanish, the *letto matrimoniale*—the big iron marriage-

bed, so often discussed already—will be bought with solemnity and with innocent pride displayed; upon it Felicita will spread out all the evidences of her housewifely skill with the needle, and perhaps by *that* time she will have finished hemming those homespun linen sheets which at present we find strewed all over the house and garden. She has spun that linen and much more, for Felicita is making a well-to-do match; she is marrying no mere mariner, but a master of a ship, twice medalled, moreover, for saving life. The wedding *confetti* will be bought, put up in gay boxes for those whom it is desired to honor, handed round in loose handfuls to intimate friends who will dispense with ceremony.

Meanwhile Antonio is going to find newcomers to welcome him. The first week of our stay Felicita adopted a meagre yellow kitten which she had rescued from death by stoning. Instead of calling him St. Peter Martyr, as, of course, she ought to have done, she named him Giallo, and Giallo became the chief object of Giovanni's existence. Erstwhile the sturdiest sleeper, he took to rising larklike.

"Don't you hear the little cat who calls me, Zia?" he demanded, gravely, when Felicita remonstrated.

Giallo was always in his arms when he was not in Felicita's. Felicita's theory of life is simple. Most of the evils of life, as she has known it, proceed from under-nourishment; next to the sea, hunger is the enemy most to be feared. Accordingly she stuffs all that comes within her sphere of influence; Giallo was eating from morning till night. In the end he must have been *ripieno*, which is what our Christmas turkey was last year, when we cut it open and found neither bones nor meat, but a varied assortment of *delicatessen* generally—including ham, tongue, veal, and chicken, all minced together and spiced, and filled with roast chestnuts, olives, and minor matters, finished off with six fat boiled sausages up and down the sides.

With that ingratitude of which history is full, Giallo effected an escape one day. If they had mislaid baby Italia, Giovanni and Felicita could not have been more dismayed. The whole neighborhood was searched. Finally,

under a wood-pile, Giovanni unearthed the truant. Kneeling down and putting his arms about him, he said softly:

"Tell me, dear one, why did you disappear yourself?"

On the day that Giovanni goes a-wooing, some one is going to listen to him.

Felicita, to make up for Giallo's supposititious hardships (he had been absent a whole three hours), has been giving him extra meals ever since. Whenever I surprise her feeding him, she assumes an air of resignation and says:

"Only this was needed! First the children, then this cat!"

Neither is Giallo the whole tale—not even the whole tail. Shortly after his advent, Felicita adopted an orphan, a little white kitten about four inches long and round. Adrianna fell heir to the remainder of the orphan family. I observe that this is the usual proportion governing conduct, as between Adrianna and Felicita, and somehow Felicita's one always makes more commotion than Adrianna's half-dozen. Bianca is really very pretty; she is too little to lap, so Felicita, armed with a spoon (it happens to be one of my silver ones), sits holding the kitten's jaws open and pouring down the milk.

"Anche troppo!" she exclaims, seeing me. "First the bambini; then one cat, then another—where is this to end?"

Nobody can answer that until the summer itself ends; but the next step towards the ending was the adoption of a featherless nestling—Adrianna, of course, acquiring the rest of the orphans. This one has not a feather, and looks just fit to be served up as *beccaficchi*, according to Browning's recipe for ortolans.

Felicita says she shall bring it up by hand. In the intervals of feeding she buttons it up for safety and warmth inside her shirt-waist, whence it produces a weird effect as she moves about the room, sending forth a chirping from within.

"Only this was needed to make a true martyr of me!" declares Felicita. "First the children; then one cat; then another; and now this!"

The children are more in ecstasies than ever. Nothing but Antonio is wanting to the Household of Felicity.

The Dryad

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

AT the time of the annual picnic given by Lovett & Lovett to their employees, it was to be expected that any incipient romances that the preceding year had developed would be haled forth into the frank light of publicity. Not that the number of them was necessarily large. It must be admitted that even the most distinguished floor-walker loses a certain charm—the charm, perhaps, of the august and inaccessible—when you have taken notes on him for a twelvemonth across the counter; and similarly the most engaging of pompadours is all too often discovered upon daily scrutiny to be but a vain show. Thus floor-walkers may go to millinery establishments for sweethearts, and salesladies may be snapped up by random chauffeurs.

Nevertheless, something was always to be hoped of the annual picnic. A year ago, as the spring drew on to full-blown summer, it was confidently predicted that Alfred Small, of the ribbon counter, and Julie Mullin, of the book department, were to afford the necessary love interest. There must be an understanding between them, certainly: he hardly so much as said "Good morning" nowadays to other girls, they had been seen together both at lunch and at the theatre—oh, there were plenty of signs. The seal of finality was all that was lacking.

The long - expected day, however, brought only confusion to these cherished hopes. Julie, who was looked upon as one of the properest girls in the whole store, appeared preternaturally gay and reckless. First she devoted herself to one man, then to another, with an audacity that set friendly eyes wide with horror; and finally, when the picnic dinner was over and the party broke up for games and swan-boating and strolls in the woods, the abandoned coquette—surely this could not be proper Julie!—deliberately flung herself at a certain Mr.

Bentley, newly of the shoe department, and in the incredulous sight of all they had gone off together toward the lake.

"Well, wouldn't that frost you?" gasped Sadie Smith to her companions. "Is the girl crazy? The way she's treated Alfred; and him the most refined man in the store, too!"

Eyes of sisterly commiseration were turned upon Mr. Small, who was disconsolately munching the remnant of an egg sandwich; but he took no notice.

"If that man was on to his game," observed Mame Riley, sagaciously, "he'd make out he didn't care. Say, isn't he the wilted nosegay?"

They sent one of the men over to him with an invitation to come along to the skating-rink; but Alfred only shook his head with a wan smile, and replied:

"I got sort of a headache. I guess I'll just sit 'round quiet for a while. Perhaps I'll come-down later."

So the rest of the picnickers went off, and Alfred was left to himself. He did not have a headache; but he wanted to be alone, for his heart was sore. He had not expected Julie to treat him like that. During the whole trip she had scarcely spoken a word to him. No one would ever have thought they even knew each other.

And it didn't seem like her, either. He couldn't explain it. Why, the very last time he had called upon her they had sat together on the divan in her little "den," as she termed it, under an artistically draped fish-net stuck full of photographs; and there they had played with her new teddy bear, fixing its arms and legs in a hundred ludicrous postures, and between times had talked on a number of quite serious subjects. There was nothing in the least sentimental about Julie; they had been just good fellows together—that was what he liked best in a girl. And she sang very nicely, too. They had tried over some sacred duets that last evening. Alfred



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THE DRYAD

was fond of music; and he had a taste for poetry also, though rather furtive, for poetry is so out of fashion nowadays in department stores.

Indeed, what had first attracted him to Miss Mullin was the sight of her deep buried in a volume of poems—he knew they were poems by the padded-leather binding.

"What ye readin', Miss Mullin?" he had asked, with friendly interest.

She had glanced up at him with a luminous smile that he could never forget the thrill of. "*Lucile*," she had replied. "It's my favorite poem. Seems as if I never could get tired of it."

Alfred had not at that time read *Lucile*; but he forebore to say so. Instead he provided himself with a copy from an alien book-counter at the earliest possible moment, and this he read through carefully, underlining the couplets that appealed to him as especially stimulating.

At the present moment the little volume was in his pocket. He had brought it, thinking of how he and Julie—but what was the use of thinking? This was all it had come to! And he mused darkly, as others had mused before him, upon the instability of womankind.

If Alfred had been better versed in the lore of the sex, he might have given a different and less disheartening interpretation to Julie's infidelity; but he had always been a sensible young man, and this was almost his first attachment.

In the distance he heard the gay strains of the band at the skating-rink and the rumble of many rollers, and the sound disturbed him, so out of harmony was it with his mood. He thought of Mr. Bentley, even now, perhaps, blithely paddling down the lake with the fair, faithless Julie; and a feeling of disenchantment came over him, of disgust with the stale lot of men. He longed to get away from it all—from everything that could remind him of his misery.

He rose from the bench on which he had been sitting and turned his steps up a path that seemed to lead away from the frequented regions of the grove. The air was cooler up there and still. The afternoon sunlight flickered through the leaves and danced in golden flakes along the path. From somewhere not far away came the reiterated call of a leaf-hidden

bird. Alfred was of the city born and bred, and solitude like this was new to him. The wonder came upon him with a certain odd impressiveness that it should be always here, this silence, waiting, green and deep, while foolish people in the city rushed hither and thither pell-mell about their noisy business.

Such peace was doubly grateful just now to his rudely shattered sensibilities; and he found himself wishing that he could stay here always among these nice tall trees. He felt almost ashamed of his new tan shoes with their silk bows (Julie would notice them, he had hoped); and with an instinctive impulse of modesty, as if recognizing how nugatory are all tokens of fashion when confronted with the forest's primitive sincerity, he thrust out of sight the lavender-bordered handkerchief which had protruded rather consciously from his breast pocket.

Then he bethought him again of *Lucile*, and drew out the daintily bound volume. He sat down on a moss-covered rock against a tree and opened the book. By this time he was strangely at peace—he had reached one of those moods wherein one can look with almost divine unconcern upon the petty confusions and spites of terrene life. Julie could go off sweethearting with another if she chose: that was a mere incident, a bubble upon the great flux of things. He did not envy or begrudge Mr. Bentley her prodigal smiles; he was even glad that she was not beside him on that mossy stone: it would have been a discord, he felt, in the perfect forest harmony. Alfred Small had a somewhat lyric nature, and at the present moment the spirit of the ancient grove was upon him.

Perhaps that is why even *Lucile* seemed to him for the first time a little trivial; and as he listlessly turned the leaves, he was almost astonished at the passages he had so plentifully underscored. The standards of the ribbon counter, with its yardsticks and neatly graded color schemes—how far he had left them behind! "If it could only be for always!" mused Alfred, sententiously. "If we could only throw off all the artificialities of modern life" (he had picked up that serviceable phrase out of a sermon) "and go back to the simplicity of Nature!"

As these somewhat poetic longings were flitting across his fancy, Alfred's eyes had been drawn by a strange stirring of leaves close by him. It was as if some errant breeze had become entangled in the delicate branches of a young white birch on the other side of the path; for they were shivering unaccountably in the motionless air. The little tree, which was scarcely taller than a man's shoulder, seemed to be of denser growth than common, and its shape was astonishingly supple and engaging. Alfred wondered that any mere tree could be so lovely; and it occurred to him—so oddly fantastic was his humor—that if it had not been a tree, it would have been a woman, slender and fragile and shy and adorable.

It was at that very moment that a shaft of yellow sunlight shot slantwise through the gloom of the woods and fell full upon the trembling thing—and then Alfred saw that his fancy had been truer than his eyes. It was not a tree.

His dulness surprised him. He marvelled that he could have sat there all that time and imagined that he was looking at a tree. Yet his most poetic imagination could not have entertained so adorable a creature as this.

She had a filmy golden veil over her head which seemed to have entangled the sunlight, and underneath it a shower of marvellous hair fell in soft billowing folds about her shoulders; green hair it was—the tender green of young stems, shot through with the silver green under the birch leaves and the purple green of the woodbine's tendrils. And the soft clinging garment she wore might have been woven from the down of early ferns, still uncoiled in twilight hollows.

Strangely enough, Alfred was not in the least taken aback at what he saw. On the contrary, it was all so perfectly in accord with the poetry and magic of that sweet afternoon hour that he seemed actually to have been awaiting her.

For the space of a few seconds he sat there motionless, gazing at her with a frank admiration which he would have been the first to find reprehensible under ordinary circumstances.

The silence was finally broken by her soft laugh. "Aren't you going to say something?" she rippled.

Alfred had never heard anything like

that rippling voice. It recalled to him the sound of the fountain in the city square at home when he had heard it purl and tinkle gently on a moonlit night; but the fountain had a chilly sound even in the warmest weather, while this lovely voice was full of soft allurements—more like the first waking notes of the wood-thrush, which Alfred had never had a chance to hear.

At her words he had risen abruptly from his mossy seat, letting the book fall unheeded to the ground, and was approaching her with that instinctive deference which had always made ladies glad to trade at the ribbon counter. "Pray excuse me," he murmured, apologetically. "Can I be—" the rest of the sentence died away indistinguishably, for she held out her hand in playful warning.

"Take care," she cautioned. "I am not quite sure that I like you. I'd rather hear you talk a little first."

Alfred looked at the forest lady in something like embarrassment. "I'm afraid I haven't much to say," he replied, conscious again of the gulf that was fixed between the present moment and Lovett & Lovett's. The commonplaces of conversation were clearly impossible, out here in the woods, and even his own pet ideas that he had heretofore considered quite sensible and new dwindled suddenly in his estimation. He felt the curse of the ribbon counter and its dull philosophy upon him.

She returned his embarrassed glance with a smile of dainty raillery, her head a little tilted to one side. He had not noticed her eyes before; they were like clear woodland springs whose dark transparency is only broken by the continual stirring in their depths. Just now they danced with playfulness, and her laugh was as the breaking of a myriad bubbles in the sun.

"Why not tell me about yourself?" she said. "How it is that you have come out here, and why you wear those funny draperies."

Alfred blushed and twitched nervously at the corners of his small brown mustache. He remembered the pride with which he had contemplated that morning his newly creased flannel trousers and pleated negligée shirt. But now he felt the indecency of them.

"And then," she went on, "tell me why you're all alone. You're the very first mortal that ever I saw alone on this path. They always go two and two. Did yours run away with some one else?"

Alfred was true to the best instincts of his sex when he denied it. "I got tired," he explained, toeing the moss in the path, "and—I kind of thought perhaps I could enjoy myself better away from the others."

She laughed understandingly. "They *are* stupid, aren't they!" she agreed. "Why, for all the hundreds of them I've seen go by, I never heard a sensible word yet: it's always the same old thing. I get quite tired of watching."

"You live near here?" asked Alfred.

"Yes, of course," she replied. "Why, I've belonged in these woods for several hundred summers—perhaps more. I don't keep track of time, there's so much of it. Have you a pretty name?"

"Not very," admitted Alfred, shyly, though he had always liked his name till that moment. "It's—I'm afraid it's rather a plain name—more like a label."

"That's too bad," she sighed. "Our names are all so pretty. But I could easily lend you a new one. There are quite a number vacant."

"What?" exclaimed Alfred.

"You see," she went on, simply, "there aren't so many of us as there used to be. It isn't that the woods are gone," she explained, anticipating his humiliation. "We've usually gone before the woods. It's curiosity."

"What?" exclaimed Alfred again.

She reasserted it with a nod. "Yes, we go away to find out about things. We always expect to come back and tell the others; but no one has ever done it. Isn't that strange? Now there was Pantalin, my brother; I often wonder what has become of him. I'll show you where he was going."

She led him a few steps up the path, and leaped airily to the summit of a fern-grown boulder that overhung it. Alfred Small was unaccustomed to boulders.

"Here," she said. "Take my hand. You're all so horribly clumsy."

He grasped it lightly, and forgot to let it go when, an instant later, scarcely knowing how it had come about, he stood beside her. It was a slim brown hand

with curiously elongated fingers that curled confidently about his own as if some shy bird had alighted there.

Through a rift in the trees a bit of landscape was revealed—all its details sharply defined as in a telescope. There lay the city, far distant across brown meadows, the sunlight glinting on its tiered roofs and windows; and in the midst of it rose the tall, ugly chimney of the Iron-Works, apt symbol of the civilization that had given it being.

"It's that queer tall pillar," she explained. "We used to stand here by the hour, Pantalin and I, watching it. We thought it might be an altar, because sometimes there's a great deal of smoke on top of it; but we never could see any priests—perhaps it's too far away for that. And we used to wonder how they could ever get up there to build the fire; and it must be a queer god, we thought, that liked so much horrid black smoke. And so finally Pantalin couldn't stand it any longer, and one night, when the moon rose, he went off, and"—she hesitated—"that's all. But doesn't it seem as if he might come back to tell me?"

Alfred nodded.

"What do you suppose could have happened to him?" she asked, wistfully. "Sometimes I get quite lonely and sad here"—he felt her cool little fingers tighten the least bit on his own; "we used to be so much together, you see, he and I, and I don't seem quite to belong with any of the others—at least not in the same way."

Alfred sighed sympathetically. "I can see how you must miss him," he murmured. "I know it is hard."

He had never seen a creature so sweetly appealing. Her deep eyes peered out at him with such a childlike candor from the shadow of her unbound hair, and on their lower lids shone just the suggestion of a tear. He wanted to put his arms about her, but was not sure that she would let him.

She seemed to catch the tenderness in his voice, however, and to be puzzled by it, for she suddenly withdrew her hand. "Don't be sorry for me," she went on, without a hint of pathos in her tone; "it might be far worse. There's always a little work to be done, you see. This

whole morning, from before sunrise, I was trying to repair that poor woodbine over there that had been flung to the ground with a dead branch. The thing was torn almost beyond recovery; but I think I saved it. And last week I was working at the ferns over on the other side of the slope. And then sometimes, when I get lonely, I creep down toward the lake and watch your funny brothers and sisters. How stupid they are—your people! And how droll and foolish! I never can get over laughing at them.”

Alfred agreed with her. Never had he seen as at that moment the queer figure mortality cut when it came a-picnicking to a grove. The delicious, unutterable absurdity of it—merry-go-rounds, musical railways, swan-boats, lemonade stands—love-making, philandering, jealousies—the whole noisy, irrational pageant fled before his mental vision, and he laughed outright, standing there on the ferny boulder beside the little dryad. It did not seem as if they could ever grow sober again, either of them. Her merriment was as spontaneous and unrestrained as the whirling petals that dance from the apple tree after a May breeze; she threw back her small brown head, and the grove fairly pealed with the infectious music.

The birds heard it and yielded to its influence. Everywhere about them little songs burst forth—here shrill, there subdued, but all instinct with elfish mirth. Oh, the divine mockery of that laughter! Never, surely, since the world was, has poor dull humanity been so tricked out in cap and bells, so bemocked, so bepelted with a hail of delicious mischief, as on that afternoon. Puck was there, most assuredly, though Alfred did not espy him, and Oberon, and Silenus, holding both his sides, and all the company of the gay woodfolk, winged and unwinged, goat-eared, hairy-legged, or tiny enough to swing on a stem of maidenhair.

Suddenly the little creature at his side seized one of his hands with both of hers. “Stay here in the woods with us!” she begged. “It would be easy to manage—very easy—only a visit to the Old One on the other side of the hill. And we should be such good playmates, you and I.”

Alfred felt a thrill of strange life

tingling through his whole body, as if his veins were flowing with something more heady and volatile than blood. It seemed to him that he was no longer the same young man, melancholy and disappointed, who so short a time before had come for peace into the forest solitudes. Here was a whole new world unfurling magically before his eyes: a world free of care as the careless wind itself, and filled with lovely enchantments such as he had not dreamed of since childhood. The stale, uncheerful round of a ribbon-counter career, the tedious economies forced upon him by his meagre salary, the crudeness of boarding-house life, the pangs of despised love—all these he might exchange for this freedom, this light-hearted joy, and for companionship so alluring and irresistible! He looked again into the strange liquid eyes, whose depths seemed always to be stirred by some unimagined emotion—and very slowly he bent down toward the shyly upturned lips.

At that instant the vibrant air grew still, as if all the little wild creatures of the grove had been startled into silence. The hands that clasped his own trembled. “Look,” she whispered. “Some one of your people.”

Alfred turned his eyes down the path, and a chill of terror ran over him. It was Julie. She was alone, walking toward them with downcast eyes and abstracted countenance. Every now and then she would stop and dig the toe of her little boot into the soft moss at the side; and once she stooped to pick a small prince's-pine that grew among some dead leaves.

“Oh!” gasped Alfred. “What'll I do?”

The little brown hands tightened on his. “Don't be afraid. So long as I have hold of you she cannot see us. She will think we are trees.”

Such was apparently the case, for an instant later Julie turned her eyes full upon them without a sign of recognition. Alfred breathed a sigh of relief—which he could not have perfectly explained—and waited for her to pass.

She looked very pretty indeed: he had to confess it to himself, as she bent her head and pinned the waxen white flowers with girlish consciousness against the bright tie she was wearing, trying the

effect first in one spot and then in another. Hardly had she finished, when she came to a startled halt, staring at something beside the path almost at her feet. Then with a cry that was almost a sob she snatched it up.

It was *Lucile*. She opened the front cover and glanced at the name; and then she sat down on the mossy rock against the tree and—yes, she pressed the book to her lips over and over again.

"It's his!" Alfred heard her murmur—"Alfred's."

The little wood-spirit came closer to him, as if conscious that some danger threatened. The wind lifted a wisp of her strange filmy hair and blew it enticingly across his face. He felt the pressure of her shoulder against his heart, which was beating with unaccustomed wildness.

"Isn't she absurd!" whispered the dryad, with a ripple of dainty mockery. "I wish she would go away—quick."

Alfred did not answer. He was undergoing a strange conflict of emotions. He remembered the six dollars and a half in his hip pocket, and how he had economized in order to have it to spend to-day on Julie. In his mind's eye he saw all the familiar places where they had been together: the companionable streets with the bright shop-windows and streaming crowds, the noisy restaurant where they had lunched happily amid the clatter of a thousand dishes, the twenty-five-cent vaudeville where they had heard so many memorable jokes and clever songs—and all his later dreams flooded back upon him now. The snug little flat they might some day share, the graphophone that would render grand opera for them "just as good" as if they were there in the grand tier of the Metropolitan; and always the sure, familiar surroundings, the conveniences and pleasant routine of common life! And Julie! There were tears in her eyes which he knew he ought not to see there. This was her secret: she had not meant to tell him yet; he was meanly spying on her. And yet it was all true—everything that he had hoped for!

"Alfred!"—he heard her murmur the word again, and the yearning in her voice was unmistakable.

Scarcely aware of his own purpose, he

took a half-step forward. As he did so, he felt the trembling of the small hands that held his own. He looked down at his companion. She had turned toward him again, and her wonderful eyes met his. The pupils were contracted as if in terror. She raised her hands suddenly and pressed them to her breast, deep in her soft shimmering hair.

"You won't," she murmured, pleadingly. "Please don't go! Think of the life we'll have—the trees and the sun and the dear wild things. And I'll tell you all the secrets I know, and all day long we can sing and dance together."

In a sort of daze Alfred stood gazing into those birdlike eyes, and once more they seemed to draw him down to them. All the lost adorations of boyhood had awakened in him—the thrill and dream of it; and they were claiming him.

Was it some subliminal intuition of peril that made Julie just at that moment rise pensively to her feet? Her movement attracted Alfred's fascinated glance. He saw her wrap her little white handkerchief about the book; then with a distinctly audible sigh she turned away and began slowly to retrace her steps down the path. It was her victory.

With an impetuosity which was almost violence he freed his hands. "Julie!" he cried. "Julie dear!"

She turned about in startled recognition.

"Wait," he called. "I'm coming."

He had forgotten the steepness and height of the boulder; he slipped, lost his balance, and shot sprawling, with a great crackling of branches, to the path below, where he lay still for an instant, endeavoring to collect his scattered wits. The woods were suddenly noisy all about him. Was it laughter? Was it the mockery of the gay forest-folk at another mortal fool?

Julie ran back to him with a cry of distress and fell on her knees in the path.

"Oh, Alfred, are you hurt?" she cried.

He sat up and shook himself, like an English sparrow after a plunge in the park fountain. "I suppose they're all laughing at me," he observed, rather irrelevantly. "But I don't care—I mean—not if you'll call me Alfred like that again."

At this unexpected remark Julie rose

quickly to her feet. "What a funny thing to say," she laughed, "when you've just fallen off the Christmas tree like that!" But she blushed prettily.

Alfred felt that this was his opportunity. The grove was echoing with the shrill merriment of birds and tree-toads; and the sound made him eager and defiant, reckless of conventions. Springing to his feet, he flung his arms tight about Julie's supple waist and kissed her ardently several times in succession.

"Jule!" he gasped. "I love you. You can't get away."

Her face was rose-colored as she hid it against his shoulder. "I don't know as I want to," she retorted; and then, shyly, "Why didn't you ever do that before, Alfred?"

Some time later she suggested that they had better be going back. "I think we've been foolish enough for one day," she said, trying to give body once more to the crumpled flower on her waist. "Let's make them think we had it all planned this way from the start. Then they can't guy us."

She stooped once more to pick up the volume of poems. It seemed to remind her of what had gone before. She looked at Alfred with intentness.

"What were you doing up there on that big rock, anyway?"

The question stabbed like a two-edged sword. With a guilty start he remem-

bered that Julie had innocently received him right out of the arms of another. He saw clearly that he could never tell her that.

And what matter, anyway? She would not believe him, even if he made the attempt. Believe him!—he could hardly ask any one to do that. The whole adventure was too absurd. He could only half believe it himself. . . . Green hair! . . . Green hair! . . . That was a funny idea of his.

"Why don't you answer me?" persisted Jule, teasingly—"instead of standing there like a goop."

"Do you see that pretty little tree up on top of the boulder?" asked Alfred.

"Sure," said Jule. "The kind you make birch-bark cups out of."

There was a moment's pause. The woods were silent once more. The little birch tree stood out in clear profile against a clump of dark evergreens: anybody could see that it was nothing but a birch tree. Alfred Small had come to himself again.

"Well, what of that?" asked Julie, curiously.

Alfred seemed to be speaking to himself rather than to her. "Pooh!" he muttered. "I must o' been a fool! I'm glad I got back my common sense now."

And with that he kissed her once more. Then they walked down the hill toward the skating-rink.

Blind

BY JOHN B. TABB

A GAIN as in the desert way,
Behold my guides,—a cloud by day,
A flame by night:

For darkness wakens with the morn;
But dreams, of midnight slumber born,
Bring back the light.

Editor's Easy Chair

“ONE of my surprises on Getting Back,” the more or less imaginary interlocutor who had got back from Europe said in his latest visit to the Easy Chair, “is the cheapness of the means of living in New York.”

At this the Easy Chair certainly sat up. “Stay not a moment, Howadji,” we exclaimed, “in removing our deep-seated prepossession that New York is the most expensive place on the planet.”

But instead of instantly complying our friend fell into a smiling muse, from which he broke at last to say: “I have long been touched by the pathos of a fact which I believe is not yet generally known. Do you know yourself, with the searching knowledge which is called feeling it in your bones, that a good many Southerners and Southerly Westerners make this town their summer resort?” We intimated that want of penetrating statistics which we perceived would gratify him, and he went on. “They put up at our hotels which in the ‘anguish of the solstice’ they find invitingly vacant. As soon as they have registered the clerk recognizes them as Colonel or Major, or Judge, but gives them the rooms which no amount of family or social prestige could command in the season, and there they stay, waking each day from unmosquitoed nights to iced-melon mornings, until a greater anguish is telegraphed forward by the Associated Press. Then they turn their keys in their doors, and flit to the neighboring Atlantic or the adjacent Catskills, till the solstice recovers a little, and then they return to their hotel and resume their life in the city, which they have almost to themselves, with its parks and drives and roof-gardens and vaudeville, unelbowed by the three or four millions of natives whom we leave behind us when we go to Europe, or Newport or Bar Harbor, or the Adirondacks. Sometimes they take furnished flats along the Park, and settle into a greater permanency than their

hotel sojourn implies. They get the flats at about half the rent paid by the lessees who sublet them, but I call it pathetic that they should count it joy to come where we should think it misery to stay. Still, everything is comparative, and I suppose they are as reasonably happy in New York as I am in my London lodgings in the London season, where I sometimes stifle in a heat not so pure and clear as that I have fled from.”

“Very well,” we said dryly, “you have established the fact that the Southerners come here for the summer and live in great luxury; but what has that to do with the cheapness of living in New York, which you began by boasting?”

“Ah, I was coming back to that,” the Howadji said, with a glow of inspiration. “I have been imagining, in the relation which you do not see, that New York can be made the inexpensive exile of its own children as it has been made the summer home of those sympathetic Southerners. If I can establish the fact of its potential cheapness, as I think I can, I shall deprive them of some reasons for going abroad, though I’m not sure they will thank me, when the reasons for Europe are growing fewer and fewer. Culture can now be acquired almost as advantageously here as there. Except for the ‘monuments,’ in which we include all the ancient and modern masterpieces in the several arts, we have no excuse for going to Europe, and even in these masterpieces Europe is coming to us so increasingly in every manner of reproduction that we allege the monuments almost in vain. The very ruins of the past are now so accurately copied in various sorts of portable plasticity that we may know them here with nearly the same emotion as on their own ground. The education of their daughters which once availed with mothers willing to sacrifice themselves and their husbands to the common good, no longer avails. The daughters know the far better time they will have at home,

and refuse to go, as far as daughters may, and in our civilization this, you know, is very far. But it was always held a prime reason and convincing argument that Dresden, Berlin, Paris, Rome, and even London were so much cheaper than New York that it was a waste of money to stay at home."

"Well, wasn't it?" we impatiently demanded.

"I will not say, for I needn't, as yet. There were always at the same time philosophers who contended that if we lived in those capitals as we lived at home, they would be dearer than New York. But what is really relevant is the question whether New York isn't cheaper now."

"We thought it had got past a question with you. We thought you began by saying that New York is cheaper."

"I can't believe I was so crude," the Howadji returned, with a fine annoyance. "That is the conclusion you have characteristically jumped to without looking before you leap. I was going to approach the fact much more delicately, and I don't know but what by your haste you have shattered my ideal of the conditions. But I'll own that the great stumbling-block to my belief that the means of living in New York are cheaper than in the European capitals is that the house rents here are so incomparably higher than they are there. But I must distinguish and say that I mean flat-rents, for, oddly enough, flats are much dearer than houses. You can get a very pretty little house, in a fair quarter, with plenty of light and a good deal of sun, for two-thirds and sometimes one-half what you must pay for a flat with the same number of rooms, mostly dark or dim, and almost never sunny. Of course a house is more expensive and more difficult to 'run,' but even with the cost of the greater service and of the furnace heat the rent does not reach that of a far less wholesome and commodious flat. There is one thing to be said in favor of a flat, however, and that is the women are in favor of it. The feminine instinct is averse to stairs; the sex likes to be safely housed against burglars, and when it must be left alone, it desires the security of neighbors, however strange the neighbors may be; it likes the authority of a janitor,

the society of an elevator-boy. It hates a lower door, an area, an ash-barrel, and a back yard. But if it were willing to confront all these inconveniences, it is intimately, it is osseously, convinced that a house is not cheaper than a flat. As a matter of fact, neither a house nor a flat is cheap enough in New York to bear me out in my theory that New York is no more expensive than those Old World cities. To aid efficiently in my support I must invoke the prices of provisions, which I find, by inquiry at several markets on the better avenues, have reverted to the genial level of the earlier nineteen-hundreds, before the cattle combined with the trusts to send them up. I won't prosily rehearse the quotations of beef, mutton, pork, poultry, and fish; they can be had at any dealer's on demand; and they will be found less, on the whole, than in London, less than in Paris, less even than in Rome. They are greater no doubt than the prices in our large Western cities, but they are twenty per cent. less than the prices in Boston, and in the New England towns which hang upon Boston's favor for their marketing. I do not know how or why it is that while we wicked New-Yorkers pay twenty-five cents for our beefsteak, these righteous Bostonians should have to pay thirty, for the same cut and quality. Here I give twenty-eight a pound for my Java coffee; in the summer I live near an otherwise delightful New Hampshire town where I must give thirty-eight. It is strange that the siftings of three kingdoms, as the Rev. Mr. Higginson called his fellow Puritans, should have come in their great-grandchildren to a harder fate in this than the bran and shorts and middlings of such harvestings as the fields of Ireland and Italy, of Holland and Hungary, of Poland and Transylvania and Muscovy afford. Perhaps it is because those siftings have run to such a low percentage of the whole New England population that they must suffer, along with the refuse of the mills—the Mills of the Gods—abounding in our city and its dependencies. .

"I don't know how much our house-keepers note the fall of the prices in their monthly bills, but in browsing about for my meals, as I rather like to

do, I distinctly see it in the restaurant rates. I don't mean the restaurants to which the rich or reckless resort, but those modester places which consult the means of the careful middle class to which I belong. As you know, I live ostensibly at the Hotel Universe. I have a room there, and that is my address—"

"We know," we derisively murmured. "So few of our visitors can afford it."

"I can't afford it myself," our friend said. "But I save a little by breakfasting there, and lunching and dining elsewhere. Or I did till the eggs got so bad that I had to go out for my breakfast, too. Now I get perfect eggs, of the day before, for half the price that the extortionate hens laying for the Universe exact for their last week's product. At a very good Broadway hotel, which simple strangers from Europe think first class, I get a 'combination' breakfast of fresh eggs, fresh butter, and fresh rolls, with a pot of blameless Souchong or Ceylon tea, for thirty cents; if I plunge to the extent of a baked apple, I pay thirty-five. Do you remember what you last paid in Paris or Rome for coffee, rolls, and butter?"

"A franc fifty," we remembered.

"And in London for the same, with eggs you paid one and six, didn't you?"

"Very likely," we assented.

"Well, then, you begin to see. There are several good restaurants quite near that good hotel where I get the same combination breakfast for the same price; and if I go to one of those shining halls which you find in a score of places, up and down Broadway and the side streets, I get it for twenty-five cents. But though those shining halls glare at you with roofs and walls of stainless tile and glass and tables of polished marble, their bill of fare is so inflexibly adjusted to the general demand that I cannot get Souchong or Ceylon tea for any money; I can only get Oolong; otherwise I must take a cup of their excellent coffee. If I wander from my wonted breakfast, I can get almost anything in the old American range of dishes for five or ten cents a portion, and the quality and quantity are both all I can ask. As I have learned upon inquiry, the great basal virtues of these places are good eggs and good butter: I like to cut from the thick slice of

butter under the perfect cube of ice, better than to have my butter pawed into balls or cut into shavings, as they serve your butter in Europe. But I prefer having a small table to myself, with my hat and overcoat vis-à-vis on the chair opposite, as I have it at that good hotel. In those shining halls I am elbowed by three others at my polished marble table; but if there were more room I should never object to the company. It is the good, kind, cleanly, comely American average, which is the best company in the world, with a more than occasional fine head, and faces delicately sculptured by thought and study. I address myself fearlessly to the old and young of my own sex, without ever a snub such as I might get from the self-respectful maids or matrons who resort to the shining halls, severally or collectively, if I ventured upon the same freedom with them. I must say that my commensals lunch or dine as wisely as I do for the most part, but sometimes I have had to make my tacit criticisms; and I am glad that I forbore one night with a friendly young man at my elbow, who had just got his order of butter-cakes—"

"Butter-cakes?" we queried.

"That is what they call a rich, round, tumid product of the griddle, which they serve very hot, and open to close again upon a large lump of butter. For two of those cakes and his coffee my unknown friend paid fifteen cents, and made a supper, after which I should not have needed to break my fast the next morning. But he fearlessly consumed it, and while he ate he confided that he was of a minor clerical employ in one of the great hotels near by, and when I praised our shining hall and its guests he laughed and said he came regularly, and he always saw people there who were registered at his hotel: they found it good and they found it cheap. I suppose you know that New York abounds in tables d'hôte of a cheapness unapproached in the European capitals?"

We said we had heard so; at the same time we tried to look as if we always dined somewhere in society, but Heaven knows whether we succeeded.

"The combination breakfast is a form of table d'hôte; and at a very attractive restaurant in a good place I have seen

such a breakfast—fruit, cereal, eggs, rolls, and coffee—offered for fifteen cents. I have never tried it, not because I had not the courage, but because I thought thirty cents cheap enough; those who do not I should still hold worthy of esteem if they ate the fifteen-cent breakfast. I have also seen placarded a ‘business men’s lunch’ for fifteen cents, which also I have not tried; I am not a business man. I make bold to say, however, that I often go for my lunch or my dinner to a certain Italian place on a good avenue, which I will not locate more definitely lest you should think me a partner of the enterprise, for fifty and sixty cents, ‘*vino compreso*.’ The material is excellent, and the treatment is artistic; the company of a simple and self-respectful domesticity which I think it an honor to be part of: fathers and mothers of families, aunts, cousins, uncles, grandparents. I do not deny a Merry Widow hat here and there, but the face under it, though often fair and young, is not a Merry Widow face. Those people all look as kind and harmless as the circle which I used to frequent farther downtown at a fifty-cent French table d’hôte, but with a bouillabaisse added which I should not, but for my actual experiences, have expected to buy for any money. But there are plenty of Italian and French tables d’hôte for the same price all over town. If you venture outside of the Latin race, you pay dearer and you fare worse, unless you go to those shining halls which I have been praising. If you go to a German place, you get grosser dishes and uncouth manners for more money; I do not know why that amiable race should be so dear and rude in its feeding-places, but that is my experience.”

“You wander, you wander!” we exclaimed. “Why should we care for your impressions of German cooking and waiting, unless they go to prove or disprove that living in New York is cheaper than in the European capitals?”

“Perhaps I was going to say that even those Germans are not so dear as they are in the fatherland, though rude. They do not tend much if at all to tables d’hôte, but the Italians and the French

who do serve you a better meal for a lower price than you would get in Paris, or Rome, or Naples. There the prevalent ideal is five francs, with neither wine nor coffee included. I’ll allow that the cheap table d’hôte is mainly the affair of single men and women, and does not merit the consideration I’ve given it. If it helps a young couple to do with one maid, or with none, instead of two, it makes for cheapness of living. Service is costly and it is greedy, and except in large households its diet is the same as the family’s, so that anything which reduces it is a great saving. But the table d’hôte which is cheap for one or two is not cheap for more, and it is not available if there are children. Housing and raw-provisioning and serving are the main questions, and in Europe the first and last are apparently much less expensive. Marketing is undoubtedly cheaper with us, and if you count in what you get with the newness, the wholesomeness, and handiness of an American flat, the rent is not so much greater than that of a European flat, with its elementary bareness. You could not, here, unless you descended from the apartment to the tenement, hire any quarter where you would not be supplied with hot and cold water, with steam heating, with a bathroom, and all the rest of it.”


“But,” we said, “you are showing that we are more comfortably housed than the Europeans, when you should be treating the fact of relative cheapness.”

“I was coming to that even in the matter of housing—”

“It is too late to come to it in this number. You have now talked three thousand words, and that is the limit. You must be silent for at least another month.”

“But if I have something important to say at this juncture? If I may not care to recur to the subject a month hence? If I may have returned to Europe by that time?”

“Then you can the better verify your statistics. But the rule in this place is inflexible. Four pages, neither more nor less. The wisdom of Solomon would be blue-pencilled if it ran to more.”



Editor's Study

AT this time, when the world is celebrating the semi-centennial anniversary of the first publication of the Darwinian disclosure, it may not seem amiss, even after all that has been said upon the subject in the Study, if we again pay our respects to that remarkable half-century and point out certain general aspects characteristic of our ultra-modern life and distinguishing it from the life of earlier periods.

Why do we use the term "psychical" as especially pertinent to the era in which we live? Has not the whole human procedure, and indeed the whole cosmic procedure, considered as the implication of a supreme intelligence, been psychical from the beginning? So, we admit, the Greek used the term *psyche* as indicating the soul of the world as well as the human soul. But originally and generally he used it to designate the human soul. Moreover, he gave it a certain exaltation and transcendency, especially associating it with intelligence rather than with physiological functioning. We are pleased to follow him in this, and also to remember that he gave the same name to the soul that he gave to the butterfly, thus dissociating it from what is mortal and accidental, attributing to it a further distinction as of something that escapes its chrysalis form. The butterfly thus became an emblem of immortality, but we may here regard the transformation as that ever-recurring new emergence of the human soul in a series of renaissances marking the successive epochs of its evolution.

The latest of these renaissances, synchronous with our dawning sense of evolution itself, we regard as the opening of a psychical era distinct from all that had preceded it because it shows the human spirit in a new attitude toward life and the world—one which it had never before firmly taken, one from which it can never be shaken. It is an ultimate emancipation of the soul from

every impeding integument of its old chrysalis. We are not superior to those of former times, but just as science means more to us than it meant to them, and something quite different, so does life, and humanity itself.

Always that question confronts us which the Westminster Assembly put first in its Catechism—What is the chief end of man? And the answer which the Assembly framed to it had a sublimity which has only been more fully disclosed in the interpretation of every succeeding generation. Surely it is the chief end of man to see the Highest, to glorify that, and in that forever to find his enjoyment. But that which we should most exalt is not therefore the most remote; it is rather the most intimate, the most native and akin, brought home to us in a clear vision of its reality. All the achievements of progress, breaking up the old provincialism, and thus permitting the free development of a new sensibility to truth in the world about us and in life, have no meaning but in their relation to this clear vision of our psychical kinship, heritage, and destiny.

Our progress has brought us face to face with realities that transcend its methods and results—a heaven above them, in which the modern Psyche has free disport. She no longer struggles in the bonds and obligations of the old chrysalis state. With her wings has come ease of flight—at once quickness and waiting, which were only partially realized in her old Hellenic flutterings.

Thus it is that our modern leisure is so different from that of former times, not a season either of plodding or of hustling, but of quick and waiting thought.

The leisure of barbarians is, like their life, wholly open to observation; and this visibly embodied, enacted, and spectacular leisure was also a prominent feature of ancient and medieval civilizations. Leisure was associated with action, mainly an out-of-door affair. How little of

the lives of men until a comparatively late period of human civilization do we associate with the home, which for the modern man shelters not only his intimacies, but his deepest intellectual satisfactions! There is in this modern sequestration something more than domesticity—the man is at home with himself; a new realm is open to him for faculty and vision and for the satisfaction of a disinterested curiosity.

In Nature we are sensible of values which we cannot define with reference to any objects for which they may be logically supposed to exist. The human soul responds to these charms of color and tone and fragrance, of rhythmic movement and exquisite shapes, and, finding in them an enchantment as spontaneous as it is inexplicable, regards them as more native to Nature than her uses, as haunting intimations of the creative Spirit and its essential quality—its bounty, grace, and beauty. This quality is native to the human spirit also, and is the creative source of those values of life which are the spontaneous and essential expression of that spirit. It is at the fountain or it would not be apparent in the stream; it is inherent in human faculty and sensibility—the spring of their first quickening impulse and, in successive eras, of their renaissances.

Our estimate of any civilization, as a fulfilment of human destiny, an expression of the human soul, is based upon these creative values. Our only concern with acquired values is in their relation to the creative, simply as permissive conditions to the emergence of new variations of the psychical life, of which art, literature, and religion are, more or less intimately, concurrent manifestations. Always the quality of life is referable not to definite outward goals, but to its sources in the human spirit, and is expressed in terms of humanity and only partially in terms of improvement and efficiency. It is newness of life rather than its betterment, materially, mentally, or even, in the formal sense, morally, since all these forms of excellence are relative and incidental to a quality of life which they cannot positively express.

Psychical values of life and art are not the same for Homer as for Soph-

ocles, for Dante as for Wordsworth. Equally distinct, as of separate orders, is the philosophical vision of Pythagoras from that of Plato, of Epicurus from that of Hegel, of Coleridge from that of Herbert Spencer or of William James. In every field of imagination and imaginative interpretation we note in historic succession the emergence of new horizons, because of evolutionary variations in imaginative sensibility itself.

Emancipation from the closed circles of Nature marked the first dawn of humanity, the awakening of faith and romance, in an open, though bewildering, world. Whatever the refraction of truth, however besetting the illusions, the soul's devious pilgrimage was begun. Curiosity was born, itself to suffer transformation from its first rude inquisition, to a disinterested but not less passionate quest of truth. Strangeness and remoteness in the visible and in the invisible world—for even the old gods were alien and afar—had at least the value of distance, giving immense leverage to the imagination, projection and detachment to art, zest for romance and adventure. Faith, romance, and the quest for truth found expression in images and symbols and mythical embodiments. There were many shrines and many pilgrimages. Outward uniformity prevailed, the many uniting in the one ritual, procession, or festival, witnessing together dramatic performances, and listening together to recitations from the poets. Life was in the open; very little of the life of the soul as segregate and individual was explicitly manifest in the ancient order, save in a few examples, as eminent as they were rare, in the ripest periods of Greek and Roman civilizations.

But in the whole course of development there were psychical transformations, renewals, through creative selection, of human sensibility and ideals; every renaissance evolutionary, though concurrent with some striking moment of progress. We note these transformations in Hellenic more than in Roman culture, and in the Hellenic as, later, dominant in the Roman, because of its greater plasticity. Roman energy was quite entirely exhausted in structural organization, but this immense progressive achievement turned out to be

the permissive condition of Christendom. The organization of Christianity into a vast ecclesiastical system, after the imperial model, continued the old spectacular scheme of human life until long after the revival of learning which we call the Renaissance. Indeed, that which we designate as *par eminence* the Renaissance was not itself a psychical renaissance; the sum of things which enter into its definition constitute it, in the line of progress, merely a permissive condition to the real evolutionary renaissance which was to come—the awakening of the human spirit to a comparatively individualistic independence through the emergence of modern nationalities. The so-called Renaissance was the inevitable result of cosmopolitan tendencies, nourished by Catholicism in crusades and pilgrimages and the complex system of medieval world-politics. These tendencies had to be resisted in the interests of nascent nationalism, and such resistance was shown in the tenacity with which every European people, even the Italian, maintained or revived and developed its own vernacular in opposition to the Latin tongue.

Nevertheless the medieval cosmopolitanism was an indispensable condition to the new order of human development, as the Renaissance was essential to modern culture. What Rome had to bequeath to the world was already operative in administrative organization and in jurisprudence; the Renaissance opened up to western Europe the treasures of Greek art and literature—elements of more plastic value, æsthetically and psychically stimulating, and naturally blending with the faith and imagination of Christian peoples.

As the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries witnessed the development of European nationalities, so the eighteenth and nineteenth—when the middle classes were no longer merely secondary participants in the movements of the world, in its impressive pageantry, and in its expanding culture, but had gained the initiative as primary factors in the organization of a new order of humanity—witnessed the emergence of individualism, not for a few, but for the many, not even for the specially educated, but for all the souls that had been awakened

to a new sense of their original and creative powers—a new sense of life for each individual as apart from, and not merely as a part of, the collective life. That conformity which had been the conspicuous feature of what was in the main a spectacular scheme of life, however persistently it was maintained in “society,” was, in the psychical world, broken forever.

Thus has emerged that ultra-modern world in life and literature, a distinctively psychical era in which Nature and its own humanity have been restored to the human soul.

In our review of psychical evolution we have seen that every advance in progress, in outward organization, has permitted the realization of some new and hitherto unsuspected possibilities of the human spirit. Probably the first manifest mastery of natural forces and elements thus led to man's original awakening from primitive naturalism. Succeeding renaissances connote for us the culminating eras of human civilizations along the line of progress. Genius, in the individual and in a race, is plastic, and structural achievement affords the opportunity for its creative manifestations. The structural exists for the plastic, which in turn crowns it with the beauty and glory that alone make it memorable.

The present age, in which material progress and the organization of all available forces have a scope never hitherto attained, should therefore be, as it is, an unprecedented psychical epoch. The outward hurry and stress of activity has its polar opposition in a higher order of leisure than that of any former period, in a quicker and more waiting thought, a deeper and calmer faith, and a more engaging romance, beyond the dreams of chivalry. The most profound, fertile, and pervasive individualism, co-extensive with a broad and general culture of the mind and heart, is concurrent with the development of the most complex material and social organization. This could not be the case if outward organization itself had not, in the new order, been transformed, if it were not broadly human, and if its acquired efficiencies in ethical conduct, in educational enlightenment, and in civic and industrial eco-

nomics, were not worthy of spiritual adoption. But all these manifest excellences are, at their best, but the conditions, not the ends, of our psychical life. The creative values in life, art, and literature are, in their immediate origin, associated not with structural organization, but with our plastic human natures.

The transformation of these natures has come through the leavening of two thousand years, because the very essence of Christianity was its insistence upon new birth, upon the renewal of humanity, the gospel presenting an embodiment of this creative principle in a singular human personality—ultimate in a line of prophets who from the beginning had antagonized institutional development of every kind, including priesthood and even the organization of nationality, thus emphasizing a radical plasticity. The kingdom proclaimed by this crownless king is one that comes without observation. Every circumstance, and notably the lack of any outwardly majestic circumstance, caused this personality to shine forth as the Light of the World—the type of the psychical life, to be realized when the world should grow up to the stature of his humanity.

Therefore it is that what is most intimate to the psychical life of this ultra-modern era has the least semblance of organization in its unseen growth and in its spontaneous manifestation at critical moments. Institutions are for man, not man for institutions. Our culture is Christian because it is the culture of the human soul and holds to real and purely human meanings.

Organization in evolutionary procedure is as unlike that which is the result of conscious human volition and endeavor as a plant is unlike a machine. In the physical world it is visible, in the psychical world it is invisible. Its distinction is that it is a birth and a growth—a genetic process. In the earlier stages of human evolution we note some immediate outward embodiment of the unseen creative impulse—in choric and lyrical manifestations, constituting a ritual or a rude but spontaneous drama; in mythic fable, and in statues and temples. Later the impulse broods and waits, not at once visibly manifest, but

growing, unseen, as in a prolonged period of gestation, before the giant things to come at large in their due time suddenly appear, and we have our first knowledge of the waiting reality and of its significance in the course of our human destiny. In an era of free and pervasive individualism, like our own, this invisible waiting is a notably characteristic feature. It seems to involve a subtle *rapprochement* between the minds of many individuals, as if there existed some hidden human association—unlike and displacing the outward aggregations of humanity, in open parade, so manifest in the older order—effecting remarkable changes in the general sensibility. The results are surprises like that occasioned by a certain recent debate in the German Reichstag, the like of which could not have occurred five years ago. We say the surprises are like that event, but in the purely psychical field they are far more wonderful, though not usually so definitely appreciable.

How much of hoped-for transformations in human sympathies and sentiments and ideals is now really committed to that almost subliminal and wholly plastic field of associative evolution! And the most hopeful feature of this secret operation is its immediate reflection in outward organizations, those simply humane or those promoting the higher humanities. Indeed, the time has come when we need no longer fear ecclesiastic limitations of the Gospel, mechanical impediments to the broad and free expression of charity in charitable organizations, or the exclusion of inspirational culture in systematic education. Almost, too, we are persuaded that the participation of women in civic administration will not mar or suppress those plastic values of womanhood which have been most latently, and therefore most potently, creative of a new humanity.

The intimate accords with the subtle forces of Nature which we have availed of in even mechanical contrivances—as in the operation of the dynamo and in wireless telegraphy—are significant symbols of that more intimate accord in the unseen association of human souls, operating by creative selection in this new era of psychical evolution.

Editor's Drawer

Jul'Yann

BY CLARA BELLINGER GREEN

JUL'YANN—home version of Julia Ann—sat out in the front yard in her white dress, in the parlor rocking-chair, reading.

This may not appear a circumstance worth mentioning; but to Jul'Yann it was an event—an event, too, with an element of triumph in it, for it marked the end of a long-cherished and carefully contrived scheme.

It all began on a morning when Jul'Yann, running, head on, to the post-office for the semi-weekly *Tribune* and the always possible though unlikely letter, came plump upon a surprising spectacle—a beautiful young lady, dressed in white, sitting under the big walnut-tree in the Trobridges' front yard, engaged in reading a book.

This was so novel, so fascinating a picture, that Jul'Yann came to an abrupt halt, and, forgetting her manners, gave the stranger a straight, frankly amazed, and protracted stare. Its recipient, courteously ignoring this survey for a few moments, raised her eyes presently and returned it with one not open-mouthed but displaying some interest and also some amusement. Recalled to the proprieties, Jul'Yann politely, but reluctantly, moved on. She had scarcely left the vision in the rear, however, when, throwing decorum to the winds, she turned resolutely about, and walking backward at snail's pace, drank in the scene, with all five senses apparently pressed into service, until tree, yard, book, and lady had vanished from view.

But the picture had taken effect, and dwelt in her imagination: something in it had appealed to an undevel-

oped and unsuspected self, which, defined, would have been called the æsthetic sense doubtless; and from that morning to sit in the front yard, all in white, reading a book, appeared to her a joy as unspeakable as it was remote.

It was not that there was no front yard or tree or book or white dress at her home; all these things existed, but in a detached state, so to say. It was the combination which was non-existent; and to make this combination unaided was, to say the least, unpracticable. For Jul'Yann's "folks" were not in the habit of sitting out in the front yard reading; moreover, they would view such a proceeding with amazement and



FORGETTING HER MANNERS SHE GAVE THE STRANGER AN AMAZED STARE

certain ridicule. When they were out-of-doors they were doing something or going somewhere. Her father did, now and then, eat his bowl of bread and milk out on the back porch, and she had known her Aunt Adelaide to take a pan of pease in the front yard to shell. But this was that she might give a pert response to Amasa Trobridge's "How d'y?" when he drove by on the farm wagon. Needless to say, she was not gowned in white—which was worn only on Sundays or at Sunday-school picnics, and then always, whatever the weather—nor did she employ a chair. She plumped down on the ground tailor fashion, or with her feet stretched out before her. Clearly Aunt Adelaide's way of sitting out in the front yard did not fill the requirements.

No doubt to deliberately fly in the face of precedent by using out-of-doors for the mere purpose of sitting out in was unfeasible—not to be attempted, indeed, unless the family should take it into their heads some day to vacate the premises simultaneously and leave the field to her. She had never known such a thing to happen, but it might. And this conceded, all would be comparatively plain sailing, she found, after prospecting the ground of operations that afternoon.

True, the tree left something to be desired. It would serve in lieu of better, but it lacked the cozy aspect of the Trobridges' tree. It was a tall, gaunt pine, with an elongated stem, which, when the sun was not in its meridian, cast a shadow some distance off in a quite formal way, so that to sit in its shade was not always to sit under the tree. Jul'Yann felt the pine's delinquencies keenly, but it was all she had, and it was not so considerable a matter as to outrage custom by sitting under it. She felt dimly, though she could not have put it into words, that had Nature provided them with a more cordial tree, they might, as a family, have been more amiably disposed toward it.

Next to be considered was the book. Jul'Yann's was not what might be called a reading family—a fact partly due to dearth of reading-matter—these were before the days of the local libraries; for the semi-weekly *Tribune* was read aloud daily, from first page to last, in the evening or the leisurely half-hour after the mid-day meal, and when the Christmas season chanced to leave a book behind it there was general rejoicing. But to deliberately take good money and purchase a book was not to be thought of. What books the house afforded lay on the parlor table—heavy literature in weight and quality, which Jul'Yann never opened except under compulsion. One was distinctly linked with punishment in her mind, it having been her mother's practice to place it in her hands as a penance when correction was needful. It bore the mark now of her last wearisome stint. It was a ponderous volume, with abnormally long, finely printed pages, bearing the title, *Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land*. Jul'Yann

rather reluctantly chose this as, at least, the one best known of the lot.

Details arranged, she folded her hands and kept her eyes open.

The chance came at last. A neighborhood party was on foot, for which Aunt Adelaide was to have a new blue muslin dress.

"Got to hitch up and go to Sparty," said Jul'Yann's father, rubbing his hands together in a way indicative of no special distaste for the trip.

"Trading" days were, in fact, excursion days in the family—an instance where business might consistently be joined with pleasure. Like most farmers, Jul'Yann's father never separated himself from his horses or his purse; and since the former must be taken from the field, and it never occurred to him to turn the latter over to the "women-folks," he was naturally always one of the party.

Jul'Yann heard the announcement with conflicting feelings. These "trading" expeditions to Sparta were among the joys of her life—enforced holidays in which the whole family revelled; when the head of the house quits work and takes a play-day, there is sport! But here was her opportunity—and when would its like be offered again?

It seemed to Jul'Yann as though the "griddles" would never be baked and out of the way on that momentous morning. Not that they were her task—she, in a normal state, was one of the largest consumers. It was her mother who must bake the "griddles"—fine, flaky, delicate concoctions which could be brought to the perfect finish demanded by her pampered family only by her hands. Those, indeed, who know only the thick, mammoth griddle-cakes of the professional cook have no conception of what they can be at their finest.

"Griddles stick to the ribs," is the farmer's creed, and Jul'Yann's mother never begrudged time or labor to satisfy the expansive appetites waiting on her motions. Summer or winter they formed the best part of the morning meal—buckwheat in its season; wheat or Indian meal—the sweet, old-fashioned grist which required sifting—in summer; and no breakfast was considered orthodox which did not—after those accompanied by home-made sausage, smoked ham, or salt pork had disappeared—top off with a considerable "pile" eaten with the delicious maple syrup from their own sugar-bush. It was surprising how many of these delectable articles Jul'Yann could put away of a morning. She commonly cut hers down through the "pile" into appropriate—perhaps inappropriate—sized mouthfuls, while her father, her gastronomical rival, despatched his, one at a time, exactly folded into a nice shape, and stuck through with a fork just as he stuck a pitchfork into a bunch of hay to toss it up through the little square door in the hay-loft.

But this morning Jul'Yann found it a difficult matter to get through the meal

with any credit at all, and she was left far in the rear in the "griddle" race.

"Why, Jul'Yann, what ails you? You don't want to go to Sparty—and now you ain't eatin' your griddles!" came, with real concern, from the hot-faced woman bending over the stove. Brought to bay, Jul'Yann explained, after some reflection, that this was due to anxiety lest she should delay the party—which was not wholly fabrication, since she was trembling with eagerness to get at her own operations.

"My! If that's all 'tis, you just go ahead an' eat," said the believer in griddles. "'F it comes to that, we don't need to go to Sparty till afternoon."

And this, to Jul'Yann's dismay, was how it turned out; for an exigency arose in the shape of some fine ironing, that the ladies might present a creditable appearance in Sparta. And when they drove off, some time after the midday meal, they left the dishes for Jul'Yann to wash.

This was heart-breaking, but she did it, precipitately, but without question; for these were days when children obeyed their parents, not parents their children.

So here she sat at last, tired, flushed, and not wholly happy. Her dream had come to pass, yet she was not satisfied; she felt stiff and uncomfortable,—not at all like a beautiful young lady. To begin with, the afternoon sun threw the pine's shadow down by the fence, which did make her rather obvious, although there was no one by to see. This sitting out-of-doors was an experiment, and a more retired position would, no doubt, have been preferable. Then, having rid herself of all society and made a picture of herself, she felt not only conscious, but lonely. For the life of her she could not keep her thoughts pinned to Egypt, Arabia Petrea, or the Holy Land; they would travel to Sparta, where she knew all sorts of delightful things were going on. The hours began to stretch out interminably. And she had surely never noticed before that afternoons were so still!

She had just been surprised by a yawn, when a shrill and merry whistle broke the stillness. Jul'Yann pulled herself together and bent her eyes firmly on *Egypt*. A farm wagon, empty save for a barefooted lad of

twelve, clattered furiously down the road to the accompaniment of slapping reins, and came to a halt alongside the picture in the front yard, in response to a boyish "Whoa!"

Jul'Yann could feel the astonished eyes on her face, though her own remained on the book.

"Hello!" There was no reply.

"Hello! What you doin'?" Still silence.

"Where's your folks?" The reader made no sign.

"Is they a picnic?" This, with rising resentment of voice, at a fancied slight.

"Say! what you doin'?"

"Can't you see?" came at last, in strident but extremely distant tones.

"Left me specs to hum!"—which derisive reply was followed by a volley of hoots and howls designed to express the sardonic mirth of a small boy who finds himself master of a big situation. This was kept up so long and with such relish that Jul'Yann, whose face had become very red, jumped up, wrathfully, and letting Egypt and Co. fall to earth, leaned far over the fence and made a face at him. It was a very ugly face, and a prolonged one, but it only occasioned redoubled jeers; and she was in the midst of it, when, hearing a step, she turned to face the laughing eyes of the beautiful young lady.

"How do you do, little girl?"

No one can blame Jul'Yann for being rattled; she had made an exhibition of herself before her idol; and she was unversed in social dilemmas. She appeared about to go to pieces.

"I—I—s'pose I'm—pretty well," she answered, literally. Then words deserted her completely, and she stood in abject embarrassment, while the beautiful young lady, talking volubly, invited herself in, and seated herself in the parlor rocking-chair.

Somewhat restored to confidence, Jul'Yann took her place on the grass beside her, then sprang up again in a hurry! She might get grass green on her gown. But she resumed her place as hurriedly, reflecting that she didn't care if she did! This was an unusual occasion—and there was nowhere else to sit!

"What a pleasant place!" said the beautiful young lady, viewing the wooded hills beyond. Jul'Yann had never noticed the



SITTING OUT OF DOORS WAS AN EXPERIMENT

hills nor heard them mentioned, but she replied, complacently:

"Yes'm," and then gaining courage, volunteered, "Our folks usually sit out here afternoons."

This was untrue, of course, and, like most polite lies, fooled no one, but it had the virtue of being artistic. For it seemed needed to complete the situation, which had all at once become the joyous one it promised: the picture had become a living one.

"What are you reading?" politely inquired the visitor, picking *Egypt* off the ground and turning over the leaves in some surprise. "Do you like books of this sort?"

"Yes'm," lied Jul'Yann.

"What is it about?"

"Oh, A-rabs — and camels — and backshish."

"Don't you like story-books better than this?"

"No'm." Jul'Yann answered, stanch to the literature of her house.

"Wouldn't you like a story about little boys and girls, instead of Arabs and camels and backshish?"

"Yes'm," Jul'Yann admitted, at length. She seemed to have dismissed her ordinary intelligence until her visitor should be out of the way.

They were chatting thus, when Jul'Yann, chancing to glance up the road, saw a fa-

miliar team trotting over the brow of a distant hill.

"My! Oh my!" she cried in a panic. "I've got to go in! Quick! Get out of that chair!" And seizing it unceremoniously, she yanked it across the yard and into the house, tearing back again for the book and, incidentally, to speed her parting guest. But the guest, not being wholly devoid of intuition, had divined that her call was inopportune and was speeding her own departing. Jul'Yann saw her some distance on her way with a passing pang. But she had no time to waste in regrets. There was a proposition still before her—to get out of that white gown and into her blue gingham before that fast-trotting team should deposit its load. She was tugging at the last button with trembling fingers when they arrived.

"Jul'Yann? Jul'Yann?" the first call with the rising inflection and the last with the falling, came up the stairs and into her room. Her cheeks were aflame and her breath short as she trotted down.

Undoubtedly there is such a thing as luck. When she opened the door a clang of excited voices fell on her ear, and tremor and misgiving vanished before the glories of Aunt Adelaide's new gown, which, already unrolled, lay out in folds and folds of azure wonder on the sitting-room lounge.



THE THIN ONE. "Say, your dog bit me! He's not mad, is he?"
THE FAT ONE. "No; only disappointed."



Expecting a Couple to drop in for Dinner

Fortified

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

LITTLE dear-heart, tiny wanderer—
Wide blue eyes that search clean through one—
Little tender-fisted sunderer
Of my old world and my new one,
Whence the sunbeam warm that dances
In those mirthful baby glances?

Though that other world endowed thee
With a soul of crystal clearness,
This dull earth will soon have cowed thee
By its mortal burden's nearness;
Who am I to give thee training
To withstand a life's explaining?

Even now I see an answer
In the little arms upflinging;
In thy dimples, wee entrancer,
And thy blithesome, wordless singing.
Love and gentleness and joying
May withstand old Earth's annoying.

Though this life's thick fogs be clouding
Recollections of some other,
May no mist-bank e'er come crowding
'Twixt thee, wee one, and thy mother.
Hers the gifts for thy preserving;
Mine the chance to share in serving!



The Hair and the Tortoise

Not Worth Listening To

A VIRGINIA lawyer tells of a prominent jurist in that State who, while yet a very young man, was made judge of an Eastern circuit court. Before his appointment the jurist had led a quiet, studious life, and had attained no extended reputation except among lawyers.

Shortly after his rise to the bench, the judge had occasion to pronounce a life sentence upon a notorious offender. In the course of his remarks the judge spoke with so much feeling and eloquence that many of the listeners were deeply affected. The prisoner, on the other hand, seemed to be quite indifferent, looking at the ceiling and apparently giving no attention whatever to what was being said.

After he had been remanded to jail one of the young lawyers had gone into the cell, curious to know how the criminal had felt when his Honor was passing sentence upon him.

"What do you mean?" asked the convicted one.

"I mean when the judge was telling you you must go to prison for life."

"You mean when he was talking to me?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I never paid no attention to Dick Coleman; *he* ain't no public speaker no-how!"

A False Alarm

A PROMINENT Western attorney related the following story recently at a dinner in Washington:

"At the end of the first act of a drama that I attended in New York City a short time ago, a man sitting next to me leaped hurriedly to his feet and said to his wife, who was with him:

"My dear, I hear an alarm of fire, and must go and see where it is."

"His wife, whose hearing was less acute, made way for him in silence, and he disappeared.

"'It wasn't fire,' he remarked on his return.

"'Nor water, either,' said his wife, coldly.

Simple Arithmetic

A PHILADELPHIAN of some scientific attainments was one evening poring over the wine list at his club, when his interest was excited by the prices shown.

"Barker," said he to the waiter, "I observe that the list offers some sherry at seventy-five cents and some at four dollars. Now, what is the difference between the brands?"

The waiter looked surprised. "Beg pardon, sir," said he, with that frankness permitted an old servant, "but it does seem remarkable that such a highly educated gentleman can't do a simple bit of arithmetic like that!"



Adding Insult to Injury



The Bumblebee

*Bobbie says that bumblebees
Go find honey in the flowers.
I can't find a single bit,
Though I've looked in most of ours.*

*When they've got about enough,
So's to fill a great big jar,*

*Katy puts it on the shelf
Where the other good things are.*

*Now, if I was big as Bob
And could reach that pantry shelf,
I'd just play I was a bee
And I'd go and help myself.*

M. D.

He Trusted

THE pastor of a negro church in a Southern State was one day making his weekly visits, when he dropped in upon a member of his congregation who was a shoemaker. The preacher was surprised to find that his parishioner, usually of a bright and lively demeanor, was on this occasion in an extremely despondent mood.

"Well, doctah," explained the shoemaker, sadly, in response to the divine's question. "I've just got a rival shoemaker dat's set up ag'inst me down the street, an' mah trade is already beginning to leave!"

"Come, come, man," expostulated the clergyman, "you mustn't allow yourself to be cast down like that! Meet your troubles like a man, and, above all, trust to Providence and all will come right."

When, on the next round of visits, the minister again called upon the shoemaker, he was delighted to find the cobbler as cheery and gay as ever he was.

"I told you your troubles would vanish if you trusted in Providence, didn't I?" demanded the preacher.

"That's right!" quickly assented the other. "And I took your advice." Then, after a bit, he added, significantly, "The other shoemaker's dead!"

Tit for Tat

AN Irishman was sitting in a depot smoking, when a woman came and, sitting down beside him, remarked:

"Sir, if you were a gentleman you would not smoke here."

"Mum," he said, "if yez was a lady, ye'd sit farther away."

Pretty soon the woman burst out again:

"If you were my husband I'd give you poison."

"Well, mum," returned the Irishman, as he puffed away at his pipe, "if yez wus me wife I'd take it."



The Latest Popular Heir

The Scissors Grinderman

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

TH' scissors grinderman comes here
 'Bout ever' month or so,
 An' long afore he has got near—
 W'y, ever'body know
 'At he is comin'. They can tell
 Bucause he play a tune
 'Ith nothin' but a little bell
 'At say he's comin' soon.

"Tinkle-inkle-tink-tink,
 Tinkle-inkle-tink-tink"—
 Folks bring all th' scissors 'at they can
 When they hear th' "Tink-tink-tinkle-
 inkle-tink-tink"
 Sayin' it's th' scissors grinderman.

Th' scissors grinderman is old—
 'Most old as grampa is! An' he
 Say sometimes 'at it's hard to hold
 Th' scissors so's 'at they can be
 Ground right, bucause his hand it shakes.
 An' he says scissors grindin's hard
 To do, bucause, you know, it makes
 A dull place if his hand is jarred.

"Tinkle-inkle-tink-tink,
 Tinkle-inkle-tink-tink"—
 Me an' sister Bess an' Cousin Dan
 Like to hear th' "Tink-tink-tinkle-inkle-
 tink-tink"
 Sayin' here's th' scissors grinderman.

Just yesterday—w'y, he was here
 An' grind our scissors, nen he goed
 Away, an' we think he looks queer
 A-hurryin' along th' road;
 But he say he ain't goin' far,
 Just down to where th' poorhouse is—
 An' since, wherever us boys are,
 We hear 'at little bell o' his:

"Tinkle-inkle-tink-tink,
 Tinkle-inkle-tink-tink"—
 We're all glad to-day to think we ran
 Callin' to th' "Tink-tink-tinkle-inkle-tink-
 tink,"
 Good-by to th' scissors grinderman.



Painting by Howard Pyle

Illustration for "The Satraps"

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER SENT FOR EDWARD MAUDELAIN

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When Our Ship Went Down

AN ADVENTURE WITH THE SEALING FLEET OFF NEWFOUNDLAND

BY GEORGE HARDING

THE sea off the coast of Newfoundland is blocked every spring with immense ice-fields which drift out of the north. On this ice great herds of hair-seals whelp. By the end of February the young seals are borne off the southerly coast of Labrador; and then both old and young, drifting south with the ice, pass the east coast of Newfoundland, and fall a prey to the fleet of twenty-five sealing steamers, which force their way into the floe to the whelping ice—each vessel seeking its share of the annual catch of three hundred thousand hair-seals.

A hazardous voyage this seal-hunting, to be ventured only by the stanchest ships and the bravest men; for the ice, swept about by the winds and tides of the ocean, suddenly subject to enormous pressure by impact with other floes, will rafter—then it is pressed together, pans overlapping are crushed like an egg-shell, and whatever sealing steamer is fairly caught at such a time is also crushed with it. Brave crews these, to hunt the seal. Put on the ice at dawn, they travel with gaff and hunting-knife, until ten miles of glistening ice separate them from the ship. Treacherously this ice acts, tightening around the vessel with tremendous force. In this way our ship, perhaps the stanchest of the fleet, was caught.

The ice-sheets, driven by the gale, ground against her sides until at last the strong timbers yielded and she went down, leaving us to shift for ourselves on the ice.

The outport fishermen long ago hunted the seals in sailing-vessels—a trip of hazard and daring. Now steamers are manned by the present generation of that race. Early in March the four thousand seasoned hunters leave the harbors of Bonavista Bay and travel to St. Johns, to man the vessels fitted out by the merchants of the capital city. With everything aboard, the captain and crew sail for the northern home port, there to spend a day and night before clearing for the ice-fields on the 10th of March—this date being regulated by the colonial law, and applying to all vessels sailing on the voyage.

We had put into Pools Island with the *Grand Lake*—the ice-plough they called her among the fleet—and berthed her in the harbor ice, along with the dozen other sealers lying in port. Once everything snug, the crew dropping over the side mingled with the womenfolk crowding around the vessel. By and by, when they went their way across the ice to the houses, leaving a crewless ship, I entered the captain's cabin in time to hear him discussing with three old seal-

ing skippers the probable location of the seals. One of the ship's charts was spread before the captain, who, with one elbow planted on Greenland, nervously moved a big forefinger along the coast of Labrador.

"'Tis likely, allowin' for the prevailin' winds," said the old skipper, "that you'll find 'em seal somewhere handy to seventy-five miles east-nor'east o' the Funks!"

"Yes, somewhere handy thereabouts," the others agreed.

"They'll stretch from there thirty to forty miles in a line," they answered to my query. "In that strip, a couple o' miles wide, you'll find the harps. By the time the fleet arrives, the old ones are goin' off, leavin' the young whitecoat to itself. We cuts that patch first, sir, for the young fat makes the best oil and the skin makes the best leather. Then the fleet drives to the eastward about forty miles, through the sheet ice to the rugged outer ice. There are the hoods—no clubbin' these fellows, great fierce beasts, some as big as an ox, that you has to shoot, for they fights to the last defendin' the young; nor as plenty as the harps, these hoods. After this, providin' the ship isn't loaded, you jogs around huntin' those same old harps.

"Good huntin' then," the old fellow went on, reminiscently. "Does you remember, Captain Job?"—this to our skipper—"in the old *Falcon*—you was mate; we struck them a-plenty that time. I minds we was joggin' along husbandin' our coal, for we missed the haul o' young harps an' was determined to stay out to the end o' the season. Captain Job an' me made out a fine spot o' seals, four miles off our port bow. The ice had come together, caught the herd up, an' they was ice-blind, been out o' water so long. Well, you, Skipper Dan," nudging the old fellow next him in the ribs, "was in sight six miles to win'ard, an' we want-ed 'em seal for the *Falcon*. So I fires up with black smoke, puts the crowd out on the bowline, headin' toward you, like we was jammed an' wanted to work into the loose ice you was in. By and by, when you is out o' sight, we pounces on 'em seal. Thick? They was as thick as ballast rock, had to haul 'em from atop one another. Captain Job, fifteen thou-

sand we got in three hours, wasn't it? Any rate, three days later we bore up for home. Hah! great days 'em, Skipper Dan!"

Then came the hospitable glass and yarns all around, until the lateness of the hour caused the glasses to be filled for the last time. Without this rite no man could conceive of a sealing voyage being lucky. So we five that night—the captain, stout and hearty, somehow feeling, as he said, "like a man when on a swilin' voyage," the three old fellows, gray, weather-beaten and bent—we five that night raised our glasses, "To bloody decks, home April first with thirty thousand prime whitecoats."

When morning came the crew boarded the ship. Ashore the women and children were astir, some coming over the ice to the ship's side, others climbing to the headlands at the harbor entrance. The fleet sailed with whistles blowing and crews cheering. Stanch ships these, brave crews to man them, but that is little enough to insure the hearts ashore against the dangers of the voyage. As the ships followed one another to sea, one looked long at the womenfolk gathered on the hills to wave the Godspeed to the departing fleet. No word would come of the voyage until the return of the first vessel, and on these same headlands the shore folk would climb many times, searching the ice-strewn ocean for the sight of a homeward-bound sealer. Then what anxious thoughts would arise! What news would she bring of the fleet?

We were lying jammed in the ice, driving with the wind toward the sunken rocks off the Funk Island. At dawn of the third day four other vessels were in sight from the masthead, all frozen in and unable to work clear of the lee shore. Immense sheets of ice, fragments of the immeasurable expanse of the floe, separated the fleet. The intense frost had frozen the narrow lanes of water through which the vessels had penetrated thus far, and a blizzard had enshrouded them in snow till they seemed as part of the ice. The deck was deserted save for the watch. They stood in the lee of the wheel-house, and threshed benumbed hands across their muffled breasts, longing for relief.



Drawn by George Harding

GATHERED ON THE HILLS TO WAVE GODSPEED TO THE FLEET

Down in the forehold there was little suggestion of the desolation outside. It was filled with men dimly seen in the smoky gloom of the lamps. Great deck-beams extended above them, covered with hanging garments and boots. Along the sides were tiers of bunks in which groups of men were lying. Around the stove others sat smoking, occasionally giving an eye to the pots cooking over the fire. Into this came the frozen watch. "I'm a-thinkin'," said the watch, "I'll have a mug o' tea." Therewith he grasped the boiler with both hands, drinking from the spout. In heavy sealskin boots, bundled until his oilskins seemed bursting, he stood rubbing his hand over the fire, studied the clock on the foremast and hailed the bunks.

"I hates to disturb you loafers in them bunks, but two bells and Jim Hines' gang on deck, and from the looks o' the deck load o' snow to be heaved over 'twill be a full watch needed."

Reluctantly the men indicated took their boots from the nail and, sitting on the side of the bunk, hauled them on. Then a plump as they dropped to the floor. They struggled into their heavy coats, tied the flaps of their hats well under the chin, drew on their mitts, and made slowly for the ladder. Then the old watch came down, still shaking the icicles from their beards, cast off their hats, threw open coats, and settled down by the stove. With hands outstretched absorbing all the warmth possible, they eased their minds of opinions formed during three hours on watch.

"Well, sir," Peter started out, "an it keeps on the year 'twill be much like the voyage we was jammed in White Bay in the *Virginny*—an' we was caught up there for a month with a load o' seals a-runnin' oil, and the folks to St. Johns a-thinkin' we was lost." Then out came the pipe and tobacco, and between puffs he recalled what to him was real hardship. "'Twas bad enough to watch 'em seal a-meltin' away on an empty stomach, for grub was short, but, to cap it all, we ran out o' tobaccy, and for three weeks smoked old tea leaves to soothe our ruffled feelin's."

Peter made the most of his beloved pipe, as if he doubted he would ever get another chance for a smoke on the voy-

age. He knew his captain too well to imagine the crew were to be left sprawling at ease in the warmth of the stove. And then, too, the continued shovelling in the fire-room, the black smoke from the stack, meant but one thing: the old man was bound to free the ship.

Presently came down the hatchway from the bridge, "Below there, all hands on deck!" The men made ready, pipes were smothered, coats buttoned on, and up the hatchway they crowded, all bulky in coarse garments and skin boots.

The vessel was tightly wedged between ice sheets two feet thick. The pieces broken off in butting were crowded to either side, under the solid sheet, where the extreme frost welded them together, in places as deep as the keel. The ship in this position was helpless, until a joint of water opened in the floe. Then the ice between the vessel and the water was blasted with kegs of powder forced under the mass on long poles. With ice-hatchets and handspikes the entire crew of two hundred men pried apart the pieces loosened by the explosion and poled them into the open water, fifty feet astern. Concentrating their whole effort on one pan at a time, the crew slowly worked forward till the vicelike point of contact was freed. Then, with the men hauling centipedelike on a line, the engines reversed, the ship was pulled slowly astern. A cheer of success and all hands scrambled aboard. The vessel's course in butting through heavy sheets was from one lake of water to another, zigzagging in a dozen different directions. As the ship was driven ahead it was rolled, by the crew quickly running from side to side, thus helping to break the ice. Before headway was lost, with engines full speed astern, the ship was backed out to prepare for another drive into the sheet. Ahead she plunged, crew rolling, captain at the masthead hanging on for dear life as he hailed the orders to the wheelmen. With continued butting the ship gained a lead of water extending several miles into the frozen waste. Then the crew, no longer needed, tumbled into the forehold.

It was after five days of this constant butting, and only thirty miles gained over the drift of the floe, that the *Grand Lake* overhauled the sealer *Ranger*. It



Drawn by George Harding

THE VESSEL WAS TIGHTLY WEDGED BETWEEN THICK ICE SHEETS



SEA HARDING 05.

SETTING OUT FOR THE HUNT

seemed the *Ranger* had anchored under the Funks and let the heavy sheets pass by for three days, then, entering a lead of water, made more headway than our vessel. She was lying in the heavy ice, listed and bow lifted out. They said that in ramming ahead the iron bow-plates were torn off, the planking started, and that the vessel leaked badly. The crew shifted the coal astern, lifting the bow out. The shredded planking was patched, and a plate improvised of an iron door from the engine-room. With ship trimmed, however, the pumps were only able to control the flow. The bow was again lifted clear. She was in desperate straits, calling for instant action, and the captain, with considerable ingenuity, quite equalled the occasion.

"Up with all the butter and twenty bags o' hard bread!" said he to the cook.

In the forepeak, with a fire-room shovel he daubed the butter a foot thick on the bow planking and inside of a bulkhead wall, just built by the ship carpenter. Into this butter-lined pound the hard bread was rammed. "Now down with

the stays'!" yelled the skipper. This was packed over all. "Now, then, cap it down with planks like you was pressin' a drum o' fish!" -

The *Ranger* was following in our wake next morning, the pound doing its work, tightly filled with the swelled hard bread; an hour a day at the pumps being sufficient to keep the ship dry.

The *Grand Lake* was close to the seals. A cable length of heavy ice remained to be forced through and the vessel would enter the lead of water that stretched far into the whelping ice. We had won the race to reach the patch first; the rest of the fleet, save one vessel, was nowhere in sight.

The captain, elated with the prospect, entered the cabin very late to snatch a hasty supper. Between steaming mouthfuls of seal flippers and potatoes he told me: "Them whitecoats is just about where I allowed the prevailin' wind would shuffle 'em. You see," said he, "the only trail I had was the general course taken by the herds of old seal we saw,

when they was off each day in search of fish."

A slight trail this, I thought, for they travelled under the ice, visible a moment or two, rising to blow in widely separated lakes, then lost to sight.

"Some years," went on the skipper, "I've found them on the outer edge of the floe; sometimes the whelpin' ice was broken into small strings and scattered all through the heavy pack-ice; other times they was handy to land, then the shore folk made a haul. Never have I found them in the same position two seasons runnin'. I remember," he said, "one year we searched them from Belle Isle, the northern limit, south to the latitude of Halifax, and then the lucky ship of the fleet was the old *Kite*. She was unable to force north with the more powerful ships and steamed to the eastward, suddenly to enter the seals out on the Banks, far south of where we expected them. They loaded her, and on their way home spoke most of the fleet clean."

By this time we had disposed of the cook's dish of flippers with a relish. The captain hauled on his great fur coat and we went out into the night. It had been hard driving, but the ship had gained

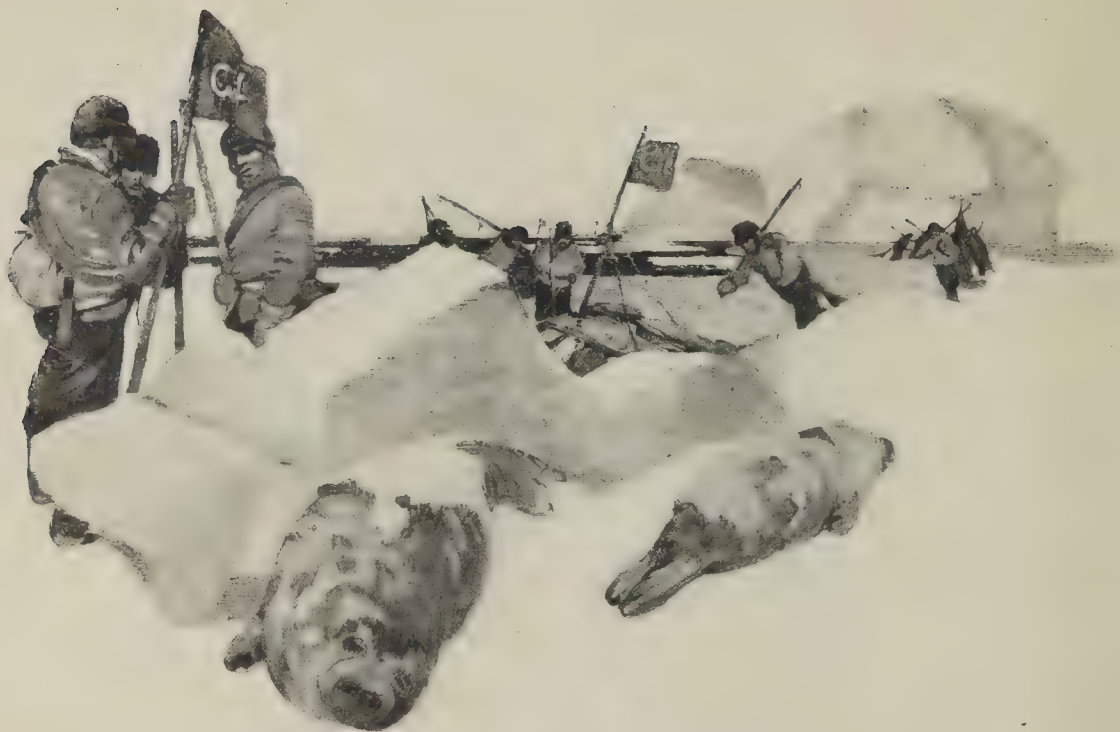
the lead of water, and was now speeding along through the blackness toward the patch of seals the spyman had located in the afternoon light.

It was long before dawn when the men left the ship for the hunt. The ice was covered with snow, thin coating and solid sheet alike. Were a man to put his weight on thin slob-ice he would break through like a shot. Indian file the men travelled, trying the ice with their gaffs, advancing toward the seals bawling in the distance. An hour later the light flowing through a rent at the horizon disclosed the herd to the hunters. The iron-shod gaff swung and the whining seal killed was pelted before freezing. A dozen clever slashes with the hunting-knife separated the skin and the adhering layer of fat from the carcass. Six pelts were lashed together in a three-hundred-pound tow, and each tow was hauled by one man to a central pile. The men worked away from the steamer; it was soon lost to sight behind the distant pinnacles; fluttering flags marked the spoils already killed.

I travelled with a half-dozen hunters throughout the day. At noontime we seated ourselves in the lee of a huge pinnacle of ice, made away with our hard



THE PELTS WERE HAULED TO A CENTRAL PILE



FLUTTERING FLAGS MARKED THE SPOILS

bread and pork and had a short smoke. Peter told me the secrets concerning travelling on the ice: "To avoid snow-covered spots, for the peril of thin ice was always present, especially around joints." He told me "that in jumping from pan to pan, with a swell running, to do so when they were coming together, never as they went apart." Of sudden storms he gave me warning, and said "that often the worst storms of the winter come in late March." He told me how, ten years ago, the entire crew of the sealer *Greenland* were left to their fate, the ship driving away, unable to reach the men, forty-seven of whom perished. His brother, he said, "had stripped himself and swam the channel of water with his oil clothing tied to his body, reaching the other side and ultimately the ship." In the end he cautioned me "to stick with him," for if one fell in, one must either strip and wring his clothes or return across the floe to the ship." One time when he broke in, he said, it was impossible for him to reach the vessel, and he had to thrust his hands and feet into the body of a still warm seal to keep them from freezing.

Before nightfall we made our way through piles of seals to where the vessel

would pick us up. A channel of water had opened and we had to wait until the ship steamed to us. The ice had gone together in another direction and it took longer to work to the rest of the crew. The last group to be picked up caused a long search. The wind, already heavy with frost, had risen to a gale and it was quite dark. It was the man at the mast-head who finally made them out. They crowded alongside, backs covered with drift and beards weighted with icicles. They reported the number of seals killed and the direction the pelts lay from the ship before dropping below. In all ten thousand seals were panned by the crew that day.

The first men to board the ship were sent back with torches to mark the flags in the vicinity, so that the work of hoisting seals aboard could continue until midnight. The pelts, as they came on deck, all frozen stiff, were stowed by the watch. They were dropped through the forehold—where the crew were at supper—to the lower hold. With the stowing of seals, the driving of the winch on deck, the crunching of the ice as the ship forced from one torch to another, the forehold was filled with noise. Before turning in, the men ground their



Drawn by George Harding

THEN A WILD RUSH TO ABANDON THE DOOMED VESSEL

hunting-knives. Two, who were in contact with hunters from another ship, lying ten miles off, were giving the news to a group gathered about them. A few, feeling the first effects of ice-blindness, were applying tea-leaf poultices to their eyes; others were doctoring frost-burnt

—for sign of squalls and changes in the ice. He kept an eye on the other two vessels killing, one more having found its way into the patch. This gave him the lay of the seals; with the report of the hunters and his own observations he could decide on the line of the herd.

"They evidently stretched northeast by southwest," he said.

Again the last men were picked up after nightfall. And then the drive of hoisting aboard pelts before a storm blew the flags down or they drifted off and were lost.

The bulk of the fleet during this time were jammed to the westward, their smoke barely visible through the telescope. Aboard these ships they were praying for the ice to slack, or a swell to heave in from the



Photographed by the Author

THE SHIP WAS SINKING FAST

cheeks. A half-hour later all were in the blessed bunk, save the watch still on deck, stowing seals.

By daybreak next morning the vessel was under way, carrying the men to another part of the patch, untouched as yet. After dropping them, the ship returned to the remaining pelts some eight miles away. Some of the pelts on big sheets were difficult to get; the vessel butted her way, and then two hundred yards of whip were played out to reach them. The cooks and firemen strapped fifty skins together and the winch hoisted them aboard. Several times a sheet of ice forced the boat out of her course so that she hit the pan, splitting it through the pile, requiring quick work to fish the pelts out of the water. The ice came together and it was impossible to reach all of the pans.

With a deck load of four thousand seals, the ship returned in the afternoon toward the men. All this time the captain had a wary eye on the position of the hunters—just in sight from the masthead

open ocean. On our ship we hoped that the ice would not run abroad before our pelts were all picked up, for with other ships around there would be danger of theft after nightfall. Another day of killing, and then the ship was storm-bound, and for a day none of the hunters could venture on the ice. A little later a wondrous swell was thrown in, breaking immense sheets into fragments. Next morning every ship of the fleet was in sight, right in the seals. The work of killing went on—over three thousand men were hunting. They made short work of the seals left on the ice, panning at least seventy-five thousand among them. When these were picked up the vessels scattered, searching for the young seals that had taken to the water during the storm. They would soon be played out, and on the first fine day would crawl out on the ice to bask in the sun.

Twenty-one thousand seals were stowed below the *Grand Lake's* decks, and an-

other three thousand pelts were on the ice, when we stopped hoisting aboard at dusk. No other sealer was in sight, and that night all hands were having a watch below, while the rising gale should exhaust itself. The crew—after hauling off boots and oilskins for a smoke before turning in, sitting on the edge of the bunks, fine and comfortable, feeling pretty well satisfied with the prospects—gave play to their fancies.

"A good trip," said they, "even if another seal was not sculpted on the voyage. Ought to bring a seventy-five-dollar share all around with fat worth four dollars and a half a quintal." What mattered hardships past, when a man could carry that home to the wife! The very thought of it caused the men to drop off to sleep, as they wove dreams, resting in the bunks.

The gale did not moderate that night or the next day, and so the ship drove before it, held in the grip of the floe. It blew harder, sweeping the pack with its full strength, forcing the masses of ice together, causing sheets to rafter when floes, swept by opposing currents, checked the course of the wind-driven masses. At the end of two nights and a day of it, the ship lay between an immense sheet on one side, a crashing and crunching mass slowly grinding past on the other. The crew, ready to crowd on deck once the order came, sat below in the warmth, discussing all the while the ice.

"Not every vessel could stand it," said they, feeling the ice crowding about the ship, "but this one, stanchest of the fleet, has been in tighter places many a time."

"Growin' worse," one commented, as the beams groaned and even buckled under the pressure.

On the bridge were the captain and watch anxiously awaiting the chance to

head the ship out of the moving ice into the stationary pack of which the big sheet was part. The bowline lay on the barricade, ready for heaving when the crew should be ordered on the floe to haul the ship's head around. Aloft, the spyman searched the gloom for signs of a lull in the confused and tremendous waste.

Then there came a terrific crush. The vessel, caught in the trench between the rafting sheets, was powerless to escape. The smash of breaking timbers rose above the gale, as a great corner of ice crushed the vessel's side amidships. The captain and watch rushed to the engine-room; it was filled with steam, the inflowing water having already reached the fires. A glance showed that nothing could stop the inrush of water. The firemen were retreating; the first of them, like a creature from another world, coal-begrimed, undershirt-clad, reached the ice-sheathed deck, spreading panic in his path. Above the hailing of questions and shouts that no man could under-



Photographed by the Author

THE FINAL PLUNGE

stand, came the voice of the skipper—he knew the situation as no other man.

"Men!" he shouted, "the ship 'll go—pack your clothes—save the grub!"

Then it was confusion everywhere; the crew poured up the hatchway, hauling clothes boxes and bags, crowding over

the side, colliding in mid-air, as they half tumbled and half slid down the ropes, then back for food. Laboriously the heavy pork-barrels were hauled by hand from the after-hold, where men bravely toiled. Others fought their way aloft, where the sails were stowed. The canvas cut loose, bellying out in the force of the gale, was dropped to the deck. Punts were slipped from the davits; some, hitting the ice with a crash, were stove in. Throughout it all the captain shouting:

"Haul them punts and grub farther off! Farther yet! Farther!"

The water rapidly rising drove the men from the lower hold; they retreated to the deck. Then the inflow, level with the ocean, ceased; the ice for the time held the ship in its grip. Second by second passed, bringing no change. In that brief interval each man suddenly thought to save the thing he most desired. A wild rush was made to wheel-house, to cabin, to the ship's store-room—every man for himself—a scuffle to get the thing most coveted and escape to the ice. With one, it was a rifle from the ship's armory to replace the antiquated muzzle-loader at home. With another, the ship's compass or the barometer. With the after-galley cook it was the cabin dishes. In the cabin a crowd surged to the medicine chest, scrambling for liniments and pills, smashing any-

thing that was an obstacle in their way. Such was the scene when the cry arose on deck, repeated by fifty men and echoing throughout the vessel, "'Tis time to take to the ice!" Then a great rush to be clear of the doomed ship as the mass of men, some empty-handed, others laden, defending their spoil from the unsuccessful, plunged on to the ice.

The ship was sinking fast. It was but a short leap for the last man from her deck to the loosening ice. The men stood on the floe, looking the ship over from the bow, lifted high, to the stern now below water.

"A pity to lose the vessel," they said. "Wonderful hard to lose the trip o' fat."

Then came the final plunge; the mainmast, reaching over the floe, broke as the weight of the vessel pulled it under. The great anchors sliding from the bow added to the tumult, as everything not frozen solid to the deck crashed into the house and galley—for a second, a flash of flame shot from the overturned stoves—then nothing save a few seal pelts and broken oars lay on the surface of the troubled hole in the floe where the *Grand Lake* had disappeared.

It was bleak and desolate. There was no sail anywhere to be descried—nothing but ice, an unkindly refuge for a shipwrecked crew. The wind drifted the snow, quickly covering the hundreds of



SHELTERS WERE CONSTRUCTED WITH THE PUNTS AND SAILS



THE CASTAWAYS BOARDING THE "VANGUARD"

Photographed by the Author

footprints around the closing hole in the floe. It was as though the ice and wind and sea were allied to make the ravage complete. The men crowded in the lee of the punts. With oars as supports they constructed shelters of the saved sails. It took a long time to melt the pinnacle ice over the little fires and make tea; many times the boilers were packed with ice before each of the two hundred men had his mug part filled. But it was good, with the hard bread. Since the ship sank little was said; now men studied the situation.

"Best to put the saved gear in the centre of the ice pans," the skipper said, "so, if the floe ran abroad, none would be lost."

Such were the ever-shifting movements I beheld, all crowded into a brief two hours. At times, especially with the sinking of the ship, the finder of my camera disclosed new pictures faster than I could wind the film around. Then, the panorama of the wreck past, the whole world one of ice and overcast sky, I struggled into my greatcoat and, like

all the rest, began the task of keeping warm. Miles of heavy ice, broken with channels of open water, separated us from the rest of the fleet; by the last observation we were over three hundred miles from the nearest land. It was impossible to haul the boats over the ice; to abandon them and travel without shelter was quite out of the question. Escape was by endurance, until such a time as one of the fleet picked us up.

"An' so you left New York to get into this?" was the greeting Peter gave me when, after searching in the lee of several punts, I at last found him. With a landsman's ability for putting foolish questions, I asked him our chances of being picked up.

"Oh," he replied, "one of the fleet may jog up any time—until then I allow we'll make the most o' things as they is—while down below the devilfish an' sharks has a fine banquet an' dance in that same forehold o' ours."

"Sure enough," a discouraged one put in, "a-warmin' up for the feast on us."

"Ah, shut up that ilk!" broke in

Peter; "save your breath for warmin' your hands. I's been wrecked to the ice three times afore this an' never yet had all the crew, leastways 'em as lived, such clever pans to camp on."

"That's not sayin'," piped up the weak-hearted one, "that you'll ever have need o' a coffin—we's not out o' this yet."

The wind hauling round stopped the talk. All hands turned to and shifted the punts and shelters, seeking to obtain the best comfort from their draughty lee. Before huddling down again, each man hacked off with his hunting-knife a chunk of saved pork. Then, above the crunching of the accompanying hard bread, the cook put in, "Yes, sur, I thought so from the first!"

"Secin'," interrupted Peter, "that you never thinks a-cookin', 'tis wonderful to do so now. What was you a-thinkin'—you seed a vessel?"

"No!" the cook explained. "The jinker was the fellow who boarded us from the *Ranger* when she entered the patch. Wrecked four times in two years, he ought to give up the sealin' voyage. Seems he was castaway last year on the *Leopard*, one day out from St. Johns, bound sealin' in the Gulf. Reachin' St. Johns again afore the *Greenland* put to sea for the front, he took the place o' a sick man aboard her. Well, he just saved his clothes from her an' she was lost in the rafter. Then," snapped the cook, "reachin' land, but not doin' nothin' to change his luck, he ships with Jesse Winsor in the *Panther* the year, an' she bein' lost he boarded the *Ranger*, then us. I allows they run him off—we ought to have done the same—he never brought good luck aboard a ship yet."

It chanced that the *Vanguard*, searching for more seals, loomed up on our

horizon late in the evening and picked us up. The spyman at her masthead made the camp out, "much," he said, "like a spot o' old seals on the ice." Then followed two weeks of uncomfortable days and nights, for the vessel was overflowing with men; half of them without a place to rest, always on deck awaiting a chance to get below in the warmth, always looking for a vacancy at the stove to do their cooking. The ship steamed about hunting seals, picking up the remainder of the *Grand Lake's* pans, speaking every vessel of the fleet sighted, seeking to part with some of the shipwrecked men. Two other vessels were wrecked, their crews were scattered among the fleet, and ships without castaways were without seals, and determined to stay out till the first of May. All efforts to induce the *Grand Lake's* men to board these partially fished vessels were useless. The men reasoned thus: "Our voyage is lost, the quicker we get home the better; all hands stick together and eat her out of grub and she'll have to bear up for home." An unpleasant situation for the *Vanguard's* captain, concerned with his duty to both his crew and the owners, yet sympathizing with the cargo of castaways.

At last the food ran very short, and the voyage was abandoned with a catch of eight thousand-seals, about one-third of a successful voyage.

Two weeks after the wreck, on the morning of April 20th, port was made. At the docks, eight of the lucky ships of the fleet were unloading, their crews receiving from fifty to seventy-five dollars apiece. The *Vanguard's* men shared twenty-eight dollars each; the *Grand Lake's* men, whom fate had robbed of the fruits of their toil, free transportation home at the convenience of the officials of the St. Johns government.

Such are the fortunes of the sealing voyage.



Endymion Uncut

BY ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

SITTING in the loggia, Mrs. Averill heard the whistle of the train which was bringing her husband home from his day's work in the city. She put down her book with a sigh of relief; a few minutes more and she would be able to communicate to him the perplexity and doubt which had been distressing her. So eager was she to unburden her mind that, although her husband could not possibly arrive for at least five minutes, she rose and stood looking down the avenue expectantly.

Then, as if she had bethought herself of something almost forgotten, she stepped into the pergola, which led from the loggia to the garden. It was overrun with climbing red roses; she lifted the blossoms of several before she found one perfect enough for her purpose. With the flower in her hand she returned to the loggia and waited.

Her kind eyes were troubled; an unwonted frown had established itself between them, and her lips were pursed thoughtfully. She was a pretty woman still, though there was more of gray than brown in her hair and none of the warm tint of youth in her face.

Gazing down the empty avenue, she was gazing also toward the sea. The house was on the summit of a knoll, a little way inland; it commanded an ocean vista which embraced a rocky island, whereon three twisted and torn-looking oaks had reared themselves. The sea was now palpitating quietly under a soft southwestern breeze, which came up the knoll, purring inquisitively among the pines. Here and there in the groves surrounding the knoll were to be seen gabled roofs or white plaster fronts of houses in prosperous retirement. Mrs. Averill's eyes roved over them all, out to sea and back to the avenue again; and she twirled the rose in her fingers nervously.

Two horses in shining harness broke

round the bend and came trotting up the slope. As the victoria drew near, the portly man on the back seat waved a paper parcel at Mrs. Averill; she smiled and showed him her rose. He had merry blue eyes, a clean-shaven, rubicund face, a shrewd and genial mouth. He stepped from his carriage and came toward her, waving his paper parcel and exclaiming: "A prize, Mary! A prize!" Then he took off his hat, rubbed his face hard with his handkerchief, and gave his wife, who had been observing him humorously, a substantial kiss. She requited him for it by putting the rose in his buttonhole.

"And now sit down till I show you my prize," he said, eagerly.

There was no use in trying to unburden her mind to him until after he had unburdened his to her. She had learned that long ago. So she drew up a chair and watched him while he slipped the string over the corners of the package. Paper followed string to the floor; a thin, flat book was revealed, with a paper label on the back.

"*Endymion*!" cried Mr. Averill. "The first edition, Mary! And look inside it, will you? Now, won't old Max turn green with envy!"

She took the book and opened it. "Why, the leaves aren't cut!" she said.

"Exactly! It's a treasure—perhaps the only one of its kind in existence."

"But I've heard Max speak of his first edition of *Endymion* as uncut."

"Uncut—yes. That means simply with its pages not trimmed—not smoothed off, you understand. But the beauty of this is that its leaves have never even been opened!"

"Does that make it much more valuable?"

"Yes, indeed."

"How much more?" She looked at him with quizzical eyes.

"Well," he said, slowly, "Max paid

three hundred dollars for his copy; and this was a bargain at five hundred and ten."

"My goodness! This copy has appreciated two hundred and ten dollars in value because nobody was ever interested enough in it to cut its pages!"

"To open its pages, Mary," her husband corrected her.

"I shall never master the lingo of the collector. How did you happen to secure this copy?"

"Max was so irritating with his brag about his *Endymion* that I told Warnsley to try to pick up a copy for me. My collection of nineteenth-century poets has always been better than Max's—more complete. Warnsley went on a still-hunt for several months. This copy came to light in the auction sale of the library of a Devonshire country house. It had been resting on the top shelf probably ever since its purchase in 1818. I dare say the purchaser read the scurrilous review of it in *Blackwood's*—the one that told Keats to go back to his gallipots—and chucked it aside in disgust; and none of the subsequent inhabitants of the house had a taste for poetry. Anyway, Warnsley's agent was at the auction and bid it in over half a dozen others. And now it's come to me." He fingered it with pride.

"Well, as I have said before, it's an incomprehensible mania," observed Mrs. Averill, "as well as frightfully expensive."

But her husband was too absorbed with a delighted thought to defend himself. He was chuckling quietly.

"Where's Max, Mary?"

Mrs. Averill's lips primmed. "He and Helen went to walk some time ago."

"I'm going to put this book on the table in the sitting-room where Max can't help seeing it; I'll let him find it for himself. And when he picks it up and opens it!"—Averill rubbed his leg and chuckled. "It will be as good as a play, to watch his face and hear him try to get away with it. I'll put it on the table now." He disappeared through the French window.

"Roderick!" Mrs. Averill stepped to the window. "When you have placed *Endymion* in exactly the right spot, I want to talk with you."

Her husband returned, seated himself, and relighted his cigar. "What's up?" he asked.

"It's about Max. I suppose I shouldn't have invited him here, for I suspected it before he came."

"Good heavens, what has Max done?"

"Has it never crossed your mind that he might be in love with your daughter?"

"Max!" Roderick Averill turned and looked at her incredulously. "How preposterous! Why, he's my age—the most settled, comfortable old bachelor I know—my class in college—Max for a son-in-law!"

"If that strikes you as absurd, think how I am affected by the prospect."

Averill gave her a humorous glance. "Well, yes. Tell me all about it, Mary."

"Of course when Helen came out, two years ago, she seemed to Max a little girl, just as she had always been; and he was kind to her, like an uncle, for—for—"

"For your sake; yes."

"When he gave dinners for her and looked out for her at parties and played about with her, I didn't think anything of it. I encouraged it all I could; I was grateful to Max; I still am."

"When did you first begin to suspect it was anything more than friendly interest?"

"This last winter. Have you—did you ever hear people say that Helen looks as I did at her age?"

"I've noticed it myself. It's one reason that I'm partial to Helen."

"Thank you, my dear. And you've heard our contemporaries comment on the resemblance?"

"Yes."

"Well—Something flashed upon me one day when I saw him looking at Helen. Since then I've watched him closely—I've watched him when he wasn't aware. Roderick"—a soft flush colored Mrs. Averill's pale cheeks—"don't you suppose a woman knows when a man who has once had love in his eyes for her shows it again for another—for her daughter?"

Averill stirred uneasily. "You—you don't seem to have tried to check it, if you noticed it," he protested.

"Should I have tried—would you have had me try? If Max really loves her—we know Max!"



"NOW, WON'T OLD MAX TURN GREEN WITH ENVY?"

"The best fellow in the world. If only he were about twenty years younger."

"But he's young really—in spirit."

"What do you think is Helen's attitude?"

"The child hasn't had a suspicion of his intentions."

"Hasn't had?"

"Until this afternoon. I dare say that she has been enlightened by this time."

"Why do you think that?"

"I heard him yesterday making this engagement to walk with her; I could see it was important to him. In some ways poor Max was always so ingenuous—so transparent!"

"Yet you think Helen didn't suspect any such serious purpose?"

"Oh, I'm sure she didn't."

"Then we needn't fear that she'll give him any hope."

"What a cold way of putting it, Roderick!"

"But you did fear just that, didn't you?"

Mrs. Averill evaded an answer.

"I'm not at all sure that you're right. She'll undoubtedly be startled—but she can't help being pleased. And Max has always been so good to her—and he is attractive and clever and he doesn't look old and he can be so appealing. Roderick, it might perfectly well happen, even though until now it has never crossed her thoughts."

"I'm very much in the dark about my daughter," said Averill. "What other men are there?"

"I imagine that Dick Redfield thinks about her a good deal, for one. He has invited himself over for dinner to-night."

"Dick Redfield and Max as rival suitors—how grotesque! Dick Redfield—do they think of marrying at that age?"

"He graduates from the law school next year."

"Max would certainly be much more comfortable to have about the house. That Redfield boy always seemed to me a fresh, assertive youth—"

"He'll be successful."

"Max has been successful, too—and without ever pushing himself. He's too diffident, Max is."

"That's part of his charm. It's partly because of that that he may be dangerous."

"You're wrong there. The man who's very diffident wins the liking of all women—and hardly ever the love of one."

"But if Max should be able this time! I did feel he'd be a good husband—if Helen loved him! I did feel that if he could be made happy, I'd be glad! But this afternoon, when I felt that the crisis for Helen was actually at hand, a sudden panic seized me; I don't know—If he should be so—so eloquent, and convince her—she's impressionable, you know—he might wake her suddenly, kindle her all at once—and then if she realized too late—found herself tied to one with whom she couldn't grow old—found that the youth in her was crying out to the youth in some one else—oh, what ought I to have done, Roderick?"

"Left it to Helen—just as you have done," he answered.

She gave a sigh of relief. "I suppose I shall be disappointed, whatever she does!"

She rested her chin on one hand disconsolately; with the other she caressed her husband's sturdy paw. He sat with his cigar between his teeth, a pucker between his eyes, gazing down the long avenue.

"They're coming," he said at last.

For a man of his years, who had argued so many cases before the Supreme Court, to hesitate and be silent with a twittering heart before a young girl was, Max Duval assured himself, unworthy. He was aware that he had appropriated one of Helen's golden afternoons, when she might have been playing tennis in a tennis tournament or sailing in a yacht race; he reflected with whimsical pessimism that the least he could do was to reward her with the excitement of a proposal. But they had strolled on and on, and he had found it impossible to make a beginning; this constant motion, however leisurely and tranquil, was not conducive to such ele-

mental speech—speech which was hardly to be entered upon until the universe itself had settled to a favoring stillness. So for some time past Duval had been casting an anxious eye in search of a spot sufficiently withdrawn, peaceful, agreeable, where while they rested the fountain of his thoughts might flow.

Meanwhile those whom they passed had thought them a very pretty sight—a father and daughter strolling together so harmoniously, laughing so gayly, talking so eagerly. People wondered who the gentleman of such distinguished appearance might be—with the fresh color in his face, the gray mustache, the smooth gray hair; with blue eyes that twinkled down at the girl by his side and a smile of such humorous affection. He was tall and straight and most correctly dressed—a gentleman obviously equal to any social emergency. And no one, and surely least of all the girl by his side, would have suspected his twittering heart.

She was a sun-browned young woman in a white duck suit; from under a straw hat with a broad brim and a bow of black velvet ribbon gleamed a pair of dark and lively eyes. She chatted with briskness and decision; she was an imperious young person; she broke off every now and then to summon the erratic Irish terrier, who would go nosing off through brambles and digging under stone walls. "Naughty Bobby!" she would cry. "To heel, sir! To heel!" So he would follow for a little way behind, bumping now and then against Duval's legs, until some taking scent lured him again from his obedience.

Beyond a brook, a forest path led them into a grove of tall pines, and under one of these trees they sat down.

"Now what's become of Bobby?" demanded Helen. "Bobby! Bobby!"

There was no response.

"Oh, he's not lost," Duval assured her. "He'll turn up."

"Yes, I suppose he will. Still, he's a naughty dog. Have you brought a nice little first edition of some poet to read to me from, Mr. Duval?"

He admitted that he had not. "I had a mild hope that my company would be sufficient."

"Oh, of course. But the last time I

was in these woods, the young man pulled a book of poetry out of his pocket and began to read to me; that was why I thought of it." The agreeable memory produced a smile. "He was really awfully fresh; it was quite funny."

"How was that?" Duval looked at her with comfortable pleasure; her face dimpled and twinkled delightfully when she was amused.

"Oh, we'd been walking for quite a while, and at last he suggested that we sit down—as you did just now. While we had been walking, he had proposed to me—that's a horrid expression, but it does well enough for him. It was about the tenth time in two weeks that he had done it; he had got so that he could propose just as well walking as sitting down." She indulged in a humorous chuckle. Duval studied her with an impassive face and decided that it was a chance shot; she was quite unconscious. "About half the time, I guess, he didn't mean it, and about half the time he did. So we sat down; and pretty soon he heaved a sigh and pulled a book out of his pocket. 'I will read you *Endymion*,' he said, and he read the first line—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Then he stopped and looked at me—one of those languishing looks."

"I can imagine."

"It got on my nerves at last, so I told him to continue with his reading. But without moving his eyes he repeated: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." How true! How true! So then I just turned and let him have my back."

"An entirely proper retort."

"I sat that way for quite a while, and he didn't speak, and of course I wasn't going to, and it got to be awfully dull. At last I just glanced round—to see what he was doing. And he was lying flat on his back, with his hat over his eyes, pretending to be asleep."

"Hum!" said Duval, disapprovingly. "What did you do then?"

"I got up and walked away. I thought pretty soon he'd come after me. But I walked until he was out of sight, and he didn't come—although I waited. Then I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to walk home all by myself. So I went back to where I could see him and saun-

tered round, pretending to be interested in plant life and fungi, and still he never stirred. And then I crept up near him very softly and sat down just where I had been before—but with my back to him. I thought that when he looked up, that would be sufficiently dignified. But he didn't stir, and it got to be awfully dull. I thought if I could get the book he'd been reading, I could amuse myself; so I looked round. The end of it was just sticking out of his pocket. So I put out my hand and began to pull it ever so gently, and all of a sudden his hand made a grab and caught my wrist. 'Who's picking my pocket?' he said, in what was meant to be a sleepy voice. Then he pushed his hat off his face and looked at me. 'Why, I must have fallen asleep while you were talking,' he said. 'You couldn't have been very interesting.' I just said, 'Oh, how mean you are!' and tried to pull my wrist away. But he wouldn't let it go, and while he held it he proposed to me again."

"The brute!"

"You know, I rather liked it."

"That I cannot understand."

"Oh yes. I suppose, if he keeps it up long enough, I'll say yes to him some time."

She looked off through the aisles of trees, a smile of tender reminiscence on her lips, a wistful sweetness in her eyes. Duval gazed at her for a moment with an expression which she never saw; in another moment he had corrected it; Heaven forbid now that he should ever betray to her one of those languishing looks!

"The methods of young men in wooing must be rather different in these days from what they were in my time," he observed.

"Haven't there always been all kinds? Petruchio and Benedick, as well as Romeo and Orlando, weren't born yesterday."

"True enough. Perhaps I was thinking of you as more like Juliet than Katherine."

"Oh, I hope not! You see, I often give him as good as he sends. And then he's always so good-natured about it; he has quite a sense of humor."

Duval acquiesced moodily in the pos-

sibility of his possessing that. She illustrated for him.

"To-day he wanted me to sail with him in the race. He telephoned over, quite commandingly, and told me to be on hand at two o'clock. So I said I thought I would take a walk instead—with some one who didn't fall asleep and who had a wider range of topics for conversation. Don't you think that was one on him?"

"And I suppose I should feel complimented. What answer did he make?"

"He wanted to know who it was, and I wouldn't tell him. He guessed three or four names, and when I said no each time, he said at last: 'Oh, well, I guess it's safe enough to let you go. I'm rather glad to have you out of the way, anyhow; Molly Roberts is much better than you at handling a boat. I asked you first, because I supposed you'd feel hurt if I didn't.' And then he told me to invite him over for dinner to-night."

"And did you invite him?"

"Why, yes.—Oh!" A shocked expression came into her eyes. "Now I've done it! Now you'll know who he is! And the things I've said to you!" Her cheeks grew crimson.

Duval laughed, not very merrily.

"My dear, you can trust me, can't you, not to betray your confidence?"

"Oh yes—but—but I've given you such a wrong impression of Dick! He isn't altogether the sort of person that I've made him out, Mr. Duval; really you mustn't think that. That was just my silly, flippant way of talking. Of course he did all those things I told you, and a lot more like them—only it's the way he does them. And he has real feeling and character and—everything a man should have; and—well, I've as much as told you—I do care for him." Her eyelids drooped.

"Then, Helen—why don't you tell him so—if you're sure?"

She looked up with a flashing smile. "I want him to be so very sure. Besides, he is rather self-confident about a good many things; I don't mean that he shall be about this. As soon as I see that his self-confidence is wavering a little and his sensitiveness is a little hurt—then I'll tell him. Don't you think that's fair and wise?"

"Your reading of human nature quite amazes me."

"Don't make fun of me, Mr. Duval."

"I wasn't; I was sincere.—But somehow I had fancied you marrying some comfortable, middle-aged or elderly person—like myself."

They laughed together at such a quaint conceit.

"Now, why on earth should you have thought that of me?"

"I don't know, unless it was because you always give us old men such a good time."

"Oh, not all older men. You, perhaps. I always get on well with you. I've known you so well and so long—I've often thought I'd like to call you Uncle Max."

"Please do."

"It seems as if you ought to be at least an uncle, since I've told you such an intimate thing about myself. I wouldn't breathe a word of it to mother or father yet. I'm afraid they disapprove of Dick."

"Perhaps they have the same view that I had—a similar preference for the middle-aged—"

"Oh no. Why, who could there be?"

"Well," Duval fished hastily for a name—"John Beecher, perhaps."

"My goodness! He's old enough to be my grandfather."

"He's just my age," said Duval, stiffly. "He's fifty-one."

"He seems much older, anyway. You and father are different; you can do things about as well as a good many young men. But I don't approve of such a difference of age in marriages. It's all very well for a few years maybe—but just think! Why, Uncle Max—when I'm fifty-one, you'll be eighty-two! Isn't that a horrid idea; wasn't it mean of me?"

"It is an aging thought," he conceded.

"Oh, you're young enough. You ought to find some nice girl of about thirty-five."

"One gets into a habit of life," he replied, slowly.

They were silent for a few moments. The sun, sinking, blazed suddenly at them through an opening in the pines, and as suddenly birds began to sing.



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"I HAD HOPED THAT MY COMPANY WOULD BE SUFFICIENT"

"It must be late," said Helen. "Where's Bobby?"

Dick Redfield arrived at the house and found that no one had come down. But he was a young man who made himself readily at home; he sauntered about the room, played a few chords on the piano, and then seated himself in an easy chair by a table. He was a good-looking, florid-faced youth with a taste for picturesque effect; he had arrayed himself in a dinner coat and a very neat pleated shirt and a pair of handsome white flannel trousers; his silk socks and his pumps finished him off quite beautifully. Whistling a light air between his teeth, he reached out and began examining the books on the table.

He was not much given to reading, but when he took up a volume of which the leaves were not cut and saw an ivory paper-knife lying convenient to his hand, there was but one thing to do. He always found an idle pleasure in cutting the leaves of a book. He was just completing the task when Helen entered.

"Hello, Helen," he said, running the knife between the last two pages. "I'll get up just as soon as I've finished doing this little job for you."

"What little job?"

"'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.' Once more." He grinned and held up *Endymion*. "I thought I'd awakened your interest in this poem. But I see you let it lie round uncut; you evidently don't appreciate it."

"I've never seen this copy before." She took it from his hands and opened it. "Oh, Dick! You've cut all the leaves?"

"Yes. Why?" He rose in some alarm; she was looking at him in such a startled way.

"It's a first edition. Look—London, Taylor & Hessey, 1818. Papa must have brought it home only to-day; I never saw it before."

"Has it hurt it to cut the pages?" Dick looked at her and at the book, with frightened eyes. One person of whom he stood much in awe was her father.

"Oh, I'm afraid so."

"You're sure it's a first edition?"

"I know it is. Papa already has

Lamia—dated 1820, published by this same house."

"And you think he wanted to keep this always with its leaves uncut?"

"I think probably; collectors have such queer ideas."

"Then I've done something I can't make good!" The young man stood looking at her with a rueful face. "And your father will be frightfully angry with me, won't he?"

She could not reassure him. "But don't say anything about it till after dinner," she urged. He looked so miserable that she added, sympathetically, "I'll try to help you out, Dick."

"I have a perfect mania for cutting the pages of books—I can do it by the hour," he explained. "And I've always felt that what is such fun for me is a bother for everybody else—and that people are always glad to have me do it for them. But I'll never monkey with other people's things again."

Throughout dinner Dick Redfield was unusually subdued. Duval, too, was quiet; Helen said little; Mrs. Averill and her husband exchanged perplexed glances. After dinner Dick smoked one cigarette with the older men, and then slipped out to join the ladies.

"Attractive young fellow," said Duval. "I think Helen rather fancies him."

"No, nothing serious," protested her father.

"Why not? Good-looking, good fellow, good prospects.—I wish I had them." He blew out a cloud of smoke with a sigh. "We're getting old, Roderick, aren't we? I was just thinking this afternoon, looking at your little girl; she and I don't seem to me so far apart now, but when she's my age I'll be eighty-two. If I'm still in the flesh—which Heaven forbid!"

He knocked the ash from his cigar; his friend looked at him sympathetically.

"I have a letter to write; do you mind?" Duval asked. "I want to get it off to-night."

When Duval had gone into the small writing-room, which opened off the sitting-room, Averill went to his wife.

"The young people?" He made the inquiry in a hushed voice.

"Outside." Mrs. Averill pointed toward the loggia.



HE WAS NOT MUCH GIVEN TO READING

"Poor old Max."

"So—that was her answer?"

Averill nodded. "He's pretty hard hit; he couldn't go on disguising it. Oh, he's said nothing definite, but I can see."

"Ah, I'm sorry—sorry he should be hurt." Mrs. Averill spoke in a low voice and looked toward the door of the writing-room with sympathetic eyes. "But I think—I'm sure it's better so."

There was silence; Roderick Averill's glance fell upon the copy of *Endymion*. He took it up from the table.

"I guess I won't leave it here for him to see, after all," he murmured. "On top of his disappointment it would be rubbing it in—turning the knife round."

He stepped across the room and put the book on the topmost shelf. His wife watched him with an amused, affectionate smile.

Helen and Dick Redfield came in a few minutes later, Helen with her eyes dancing and her face alight, Dick looking flushed, excited, and happy.

"Father," said Helen, coaxingly, "Dick didn't realize what he was doing; he doesn't know much about books, and his only thought was to help me—to take a little work off my hands."

"I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about," said her father.

"But what's become of it?" Helen looked at the table. "The copy of *Endymion*?"

"I put it on the shelf. Why?"

Dick Redfield spoke up, anxiously yet eagerly. "I amused myself cutting its leaves—I didn't realize I—"

He stopped; Mr. Averill had taken a hasty step to the bookcase, and was already examining *Endymion*.

"You must forgive him," pleaded Helen. "He didn't understand—he thought he was saving me trouble—"

"It was awfully fresh of me," broke in Dick. "The paper-knife was lying there handy, and I just went ahead. If you'd let me stand for whatever the depreciation in the volume amounts to—"

"He'll be very careful always after this," said Helen. "Won't you, Dick?—Even—even of the books that you know are mine?"

"Always," declared Dick.

"So say it's all right, father."

Roderick Averill surveyed them with a rather grudging smile. "All right," he said, good-naturedly. "A first edition is a first edition still. We won't figure up any depreciation, Dick."

"Thank you, father." Helen kissed him; then, for some unexplained reason, went over and kissed her mother; then, with Dick following her, went again out-of-doors.

Averill looked at his wife, who in turn was smiling at him, though her eyes were bright with unsubdued tears.

"Well!" he said, in a bluff and blustering voice. "Well! Spoiled my book! Oh, well!" His voice dropped tenderly.

He walked up and down and glanced into the room where Duval was at work upon his letter.

"Mary," he said, pausing by his wife, "I'm going to cheer poor old Max up—give him something to crow over." She looked at him with surprised questioning; his eyes twinkled. Then he went to the door and called: "Max! Hurry up with that letter. I've got a first edition I want to show you."

That brought Duval to him.

"*Endymion*." Averill held out the

book. Duval took it and examined it with grave deliberation.

"Yes," he admitted. "In good condition, too. Not quite so good as mine, but still—it has the paper label on the back. Got it through Warnsley, I suppose. How much did you pay for it, Roderick?"

"Five hundred and ten dollars." He said it without wincing. Duval looked at him compassionately.

"Did you really? Mine cost me three hundred. I'm afraid you were bitten, old man."

"It would seem so; I guess that when it comes to bargaining, I'm an amateur compared with you, Max."

"Recognition at last!" Duval turned gayly to Mrs. Averill. "You heard him, Mary—recognition at last!"

She nodded, smiling. "Yes; it ought to be a lesson to him. I wish hereafter, when he hunts for first editions, he would ask your advice."

"I might be the means of saving him a little money now and then," said Duval, with modest pride. "Still, it's a good copy, Roderick—in almost as good condition as mine."

Averill bore it in silence. Afterward he felt that he was receiving no more than he deserved when his wife said to him:

"That was magnanimous, dear; you are a good fellow, Roderick."

Progress

BY CHARLOTTE BECKER

THERE seems no difference between
To-day and yesterday—
The forest glimmers just as green,
The garden's just as gay.

Yet, something came and something went
Within the night's chill gloom:
An old rose fell, her fragrance spent,
A new rose burst in bloom.

Diplomatic Life at the Hague—1869-71

BY MADAME DE BUNSEN, *née* WADDINGTON

WHEN I left Florence, after the brilliant fêtes in honor of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Piedmont, I little thought that I was not destined to return to that beautiful and beloved city for many a long year to come, yet so it was. My husband, after being *chargé d'affaires* during that summer, was called in the autumn to Berlin to work at the Foreign Office there, under Prince, then Count, Bismarck. After three most interesting months in Berlin, which I then saw for the first time, my husband was ordered to The Hague, as *conseiller* to the Prussian Legation there. Our new Chief, Count Perponcher, was an old friend of C.'s,* as he had served as secretary, under my father-in-law, in London. Both he and his wife were charming; they and their beautiful children formed quite an ideal home, and their unfailing kindness was a great help to us during our stay in Holland. Of course we could not help feeling the sudden change from Italy, where we had lived so long and had so many interests and friends. The climate, the whole atmosphere, and ways of life in Holland were in sharp contrast to all that we had been used to for years. By degrees, however, we began to find much that was quaint and amusing in our new life. The then Queen Sophie of the Netherlands was a remarkably clever and cultivated woman—who knew everybody, and was *au courant* of everything. She was always extremely gracious to us, and in the quiet life at The Hague there were more opportunities of seeing her than could have occurred in a more busy capital.

We had been scarcely more than a year at The Hague when the war of 1870 between France and Germany broke out. We had just been passing some time with my family in France, and had parted from them without the slightest

presentiment of what was coming on us. A few days after our return to The Hague war was declared, and three months later all the country-seats in which we had so recently spent such pleasant, peaceful days were garrisoned by German soldiers. It is almost impossible to give an idea of what I went through. Mercifully my husband, though thoroughly German in all his feelings, was much attached to my family and able to sympathize with me. Soon my youngest brother and one of my nephews were fighting against us, and my eldest brother, though not actually in arms, was perhaps running even greater risks by trying to organize resistance to the invaders. As I was told in Berlin after the war. *Il jouait sa tête*. Then the difficulties of communication, which increased as the invasion spread; the weeks without news, the agonies of suspense and anxiety—and yet we were amongst those who suffered least on the whole, for when peace was concluded no one belonging to us on either side, not even one of the servants, had been wounded, and we could thank God there was no blood between us.

“THE HAGUE, April, 1869.”

“It would amuse you, I think, to see how perfectly we are at home and settled here already, although we only arrived this day week. So far, we are quite charmed with The Hague, and find its quiet and comfort a haven of rest after Berlin. When we arrived, our Chief's carriage and servant were waiting at the station, rooms had been taken for us at the hotel, and before we had been there half an hour Count Perponcher came to ask us to dine quietly with them that day.”

“THE HAGUE, April 23, 1869.”

“C. is gone out with his Chief, who is indefatigable in taking him his round

* My husband, Carl de Bunsen.

of diplomatic visits, all in person and on foot, so that C. comes back to dinner pretty well tired, and his head in a whirl with all the Dutch names, which are generally long and complicated. To-day, in addition to his *tournee*, he is to be presented to the King at five o'clock. The Countess and I have already been our rounds, leaving cards in abundance and finding few people at home. We go in her carriage.

"This morning we came upon a lodging in a large, old-fashioned house which seems as though it were really made for us. It is in the Korte Vorhout, just opposite the palace of Prince Frederic, the uncle of the King, and quite near the *Bosch* (wood). You go up a wide, polished, black staircase, and there is a very large, handsome, and lofty drawing-room on the first floor, with a kind of projecting bow-window. The walls are not papered, but hung with huge oil-paintings let into the wall, as is often the case in old-fashioned Dutch houses, we are told. These represent views of Rome, and I think that decided us to take the apartment for six months on the spot."

"April 24, 1869.

"C. was presented yesterday to the King, who appears to be somewhat in Vittorio's style, brief and abrupt. The interview was short and sweet, and the whole affair was over so soon that when C. came back I thought there must have been some hitch and that it had been countermanded. We are both to be presented to the Queen to-morrow, Sunday evening, at nine o'clock."

"April 27, 1869.

"We are now established in our new abode, and more and more delighted with it—'S Gravenhage (Dutch for The Hague), Korte Vorhout 12.

"Our presentation to the Queen was an *affaire serio*. We were ordered in the evening in full dress, and it lasted an hour and a half—*sitting*. I am thankful to say—in a rather stiff circle, the two Perponchers and us. The Hofdame sat in the distance, nodding occasionally. The Queen is extremely clever and well informed; she wears her hair in ringlets like Mme. de Sévigné, and must have been exceedingly pretty; but the an-

strengung (effort) of a conversation carried on for so long and under such circumstances was very great. Poor Perponcher declared afterward that though it was a *grosse auszeichnung* (great distinction), her Majesty keeping us so long, he felt quite exhausted.

"The people here seem very *gemüthlich* (pleasant, good-natured); the little Hofdamen came to see me on foot in short dresses. Various Grandes-Maitresses come and pay me long visits. They have all read my mother-in-law's book,* in all three different editions, I think, and are perfectly up in the Bunsen family history. Indeed, we were much amused when dining at the Thurlows' (English colleagues) the other day; C. having related some anecdote about the Legation in London, a voice from the other end of the table interrupted him. 'I beg your pardon, but that is not quite as it is told in the book!' As the thing had happened to C. himself, it was rather good.

"Everybody seems to have seen us at the German church last Sunday, where we made our first appearance in the pew of the Legation. It was quite a new sensation, and an edifying one, to sit in church with one's Chief and his family. Altogether I feel as if we had been running rather wild in Italy, and certainly being under Count Perponcher is a good school for learning to do exactly the right thing in the proper way."

"THE HAGUE, August 21, 1869.

"I have had a good deal of occupation lately trying to find a nurse for the *futur enfant d'Italie*, as Mlle. A. expresses it. She wrote from Monza to say that it was at last decided that the future royal baby should have an English nurse, and begging me to look out for one. Here in Holland it certainly did not seem an easy task, but I have written to several people, and hope it may be managed."

"THE HAGUE, November 14, 1869.

"You may imagine our delight at the news of the Princess of Piedmont having a son. Our Italian colleague, Martuscelli, wrote to us as soon as he got the telegram from Naples, knowing how

* *Life of Baron Bunsen.*



OUR DRAWING-ROOM AT THE HAGUE

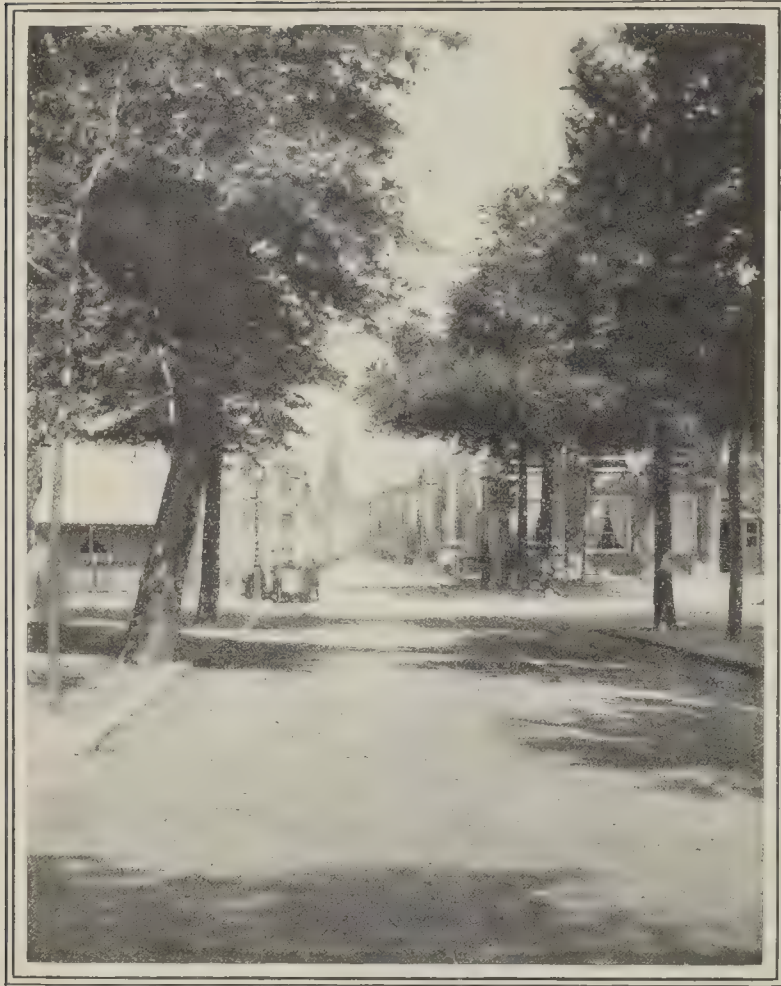
much it would interest us. I had also a letter from Mlle. A. announcing the arrival of Mrs. Lea, the nurse, at Naples, just in time, as I suppose she is now *dans l'exercice de ses fonctions*. So all this nurse affair seems to be shaking right by degrees. The nurse in London who was not taken, but claimed £8 for loss of time, is to have them paid by the Italian Embassy—*c'est de très-peu d'importance ça*."

"THE HAGUE, January 26, 1870.

"Saturday we were reckoning on a quiet evening, when we received an invitation *pour le thé de la Reine*, for the same evening. Preparations I had none to make, for, as Auguste remarked, the choice of a dress was not difficult,

there being but one.* We had to be there at nine, and found the Queen alone. She was sitting near the fire, not as usual on the sofa entrenched behind a table. It was rather stiff at first, as such things always are; but C. talked remarkably well, and the Queen, getting animated, told many anecdotes, and as she knows everybody and is so clever, the conversation was most interesting. Indeed, I found the *dame d'honneur*, Mme. de Papst, who made her appearance later, rather in the way, as she would talk to me in whispers, when I would much rather have listened to what was going

* I was in mourning, and my *couturière* had only sent me as yet one dress *à deux corsages*, which had to figure on all occasions.



A STREET IN THE HAGUE

on. Tea was handed round, and at ten a small table was brought in ready for four people, and placed in a corner of the room. The Queen got up, and saying she hoped we liked oysters, led the way to it. Fortunately we *do* like them, for there was nothing else, but they were very good; we had some punch to drink, and it was altogether rather jolly. The Queen on a sofa, I in an armchair on her right, C. to her left, and Mme. de Papst opposite H. M. Our carriage had been ordered at half past ten, for according to Dutch custom the servants, when you arrive anywhere, tell you at what hour you are to go away. We sat on, however, chatting at the supper table, till the Queen, who had been laughing very much at some of C.'s stories, got up suddenly, said it was midnight, gave me her hand and departed. It was not quite midnight, but over half past eleven, so we can hope that H. M.

did not bore herself too much. This *thé de la Reine* is a peculiar institution, but not unpleasant."

"February 5, 1870.

"Besides an unusual amount of dissipation, C. and I have been sight-seeing. One day we went to the library, where there is a fine collection of gems. Among others, a beautiful head of Livia, supposed to be the *pendant* of the Augustus of the Bracas collection. Yesterday we went by appointment with Syperstein, who is very well up in the history of The Hague, to see the Binnenhof and the Buitenhof in detail. Then we went to the Gefangenport and saw all the prisons, very

interesting and very horrible. It is the place of the murder of the two De Witts. We saw the axe with which Olden-Barneveld was beheaded, and the room for torture with all its instruments, which is enough to give you the horrors for some time after."

"February 21, 1870.

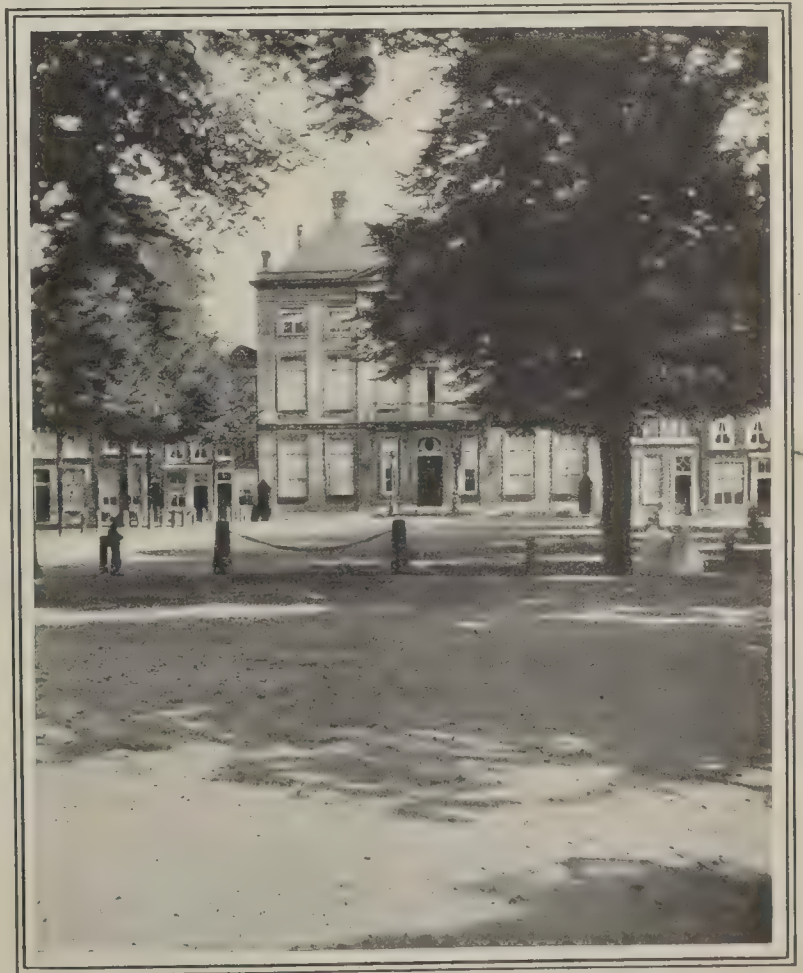
"Last week there was a big *soirée* at the Grande-Maîtresse Mme. van der Ondermeulen's. She is a nice, portly old court dame, who wears no *chignon*, but a respectable blond cap on her head, with two white ostrich feathers at the top, and a tulle scarf over her ample shoulders. She is also very benevolent, and I am told that whenever she has to give a grand dinner, she makes out the exact sum it cost her and sends it to the poor. I am sorry to say we arrived late at her party and found the *cercle* already formed, as the court was there. It looked formidable, but Mme. van der

Ondermeulen insisted on my joining it, and I succeeded in squeezing myself in. The Queen had already *done* that side, but came back very kindly afterward, to shake hands and say a word. After some time she sat down to her *partie*, to which Perponcher is always called, and the stiffness began to subside. I had just made my way into the ballroom and was looking on at the dancing, when an elderly gentleman came up and said, 'How d'ye do?' in English, in a very friendly manner. I was on the point of putting out my hand, when it flashed upon me just in time that it was the King! He told me he had found out that he could speak English with me, as I was of English origin, and then began telling me anecdotes of his youth, when he was much in England. Of his first ball in London at Devonshire House, and how long his father had been in England before he went to Spain to serve with Wellington, and about the great festivities to celebrate the peace after the fall of Napoleon, and the fearful crowds, etc. For a royal conversation it was really quite interesting, and it lasted a good long time. At first there was dancing going on, but when the waltz came to an end we were left alone in a corner, any one who happened to approach retiring precipitately on recognizing H. M., so that at last I began to feel rather nervous. I think the King felt a little awkward too, and did not quite know how to wind up, but at last he moved off slowly. It seems that C. had been apprised of the event—'Ne

passiez pas par là, le Roi cause avec Mme. de Buusen.' After that I got into a small quiet room with Baroness van D., had a comfortable supper, and then we came home."

" March 2, 1870.

"On Monday we had our audience of the Prince and Princess Henry, who are on their annual visit to The Hague; we tried to beg off, as we had a rather *stiff* remembrance of our presentation to them last spring, but the Perponchers were firm, and we had to write and ask to see them as if we particularly wished it. The Lococks were ordered at a quarter to nine, and we at nine, so that it did not seem likely to last long. After a little whispering conversation in the first salen with the aides-de-camp and the lady in waiting, the Lococks came out, and it was our turn to go in. Somehow it always makes me think of the dentist's. The Prince and Princess were together. She



VIEW OF THE LANGE VORHOUT

graciously made room for me on the sofa by her, and began talking of their journey (they have been to the East lately), of Port Saïd, the canal de Suez, etc. At last she began speaking of Naples, where she stayed four days, to rest after six days and nights of uninterrupted seasickness! She then talked of the Princess of Piedmont, and seeing how much it interested me, good-naturedly entered into details; said that she dresses her hair in plaits now, that she found her improved in appearance since her son was born, grown stouter and very pale, but very lovely. She had seen her twice in the evening, dressed each time in pink velvet and very elegant; that she seemed very happy, that the baby is splendid, that the Neapolitans adore her and call her *l'angelo d'Italia*. You may imagine it was delightful to listen to all this, and I was almost sorry when a slight stir in the next room announced that the next set had arrived. The Princess rose, shook hands; Prince Henry pursued C., who was bowing himself out, in order to do likewise, and then made me a solemn bow, not having addressed to me one word the whole time. I made him a curtsy on the pattern of those the dancing-master makes B.* and her companions perform, and we departed."

" March 18, 1870.

"I think I last wrote on the day of Mme. Groeninx's ball, which was very pretty. On these occasions you at least get to see the inside of Dutch houses, which are generally handsome, with old furniture and china and some good pictures. In the day you are never admitted, unless by appointment. Not at home is the invariable answer at every door. The other day I had on a new dress from Paris which I should not have minded showing; I paid *sixteen* visits, and might as well have been in my dressing-gown, for not a single house did I get into.

"But to return to the Groeninx ball—I was informed there that the King of Holland had expressed great satisfaction as to the long conversation we had together; '*vous pouvez en être très-flattée, il est très-rare que le Roi cause aussi longtemps avec une dame.*' In consequence of this H. M.'s aides-de-camp are de-

* My little girl, Beatrice de Bunsen.

voted to me; have promised us letters to see the Loo,* and all sorts of civilities."

In April, 1870, we left Holland on leave, for about three months, and returned from France, where we had been staying with my people, at the end of June. Our friend Mlle. A. from Italy travelled with us and stayed some time at The Hague.

"THE HAGUE, June 30, 1870.

"We arrived here all right last night at about ten, found a comfortable supper, the cook in the most gracious of moods, and all the rooms shining with cleanliness. I really wonder how the people do it; the whole apartment looks as if it had been repainted and repapered. So far all was very nice, but it is bitterly cold and the sky dark and gloomy. Mlle. A. declared, when she first saw a Dutch landscape at Moerdijk, *que c'était du gris sur du gris!* She is, however, enchanted with Holland so far, excepting the cold. How long it seems already since we drove away that early morning to the Amiens station! Pray remember *never* to let any one come that way who can possibly help it. We changed eight times between Darnetal and Antwerp!"

"THE HAGUE, July 7, 1870.

"After all, we have found a good deal to do and are by no means settled down yet. The weather, too, was so detestable that it was difficult to get about. To-day is beautiful, the sun shining for the first time since our return, and everything looking nice and gay. Great part of our time till now has been spent in putting ourselves *en règle* as to visits, presentations, etc. I announced myself to the Queen on Monday and was received on Tuesday, which was kind and satisfactory as far as that goes. She seemed very sad—the death of Lord Clarendon has affected her much. She asked if our friend was with us, and said she would like to see her. Happily Mlle. A. had already asked Bertinatti, the new Italian minister, to request an audience for her. He made a muff of himself, however, and did not know how to set about it, so that the Queen lost patience and desired the Baroness v. D. to write and appoint an

* The Loo was the King's favorite country residence.

hour for Mlle. A. without further delay. While I was still with the Queen, the Prince of Wied, who is on a visit to his fiancée, was announced, and H. M. got up, saying she could not keep him waiting. She then shook hands quite affectionately, saying, 'God bless you; I have been very glad to see you.' She is expecting Mr. Mohl, who had written to her from Bourneville, and also the young author, Mr. Lecky. As I went out I met the Prince of Wied in the great painted hall, for the Queen is now at the Huis ten Bosch for the summer.

"It is so curious to think of the Duc de Gramont, whom we all knew at Turin as a *très-grand seigneur* and an amiable colleague, but who was not taken *très au sérieux*, coming out in such a new and alarming light. Surely all this does not really mean war?"

you in France not a fortnight ago without the slightest idea of this coming storm. Gramont's undiplomatic and unparliamentary behavior has done much harm; indeed, so-called parliamentary government in France seems more dangerous to the peace of Europe than the Emperor's *gouvernement personnel*. It is little use talking about it, but how is one to help it, when one can think of nothing else? Mr. Locock of the English Legation has just been here, and says he cannot believe in war; that now the Prince of Hohenzollern has withdrawn his candidature to the throne of Spain, there is no sufficient pretext. God grant he may be right! We were at the Archery Club this afternoon, which is very fashionable here. The Prince of Orange was there, who was very civil, and asked me to present him to Mlle. A., with whom

"THE HAGUE, July 15, 1870.

"We are going off to the country to pay a long-promised visit to the D'A's. It is rather a nuisance just at present, when one lives upon news, and when no one knows what a day may bring forth. C., of course, cannot go, and it is only because Mme. d'A. insisted on it most kindly, asking us to bring Mlle. A. and B., that I have accepted for two days. There is to be a ball at court next Monday for some Russian Grand Duke which we were to return for, but if there is to be war I do not suppose it will take place. You may imagine the emotions we have been going through. It seems hardly possible, after leaving



QUEEN SOPHIE OF THE NETHERLANDS



ERNEST DE BUNSEN, WITH TWO OF THE WOUNDED FRENCH SOLDIERS

tached to the Emperor Napoleon and to her French connections that her sympathies are entirely on the French side."

"THE HAGUE, July 19, 1870.

"We returned from Moersbergen yesterday, to our great relief, for it was dreadful just at this moment to be *au fond de la campagne*, where one heard no news and could only see Dutch newspapers. The house is quite charming; an old castle surrounded by water, extremely well restored, and provided with every comfort by the Baron d'A. We were certainly much impressed with the studied and expensive comfort of Dutch life. The great importance of meals, the amount of food, the particular excellence of

he got up a slight flirtation. Presently one of his aides-de-camp came in and showed him a paper very quietly. The Prince read it, and resumed his shooting. We heard afterward it was the despatch about our King refusing to receive Benedetti. Yesterday evening at Scheveningen there was great excitement about all the news. We exchanged very *amical bonsoirs* with Baudin (French minister), who looked excited and rather exhilarated, and wore white 'gamaches' over his shoes—a habit of his I could never understand. The Queen was there and paid the Jacobsons a visit—being in need of some one to talk to, I suppose. She was in very low spirits, and regretted more than ever Lord Clarendon's death, as she thinks his influence might have stopped all this. Although she is German by birth, Queen Sophie is so at-

the tea, of the coffee, of the chocolate, of the cream, of the fruit—of everything, in fact. But the whole time of our stay the words of Scripture, 'Man doth not live by bread alone,' were running in my head, and I rather sympathized with Mlle. A., who bored herself horribly, and declared *qu'elle avait envie de leur jeter toute cette mangeaille à la tête*. It was most unfair, as our hosts were hospitality itself, and it was not their fault that our nerves were on edge and our minds totally engrossed in another direction. I must allow, however, that it was trying to be seriously consulted as to whether we should prefer the salad being mixed with cream or oil, and did we like salt or pepper, or both, just when one was longing for the post to arrive and wondering what new developments had taken place. The Dutch papers came

twice a day, and I certainly learned more Dutch in those two days, thanks to my anxiety to know what was going on, than in the whole past year. The news that greeted us on our arrival was Gramont's warlike declaration to the Chambers, which certainly put an end to all uncertainty. That first night at Moersbergen I shall never forget. I seemed to *hear* all the warlike preparations that were going on during those quiet hours—the incessant working of telegraphs, the sad partings, the assembling and marching of troops, the gay *insouciant entrain* of the French soldiers which I remember from Italy. The quiet determination of the Northern races! I never passed such a night; the air seemed alive with all that was going on. It was very warm, and the window of a little salon between my room and B.'s was open. I tried walking about, and could see the dark outlines of the trees reflected in the moat beneath, and the ducks disporting themselves in the moonlight. (I never knew before that ducks sat up all night!) Altogether I never got any sleep before daylight while we were at Moersbergen, and that and the terrible excitement have irritated my nerves to a degree which, Mlle. A. assures me, makes my company anything but agreeable. Auguste has a brother in the Prussian army and many relations who will be called out in case of war, so you may imagine what *her* feelings are. Altogether we were very glad to come back here, where at least one hears more news; otherwise I do not see that it is much better, excepting that we can sleep and don't see so much of the ducks. When we passed at Utrecht yesterday there was a great stir of Dutch troops, all moving to the frontier to protect the neutrality."

"THE HAGUE, July 31, 1870.

"We live very quietly here, and are all well *unberufen*, except poor Auguste, who has been nearly out of her mind. It seems her native town of Arolsen is nearly deserted, all the men gone to the war. When one thinks of the amount of suffering, before even the war is begun, one does feel bitterly about the *cœur leger* and the *non-curanza* of the men who have brought all this upon us.

"One thing they have done, however,

although unintentionally. They have made Germany, for the intense enthusiasm which is now uniting the country from one end to the other certainly owes its source to the extreme indignation they have excited. "I really do not wish to approach this subject, and yet it is impossible not to say something of it. In every house here they are making charpie and bandages for the Red Cross Association, which, as you know, is international. Sixteen assistants are ready to go off at a moment's notice, with a hospital tent and all appliances, to tend the wounded on either side.

"So far we are on very good terms with our enemies of the French legations; of course we do not visit, nor go to each other's houses, but we bow and shake hands, and even speak occasionally."

"THE HAGUE, August 18, 1870.

"The life we lead here is very much the same as yours—reading newspapers and making charpie. What a comfort it is that Normandy is well out of the way of all that is going on! When will it all end! I don't think I ever felt so miserable in some ways before, for I always was so sure of your sympathy, and now I feel in a measure cut off from it. Happily C. feels as much with me as I do with him, and that is an immense comfort.

"We have had nothing of late to chequer the monotony of our existence. Newspapers more or less all day, varied by despatches, often of a most contradictory nature, and all in Dutch. We take in the *Times*, the *Independance Belge*, the *Cologne Gazette*, a Dutch and an Austrian paper, besides another German one; so you may imagine it takes time to master their contents. We scarcely see any one; society seems to have ceased for the present, and sea-bathing is our great resource. Every day one hopes for some conclusion, and every day the war goes on."

"THE HAGUE, September 13, 1870.

"Our poor neighbors of the French Legation are in a most dreadful state, we hear. She dresses only in black, and does nothing but cry. He is also much distressed. They have given their servants warning, as of course they must go,

the government they represent having fallen.* They will be universally regretted here."

"THE HAGUE, September 16, 1870.

"What can I say but that I think of you continually, and am very miserable—if that could help in any way! My only wish and desire is for peace. C. is most kind and sympathizing, and we have at least the blessing that we feel for each other and are not divided in these dreadful days. He always dreaded a war so much.

"After just the first moment of hearing of Sedan we feared that the principal delinquent (Emperor Napoleon) giving himself up would not help matters, and so it has turned out. He seems to have done it with a view to his own interests rather than to those of France, and has complicated the situation most dreadfully.

"Our only company is Bertinatti, the Italian minister, who comes in about every second evening and croaks rather. He is an old Piedmontese, and we like him on that account. There is also Aladzo, a cheery little Spaniard, who comes and sings and plays the piano with Mlle. A. occasionally; that is pretty well all our society."

"October 2, 1870.

"Yesterday we had a gleam of hope in the French elections being announced again for the 16th—then at least there will be a constituted body to treat with. We bitterly regret that Jules Favre refused the *Waffenstillstand* (truce). *Everybody* agrees—and you know we see papers of all sorts of countries and opinions—that the conditions for *that* were moderate, and France might have had an opportunity of really showing her feelings. He took a dreadful responsibility on himself from a mistaken sense of honor, and very melancholy it is to read his report, so full of real true feeling, and yet coming to no result!"

"October 23, 1870.

"There is much talk of peace and armistices just at present, and on the principle of there being no smoke without fire, I would fain believe in them.

* The Emperor Napoleon surrendered at Sedan September 2d.

"We have had an event in our quiet life. Yesterday there came suddenly an invitation to dine with Prince Frederic, at his country place, the 'Huis de Paauw' (House of the Peacock). The dinner was in honor of his sister-in-law, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who is also sister to our King. There were only the legation, besides the 'Hohe Herrschaften' and their suites. The Grand Duchess is a dear old lady, with a cap and a lace barbe tied loosely under her chin, which looks very quaint and nice. She was very gracious, and so was the Princess Marie, who presented me to her aunt herself. There was much talk of the war and the desire for peace. *Mais avec qui la faire?* Old Prince Frederic was in the campaign of 1815. The lady who is here with the Grand Duchess is in deep mourning for a brother lost before Metz. She went there for a few days to nurse him, and told me no one could form any idea of the horrors of war and of what the wounded endure, until they had seen it with their own eyes."

"THE HAGUE, December 1, 1870.

"We saw, the other day, a Dutch surgeon who volunteered for the Red Cross, and has been hard at work at Neuwied, on the Rhine, all this time. He described the state of a trainful of French wounded Ernest* brought off from Metz† as something too deplorable for words. Everything they had on them had to be burned immediately; for fourteen days before the surrender the French surgeons had no more linen or bandages, or anything wherewith to dress their wounded, and had been obliged to give them up in despair. Ernest brought them to Neuwied *à ses risques et périls*, for as prisoners of war they ought by rights to have been taken only to establishments belonging to government. However, he carried them off, and his action has been approved since, and all the poor fellows are doing well. The Neuwied hospital has been singularly fortunate, losing only two patients, I think. They are all in tents or wooden barracks, and the Princess mother of Wied nurses them herself."

* My brother-in-law, Ernest de Bunsen.

† Metz had surrendered October 27th.

"THE HAGUE, *January 29, 1871.*

"I cannot let this day end without sending you a line! Oh, the joy and thankfulness this armistice has caused us! It was B. brought me the decisive news from the legation, where she had been passing the afternoon with the Perponcher children: 'Maman, tu sais, il y a un armistice de trois semaines, le Comte nous l'a dit.' Thank God! Then came C., radiant, and after dinner our *habitués* Aladzo, Bertinatti, etc., came to congratulate, and all kissed my hand to show their sympathy. They have been very kind and faithful during all this long, weary time. I could hardly get to sleep last night for thinking and hoping; it seems so strange not to have the *cœur-serré* that I almost miss it."

"THE HAGUE, *February 9, 1871.*

"The prospect of my letters reaching you once more directly, and not having to go round by England or to be entrusted to the Feld-Post, and that I shall not be cut off from intercourse with you any longer, seems almost too delightful to be true.

"Yesterday we had a grand dinner at the Baron von Langenau's (Austria), the first time I have been out this winter; but as there was the armistice I had no excuse. Admiral Harris took me in, and I really do not know what impelled me during dinner to tell him what H. said—that of all the various creatures he had partaken of during the siege of Paris, dog was the worst, because it had such a distinct taste of—*dog!* I suppose the contrast of the exceedingly plentiful and sumptuous meal going on at the time was too much for the Admiral, for he only ejaculated, 'Good heavens!' and stared at me blankly. After living a secluded life for so long, the heat and the noise and lights tired me dreadfully, and to-day I feel quite done."

"THE HAGUE, *February 18, 1871.*

"I returned to the gallery in the Moritzhuis the other day to try and finish my sketch from Rembrandt's *Leçon d'Anatomie*, which I have not touched since our return here at the beginning of the war. It is a gruesome subject rather, but I steadily avoid looking

at the corpse, which I am not painting, and study the group of students, who are purely magnificent, listening in rapt attention to the professor's lecture, in the most wonderful aerial perspective. B. went with me to the gallery, and tried to draw a Dutch baby from a picture, to her great delight."

"February 24, 1871.

"The idea of peace being really made makes me feel quite odd, as though the relief were almost too great and I was giddy or light-headed. It would be better, I think, if we were in some more demonstrative land, but here people in general are so cold and indifferent.

"I wonder if you ever asked yourselves how we lived of late, with the V.'s (our bankers) shut up in Paris? I suppose you had your own difficulties to think of, but in that respect, too, peace is a great relief. The V.'s behaved splendidly, and sent us money letters *par ballon monté*, which alighted somewhere in Belgium, from whence their contents were forwarded, and were really of use, but it was rather a precarious way of life."

"THE HAGUE, *March 12, 1871.*

"The *Figaro* and other French papers have reappeared at the club here, so that communications must be pretty well re-established now. Indeed, I shall send this letter direct and let it take its chance, for I do not see any use letting them go round by England any more. I am so longing to see you. When R. has returned and is resuming his usual avocations, what should prevent you from coming here?"

"March 26, 1871.

"I can hardly describe my feelings about Paris (the Commune). I was so thankful the war was over, with you all safe. Then the Assembly at Bordeaux seemed so well composed and as if there was really hope all would go right again—and now, when the poor country so sadly needs quiet, all this begins!

"It was delightful to get your last letter; one felt in every line you had all your dear ones round you again, and that the time of loneliness and anxiety was over."

The Satraps

RETOLD FROM THE FRENCH OF NICOLAS DE CAEN

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

HERE we have to do with the sixth tale of the Dizain of Queens. I abridge, as heretofore, at discretion, and somewhat rearrange the progress of the narrative; the result is that to the Norman cleric appertains whatever the tale may have of merit, whereas what you find distasteful in it you must impute to my delinquencies in skill rather than in volition.

In the year of grace 1381 (Nicolas begins) was Dame Anne magnificently fetched from remote Bohemia, and at Westminster married to Sire Richard, the second monarch of that name to reign in England. The Queen had presently noted a certain priest who went forbiddingly about her court, where he was accorded a provisional courtesy, and more forbiddingly into many hovels, where day by day a pitiful wreckage of humanity both blessed and hoodwinked him, as he morosely knew, and adored him, as he never knew at all.

Queen Anne made inquiries. This young cleric was amanuensis to the Duke of Gloucester, she was informed, and notoriously a by-blow of the Duke's brother, the dead Lionel of Clarence. She sent for this Edward Maudelain; when he came her first perception was, "How wonderful his likeness to the King!" while the thought's commentary ran, unacknowledged, "Ay, as an eagle resembles a falcon!" For here, to the observant eye, was a far older person, already passion-wasted, and ineffably a more dictatorial and stiff-necked being than the lazy and amiable King; also, this Maudelain's face and nose were somewhat too long and high; and the priest was, in a word, the less comely of the pair by a very little, and by an infinity the more majestic.

"You are my cousin now, messire," she told him, and innocently offered to his lips her own.

He never moved; but their glances crossed, and for that instant she saw the face of a man who has just stepped into a quicksand. She trembled, without knowing why. Then he spoke, composedly, and of trivial matters.

Thus began the Queen's acquaintance with Edward Maudelain. She was by this time the loneliest woman in the island: her husband granted her a bright and fresh perfection of form and color, but desiderated any appetizing tang, and lamented, in his phrase, a certain kinship to the impeccable loveliness of some female saint in a jaunty tapestry; bright as ice in sunshine, just so her beauty chilled you, he complained: and moreover, the woman had been fetched into England, chiefly, to breed him children, and this she had never done. Undoubtedly he had made a bad bargain—he was too easy-going, people presumed upon it. His barons snatched their cue and esteemed Dame Anne to be negligible; whereas the clergy, finding that she obstinately read the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, under the irrelevant plea of not comprehending Latin, denounced her from their pulpits as a heretic and as the evil woman prophesied by Ezekiel.

It was the nature of this desolate child to crave affection, as a necessity almost, and pitifully she tried to purchase it through almsgiving. In the attempt she could have found no coadjutor more ready than Edward Maudelain; giving was with these downright two a sort of obsession, though always he gave in a half scorn but half concealed; and presently they could have marshalled an army of adherents, all in rags, who would cheerfully have been hacked to pieces for either of the twain, and have praised God at the final gasp for the privilege. It was perhaps the tragedy of the man's life that he never suspected this.



Painting by Howard Pyle

THE QUEEN READ THE SCRIPTURES IN THE VULGAR TONGUE

Now in and about the Queen's unfrequented rooms the lonely woman and the priest met daily to discuss this or that comminuted point of theology, or (to cite a single instance) Gammer Tudway's obstinate sciatica. Considerate persons found something of the pathetic in their preoccupation with these trifles while, so clamantly, the dissension between the young King and his uncles gathered to a head: the air was thick with portents; and was this, then, an appropriate time, the judicious demanded of high Heaven, for the Queen of fearful England to concern herself about a peasant's toothache?

Long afterward was Edward Maudelain to remember this brief and tranquil period of his life, and to wonder over the man that he had been, through this short while. Embittered and suspicious she had found him, noted for the carping tongue he lacked both power and inclination to bridle; and she had, against his nature, made Maudelain see that every person is at bottom lovable, and all vices but the stains of a traveller midway in a dusty journey; and had led the priest no longer to do good for his own soul's health, but simply for his fellow's benefit.

And in place of that monstrous passion which had at first view of her possessed him, now, like a sheltered taper, glowed an adoration which yearned, in mockery of common sense, to suffer somehow for this beautiful and gracious comrade; though very often a sudden pity for her loneliness and the knowledge that she dared trust no one save himself would throttle him like two assassins and move the hot-blooded young man to an exquisite agony of self-contempt and exultation.

Now Maudelain made excellent songs, it was a matter of common report; and yet but once in their close friendship had the Queen commanded him to make a song for her. This had been at Dover, about vespers, in the starved and tiny garden overlooking the English Channel, upon which her apartments faced; and the priest had fingered his lute for an appreciable while before he sang, a thought more harshly than was his custom.

Sang Maudelain:

"Ave Maria! now cry we so,
That see night wake and daylight go.

"Mother and Maid, in nothing incomplete,
This night that gathers is more light and fleet
Than twilight trod alway with stumbling feet,
Agentes uno animo.

"Ever we touch the prize we dare not take!
Ever we know that thirst we dare not slake!
Ever toward a dreamed-of goal we make—
Est cæli in palatio!

"Yet long the road, and very frail are we
That may not lightly curb mortality,
Nor lightly tread together silently,
Et carmen unum facio:—

"Mater, ora filium,
Ut post hoc exilium
Nobis donet gaudium
Beatorum omnium!"

Dame Anne had risen. She said nothing. She stayed in this posture for a lengthy while, reeling, one hand yet clasping either breast. More lately she laughed, and began to speak of Long Simon's recent fever. Was there no method of establishing him in another cottage? No, the priest said, the villeins like the cattle were by ordinary deeded with the land.

One day, about the hour of prime, in that season of the year when fields smell of young grass, the Duke of Gloucester sent for Edward Maudelain. The court was then at Windsor. The priest came quickly to his patron. He found the Duke in company with Edmund of York and bland Harry of Derby, John of Gaunt's oldest son. Each was a proud and handsome man. To-day Gloucester was gnawing at his finger nails, big York seemed half asleep, and the Earl of Derby patiently to await something as yet ineffably remote.

"Sit down!" snarled Gloucester. His lean and evil countenance was that of a tired devil. The priest obeyed, wondering that so high an honor be accorded him in the view of three great noblemen. Then Gloucester said, in his sharp way: "Edward, you know, as England knows, the King's intention toward us three and our adherents. It has come to our demolishment or his. I confess a preference in the matter. I have consulted with the Pope concerning the advisability of taking the crown into my own hands.

Edmund here does not want it, and John is already achieving one in Spain. Eh, in imagination I was already King of England, and I had dreamed— Well! to-day the prosaic courier arrived. Urban—that Neapolitan swine!—dares give me no assistance. It is decreed I shall never reign in these islands. And I had dreamed— Meanwhile, De Vere and De la Pole are at the King day and night urging revolt. Within the week the three heads of us will embellish Temple Bar. You, of course, they will only hang.”

“We must avoid England, then, my noble patron,” the priest considered.

Angrily the Duke struck a clenched fist upon the table. “By the Cross! we remain in England, you and I and all of us. Others avoid. The Pope and the Emperor will have none of me. They plead for the Black Prince’s heir, for the legitimate heir. Dompnedex! they shall have him!”

Maudelain recoiled, for he thought this twitching man insane.

“Besides, the King intends to take from me my fief at Sudbury,” said the Duke of York, “in order he may give it to De Vere. That is absurd and monstrous and abominable.”

Openly Gloucester sneered. “Listen!” he rapped out toward Maudelain; “when they were drawing up the Great Peace at Brétigny, it happened, as is notorious, that the Black Prince, my brother, wooed in this town the Demoiselle Alixe Riczi, whom in the outcome he abducted. It is not as generally known, however, that, finding the fair Lyonnaise a girl of obdurate virtue, he had prefaced the action by marriage.”

“And what have I to do with all this?” said Edward Maudelain.

Gloucester retorted: “More than you think. For she was conveyed to Chertsey, here in England, where at the year’s end she died in childbirth. A little before this time had Sir Thomas Holland seen his last day—the husband of that Jehane of Kent whom throughout his life my brother loved most marvellously. The disposition of the late Queen Mother is tolerably well known. I make no comment save that to her moulding my brother was as so much wax. In fine, the two lovers were presently married, and their son reigns to-day in England.

The abandoned son of Alixe Riczi was reared by the Cistercians at Chertsey, where some years ago I found you—sire.”

He spoke with a stifled voice, and wrenching forth each sentence; and now with a stiff forefinger flipped a paper across the table. “*In extremis* my brother did far more than confess. He signed—your Grace,” said Gloucester. The Duke on a sudden flung out his hands, like a wizard whose necromancy fails, and the palms were bloodied where his nails had torn the flesh.

“Moreover, my daughter was born at Sudbury,” said the Duke of York.

And of Maudelain’s face I cannot tell you. He made pretence to read the paper carefully, but ever his eyes roved, and he knew that he stood among wolves. The room was oddly shaped, with eight equal sides; the ceiling was of a light and brilliant blue, powdered with many golden stars, and the walls were hung with tapestries which commemorated the exploits of Theseus. “King,” he said, aloud, “of France and England, and Lord of Ireland, and Duke of Aquitaine! I perceive that Heaven loves a jest.” He wheeled upon Gloucester and spoke with singular irrelevance: “And the titular Queen?”

Again the Duke shrugged. “I had not thought of the dumb wench. We have many convents.”

And now Maudelain twisted the paper between his long fingers and appeared to meditate.

“It would be advisable, your Grace,” observed the Earl of Derby, suavely, and breaking his silence for the first time, “that yourself should wed Dame Anne, once the Holy Father has granted the necessary dispensation. Treading too close upon the impendent death of our nominal lord the so-called King, the foreign war perhaps necessitated by her exile would be highly inconvenient.”

Then these three princes rose and knelt before the priest; in long bright garments they were clad, and they shone with gold and many jewels, what while he standing among them shuddered in his sombre robe. “Hail, King of England!” cried these three.

“Hail, ye that are my kinsmen!” he answered; “hail, ye that spring of an accursed race, as I! And woe to Eng-

land for that fearful hour wherein Foulques the Querulous held traffic with a devil and on her begot the first of us Plantagenets! Of ice and of lust and of hell-fire are all we sprung; old records attest it; and fickle and cold and ravenous and without shame are we Plantagenets until the end. Of your brother's dishonor ye make merchandise to-day, and to-day fratricide whispers me, and leers, and, Heaven help me! I attend. O God of Gods! wilt Thou dare bid a man live stainless, having aforetime filled his veins with such a venom? Then will I cry from Thy deepest hell. . . . Nay, now let Lucifer rejoice for that his descendants know of what wood to make a crutch! You are very wise, my kinsmen. Take your measures, then, messieurs that are my kinsmen! Though were I any other than a Plantagenet, with what expedition would I now kill you that recognize the strength to do it! then would I slay you! without any animosity, would I slay you then, and just as I would kill as many splendid snakes!"

He went away, laughing horribly. Gloucester drummed upon the table, his brows contracted. But the lean Duke said nothing; big York seemed to sleep; and Henry of Derby smiled as he sounded a gong for that scribe who would draw up the necessary letters. His time was not yet come, but it was nearing.

In the antechamber the priest encountered two men-at-arms dragging a dead body from the castle. The Duke of Kent, Maudelain was informed, had taken a fancy to a peasant girl, and in remonstrance her misguided father had actually tugged at his Grace's sleeve.

Maudelain went first into the park of Windsor, where he walked for a long while alone. It was a fine day in the middle spring; and now he seemed to understand for the first time how fair his England was. For entire England was his splendid fief, held in vassalage to God and to no man alive, his heart now sang; allwhither his empire spread, opulent in grain and metal and every revenue of the earth, and in stalwart men, his chattels, and in strong orderly cities, where the windows would be adorned with scarlet hangings, and women with golden hair and red lax lips would presently admire as King Edward rode slowly

by at the head of a resplendent retinue. And always the King would bow, graciously and without haste, to his shouting people. . . . He laughed to find himself already at rehearsal of the gesture.

It was strange, though, that in this glorious fief of his so many persons should as yet live day by day as cattle live, suspicious of all other moving things, with reason, and roused from their incurious and filthy apathy only when some glittering baron, like a resistless eagle, swept uncomfortably near on some by-errand of the more bright and windy upper world. East and north they had gone yearly, for so many centuries, these dumb peasants, like herded sheep, so that in the outcome their carcasses might manure the soil of France yonder or of more barren Scotland. Give these serfs a king, now, who, being absolute, might dare to deal in perfect equity with rich and poor, who with his advent would bring Peace into England as his bride, as Trygæus did very anciently in Athens—"And then," the priest paraphrased, "may England recover all the blessings she has lost, and everywhere the glitter of active steel will cease." For everywhere men would crack a rustic jest or two, unhurriedly. The vivid fields would blacken under their sluggish ploughs, and they would find that with practice it was almost as easy to chuckle as it was to cringe.

Meanwhile on every side the nobles tyrannized in their degree, well clothed and nourished, but at bottom equally comfortless in condition. As illuminate by lightning Maudelain saw the many factions of his barons squabbling for gross pleasures, like wolves over a corpse, and blindly dealing death to one another to secure at least one more delicious gulp before that inevitable mangling by the teeth of some yet stronger comrade. The complete misery of England showed before him like a winter landscape. The thing was questionless. He must tread henceforward without fear among many frightened beasts and to their ultimate welfare. On a sudden Maudelain knew himself to be strong and admirable throughout, and doubt went quite away from him.

True, Richard, poor fool, must die. Squarely the priest faced that stark and hideous circumstance; to spare Richard

was beyond his power, and the boy was his brother; yes, this oncoming King would be in effect a fratricide, and after death irrevocably damned. To burn, and eternally to burn, and, worst of all, to know that the torment was eternal! ay, it would be hard; but, at the cost of one ignoble life and one inconsiderable soul, to win so many men to manhood bedazzled his every faculty, in anticipation of the exploit.

The tale tells that Maudelain went now toward the little garden he knew so well which adjoined Dame Anne's apartments. He found the Queen there alone, as nowadays she was for the most part, and he paused to wonder at her bright and singular beauty. How vaguely odd it was, he reflected, too, how alien in its effect to that of any other woman in sturdy England, and how associable it was, somehow, with every wild and gracious denizen of the woods that blossomed yonder.

In this place the world was all sunlight, temperate but undiluted. They had met in a wide unshaded plot of grass, too short to ripple, which everywhere glowed steadily, like a gem. Right and left birds sang as in a contest. The sky was cloudless, a faint and radiant blue throughout, save where the sun stayed as yet in the zenith, so that the Queen's brows cast honey-colored shadows upon either cheek. The priest was greatly troubled by the proud and heatless brilliancies, the shrill joys, of every object within the radius of his senses.

She was splendidly clothed, in a kirtle of very bright green, tinted like the verdancy of young ferns in the sunlight, and over all a gown of white, cut open on either side as far as the hips. This garment was embroidered with golden leopards and trimmed with ermine. About her yellow hair was a chaplet of gold, wherein emeralds glowed; her blue eyes were as large and bright and changeable (he thought) as two oceans in midsummer; and Maudelain stood motionless and seemed to himself but to revere, as the Earl Ixion did, some bright and never stable wisp of cloud, while somehow all elation departed from him as water does from a wetted sponge compressed. He laughed discordantly, but within the moment his sunlit face was still and glorious like that of an image.

"Wait—! O my only friend—!" said Maudelain. Then in a level voice he told her all, unhurriedly and without any sensible emotion.

She had breathed once, with a profound inhalation. She had screened her countenance from his gaze what while you might have counted fifty. More lately the lithe body of Dame Anne was alert as one suddenly aroused from dreaming. "This means more war, for De Vere and Tressilian and De la Pole and Bramber, and others of the barons know that the King's fall signifies their ruin. Many thousands die to-morrow."

He answered, "It means a brief and cruel war."

"In that war the nobles will ride abroad with banners and gay surcoats, and kill and ravish in the pauses of their songs; while daily in that war the naked peasants will kill, the one the other, without knowing why."

His thought had forerun hers. "Many would die, but in the end I would be King, and the general happiness would rest at my disposal. The adventure of this world is wonderful, and it goes otherwise than under the strict tutelage of reason."

"Not yours, but Gloucester's and his barons'. Friend, they would set you on the throne to be their puppet and to move only as they pulled the strings. Thwart them and they will fling you aside, as the barons have dealt aforetime with every king that dared oppose them. Nay, they desire to live pleasantly, to have good fish o' Fridays, and white bread and the finest wine the whole year through, and there is not enough for all, say they. Can you alone contend against them? and conquer them?—then only do I bid you reign."

The sun had grown too bright, too merciless, but as always she drew the truth from him, even to his agony. "I cannot. I would not endure a fortnight. Heaven help us, nor you nor I nor any one may transform of any personal force this bitter time, this piercing, cruel day of frost and sun. Charity and Truth are excommunicate, and the King is only an adorned and fearful person who leads wolves toward their quarry, lest, lacking it, they turn and devour him. Everywhere the powerful labor to put one an-

other out of worship, and each to stand the higher with the other's corpse as his pedestal; and always Lechery and Hatred sway these proud and inconsiderate fools as winds blow at will the gay leaves of autumn. We but fight with gaudy shadows, we but aspire to overpass a mountain of unstable sand! We two alone of all the scuffling world! Oh, it is horrible, and I think that Satan plans the jest! We dream a while of refashioning this bleak universe, and we know that we alone can do it, and we are as demigods, you and I, in those gallant dreams, and at the end we can but poultice some dirty rascal!"

The Queen answered sadly: "Once did God tread the tangible world, for a very little while, and, look you, to what trivial matters He devoted that brief space! Only to chat with fishermen, and to reason with lost women, and habitually to consort with rascals, till at last He might die between two cut-purses, ignominiously! Were the considerate persons of His day moved at all by the death of this fanatic? I bid you now enumerate through what long halls did the sleek heralds proclaim His crucifixion! and the armament of great-jowled emperors that were distraught by it?"

He answered: "It is true. Of anise even and of cumin the Master estimates His tithe—" Maudelain broke off with a yapping laugh. "Puf! He is wiser than we. I am King of England. It is my heritage."

"It means war. Many will die, many thousands will die, and to no betterment of affairs."

"I am King of England. I am Heaven's satrap here, and answerable to Heaven alone. It is my heritage." And now his large and cruel eyes flamed as he regarded her.

And visibly beneath their glare the woman changed. "My friend, must I not love you any longer? You would be content with happiness? I am jealous of that happiness! for you are the one friend that I have had, and so dear to me—look you!" she said, with a light, wistful laugh, "there have been times when I was afraid of everything you touched, and I hated everything you looked at. I would not have you stained; I desired but to pass my whole life between the four walls of some dingy and eternal gaol,

forever alone with you, lest you become as other men. I would in that period have been the very bread you eat, the least perfume that delights you, the clod you touch in crushing it, and always I loathed what pleasure I derive from life because I might not transfer it to you undiminished. For I wanted somehow to make you happy to my own anguish. . . . It was wicked, I suppose, for the imagining of it made me happy, too." Throughout she spoke as simply as a child.

And beside him Maudelain's hands had fallen like so much lead, and remembering his own nature, he longed for annihilation only, before she had appraised his vileness.

"With reason Augustine crieth out against the lust of the eyes. 'For pleasure seeketh objects beautiful, melodious, fragrant, savory, and soft; but this disease those contrary as well, not for the sake of suffering annoyance, but out of the lust of making trial of them!' Ah, ah! too curiously I planned my own damnation, too presumptuously I had esteemed my soul a worthy scapegoat, and I had gilded my enormity with many lies. Yet indeed, indeed, I had believed brave things, I had planned a not ignoble bargain—! Ey, say, is it not laughable, Madame?—as my birthright Heaven accords me a penny, and with that only penny I must anon be seeking to bribe Heaven."

Presently he said: "Yet are we indeed God's satraps, as but now I cried in my vainglory, and we hold within our palms the destiny of many peoples. Depardieux! He is wiser than we are, it may be! And as always Satan offers no unhandsome bribes—bribes that are tangible and sure."

They stood like effigies, lit by the broad, unsparing splendor of the morning, but again their kindling eyes had met, and again the man shuddered visibly, convulsed by a monstrous and repulsive joy. "Decide! oh, decide very quickly, my only friend!" he wailed, "for throughout I am all filth!"

Closer she drew to him and without hesitancy laid one hand on either shoulder. "O my only friend!" she breathed, with red lax lips which were very near to his, "throughout so many years I have ranked your friendship as the chief of all

my honors! and I pray God with an entire heart that I may die so soon as I have done what I must do to-day!"

Almost did Edward Maudelain smile, but now his stiffening mouth could not complete the brave attempt. "God save King Richard!" said the priest. "For by the cowardice and greed and ignorance of little men were Salomon himself confounded, and by them is Hercules lightly unhorsed. Were I Leviathan, whose bones were long ago picked clean by pismires, I could perform nothing. Therefore do you pronounce my doom."

"O King," then said Dame Anne, "I bid you go forever from the court and live forever a landless man, and friendless, and without even name. I bid you dare to cast aside all happiness and wealth and comfort and each common tie that even a pickpocket may boast, like tawdry and unworthy garments. In fine, I bid you dare be King and absolute, yet not of England, but of your own being, alike in motion and in thought and even in wish. This doom I dare adjudge and to pronounce, since we are royal and God's satraps, you and I."

Twice or thrice his dry lips moved before he spoke. He was aware of innumerable birds that carolled with a piercing and intolerable sweetness. "O Queen!" he hoarsely said, "O fellow satrap! Heaven has many fiefs. A fair province is wasted and accords no revenue. Therein waste beauty and a shrewd wit and an illimitable charity that of their pride go in fetters and achieve no increase. To-day the young King junkets with his flatterers, and but rarely thinks of England. You have that beauty in desire of which many and many a man would blithely enter hell, and the mere sight of which may well cause a man's voice to tremble as my voice trembles now, and in desire of which— But I tread afield! Of that beauty you have made no profit. I bid you now gird either loin for an unlovely traffic. Old Legion must be fought with fire. True that the age is sick, that we may not cure, we can but salve the hurt—" Now had his hand torn open his sombre gown, and the man's bared breast shone in the sunlight, for everywhere were tiny beads of sweat. Twice he cried the Queen's name aloud, without prefix. In a while he said:

"I bid you weave incessantly such snares of brain and body as may lure King Richard to be swayed by you, until against his will you daily guide this shallow-hearted fool to some commendable action. I bid you live as other folk do hereabout. Coax! beg! cheat! wheedle! lie!" he barked, like a teased dog, "till you achieve in part the task which is denied me. This doom I dare adjudge and to pronounce, since we are royal and God's satraps, you and I."

She answered with a tiny, wordless sound. He prayed for even horror as he appraised his handiwork. But presently, "I take my doom," the Queen proudly said. "I shall be lonely now, my only friend, and yet—it does not matter," the Queen said, with a little shiver. "No, nothing will ever greatly matter now, I think."

Her eyes had filled with tears, she was unhappy, and as always this knowledge roused in Maudelain a sort of frenzied pity and a hatred, quite illogical, of all other things existent. She was unhappy, that only he realized; and half-way he had strained a soft and groping hand toward his lips when he relinquished it. "Nay, not even that," said Edward Maudelain, very proudly, too, and now at last he smiled; "since we are God's satraps, you and I." Afterward he stood thus for an appreciable silence, with ravenous eyes, motionless save that behind his back his fingers were bruising one another. Everywhere was this or that bright color and an incessant melody. It was unbearable. Then it was over: the ordered progress of all happenings was apparent, simple, and natural; and contentment came into his heart like a flight of linnets over level fields at dawn. He left her, and as he went he sang:

"Christ save us all, as well He can,
A solis ortus cardine!
 For He is both God and man,
Qui natus est de virgine,
 And we but part of His wide plan
 That sing, and heartily sing we,
Gloria Tibi, Domine!

"Between a heifer and an ass
Enixa est puerpera;
 In ragged woollen clad He was
Qui regnat super æthera,
 And patiently may we then pass
 That sing, and heartily sing we,
Gloria Tibi, Domine!"

The Queen shivered in the glad sunlight. "I am, it must be, pitiably weak," she said at last, "because I cannot sing as he does. And, since I am not very wise, were he to return even now—but he will not return. He will never return," the Queen repeated, carefully, and over and over again. "It is strange I cannot comprehend that he will never return! Ah, Mother of God!" she cried, with a steadier voice, "grant that I may weep! nay, of Thy infinite mercy let me presently find the heart to weep!" And about her many birds sang joyously.

Next day the English barons held a council, and in the midst of it King Richard demanded to be told his age.

"Your Grace is in your twenty-second year," said the uneasy Gloucester, and now with reason troubled, since he had been seeking all night long for the vanished Maudelain.

"Then have I been under tutors and governors longer than any other ward in my dominion. My lords, I thank you for your past services, but I need them no more." They had no check handy, and Gloucester in particular foreread his death-warrant, but of necessity he shouted with the others, "Hail, King of England!"

That afternoon the King's assumption of all royal responsibility was commemorated by a tournament, over which Dame Anne presided. Sixty of her ladies led as many knights by silver chains into the tilting-ground at Smithfield, and it was remarked that the Queen appeared unusually mirthful. The King was in high good humor, already a pattern of conjugal devotion; and the royal pair retired at dusk to the Bishop of London's palace at St. Paul's, where was held a merry banquet, with dancing both before and after supper.

Gray Erin

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

THERE'S no bloom on the heather,
 There's no flower on the furze;
 They're whispering and crying together
 Whenever the wet wind stirs.

The fire on the hearth is failing
 And night is a fearsome thing,
 For the wind creeps through it, wailing,
 And there's none to bid it sing.

There's dun mist on the moor
 And gray mist on the sea—
 There's darkness in my door,
 For ye cannot come to me!

The Inner Shrine

A NOVEL

CHAPTER XV

AS the pivot of events Miss Lucilla Van Tromp was beginning to feel the responsibilities of her position. Only a woman with an inexhaustible heart could have met as she did the demands for sympathy, of various shades, made by the chief participants in the drama; while there was one phase of the action which called for a heroic display of conscience.

It was impossible now to contemplate Marion Grimston's peril without a grave sense of the duties imposed by friendship. Some people might stand by and see a girl wreck her happiness by giving her heart to an unworthy suitor, but Miss Van Tromp was not among that number. It was, in fact, one of those junctures at which all her good instincts prompted her to say, "I ought to go and tell her." As a patriotic spinster she held decided views on the question of marriage between American heiresses and impecunious foreign noblemen—and, in her eyes, all foreign noblemen were impecunious—in any case; but to see Marion Grimston become the victim of her parents' vulgar ambition gave to the subject a personal bearing which made her duty urgent. If ever there was a moment when a goddess in a machine could feel justified in descending, for active intervention, it was now. She had the less hesitation in doing so, owing to the fact that she had known Marion since her cradle; and between the two there had always existed the subtle tie which not seldom binds the widely diverse but essentially like-minded together. Accordingly, on a bright May morning, within a few days of the last meeting between Derek Pruyn and Diane Eveleth, she sallied forth to the fashionable quarter where Mrs. Bayford dwelt, coming home, some two hours later, with a considerably extended knowledge of the possibilities inherent in human nature.

The tale Miss Lucilla told was that which had already been many times repeated, each narrator lending to it the color imparted by his own views of life. As now set forth it became the story of a girl sought in marriage by a man who has inflicted mortal wrong upon an innocent young woman. With unconscious art Miss Lucilla placed Marion Grimston herself in the centre of the piece, making the subsidiary characters revolve around her. This situation brought with it a double duty: the one explicit, in righting the oppressed, the other implicit—for Miss Lucilla balked at putting it too plainly into words—in punishing a wicked marquis.

The girl sat with head slightly bowed and rich color deepening. If she showed emotion at all, it was in her haughty stillness, as though she voluntarily put all expression out of her face, until the recital was ended. The effect on Miss Lucilla, as they sat side by side on a sofa, was slightly disconcerting, so that she came to her conclusion lamely.

"Of course, my dear, I don't know his side of the story, or what he may have to say in self-defence. I'm only telling you what I've heard, and just as I heard it."

"I dare say it's quite right."

The brevity and suggested cynicism of this reply produced in Miss Lucilla a little shock.

"Oh! Then, you think—?"

"There would be nothing surprising in it. It's the sort of thing that's always happening in Paris. It's one of the peculiarities of that society that you can never believe half the evil you hear of any one—not even if it's told you by the man himself. I might go so far as to say that, when it's told you by himself, you're least of all inclined to credit it."

"But how dreadful!"

"Things are dreadful or not, according to the degree in which you're used to

them. I've grown up in that atmosphere, and so I can endure it. In fact, any other atmosphere seems to me to lack some of the necessary ingredients of air; just as to some people—to Napoleon, for instance—a woman who isn't rouged isn't wholly dressed."

"I know that's only your way of talking, dear. Oh, you can't shock *me*."

"At any rate, the way of talking shows you what I mean. I can quite understand how Monsieur de Bienville might have said that of Mrs. Eveleth."

Lucilla's look of pain induced Miss Grimston promptly to qualify her statement.

"I said I could understand it; I didn't say I respected it. It's only what's been said of hundreds of thousands of women in Paris by hundreds of thousands of men, and in the place where they've said it, it's taken with the traditional grain of salt. If all had gone as it was going at the time—if the Eveleths hadn't lost their money—if Mr. Eveleth hadn't shot himself—if Mrs. Eveleth had kept her place in French society—the story wouldn't have done her any harm. People would have shrugged their shoulders at it, and forgotten it. It's the transferring of the scene here, among you, that makes it grave. All your ideas are so different that what's bad becomes worse, by being carried out of its *milieu*. Monsieur de Bienville must be made to understand that, and repair the wrong."

"You seem to think there's no question but that—there *is* a wrong?"

"Oh, I suppose there isn't. There are so many cases of the kind. Mrs. Eveleth is probably neither more nor less than one of the many Frenchwomen of her rank in life, who like to skate out on the thin edge of excitement without any intention of going through. There are always women like my aunt Bayford to think the worst of people of that sort, and to say it."

"And yet I don't see how that justifies Monsieur de Bienville."

"It doesn't justify; it only explains. Responsibility presses less heavily on the individual when it's shared."

"But wouldn't the person—you'll forgive me, dear, won't you, if I'm going too far?—wouldn't the person who

has to take his part in that kind of responsibility be a doubtful keeper of one's happiness?"

Miss Grimston, half lowering her eyes, looked at her visitor with slumberous suspension of expression, and made no reply.

"If a man isn't good—" Miss Lucilla began, again, tremblingly.

"No man is perfect."

"True, dear; and yet are there not certain qualities which we ought to consider as essentials—?"

"Monsieur de Bienville has those qualities for me."

"But surely, dear, you can't mean—?"

"Yes, I do mean."

The avowal was made quietly, with the still bearing of one who gives a few drops of confession out of deep oceans of reserve. Miss Lucilla gazed at her in astonishment. That her parents should sacrifice her was not surprising; but that she should be willing to sacrifice herself went beyond the limits of thought. The revelation that Marion could actually love the man was so startling that it shocked her out of her timidity, loosening the strings of her eloquence and unsealing the sources of her maternal tenderness. There was nothing original in Miss Lucilla's subsequent line of argument. It was the old, oft-uttered, futile appeal to the head, when the heart has already spoken. It premised the possibility of placing one's affections where one cannot give one's respect, regardless of the fact that the thing is done a thousand times a day. It reasoned, it predicted, it implored, with an effect no more disintegrating on the girl's decision than moonbeams make upon a mountain. Through it all, she sat and listened with the veiled eyes, and mysterious impassivity, which gave to her personality a curiously incalculable quality, as of a force presenting none of the ordinary phenomena by which to measure or compute it.

It was not till Miss Lucilla touched on the subject of honor that she obtained any sign of the effect she was producing. It was no more on Marion's part than an uneasy movement, but it betrayed its cause. Miss Lucilla pressed her point with renewed insistence, and presently two big tears hung on the long, black lashes and rolled down.

"I should like to see Mrs. Eveleth."

Like the hasty raising and dropping of a curtain on some jealously guarded view, the words gave to Miss Lucilla but a fleeting glimpse of what was passing in the obscure recesses of the girl's heart; but she determined to make the most of it by fixing, there and then, the day and hour when, without apparently forcing the event, the two might come face to face on the neutral ground of Gramercy Park.

It was a meeting that, when it took place, would have been attended with embarrassment, had not both young women been practised in the ways of their little world. Progress in mutual understanding was made the easier by the existence, on both sides, of the European view of life, with its fusion of interests, its softness of outline, its give and take of toleration, in contradistinction to the sharp, clear, insistent American demands for a certain line of conduct and no other. Five minutes had not gone by in talk before each found in the other's presence that sense of repose which comes from similar habits of thought and a common native idiom. Whatever grounds for difference they might find, they were, at least, ranged on the same side in that battle which the two hemispheres half unconsciously wage upon each other as to the main purposes of life. Thus they were able to approach their subject without that first preliminary shock, which makes it difficult for races to agree; and thus, too, Marion Grimston found herself, before she was aware of it, pouring out to Diane Eveleth that heart which, in response to Miss Lucilla's tender pleading, had been dumb.

They sat in the big, sombre library where, only a few days ago, Diane had seen Derek Pruyne turn his back on her, without even a gesture of farewell. On the long mahogany table the red azalea was in almost passionate luxuriance of blossom; while through the open window faint odors of lilac came from Miss Lucilla's bit of garden.

"I don't want you to think him worse than you're obliged to," Marion said, as though in defence of the stand her heart had taken. "I've been told that very

few men possess the two kinds of courage—the moral and the physical. Savonarola had the one and Nelson had the other; but neither of them had both. And of the two, for me, the physical is the essential. I can't help it. If I had to choose between a soldier and a saint, I'd take the soldier. When the worst is said of Monsieur de Bienville, it must be admitted that he's brave."

"I've always understood that he was a good rider and a good shot," Diane admitted. "I've no doubt that in battle he would conduct himself like a hero."

The girl's head went up proudly, and from the languorous eyes there came one splendid flash before the lids fell over them again.

"I know he would; and when a man has that sort of courage he's worth saving."

"You admit, then, that he needs to be—saved?"

Again the heavy lids were lifted for one brief, search-light glance.

"Yes; I admit that. I believe he has wronged you. I can't tell you how I know it; but I do. It's to tell you so that I've asked you to come here. I hoped to make you see, as I do, that he's capable of doing it without appreciating the nature of his crime. If we could get him to see that—"

"Then—what?"

"He'd make you reparation."

"Are you so sure?"

"I'm very sure. If he didn't—"

The consequences of that possibility being difficult of expression, she hung upon her words.

"I should be sorry to have you brought to so momentous a decision on my account."

"It wouldn't be on your account; it would be on my own. I understand myself well enough to see that I could love a dishonorable man; but I couldn't marry him."

"You have, of course, your own idea as to what makes a man dishonorable."

"What makes a man dishonorable is to persist in dishonor after he has become aware of it. Any one may speak thoughtlessly, or boastfully, or foolishly, and be forgiven for it. But he can't be forgiven if he keeps it up, especially when by his doing so a woman has to suffer."

The movement with which Diane pushed back her chair and rose betrayed a troubled rather than an impatient spirit.

"Miss Grimston," she said, standing before the girl and looking down upon her, "I should almost prefer not to have you take my affairs into your consideration. I doubt if they're worth it. I can't deny that I shrink from becoming a factor in your life, as well as from feeling that you must make your decisions, or unmake them, with reference to me."

"I'm not making my decisions, or unmaking them, with reference to you; it's with reference to Monsieur de Bienville. He has my father's consent to his asking me to be his wife. I understand that, according to the formal French fashion, he's going to do it to-morrow. Before I give him an answer I must know that he is such a man as I could marry."

"You would have thought him so if you hadn't heard this about me."

"Even so, it's better for me to have heard it. Any prudent person would tell you that. What I'm going to ask you to do now will not be for your sake; it will be for mine."

"You're going to ask me to do something?"

"Yes; to see Monsieur de Bienville."

Diane recoiled, with an expression of dismay.

"I know it will be hard for you," Miss Grimston pursued, "and I wouldn't ask you to do it if it were not the straightest way out of a perplexing situation. I've confidence enough in him to believe that when he has seen you and heard your story, he'll act according to the dictates of a nature which I know to be essentially honorable, even if it's weak. You can see what that will mean to us all. It will not only clear you and rehabilitate him, but it will bring happiness to me."

There was something in the way in which these brief statements were made that gave them the nature of an appeal. The very difficulty of the reserved heart in speaking out—the shame-flushed cheek—the subdued voice—the halting breath—had on Diane a more potent effect than eloquence. What was left of her own hope, too, at once put forth its claim at the possibility of getting justice. It was a matter of taking her courage in both

hands, in one tremendous effort, but the fact that this girl believed in her was a stimulus to making the attempt. Before they parted—with stammering expressions of mutual sympathy—she had given her word to do it.

CHAPTER XVI

IN the degree to which masculine good looks and elegance are accessories to impressing a maid's heart, the Marquis de Bienville had reason to be sure of the effect he was producing, as he bent and kissed Miss Marion Grimston's hand, in her aunt's drawing-room, on the following afternoon. He was not surprised to detect the thrill that shot through her being at his act of homage, and communicated itself back to him; for he was tolerably certain of her love. That had been, to all intents and purposes, confessed more than two years ago; while, during the intervening time, he had not lacked signs that the gift once bestowed had never been withdrawn. He had stood for a few seconds at the threshold on entering the room, just to rejoice consciously at his great good fortune. She had risen, but not advanced, to meet him, her tall figure, sheathed in some close-fitting soft stuff, thrown into relief by the dark blue velvet portière behind her. He was not unaware of his unworthiness in the presence of this superb young creature, and as he crossed the room, it was with the humility of a worshipper before a shrine.

"Mademoiselle," he said, simply, when he had raised himself, "I come to tell you that I love you."

The glance, slightly oblique, of suspended expression with which she received the words encouraged him to continue.

"I know how far what I have to give is beneath the honor of your acceptance; and yet when men love they are impelled to offer all the little that they have. My one hope lies in the fact that a woman like you doesn't love a man for what he is—but for what she can make him."

The words were admirably chosen, reaching her heart with a force greater than he knew.

"A woman," she answered, with a certain stately uplifting of the head, "can

only make a man that which he has already the power to become. She may be able to point out the way; but it's for him to follow it."

"I don't think you'd see me hesitate at that."

"I'm glad you say so; because the road I should have to ask you to take would be a hard one."

The startled toss of his handsome head, the light of alarm in his eyes, were like those she remembered to have seen in a stag she had stalked last year in Scotland. It was the fear of the creature that relies on its scent for danger, and is ever on the alert against being caught. After the first involuntary movement he stood his ground, and gave his answer promptly.

"The harder the better, if it's anything by which I can prove my love."

"It is; but it's not only that; it's something by which you could prove mine."

His face brightened.

"In that case, mademoiselle—speak."

She took an instant to assemble her forces, standing before him with a calmness she did not feel.

"You must forgive me," she said, trying to keep her voice steady, "if I take the initiative, as no girl is often called upon to do. Perhaps I should hesitate more if you hadn't told me, two years ago, what I know you've come to repeat to-day. The fact that I've waited those two years to hear you say it gives me a right that otherwise I shouldn't claim."

He bowed.

"There are no rights that a woman can have over a man which you, mademoiselle, do not possess over me."

"Before telling me again," she continued, speaking with difficulty, "what you've told me already, I want to say that I can only listen to it on one condition."

"Which is—?"

"That your own conscience is at peace with itself."

Again there was that startled toss of the head, but he answered bravely:

"Is one's conscience ever at peace with itself? A woman's, perhaps; but a man's—!"

He shook his head with that wistful

smile of contrition which is already a plea for pardon.

"I'm not speaking of life in general, but of something in particular. I want you to understand, before you ask me—what you've come to ask, that you couldn't make one woman happy while you're doing another a great wrong."

He was sure now of what was in store for him, and braced himself for his part. He was one of those men who need but to see peril to see also the way of meeting it. He stood for a minute, very straight and erect, like a soldier before a court martial—a culprit whose guilt is half excused by his very manliness.

"I *have* wronged women. They've wronged me, too. All I can do to show I'm sorry for it is—not to give them the same sort of offence again."

"I'm thinking of one woman—one woman in particular."

He threw back his head with fine confidence.

"I don't know her."

"Think. Perhaps you've forgotten her."

"I don't know her," he repeated, energetically. "There isn't a woman in the world who can charge me with a wrong which she herself didn't share."

She lifted the portière against which she stood, and passed behind it. When she returned she was accompanied by Diane, who greeted Bienville with a barely perceptible inclination of the head; but he ignored it, in order to speak first.

"Has this lady," he asked, turning to Miss Grimston with an air of perplexity, "anything to do with what you've just been saying?"

"Yes," she answered; "I invited her here this afternoon for a very special purpose."

"Then perhaps she'll be good enough to tell me what it is."

Diane's reply came with disconcerting straightforwardness.

"It's to appeal to your mercy. I think you must have some for me or you wouldn't be a Frenchman."

He took an instant in which to formulate his reply.

"I don't see why you should find it necessary to ask for that. I've shown you mercy, and I'm ready to continue doing so."

"Will you tell me how?"

"I thought some one else might have done that already. If he hasn't, it might be well for you to ask him."

"Since apparently you know my affairs, you must be conscious of the injury you're doing me."

"I'm conscious of the injury you've done yourself. Why put the responsibility on me? I do my best to blot out the past by saying no more about it. How much farther is it possible for me to go?"

She turned towards Marion with a little gesture of helplessness.

"It's no use—" she began, but Bienville broke in before she could continue.

"If we are to go on with this conversation, wouldn't it spare you, mademoiselle, if we did so alone?"

"No—not unless Mrs. Eveleth wishes it. I'm afraid I shock you by staying, but you must remember that I'm twenty-six years of age—as old as Mrs. Eveleth—and know quite well what goes on in the world around me. I'd rather stay, if you'll both allow me."

"In that case," said Bienville, stepping back a pace or two and surveying them both with an odd smile, "my situation is a peculiar one—one such as you'd have to come to America to find. If I understand you aright, mademoiselle, you're under the impression that this lady has some ground of complaint against me."

The girl inclined her head assentingly.

"So convinced are you of that, that I can only do right in your eyes by some public act of penitence."

She inclined her head again.

"And if I were to make what our old chroniclers call the *amende honorable*, wearing the white shroud, so to speak, and carrying the lighted taper, you would consent to become my wife."

She looked at him hesitatingly, but as if forced by some unseen hand she bowed her head again.

"It's a great prize. It's even a great temptation. But, if you'll forgive my curiosity, may I inquire why you attach so much more credence to her word than you do to mine?"

"I'm not pitting word against word. I'm only trying to rectify an error. As a matter of fact, I believe in you; but I believe, too, that you're not acting up

to your own high standard. You'd ask me again how I know it; but I couldn't explain it to you. I suppose it's by that woman-instinct which it's always useless to try to quench by argument. However it comes about, I'm none the less sure that you're wronging an innocent woman; and wronging yourself even more."

"Since you carry your convictions out of the field of argument, I don't know what there is for me to say."

"There's nothing for you to say, monsieur," Diane broke in, quickly, "but to tell the truth. I know it's hard for you; but it will be the easiest course in the end. I understand your situation better than you think. You're a proud man guilty of having, in a moment of exasperation, spoken rashly. As Miss Grimston has pointed out to me, there's nothing unpardonable in that. The crime comes in ruining lives and breaking hearts by persisting in a lie."

"Take care, madame. There are certain words more offensive than any acts. Remember that you're in my power. So far I've spared you; but if I chose I could crush you—like that!"

The snap of his fingers was like the cut of a whip-lash on the face, but Diane stood her ground.

"I know you could. Any man can crush any woman, if he's vile enough. My one chance of salvation lies in the possibility that you're not as vile as you think yourself. There was a moment when I thought you might be, and yet, on reflection, I've never known a Frenchman whose heart could not be touched by misery. You and I have that, at least, in common—that we spring from the same soil, of the same blood, with the same traditions of honor, and pride of race. It's been something for me to be able to say to myself that no Bienville could play to the end the rôle you've undertaken. You boast that you could crush me—like that! Of course you could. What am I? What protection have I against you, or any man, who chooses to hunt me down? Even the probabilities are against me. You and I both know—every one interested in me knows—that such things are true of hundreds of women in the society I moved in. What more likely than that

they should have been true of me? Only, they were not. They never were. No one knows it better than yourself. I'll do you the justice to say that if they had been you'd be the last to go before the world and glory in the fact. It's because you failed that you were driven to do it. Oh, don't fancy that I haven't repented of any injury I have ever done you! How much more do you want me to hear?"

"I'm not putting anything upon you, *ma chère madame*. It's the world. It isn't my fault if there's one law for the woman and another for the man."

"Oh, don't keep that up, I implore you. There's only one person in the world who would take my word against yours — and that's the woman who loves you."

"Then you do love me?"

He looked from Diane to Marion, who returned his gaze with something like a speechless assent.

"Yes, she loves you," Diane hurried on; "she loves you as God loves—for the good that is in you. She sees the evil, as God sees it, and yet cares for you in spite of it. The pity of it would break one's heart if it were not that I know that you could be worthy of her if you chose. You're not a monster, Bienville. On the contrary, you're a man of good instincts and excellent qualities, capable of taking a high place in the world. You owe a great deal to yourself; you owe even more to the honor of your house; but you owe most of all to the girl who sees the best in you when you are showing her the worst, and trusts you to do right even when you persist in doing wrong. Look, Marquis," she went on, rapidly. "I'll tell you something she said: I'll betray all her secrets; she said: 'I could love a dishonorable man; but I could never marry one.' She said that, Marquis, in speaking of you. But she also said: 'What makes a man dishonorable is to persist in dishonor when he has become aware of it.' And you," she cried, "you've become aware of it. There isn't a prompting of your nature that doesn't protest against the outrage you're inflicting on yourself. Oh, don't try to tell me it isn't so. I know it—for otherwise you couldn't be a Bienville."

Still speaking rapidly, she moved nearer.

"She loves you, as I'm convinced that you love her. But what's the good of love, when there's nothing to support it? Love is the flower of life, but the flower must have a root, and the root must have a soil; and the soil of love is—honor. Love rooted in shame is but a rose planted in the mire. Suppose—just suppose!—that you could do what you're striving for, and make her believe that I am what you've called me. Then—what? Then she marries you. You get a noble wife, and—a great deal of money. Excellent! But what next? Next you'll remember how you got them. You'll think of me. You'll think of me as the woman whom you beat back from her last chance, in order that you might climb over her into safety. You'll have your wife—your money—your children, perhaps—but you'll have also the thought of me. And you'll have, too, the consciousness that you're a Bienville—the first of your race to be worse than an assassin."

She came so near that she almost touched him.

"And it would be so easy for you to do right—so easy! I'd make it easy for you. All I should ask would be that you should go to—to—to—to the man—I love— Yes, I do love him! I *will* say it!—I should only ask you to go to him and tell him—tell him— Oh, you know what you'd have to tell him! I needn't dictate to you—tell him I wasn't wholly unworthy of what he offered me—tell him I wasn't absolutely beneath the honor of his love—tell him he needn't see me any more—I don't want to see him!—but tell him—ah, tell him, that I was not—that I was not—not what you made him think me. I don't want anything from him now but—but—his respect. Get it for me, Bienville. Say you will! Say it! Have pity on me! Have pity—!"

She broke off abruptly, turning to Marion Grimston with one of her fatalistic French gestures.

"It's no use," she cried. "He won't listen to me. I can see it in his face."

Moving aside, she stood, her face averted from the man and the girl who remained confronting each other now in mutual questioning. The main action, which for the last few minutes had belonged to Diane, suddenly passed to

them. The chance of salvation being thus offered to Bienville, Miss Grimston, who found speech impossible, faintly smiled her hope that he would seize his opportunity.

As he returned her gaze, he seemed almost ready to respond to her expectations. The desire for peace of mind blended with some higher prompting to urge him to make a clean breast of the affair and be done with it. He was already on the verge of speaking, when, by a leap of the imagination, he saw himself as he would be after confession—humiliated, abject, grotesque—a butt for the ridicule he found harder to bear than remorse. Once or twice he appeared about to say something, but no word passed his lips. As the minutes went by it became clearer to him that he had chosen his course—base as he felt it!—two years ago, and that it was too late now to recede. As Marion Grimston continued to look at him with that half-encouraging, half-wistful smile, he slowly shook his head.

The act, of which he himself was scarcely conscious, startled her into sudden movement. Though she stood at a distance, she shrank farther from him still. For a second her brows were lifted in amazement at this refusal, till, with eyes fixed upon him, as if to call his attention to the significance of her act, she crossed the room and laid her hand on Diane's arm.

Bienville drew himself up with quick, soldierlike precision.

"Mademoiselle has given me her answer," he said, quietly. "There is nothing for me to do now but to thank her—and go."

She bowed her assent. He bowed in his turn—separately to her and to Diane. Then, with the forced dignity of a man practised in all the turns of drawing-room drama, he took himself from the room.

CHAPTER XVII

DURING the summer that followed, Derek Prun set himself the task of stamping the memory and influence of Diane Eveleth out of his life. His sense of duty combined with his feelings of self-respect in making the attempt. In reflecting on his last interview with

her, he saw the weakness of the stand he had taken in it, recoiling from so unworthy a position with natural reaction. To have been in love at all at his age struck him as humiliation enough; but to have been in love with that sort of woman came very near mental malady. He said "that sort of woman," because the vagueness of the term gave scope to the bitterness of resentment with which he tried to overwhelm her. It enabled him to create some such paradise of pain as that into which the souls of Othello and Desdemona might have gone together. Had he been a Moor of Venice he would doubtless have smothered her with a pillow; but being a New York banker he could only try to slay the image, whose eyes and voice had never haunted him so persistently as now. In his rage of suffering he was as little able to take a reasoned view of the situation as the maddened bull in the arena to appraise the skill of his tormentors.

When in the middle of May he retired to Rhinefields it was with the intention of laying waste all that Diane had left behind in the course of her brief passage through his life. The process being easier in the exterior phases of existence than in those more secret and remote, he determined to work from the outside inward. Wherever anything reminded him of her, he erased, destroyed, or removed it. All that she had changed within the house he put back into the state in which it was before she came. Where he had followed her suggestions about the grounds and gardens he reversed the orders. Taken as outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual change he was trying to create within himself, these childish acts gave him a passionate satisfaction. In a short time, he boasted to himself, he would have obliterated all trace of her presence, except for what was indelible on his heart.

And so he came, in time, to giving his attention to Dorothea. She, too, bore the impress of Diane; and as she bore it more markedly than the inanimate things around, it caused him the greater pain. He could forbid her to hold intercourse with Diane, and to speak of her; but he could not control the blending of French and Irish intonations her voice had caught, or the gestures into which she

slipped through youth's mimetic instinct. In happier days he had been amused to note the degree to which Dorothea had become the unconscious copy of Diane; but, now, this constant reproduction of her ways was torture. Telling himself that it was not the child's fault, he bore it at first with what self-restraint he could; but as solitude encouraged brooding thoughts, he found, as the summer wore on, that his stock of patience was running low. There were times when some chance sentence, or imitated bit of mannerism, on Dorothea's part, almost drew from him that which in tragedy would be a cry, but which in our smaller life becomes the hasty, or exasperated, word.

In these circumstances the explosion was bound to come; and one day it produced itself unexpectedly, and about nothing. Thinking of it afterward Derek was unable to say why it should have taken place then more than at any other time. He was standing on the lawn, noting with savage complacency that the bit by which he had enlarged it, at Diane's prompting, had grown up again, in luxuriant grass, when Dorothea descended the steps of the Georgian brick house, behind him. In her flowered muslin and Leghorn hat, she had more than ever the daintiness of a Meissen statuette; while the little foot, in its brown shoe, with which she pointed out something in the grass to the collie bounding beside her, had the trimness of Whistler's Yellow Buskin. Her father's back being toward her, he knew of her approach only when she spoke.

"Would you be afther wantin' me to-day?" she called out, using the Irish expression Diane affected in moments of fun.

"Dorothea," he cried, sharply, wheeling round on her, "drop that idiotic way of speaking. If you think it's amusing you're mistaken. You can't even do it properly."

The words were no sooner out than he regretted them, but it was too late to take them back. Moreover, when a man, nervously suffering, has once wounded the feelings of one he loves, it is not seldom his instinct to go on and wound them again.

"We have enough of that sort of language from the servants and the stable

boys. Be good enough in future to use your mother-tongue."

Standing where his words had stopped her, a few yards away, she looked up at him with the clear gaze of astonishment; but the slight shrug of the shoulders before she spoke was also a trick caught from Diane, and not calculated to allay his annoyance.

"Very well, father," she answered, with a quietness indicating judgment held in reserve, "I won't do it again. I only meant to ask you if you want me for anything in particular to-day; otherwise I shall go over and lunch at the Thoroughgoods'."

"The Thoroughgoods' again? Can't you get through a day without going there?"

"I suppose I could if it was necessary; but it isn't."

"I think it is. You'll do well not to wear out your welcome anywhere."

"I'm not afraid of that."

"Then I am; so you'd better stay at home."

He wheeled from her as sharply as he had turned to confront her, striding off toward a wild border, where he tried to conceal the extent to which he was ashamed of his ill temper by pretending to be engrossed in the efforts of a bee to work its way into a blue cowl of monkshood. When he looked round again she was still standing where he had left her, her eyes clouded by an expression of wondering pain that smote him to the heart.

Had he possessed sufficient mastery of himself he would have gone back, and begged her pardon, and sent her away to enjoy herself. It was what he wanted to do; but the tension of his nerves seemed to get relief from the innocent thing's suffering. The very fact that her pretty little face was set with his own obstinacy of self-will, while behind it her spirit was rising against this capricious tyranny, goaded him into persistence. He remembered how often Diane had told him that Dorothea could be neither led nor driven; she could only be "managed"; but he would show Diane, he would show himself, that she could be both driven and led, and that "management" should go the way of the wall-fruit and the roses.

As, recrossing the lawn, he made as though he would pass her without further words, he was an excellent illustration of the degree to which the adult man of the world, capable of taking an important part among his fellow men, can be, at times, nothing but an overgrown infant. It was not surprising, however, that Dorothea should not see this aspect of his personality, or look upon his commands as other than those of an unreasonable despotism.

"Father," she said, "I can't go on living like this."

"Living like what?"

"Living as we've lived all this summer."

"What's the matter with the summer? It's like any other summer, isn't it?"

"The summer may be like any other summer; but you're not like yourself. I do everything I can to please you, but—"

"You needn't do anything to please me but what you're told."

"I always do what I'm told—when you tell me; but you only tell me by fits and starts."

"Then, I tell you now; you're not to go to the Thoroughgoods'."

"But they expect me. I said I'd go to lunch. They'll think it very strange, if I don't."

"They'll think what they please. It's enough for you to know what I think."

"But that's just what I don't know. Ever since Diane went away—"

"Stop that! I've forbidden you to speak—"

"But you can't forbid me to think; and I think till I'm utterly bewildered. You don't explain anything to me. You haven't even told me why she went away. If I ask a question you won't answer it."

"What's necessary for you to know, you can depend on me to tell you. Anything I don't explain to you, you may dismiss from your mind."

"But that's not reasonable, father; it's not possible. If you want me to obey you I must know what I'm doing. Because I don't know what I'm doing I haven't—"

"You haven't obeyed me?" he asked, quickly.

"Not entirely. I've meant to tell you

when an occasion offered, so I might as well do it now. I've written to Diane."

"You've—!"

He strode up to her and caught her by the arm. It was not strange that she should take the curious light in his face for that of anger; but a more experienced observer would have seen that two or three distinct emotions crowded on each other.

"I've written to her twice," Dorothea repeated, defiantly, as he held her arm. "She didn't reply to me—but I wrote."

"What for?"

"To tell her that I loved her—that no trouble should keep me from loving her—no matter what it was."

He released her arm, stepping back from her again, surveying her with an admiration he tried to conceal under a scowling brow. The rigidity of her attitude, the lift of her head, the set of her lips, the directness of her glance, suggested not merely rebellion against his will but the assertion of her own. It occurred to him then that he could break her little body to pieces before he could force her to yield; and in his pride in this temperament so like his own, he almost uttered the cry of "Brava!" that hung on his lips. He might have done so if Dorothea had not found it a convenient moment at which to make all her confessions at once, and have them off her mind. It was best to do it, she thought, now that her courage was up.

"And, father," she went on, "it may be a good opportunity to tell you something else. I've decided to marry Mr. Wappinger."

During the brief silence that followed this announcement he had time to throw the blame for it upon Diane, using the fact as one more argument against her. Had she taken his suggestions at the beginning, and suppressed the Wappinger acquaintance, this distressing folly would have received a definite check. As it was, the odium of putting a stop to it, which must now fall on him, was but an additional part of the penalty he had to pay for ever having known her. So be it! He would make good the uttermost farthing! In doing it he had the same sort of frenzied satisfaction as in defacing Diane's image in his heart.

"You shall not," he said at last.

"I don't understand how you're going to stop me."

"I must ask you to be patient—and see. You can make a beginning to-day, by staying at home from the Thoroughgoods'. That will be enough for the minute."

Fearing to look any longer into her indignant eyes, he passed on toward the stables. For some minutes she stood still where he left her, while the collie gazed up at her, with twitching tail and questioning regard, as though to ask the meaning of this futile hesitation; but when, at last, she turned slowly and re-entered the house, one would have said that the "dainty rogue in porcelain" had been transformed into an intensely modern little creature made of steel.

She did not go to the Thoroughgoods' that day, nor was any further reference made to the discussion of the morning. Compunction having succeeded irritation, with the rapidity not uncommon to men of his character, Derek was already seeking some way of reaching his end by gentler means, when a new move on Dorothea's part exasperated him still further. As he was about to sit down to his luncheon on the following day, the butler made the announcement that Miss Pruyn had asked him to inform her father that she had driven over in the pony-cart to Mrs. Thoroughgood's, and would not be home till late in the afternoon.

He was not in the house when she returned, and at dinner he refrained from conversation till the servants had left the room.

"So it's—war," he said, then, speaking in a casual tone, and toying with his wine-glass.

"I hope not, father," she answered, promptly, making no pretence not to understand him. "It takes two to make a quarrel, and—"

"And you wouldn't be one?"

"I was going to say that I hoped you wouldn't be."

"But you yourself would fight?"

"I should have to. I'm fighting for liberty, which is always an honorable motive. You're fighting to take it away from me—"

"Which is a dishonorable motive. Very well; I must accept that imputation as best I may, and still go on."

"Oh, then, it is war. You mean to make it so."

"I mean to do my duty. You may call your rebellion against it what you like."

"I'm not accustomed to rebel," she said, with significant quietness. "Only people who feel themselves weak do that."

"And are you so strong?"

"I'm very strong. I don't want to measure my strength against yours, father; but if you insist on measuring yours against mine, I ought to warn you."

"Thank you. It's in the light of a warning that I view your action to-day. You probably went to meet Mr. Wappinger."

In saying this his bow was drawn so entirely at a venture that he was astonished at the skill with which he hit the mark.

"I did."

He pushed back his chair; half rose; sat down again; poured out a glass of Marsala; drank it thirstily; and looked at her a second or two in helpless distress before finding words.

"And you talk of honorable motives!"

"My motive was entirely honorable. I went to explain to him that I couldn't see him any more—just now."

"While you were about it you might as well have said neither just now—nor at any other time."

She was silent.

"Do you hear?"

"Yes; I hear, father."

"And you understand?"

"I understand what you mean."

"And you promise me that it shall be so?"

"No, father."

"You say that deliberately? Remember I'm asking you an important question, and you're giving me an equally important reply."

"I recognize that; but I can't give you any other answer."

"We'll see." He pushed back his chair again, and rose. He had already crossed the room, when, a new thought occurring to him, he turned at the door. "At least I presume I may count on you not to see this young man again without telling me?"

"Not without telling you—afterward. I couldn't undertake more than that."



Drawn by Frank Craig

IT WAS WHAT MRS. WAPPINGER CALLED AN "OFF-DAY"

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"H'm!" he ejaculated, before passing out. "Then I must take active measures."

It was easier, however, to talk about active measures than to devise them. While Dorothea was sobbing, with her elbows on the dining-room table, and her face buried in her hands, he was pacing his room in search of desperate remedies. It was a case in which his mind turned instinctively to Diane for help; but in the very act of doing so he was confronted by her theories as to Dorothea's need of diplomatic guidance. For that, he told himself, the time was past. The event had proved how important mere "management" was to control her, and justified his own preference for force.

Before she went to bed that night Dorothea was summoned to her father's presence, to receive the commands which should regulate her conduct toward "the young man Wappinger." They could have been summed up in the statement that she must know him no more. She was not only never to see him, or write to him, or communicate with him, by direct or indirect means; as far as he could command it, she was not to think of him, or remember his name. His measures grew more drastic in proportion as he gave them utterance, until he himself became aware that they would be difficult to fulfil.

"I will not attempt to extract a promise from you," he was prudent enough to say, in conclusion, "that you will carry out my wishes, because I know you would never bring on me the unhappiness that would spring from disobedience."

"It's hardly fair, father, to say that," she replied, firmly. "In war, no one should shrink from—the misfortunes of war."

"That means, then, that you defy me?"

She was calmer than he as she made her reply.

"It doesn't mean that I defy you. I love you too much to put either you or myself in such an odious position as that. But it does mean that one day, sooner or later, I shall marry—Mr. Wappinger."

He looked at her with a bitter smile.

"I admire your frankness, Dorothea,"

he said, after a brief pause, "and I shall do my best to imitate it. If it's to be war, we shall at least fight in the open. I know what you intend to do; and you know that I mean to circumvent you. The position on both sides being so pleasantly clear, you may come and kiss me good-night."

During the process of the stiff little embrace that followed it was as difficult for her not to fling herself sobbing on his breast as for him not to seize her in his arms; but each maintained the restraint inspired by the justice of their respective causes. When she had closed the door behind her, he stood for a long time, musing. That his thoughts were not altogether tragic became manifest as his brow cleared, and the ghost of a smile, this time without bitterness, hovered about his lips. Suddenly he slapped his leg, like a man who has made a discovery.

"By Gad!" he whispered, half aloud, "when all is said and done—she knows how to play the game!"

CHAPTER XVIII

IT was, perhaps, the knowledge that Dorothea could play the game that enabled Derek, during the rest of the summer, to play it himself. This he did, without flinching; finding strength in the fact that, as time went on, Dorothea seemed to enter into his plans and submit to his judgment. The first few weeks of pallor and silence having passed, she resumed her accustomed ways, and, as far as he could tell, grew cheerful. Always having credited her with common sense, he was pleased now to see her make use of it, in a way of which few girls of nineteen would have been capable. She accepted his surveillance with so much docility that, by the time they returned to town, in the autumn, he was able to congratulate himself on his success.

On her part, Dorothea carried out his instructions to the letter. Notwithstanding the opening of the season, and the renewal of the usual gayeties, she lived quietly, accepting few invitations, and rarely going into society at all, except under her father's wing. On those accidental occasions when Carli Wappinger

came within their range of vision, it was only as a distant ship drifts into sight at sea—to drift silently away again. If Dorothea perceived him she gave no sign. It was clear to Derek that her spurt of rebellion was over and that her little experience had done her no harm. The name of Wappinger being tacitly ignored between them, he could only express his pleasure, in the results he had achieved, by an extravagant increase of Dorothea's allowance, and gifts of inappropriate jewelry. It would have taken a more weatherwise person than he to guess that behind this domestic calm the storm was brewing.

The first intuition of threatening events came to Mrs. Wappinger.

"I've seen nothing, and heard nothing," she declared, in her emphatic way, to Diane, "but I know something is going on."

That was in September. They sat in the shade of the cool flag-paved pergola, at Waterwild, Mrs. Wappinger's place on Long Island. The tea table stood between them, and they lounged in wicker chairs. Framed by marble pillars, and festooned from above by vines drooping from the roof, there was a view of terraced lawns, descending toward the sea. Between the slightly overcrowded urns and statues there were bright dashes of color, here of dahlias in full bloom, there of reddening garlands of ampelopsis or Virginia creeper. It was what Mrs. Wappinger called an "off-day," otherwise she could not have had Diane at Waterwild. In her loyalty toward the deserted woman she seized those opportunities when Carli was away, and she was certain of having no other guests, "to have the poor thing down for the day, and give her a good meal."

Not that people occupied themselves with Diane or her affairs! Her place in the hurrying, scrambling social throng had been so unobtrusive that, now that she no longer filled it, she was easily forgotten. Among the few who paid her the tribute of recollection there was the generally received impression that Derek Pruyn, having discovered her relations with the Marquis de Bienville—relations which, so they said, had been well known in Paris, in the days when she was still some one—had

dismissed her from her position in his household. That was natural enough, and there was no further reason for remembering her. Having disappeared into the limbo of the unfortunate, she was as far beyond the mental range of those who retained their blessings as souls that have passed are out of sight of men and women who still walk the earth. For this very reason she called out in Mrs. Wappinger that motherly good-nature which was only partially warped by the ambition for social success. On more than one of her "off-days" she had lured Diane out of her refuge in University Place, treating her with all the kindness she could bestow without causing disparaging comment upon herself. On the present occasion she was the more desirous of her company because of the fact that, as she expressed it herself, she had "sniffed something going on."

"As I tell you," she repeated, "I've heard nothing, and seen nothing; I've just sniffed it. If you were to ask me how, I couldn't explain it to you any more than I can say how I get the scent of this climbing heliotrope. But I do get it; and I do know something is in the wind, more than what is told to you and I."

"One can only hope that it will be nothing foolish," Diane murmured, guardedly.

"It *will* be something foolish," Mrs. Wappinger declared, "and you may take my word for it. Derek Pruyn can't arrogate to himself the powers of the Lord above, any more than we can. If he thinks he can stop young blood from running he'll find out he's wrong."

It was the first mention of his name that Diane had heard in many weeks, and at the sound her hand trembled in such a way that she was obliged to put down untasted the cup she had half raised to her lips.

"He's not an unkind man," she found voice to say; "he's only a mistaken one. He has one of those natures capable of dealing magnificently with great affairs, but helpless in the trivial matters of every day. He's like the people who see well at a distance, but become confused over the objects right under their eyes."

"Then, the farther you keep away from that man the better the view he'll

take of you. It's what I'd say to Carli, if he'd ask for my advice."

"Does that mean," Diane ventured to inquire, "that you don't want him to marry Dorothea?"

"I certainly do not. If there were no other reason, she's the sort of girl to make me put one foot into the grave, whether I want to or no; and it stands to reason that I don't want to be squelched one hour before my time."

"Naturally; but I fancy you'd find her a sweeter girl than you might suppose."

"So she may be, dear; but I've spent too much money on Carli to wish to see him force his way into a family where he isn't wanted."

This was the text of Mrs. Wappinger's discourse, not only on the present occasion, but on the subsequent "off-days," when Diane was induced to visit Waterwild.

"Whatever is going on, Reggie Bradford's in it," she confided to Diane some few weeks later.

"Is that the fat young man, with the big laugh?"

"Yes; and one of the greatest catches in New York. Carli tells me he's wild about Marion Grimston; and I can see for myself that Mrs. Bayford is playing him against that Frenchman. She'll get the title if she can, but if not, she'll fall back on the money."

"It's a pretty safe alternative," Diane smiled, making an effort to speak without betraying her feelings.

"Reggie is a good-natured boy," Mrs. Wappinger pursued, "but a regular water-pipe. If you want to get anything out of him you've only got to turn the faucet. It's just as well that he is; because whatever Carli is up to Reggie knows; and what Reggie knows Marion Grimston knows. If ever you see her—"

"Oh, but I don't—not now."

"That's a pity. If you did, you could pump her."

"I'm afraid I'm not much good at that sort of thing."

"Well, I am, when I get a chance. I'm bound to find out, somehow; and there are more ways of killing a cat than by giving it poison."

A few weeks later still Mrs. Wappinger informed Diane that Dorothea Pruyn was not happy.

"The Thoroughgoods told the Louds," she explained, "and the Louds told me. Her father thinks she has given in to him; but she hasn't—not an inch. He keeps her like a jailer; and she acts like a convict—always with an eye open for some way of escape. That man no more understands women than he does making pie."

"I've always noticed that the really strong men rarely do. There's almost invariably something petty about a man to whom a woman isn't a puzzle and a mystery."

"If it comes to a puzzle and a mystery, I don't know where you'd find a greater one than Derek Pruyn himself. After the way he's acted—and treated people—"

Diane flushed, but kept her emotions sufficiently under control to be able to follow her usual plan of straightforward speaking.

"If you mean me, Mrs. Wappinger, I ought to say that Mr. Pruyn has done nothing for which I can blame him. He was placed in a situation with which only a very subtle intelligence could have dealt; and I respect him the more for not having had it. It's generally the man who is most competent in his own domain who is most likely to blunder when he gets into the woman's; and I, for one, would rather have him do it. I've had to suffer because of it, and so has Dorothea; and yet that doesn't make me like it less."

"No; I dare say not," Mrs. Wappinger responded, sympathetically. "Mr. Wappinger himself was just such a man as that. He'd put through a deal that would make Wall Street shiver; but he understood my woman's nature just about as much as old Tiger there, wagging his tail on the grass, follows the styles in bonnets. Only, I'll tell you what. Mrs. Eveleth; it's for men like that that God created sensible, capable wives, like you and me; and they ought to have 'em."

This theme admitting of little discussion, Diane did not pursue it, but she went away from Waterwild with a deepened sense of Derek's need of her, as well as of Dorothea's. She could so easily have helped them both that the enforced impotence was a new element in

her pain. To walk the town in search of work to which she was little suited, when that which no one but herself could accomplish had to remain undone, became, during the next few weeks, the most intolerable part of the irony of circumstance. The wifely, the maternal, qualities of her being, of which she had never been strongly conscious till of late, awoke in response to the need that drew them forth, only to be blighted by denial.

The inactivity was the harder to endure because of the fact that, as autumn passed into early winter, there came a period when all her little world seemed to have dropped her out of sight. There were no more "off-days" at Waterwild, and Miss Lucilla's occasional letters from Newport ceased. Between her mother-in-law and herself, after a few painful attempts at intercourse, there had fallen an equally painful silence. Even her two or three pupils fell away.

From the papers she learned that one or another of those for whom she cared was back in town again. She walked in the chief thoroughfares in the hope of meeting some of them, but chance refused to favor her. In the dusk of the early descending November and December twilights she passed their houses, watching the warm glow of the lights within, against which, now and then, a shadow that she could almost recognize would pass by. She could have entered at Miss Lucilla's door, or Mrs. Wappinger's; but a strange shyness, the shyness of the unfortunate, had taken hold of her, and she held back. In the mean time she was free to watch, with sad eyes, and sadder spirit, the great city, reversing the processes of nature, awaken from the torpor of the genial months into its winter life.

No one knew better than herself that thrill of excited energy with which those born with the city instinct return from the acquired taste for mountain, seaside, and farm, to enter once more the maze of purely human relationships. It was a moment with which her own active nature was in sympathy. She liked to see the blinds being raised in the houses, and the barricading doors taken down. She liked to see the vehicles begin to crowd one another in the streets, and the

pedestrians on the pavement wear a brisker air. She liked to see the shop windows brighten with color, and the great public gathering-spots let in and let out their throngs. She responded to the quickened animation with the spontaneity of one all ready to take her part, till the thought came that a part had been refused her. It was with a curious sensation of being outside the range of human activities that, during those days of timid, futile looking for employment, she roamed the busy thoroughfares of New York. As time passed she ceased to think much about her need of sympathetic fellowship in her anxiety to get work. She wrote advertisements and answered them; she applied at schools, and offices, and shops; she came down to seeking any humble drudgery which would give her the chance to live.

It was not till one day in early December that the last flicker of her hope went out. Chance had made her pass at midday along the pavement opposite one of the great restaurants. Lifting her eyes instinctively toward the group of well-dressed people on the steps, she saw that Mrs. Bayford and Marion Grimston were going in, accompanied by Reggie Bradford and the Marquis de Bienville. She had heard little or nothing of them during the last four empty months; but it was plain now that the lovers were agreed and her own cause abandoned. Up to this moment she had not realized how tenaciously she had clung to the belief that the proud, high-souled girl would yet see justice done her; and now she had deserted her, like the rest!

For the first time during her years of struggle she felt absolutely beaten—beaten so thoroughly that it would be useless to renew the fight. She had been on her way to see a lady who had advertised for a nursery governess; but she had no strength left with which to face the interview. In the winter-garden of the restaurant, Mrs. Bayford was purring to her guests, Reggie Bradford was whispering to Miss Grimston, and the Marquis de Bienville was ordering the wines, while Diane was wandering blindly back to the poor little room she called her home, there to lie down and allow her heart to break.



Drawn by Frank Craig

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

MRS. BAYFORD WAS PURRING TO HER GUESTS

But hearts do not break at the command of those who own them, and when she had moaned away the worst part of her pain, she fell asleep. When she awoke it was already growing dark, and the knocking at her door, which roused her, was like a call from the peace of dreams to the desolation of reality. When she had turned on the light she received from the hands of the waiting servant that which had become a most

rare visitant in the blankness of her life—a note.

The address was in a sprawling hand, which she recognized. What was written within was more sprawling still:

“For Heaven’s sake come to me at once. The expected has happened, and I don’t know what to do. The motor will wait and bring you.

CLARA WAPPINGER.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Last Spring

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

THIS morning at the door
 I heard the Spring,
 Quickly I set it wide
 And, welcoming,
 “Come in, sweet Spring,” I cried,
 “The winter ash, long dried,
 Waits but your breath to rise
 On phantom wing!”

A brown leaf shivered by,
 A soulless thing—
 My heart in quick dismay
 Forgot to sing—
 Twisted and grim it lay,
 Kin to the ghost-ash gray,
 Dead, dead—strange herald this
 Of jocund Spring!

I spurned it from the door,
 I longed that Spring
 Should come with song and glow
 And rush of wing,
 Not this, not this!— But O
 Dead leaf, a year ago
 You were the dear first-born
 Of Hope and Spring!

Christophorus

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

SOME years ago there appeared in a considerable mountain town of New England a remarkable man. Call the place Hillcrest, the State New Hampshire, and the man Herman Strong. To the still living is due all possible consideration, and, whether living or dead, the identity of the actors in this story will not be betrayed.

He was a clergyman or a minister—his parishioners never felt quite sure which. He was first observed among the summer people, as a boarder in an ancient gray house set closely against the river, and occupied by an old and irritable deaf woman, who, being hopelessly mortgaged, patronized a few lodgers, but had hitherto drawn the line of fate at "mealers."

This elderly person—her name was Rock—succumbed unexpectedly to the personal persuasions of the clerical stranger, and accepted him, if without cordiality, at least without protest, as a member of her household. A home, such as it was, she sourly provided for him.

There was a vacancy at that time in the pulpit of the leading church, and Herman Strong preached now and then, as a matter of courtesy, to the un-shepherded flock. An astonished and increasing audience began to follow him. It was a Congregational church of the elder New England type, and it developed that the preacher was not to the denomination born or bound. It was supposed that he had been trained to the Episcopal liturgy, of which he made use when he chose, and it was suspected that he had cultivated a certain freedom of religious thought or belief such as would have made it difficult for him to fetter himself to any one of the stricter sects. He frankly told the committee as much, when the warming interest of the people developed that autumn into a formal call.

"Your thoughts are not my thoughts, nor your ways my ways," he said. "But your Christ is my Christ. I will consider

your wishes, and deal with you again about this matter. If you would like a stated interval in which to change your own minds—pray feel at liberty to mention one. You and I cannot work together with reservations on either side. Our relation must be that of a great attachment, or none at all. It will be outside the ecclesiastical conventionalities, anyhow you look at it," observed the minister, dreamily.

The committee stared.

"Our people are set upon you," said the chairman, slowly. "And it appears to be the impression in this community that you are a child of God. We ain't given to unmaking our minds round these parts. We don't want any opportunity for reconsidering our views. We want *you*, sir."

"But an ordination—an installation—the usual ecclesiastical ceremonies—these are impracticable under your polity and on my basis," argued the minister. "And your people value such things—frankly—more than I do."

"We ain't valuing anything just about now more'n we value *you*, sir," persisted the chairman. "There's those that have been in affliction. And there's those that have sat under your preaching. We are instructed, sir, not to take no for an answer from you, Mr. Strong."

"I will become your pastor for a year," said the young clergyman, suddenly. "You shall not ordain nor install me, nor play the heretic for my sake. I will fill your pulpit, since you wish it, and I will comfort your afflicted—if I can."

Thus it befell that Herman Strong became in this candid and unusual manner the spiritual leader of the Hillcrest people—a relation which, begun without ecclesiastical formality, continued from ploughing to harvest, from maple-leaf to maple-blossom—one might say, from heart-beat to heart-beat; for, whether he were heretic or whether he

were "sound," the people loved the man, and indeed, as time revealed, he grew so dear to them that had he been a Boston Unitarian they would not have yielded him to any council—and more cannot be said.

From old photographs in parish albums, and from still vivid traditions cherished in Hillcrest homes, it is to be gathered that Herman Strong was possessed of a certain memorable personal beauty. He was not massively built, but tall; he showed the physique of a student who had dabbled in athletics—the strong head, the long, thin, muscular hands. He had a nervous gait, a manly laugh, and supple motions.

His coloring was dark, but not swarthy; his forehead balanced, and an eye as direct as an N-ray blazed into the soul. His mouth, which was delicate, though full, gave the impression of singular moral purity; it held a cool gravity, while melting into warm, sudden smiles. The man carried in feature and figure and manner the unworldliness possible only to one who has known the world.

If he had known the world, he had left it; and if he had weighed it, he had not overmeasured it; for he sank himself in the plain life of the Hillcrest parish like a diver who was drowned in content. He preached, he prayed, he visited, he rebuked, he consoled, like any ordinary country pastor; while yet it was always felt that he did none of these things in the ordinary ways. Particularly was it said of the last of them that he exercised the consoling function of the Protestant priest as no other preacher known to the town or to the hills had ever done. Old persons with old familiar griefs so heavy that their bent shoulders had become crooked beneath the load, and straight young people with new griefs that they had not had time to learn how to bear, stole to the now thronged church to hear the preacher reaching for their heart-strings, that he might untie these and loose the burden, as he did—who knew how he did it?

Before he had been with them for six months, the Hillcrest parish had divined a beautiful word by which to name him among themselves. They called him—half timidly, as if not sure whether they infringed upon some iron doctrine or

offended some gentle sanctity—they called him the comforter. It used to seem to the young preacher sometimes that his intellect, his education, his experience of life, all had gone for little, except to train his heart. The fires of this were strong, and everything fed them. He had the greatest gift with which Heaven can endow a human spirit—a powerful and sensitive sympathy regulated by good sense. He perceived, he suffered, the pangs that were not his own—not disdaining false miseries because they were the consequence of ignorance or vanity, or some remediable weakness, but proving himself swift as a cherishing angel to recognize true pain. Hurt souls crawled to him like wounded dogs to a master. He had but to extend a hand, and they crept to his feet.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about the preacher was, that while the sad sought him, the glad did not shun him. He was the confidant of every college boy, the friend of clerks and apprentices, the adviser of girls whose emotions he held at wing's length from his personality. In truth, it was said of him that he had no personal relations with women. Many doubted if he had ever cultivated such; at all events he found neither space nor inclination for them at this period of his life; and his influence grew accordingly.

It rapidly became, in fact, the most powerful influence ever known in the hill country, and time diminished nothing of its force. Spiritual energy has her experts, as well as matter, and perhaps, like science, tends in the later times to specialization. Herman Strong loved boys and golf, music and skates, a good clean story and a good time. But he loved more to ease the unhappy if he might. This was his spiritual passion. He was as familiar with the miseries of his people as the doctor was with their tongues and pulses.

He had pursued for some time—I think it was for nearly a year—the path of least resistance in usefulness, as we all do; pouring the flame of his fine nature where it most naturally went, and offering anywhere and everywhere, and to any soul that claimed it, the white fire of his consolation—when there occurred an incident which caused him deep reflection,

and to a certain extent some readjustment of his noble and tender instincts. At all events it guided these for the first time in a direction where his heart had not hitherto travelled.

The gray house of Mrs. Rock, as we said, stood close to a river; so close that it scarcely missed of being a pier. In the rectangle formed by the main house and the ell in which the minister had his study, a neglected garden huddled timidly like a forsaken old person. Most of the flowers and shrubs had ceased to bloom; the place crept down into a scanty slope of grass and flags which lapped the water sadly. A few gray planks, once a boat-landing, crumbled among the flags. The minister had put a boat out for his own unprofessional recreation; but he found small time to use it. He was sitting at his study window one August night, at the full of the moon. It was a Sunday night, and he had preached twice, and was tired. The hour was late, and the house was as still as the shadows of the trees which sentinelled the river. These were chiefly maple or birch, and cast a thick shadow like carved bronze, or a fine one, delicately trembling.

The river moved stealthily, flung out by the moon like a banner that had been dropped from some height and caught between the two dark wooded banks, where it lay tangled in the unrealities of leaves. In a fold of light the minister's boat swung sleepily.

The flags that indicated the dip of meadow-land into which the garden suddenly sank had a sharp look like spears, and took the moonlight on their points. The old landing, whose gray surface was streaked here and there by the yellow of a fresh pine plank, had the observant air of deserted things; as if it awaited action or incident of which it was defrauded.

As the preacher sat, with his elbows on his study window-sill, watching the river, he was made suddenly aware that he was not alone in doing so. A figure, darkly draped, rose between his eyes and the water, and he perceived from her motions—for it was the figure of a woman—that she was wading through the resistance of the flags. After a little hesitation, in which he could suppose that she paused to glance at the house, or, more particu-

larly, at the wing, she climbed upon the landing from the side, and stood revealed and distinct in the unreal light—a young woman, dressed in translucent black, through which her arms and neck gleamed faintly. Her hands, knotted in front of her, began to swing up and down with the preparatory movements of a diver. Otherwise she was perfectly still. She made no motion towards the boat—that would have reassured him—but disregarded it.

The preacher hesitated no longer, but quietly opened the outside door of his study, and, without sound, crossed the ruined garden and made his way towards the landing. The woman had not heard him, and he was within a few feet of her, when she leaped.

It was all so swiftly done that it took away the breath of his brain. He was a quick-witted man in practical emergencies, more so than men of thought are apt to be, but the adroitness of the woman had countermarched. He felt that he was beaten in his beneficent tactics, and now understood that the ears of the suicide—finer than those of the lovers of life—had betrayed his approach to her. Thinking to save her, he had, in fact, hurried her to her fate.

Before his eyes she leaped and plunged. Her transparent sleeves fell to her shoulders over her bare arms as she flung these above her head. A darkened but a glowing shape, she swept his vision by and sank.

The preacher's half-stunned wits had returned to intelligence within him by this, and he sprang into the boat and got the oars.

The woman had not reappeared. He drove a few iron strokes above the spot where she had sunk. The river had never looked to him so black, it had never run so swiftly, he was sure that it had never been so deep. It occurred to him that she might be holding herself under water deliberately, as some wretched animals have been known to do when weary of life. While he was instinctively peering down into the river, more to keep his own hope afloat than from any real expectation that he could grapple the suicide with his eyes, he heard a slight rippling noise some fifty feet away from him down-stream. As he put about, row-

ing mightily in the direction of the sound, the simple fact first presented itself to him that the woman had been carried by the current of the mountain stream—for it was strong.

"She must be swirled up," he thought, "whether she wants to or not."

In a moment he had swung the boat down-stream. He had calculated so well that as she rose she struck the planking. His arms shot down as hers came up. He thanked Heaven for every brasse and driver that he had ever held, for every bat and bridle, each rudder and oar. His manly muscle served him, as a man's should, and he gripped the woman—whether she would or no—and lifted her into his boat, with or without her leave, and saved her in her own despatch.

She was by now well spent, and nearly if not quite unconscious. His arms clung to her with the fierce instincts of salvation, which are mightier than those of destruction; and did not at once release her when they had laid her on the bottom of the boat at his feet. The man's pulse of him knew that she was a young woman, and formed with a certain sumptuous delicacy. The preacher's conscience of him perceived that she had, to all intents, sinned a great sin, and he wondered how he should deal with her when she should have recovered herself.

She did not immediately do so, although as he put the boat about she gasped and slightly stirred. No other course occurred to him, and he rowed rapidly back to his own landing. He had recognized her by that time for a member of his own congregation, a "summer lady"; he had seen her sometimes at his church, but it could scarcely be said that he had acquaintance with her. In his efforts to arouse her he called her by name:

"Mrs. Devon! Mrs. Devon!"

The boat, swinging at its painter, drifted into a whirlpool of moonlight, in whose eddies she showed so white and still that the preacher felt alarmed.

"Mrs. Devon! Aldeth Devon!" he called her, with the tinge of authority natural to his profession. An inarticulate sound replied to him. She struggled a little when he lifted her, and her hands defied him, but he made mockery of their protest, and took her in his arms; these, for a

man of his build, were powerful enough, and, half lifting, half dragging her, he got her upon the landing, across the ruined garden, and to his study door. At its threshold he felt her limp body stiffen and rebel, and saw that her half-drowned eyes were wide and reproachful of him.

"There is nothing else to do," he said. "I will call Mrs. Rock."

Without further speech he laid her on his study sofa, and put his hand upon the old-fashioned bell-rope—it was a crocheted bell-rope—which hung by his door.

"She can't hear it," came unexpectedly from the sofa. "She's too deaf."

"I can go and call her," urged the preacher, stoutly.

"I tell you I won't have her!" cried the woman.

"I tell you you must!" insisted the man.

"Oh, please—oh, *please!*" entreated the voice from the sofa. "She may be deaf, but she isn't dumb. Think of the talk it would make."

If the preacher's lips framed the quick words, "Think of the talk this would make!" they did not form these, but pressed together hard in a chivalrous silence. He stood before the dripping sofa, where the drenched figure of his guest, struggling to her feet, confronted him. He could hear the little sopping of her silk stockings against her soaked slippers as she staggered towards the garden door. Her thin dress, black and clinging, wound about her. Pools of water followed her movements; she stretched her bare arms, groping to the door-jamb; her drenched gauze sleeves were twisted above her elbows.

"I must go right back," she said, feebly, "and I must go alone."

"I don't know what kind of man you take me to be!" exploded the minister, "but if you suppose I shall allow anything of the kind—Here. Do as I bid you. Swallow this. We will decide what you shall do afterwards."

She perceived that he was putting brandy to her lips, and swallowed it obediently; but she did not recede from her position where she stood dizzily swaying on the threshold of his door.

"Now I am *perfectly* able," she pleaded, with a pretty, feminine overemphasis.

"And I shall go. I will not have Mrs. Rock called. And I *will* go."

"Where will you go?" demanded Mr. Strong. "Back to the river, for instance?"

"Not to-night. No. I give you my word—no."

"Very well, then," replied the minister, after a moment's hesitation. "You run the risk of pneumonia, of course."

"It is a hot night," urged the shivering woman. "And I am very well—terribly strong. I *can't* die—of anything. That's certain. What are you doing? Your rain-coat? But it will get so wet! Yes, I know. It would cover me—and nobody at the Crowe's might notice. I—you see. Don't you see?"

"I see that you must be got to your boarding-house without another word," observed the minister, whose quiet peremptoriness now began to have some effect upon her. "Obey me, and I will get you there in the quickest and the least noticeable way I can think of. Trust me—if you can."

"I will try," replied Mrs. Devon, tremulously. He wrapped his long waterproof coat about her soaked dress, and helped her, half leaning, half refusing, across the garden to the landing; thence without a word into the boat. Still in silence he took the oars and rowed her rapidly down-stream. At the rear of the boarding-house (known to the summer people as Crowe's Nest) he brought the boat up among some muttering flags and laid down his oars.

Then, not till then, he regarded her with a stern solemnity. She had now quite regained herself, and sat erect and strong. The wind had risen, and moonlight shattered by shadows broke and formed upon her. She was yet very pale. But her eyes had a sardonic, half-contemptuous gleam, as if she recognized the full nature of her position, and dared him—perhaps dared the world—to condemn her for it.

"She is perfectly sane," he thought.

"I suppose I am expected to thank you," she observed, with a biting intonation. She did not underscore her words any more, he noticed.

"But you do not?" he asked, kindly enough.

"No, I do not—no. By this time I

should have been—" She glanced at the river.

"Why did you do it?" interrupted the preacher.

"Why does anybody do it? The power to suffer is greater than the power to endure. You ought to know that. Perhaps you don't know it. You were never married, were you?"

"Your husband is dead?" queried Mr. Strong, with a delicate hesitation. He remembered that he had never seen the man in Hillcrest.

"If it were *that*!" exclaimed the wife. She turned without a word of gratitude or courtesy and left him. He watched her swaying up the grass-grown path to the boarding-house. Little as he knew her, he felt that it was like her to choose this plain place. She would abhor the hotel. Midway of the path she paused as if too weak to proceed, and wavered into an old arbor, heavy with half-ripe grapes and shrivelling leaves. The garden was deserted, and a tangle of tall shrubbery protected the arbor from the house. The preacher took a few steps and joined her.

"You must allow me," he began. "Whatever the consequences, I shall not leave you—in this way."

"You will leave me in any way that I direct," replied the lady, coldly. She struggled to her feet; he bowed and turned, but retraced a step.

"I must speak with you," he said, with determination. "And I shall make an opportunity of doing so as soon as possible."

Her hands made a forbidding gesture, but her lips said nothing audible. As he walked back to the river he heard the swashing of her wet slippers against her feet. Presently the little sopping sound ceased, and he knew that she had reached the shelter of the house.

Within a few days Herman Strong made as good as his word, and boldly called at the boarding-house and requested Mrs. Devon.

"If you don't mind, sir, maybe you'll look her up?" said Mrs. Crowe, hazily. "She's never anywhere in particular. Unless it's at the river. She's terrible fond of the river. And there's such a lot of cats and hens—if they *are* my boarders—crochetin' and clackin' on the piazza, sir."

Grateful for this zoological hint, the preacher sought the garden, and in the grape arbor he found her sitting idly, with listless hands, with lustreless eyes, out of which even the sense of desolation had ceased to look. Seen in the fire of an August noon, Mrs. Devon looked younger than he had thought her, and more attractive. But the minister did not concern himself with the attractions of women. He disregarded her pathetic charm; pausing only in his own mind to think that she had a subtlety of organization rarely to be found among women of her type; and shot his errand at her like an arrow of the Lord.

"Why," he demanded, "did you try to kill yourself?"

"How," she retorted, "am I to get your rain-coat back to you?"

The preacher set his lips and regarded her without the tolerance of a smile.

"It's wet yet," complained Mrs. Devon. "I have to dry it an inch at a time, when Mrs. Crowe won't see. The whole State of New Hampshire would be gossiping about it. I have concluded to send it to town to my tailor's, and express it out to you when I've got home. Will that do?"

She lifted her defiant smile, but her mouth and chin quivered in spite of herself.

"You are pleased to mock me," said the preacher, gravely. "And yet I came here upon a serious errand. I came to save you—if I could."

"You can't," replied Aldeth Devon, with conviction.

"Perhaps not," he sighed. "But I wanted to try, that's all."

"You are a good man," she said, with a certain contrition of manner. "I will remember what you said—and what you did."

"I have done no more than any decent man would do; and I have said—so far—nothing at all," he urged, eagerly.

"Say it, then," she commanded, half petulantly. "Preach me my personally conducted sermon. I will listen—yes, I will. But I tell you beforehand I think I had the right to do it. My life is my own."

"Your life is your God's," he answered, solemnly.

"My—what?" she cried.

"Nothing that you suffer—nothing that you *can* suffer—would justify you in hurling your soul back at your Maker before He calls it," argued the minister, if with some professional commonplace, at least with much personal gentleness.

"What do you know about suffering?" she taunted.

"A little," said Herman Strong. "Not much, perhaps, by your standards. At least," he added, manfully, "I know right from wrong. And I know that the deed you did—that you meant to do—why, it is a deadly sin! I was sorry to see you commit it. You seemed to me above that kind of weakness. I thought you were more of a woman."

She set her beautiful teeth. "Have you anything more to say?" came from them in bitten breaths.

He shook his head.

"Except to ask you, if you are ever in such extremity again—(I realize that it must be a very great and cruel one)—will you come to me? Will you let me try to help you, if I can?"

She hesitated with her answer—would she yield? would she rebel?—and before her lips had decided it she felt that he had removed their opportunity. He had lifted his hat gravely, and passed from the arbor where the shrivelled leaves and half-ripe fruit hung above the woman. He did not return by way of the too feminine piazzas of the Crowe's Nest, but took the grass path to the river, and waded home laboriously through the reeds.

A smaller incident than this has set the cast of many a history, and it would not be easy to overestimate the effect upon Herman Strong of his brief experience with the woman whom he had saved. She passed out of his life as quickly and quietly as she had crossed it; and that without a sign to indicate that she was conscious of her tremendous indebtedness to him. If he ever wondered at this, it was with that meagre attention given by an absorbed and overworked man to feminine whims. In fact, the episode in which Mrs. Devon had figured, in itself so intensified his preoccupation with a class of deeds and motives beyond reach of her interest, perhaps even of her respect, that neither his thought nor his feeling had room to

speculate upon any vagaries of hers. But their consequences remained within him.

In the course of the following winter her personality was forcibly recalled to his attention by an item in the daily press, setting forth the fact that one Jasper Devon, club-man and sporting-man, had been hurled by his touring-car (it was sixty miles an hour, at midnight, and on a strange road) down a twenty-foot embankment. The car turned turtle, the chauffeur crawled out with a broken leg, but Devon did not crawl out at all. The machine took fire.

It occurred to the minister to write to Mrs. Devon in the face of this dreadful event, but on careful thought he refrained from doing so. What could he say? He perceived that he and she had met for one great moment, like submarine navigators, too deep down the sea of truth to assume an unreal attitude. He could not play with the foam of things, and insult by conventional condolence the terrible facts—either those known or those unknown to him—of her life. He passed her tragic experience by, as she had passed his rescue of her, in that strong silence which may build or shatter comprehension between two persons whom fate has brought together only to drive apart. To most of us this kind of massive muteness is a wall which the soul never climbs.

But the preacher, whose high nature received more powerful impressions from the contact of spirit with spirit than from the impact of event upon event, took to heart the moral impulse that he had gained (admitting that he had gained it) from Aldeth Devon. He had never before dealt with the suicidal temptation in any of its genuine forms; having scarcely gone beyond the knowledge of that coquetry with death by which the young and the lightly stricken sometimes divert themselves. He now set himself seriously, as a scholar does who selects a new language, to understand this mystery of despair—the deepest, the darkest of them all. Hitherto he had been impatient with it, as we are apt to be with the moral danger most removed from our own temperaments. He was so healthy, so happy, so busy, so dedicated, he was so utterly in earnest at living,

that he had found it hard to tolerate the fraudulent emotion which plays with the supreme reality of death.

But she—she had solemnly hurled herself from the air-ship of life into unappeasable space; and he—a dangling rope in the blind abyss—only he had interposed. Now the ether began to seem to him peopled with poor souls that he had never understood how to treat—souls clinging to strands, and swaying above destruction for lack of a human hand—the falling aviators of the moral world. His exquisite sympathy, now fastened upon these, clutched them with a grip of iron and fire. Their weakness and piteousness—everything about them weak but their peril—began to appeal to him more than almost any other kind of helplessness that he had wished to sustain. He thought, in a word, profoundly, at times disproportionately, about the thing. It had changed for him from melodrama to tragedy.

Whether this psychic condition attracted them to himself, or whether such spiritual emergencies had, in fact, multiplied within his reach, it became certain that he had never before met with anything like the number of the life-weary that now craved his stronger and healthier nature. They came to his knowledge from the most unexpected quarters, and flung themselves upon his sensitiveness from the most unsuspected causes. He gathered them all to his heart, the real and the unreal, the grave and the light. He learned when to console the victims of a severe and manifest fate, and how to startle the self-tormented into shame or noble fear. In his own purpose he antedated by several years the departure of the Salvation Army that deals with those to whom life has become intolerable. More often than one would have believed possible, he was sought by men whom the world had tempted into dishonor that no one knew. Women sobbed their danger into his ears—young, deserted girls, and middle-aged, neglected wives who were ready to drop life down as a weight too cruel to be lifted; the incurable sick, and the tortured for sleep; the overborne of this misery, the understrong for that; people who had never before let their dark secret escape their lips—these confessed it to him, or he sur-

prised it in them—who could say which?—and he moved before them as Jehovah did before the Israelites in the Bible story—a pillar of fire by night, a pillar of cloud by day: always visible, and always leading. The beautiful name that his people had given him was never so often upon their lips as at this time: “The comforter has gone to her.”—“He has asked for the comforter.”—“Go tell it to the comforter.”

Now the curious thing about this was that the loving title began to disturb the minister a little, as if it had been a small thorn from the rose of his ideal of himself. Was it possible that he had comforted too much? Too easily or too indiscriminately? Had he stimulated his people too little? Had he indulged the sense of sorrow at the expense of the consciousness of sin? This way of phrasing the idea was a clergyman’s way; he did not always escape the terminology of his calling; but in this as in other instances there was something in the phrase broader and more human than pulpit or parish understands.

It occurred to him that he might have chanced upon a matter of some vitality to a spiritual teacher, and he put it aside—for he was too busy a man to answer his own questions as he went along—until he should find leisure to think of it further. Meanwhile he had his people; and they, thanking God, had him. They found no adequate expression of the feeling that he aroused in them at this time, and used to sit before him in a kind of dumb adoration more flattering than speech or language.

But Herman Strong could not be flattered. This was perhaps his greatest peculiarity. He went about his Master’s business too eagerly for personal vanity. He preached, he prayed, he loved, he lifted, like a man whose time was too short to lose a chance at a human soul. His church was thronged to the vestibules. Young men crowded the aisles and defied the fire laws. He had never preached in his life as he did then. This he did extemporaneously, and most of his remarkable pulpit work is lost to the treasury of the church. Certain of his people cherished fragments of it in notebooks, and from glimpses of these one may know how extraordinary he was.

The whole hill-country honored the man. He moved before them with a spiritual splendor which they had never seen. They had read now and then of such a preacher; but outside the biographies, who looks to find a soul so choice?

He who was the object of this parish worship waved it aside indifferently, and rose into the ether of his own consecration, as the consecrated do—himself the last to be concerned about himself. His passion for the salvation or the consolation of other souls had well-nigh made him forget that he had one of his own. An aged man of the people, who had outlived many Hillcrest pastorates, said to his wife:

“Parson’s a balloon on fire. He’s got to come down or blaze to cinders.”

“Soda biscuit,” said the elderly wife. “And canned soup. That’s the matter of parson. He’s put up at Mis’ Rock’s too continual. Her cookin’s chicken-feed. I used to send him jells and meat pies. But he said it hurt her feelin’s.”

Who shall say how it was, or why, or when, that the subtle change, imperceptible to any but himself, overtook the preacher? At first he thought it was wholly a physical one; he perceived that he was tired; that he needed rest; that it was distasteful to him to seek it and impossible to obtain it. It occurred to him that his boarding-house was dismal; that his landlady was deaf and deafer; that the table was poor and poorer.

“Mrs. Rock,” he said one day, with the pathetic patience of an ill-nourished but considerate man, “isn’t there *any* other way of cooking potatoes but to *boil* them?”

He began to push away his canned soups and ignore his soda biscuits. He took a book to the dining-room and another to bed. He read much and feverishly—often half the night, for he found that he did not sleep as he used to do—but he forgot what he had read and sat musing. He brooded a good deal over his parishioners—their sorrows and their errors, their failure to do or to be the thing that he had hoped they would. Drinking boys who had broken their pledges; giddy girls who had drifted back to the city; surly men who, after forced attacks of good nature, had relapsed

into household tyrants—these moral cripples fell before him like his own shadow when he walked away from the sun: he could not escape the presence of them.

It began, indeed, to seem to him that he himself was the cripple, that the faults of his people must be his own. He began for the first time for many busy, happy years to think of himself. That he thought of himself to reproach himself did not help the matter very much. His joyous nature had declined into a certain sadness so foreign to him that he hardly knew it to be sadness, and called it by other names—dyspepsia, nervousness, brain-fag, or what not. He drove himself mightily, as sacrificial souls do, flogging his spirits and taking the bit of energy between his teeth, plunging into every generous deed that he could think of, doing the hardest things that he could find to do. He was startled to find that no invention of the conscience helped him any.

He had reached, but he did not know that he had reached, the subtlest peril that can beset the dedicated—the impulse to doubt the value of their own or indeed of any consecration. The great reaction of spiritual overstrain had come upon the man—the finest, one might say the shrewdest, of moral emergencies. He began to consider the ingratitude, the unworthiness, of many persons for whom he had lighted the altar of his life. He began to ask the most dangerous question that any religious teacher can ask himself—"Is it all worth while?" He felt himself bowed beneath the ache and the evil of the souls that he had lifted. He waded like Christophorus into the river of confusion, carrying the sins and sorrows of the earth—bent under the load that belongs only to the Saviour of the world.

Now that which disturbed him most was that which he had borne most tenderly and frequently—the dead weight of those who were weary of life. These tragic histories haunted his heart and taunted his imagination. He wished he had known less about them. He wished he did not understand their plight so well. He began to dread his simple and holy memories. He had in his library a French book called *La Contagion sacrée*. The phrase recurred to him with a sinister change in the adjective. Was the

contagion damnée upon him? Had he been infected by the souls that he had saved? As a physician may be by the taint of a patient? As an alienist sometimes is by the mental atmosphere of an asylum?

That summer was a hot and hard one, and he worked through it without respite—fiercely, one might have said; as if he dared not fall below the highest flights of self-obliteration. His church brimmed over. The summer people and the winter people united in their tender idealization of the man. He walked in a mist of love and loyalty.

One Sunday he preached a sermon which is well remembered in Hillcrest to this day. He chose a simple enough topic, one that any of a hundred ministers might have selected at that very hour—the beauty and glory of life. These optimistic subjects are common in our pulpits; but, while Herman Strong spoke, it seemed to his audience that he spoke in unknown tongues, which suddenly as they listened became translated for them, but only in part; as if the preacher used spiritual idioms that they had never learned. He knew quite well that he should not be altogether understood, only affectionately followed; so he felt safe, and rashly poured out his soul before his people. As it has been said that a poet sometimes reveals in a lyric to the whole world the secret of his heart which he would refuse to his dearest friend, so the preacher, overworn with that solitude of the strong which the weak cannot companion, flung from his pulpit the secret of his innermost, his deadliest temptation.

Out of his entire audience only one person interpreted him. He perceived in due time that one did. She was a stranger, a lady, darkly dressed, and veiled. At first she had reminded him indefinitely of the woman whom he saved from the river. But Mrs. Devon had never returned to Hillcrest since the violent death of her husband, two years ago. He had been told that she was abroad—in Venice, Florence, Paris, or wherever—and likely to remain there, and, in fact, he found difficulty in believing that it was she who sat before him, "stone-silent and stone-still." But when at last she raised the strip of black chiffon which



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

HE BEGAN FOR THE FIRST TIME TO THINK OF HIMSELF

concealed her face, he felt that he was detected by her eyes. These had a solemn energy—half compassion, half rebuke—which seemed to grasp him. He returned her look sturdily. But he knew that his secret was his own no longer.

He spoke on, quietly enough:

"Most of us have found it possible in sleep to redream favorite dreams from which we had awakened. Are you disillusioned of life? Regain the dream! . . . All of us know how often a man's existence depends upon his power to grip a chance at the moment when it is thrown to him. Is the rope of courage sliding between your trembling fingers? Hold to it! Do not look down; that will bring a mortal giddiness. Look up, and hold! There is no moral peril too acute, there is none too imminent to be escaped. . . . You know how it is when we have a great love and lose it; we begin to understand what it was worth to us—we never did before. So it is with the splendid treasure which we call life—hard, familiar, common life. If a man in a moment of distaste and weariness should hurl it away—what would he offer, what would he endure, to recall the scorned and precious thing?"

The preacher's voice sank suddenly into low, impassioned prayer.

"Lord," he said, "teach us how great life is; how dear it ought to be. Hold us—we are not always strong. Comfort us—we sometimes sorely need it."

His faltering accents fell. He heard the sobbing of some women in the church, and saw the faces of men, confused and dull, staring at him. He finished the service with composure and left the pulpit. He felt the gaze of Mrs. Devon upon him, trembling but determined, like the movements of search-light upon water. But he did not look at her, and disappeared within the pastor's room.

The people watched him stupidly. Something in his appearance perplexed them; as a canto of Dante's would, or a stanza from Omar Khayyam.

"Pastor's off his feed," said the old wife who sent him "jells" and meat pies. But the aged parishioner, her husband, shook his head.

"'Tain't alwers what a man's *et*," he answered, slowly. "Pastor he ain't happy—see?"

It was an August night, and sultry as a dying world. Forest fires in the hills had choked the lungs of the air to paralysis. There was no moon, and the river ran like one of those pit-black streams on whose banks we struggle in our troubled sleep. The scanty flowers in the old garden were brown with drought. The boat at the landing lapped the water so lightly that one could scarcely hear it by listening. Mrs. Rock had cleared away her Sunday supper (always the worst of the week), and gone long since to bed. The minister's study was as still as the tropics before a hurricane. Herman Strong sat before his desk with his eyes fixed straight before him. These, for want of anything more inspiring to look at, were fastened upon the old crocheted bell-rope. The bell-rope was worked in wheels of red and blue; he followed the pattern idly—from blue to red, from red to blue.

He felt it to be important that he should fix his attention on something definite. When he had observed the bell-rope as long as he could, he got up with a quick, determined motion and went out. When he had crossed the garden he returned and took a small Testament from his desk, and put it in his vest pocket over his heart. As he did this he stroked the Testament caressingly. But he went immediately back again across the garden and down to the landing. The smoke from the forests stifled him. High on the hills he could see a sword of flame.

On the brink of the water he paused, and stood for some time. The clock of his church struck, and he counted the call of midnight. He fixed his mind upon the voice of his clock as he had done upon the crocheted pattern of the bell-rope. When the last stroke ceased he felt unprotected. His fingers wandered to the Testament above his heart, but slid away from it. He pulled upon the painter, and the boat leaped towards him; half-way it stuck, for some reason, and refused. He persisted, and the boat—regretfully, it seemed—obeyed. He stooped and urged the rope.

Did it rebel or yield? Did he slip or not? Was it merciful accident or piteous intent? No one knows, or will know,

and the only person who might have asked has scorned to do so. As he tottered, he felt himself grasped. Two arms clasped him, and with a strength which seemed to him more than man's—as assuredly it was more than woman's—sustained him. Soft lips sought his ear, and a low cry thrilled his being:

“You shall live! I say, you shall live!”

Upon the landing, yielding, confused, he found himself staggering. The woman's arms did not release him. It seemed to him as if the essence of human need and succor were in her clasp. It was as if all weakness that he had ever lifted, all misery that he had consoled, all error that he had prevented in his whole patient, compassionate life, had returned to him and clung to him to clutch him from despair. Aldeth Devon's arms were the arms of the suffering, erring world which had always been the nobler for his being in it—until now. Ah, God, until now!

His head dropped upon his breast. His wet hand, shaking, sought his little Testament, and reverently put it to his lips. By this he had sunk to his knees upon the landing, but the woman had not let him go. As he knelt, she knelt. Then he perceived that she was sobbing on his heart.

A moment gone, and she was impersonal, salvatory, influence or angel—something half celestial. Now—what was she now? All woman and all love.

The delicacy of her beautiful body, impassioned as no ruder organization could be, shrank from the revelation which her natural and noble impulse had opened, like the windows of heaven, before the devotee. In the darkness the crimson drove across her averted face, and she made as if she would have freed herself from the crisis which she had brought upon them both.

But now his were the arms to clasp, and his the voice to cry with the astonishment of ecstasy:

“Why, I love you! I love you! . . . I believe I always have.”

They had risen to their feet and stood solemnly enclasped, heart to heart, breath

to breath. But, with the simplicity of a devout boy, the lover said,

“Before I kiss you—let me pray.” She heard him whisper, “God forgive me! God forgive me!” twice. Then she lifted her lips.

Thus he loved, and hence he lived. No lesser man can know how it fares with one of the sons of God when he enters the kingdom of human joy. For that is larger than the province of pain. But the citizens thereof are of another race, and their spiritual teachers wear the order of a differing mystery. The preacher looked far down the vistas of a blinding happiness, and said to his forecasting soul:

“Will they lose their comforter?”

It is in the nature of fire to consume that on which it feeds, and it is the essence of ignorance that we do not know when we are ignorant. To this day the Hillcrest people wonder why the minister left them, or how they ever could have let him go. The old parishioner with the wife who made “jells” said:

“Pastor's too happy—see?”

Joy, like death, is a river wide and deep, and can sunder hearts as truly as that other. The allegiance which the desert does not tire may halt outside the gates of paradise. From whatever cause, this, at least, occurred: The man came to feel that his own received him not, or that he could not claim them as he used to do; as if he had grown dull in the beautiful art of soul attraction; and with characteristic humility he believed that he had deserved this consequence—God and the river and one woman knowing why; that he was not worthy to be understood by those on whom he had lavished the young, the sensitive years of his life. Half in repentance, half in resolve, he sought the hardest post that he could fill among the outcasts of a great town, and Aldeth his wife followed him, wondering a little in her turn, but content not to understand so long as she may love him. For she has learned already that he who has consoled so many comfortless, himself needs cherishing more than other men.

Chicago

BY CHARLES HENRY WHITE

IN all probability the impecunious stranger will settle down to receive his first impression of Chicago from a street-car, because this saves money and a great deal of time in a new community. Framed for an instant by the window-sash, a myriad of things barely seen flit by in a disordered pageant of struggling people, streets bristling with chop-suey signs, great office-buildings, trolley wires, street-cars, trucks, automobiles, and Irish policemen. I open my map to see where I am heading.

"The loop," the conductor says.

"You don't mean to say so?" I look rapidly out of the window to locate the thing, fearful that I may be too late to see how the populace amuses itself.

The passengers, hanging like bananas from the straps above, pivot grotesquely about as we turn a corner. The man is still looking me over suspiciously.

"The loop," he repeats, with a dogged persistence.

"Where is it—quick!"

In my anxiety to open the car window it jams. A passing car obstructs my view.

"You're on it," he replies, dryly, withering me with a glance. "It will be five cents."

I pay my fare, and reach the cold, unsympathetic pavement, and board a car going in the opposite direction. Now we are passing through a city cañon echoing with the roar of traffic. A horde of people rushes past in the gloomy shadow cast by great walls of granite, groaning under tons of bastard ornament. This must be one of the principal thoroughfares, and I ask my neighbor where we are.

"Non capisco, Signore," is his polite reply. I bow my thanks and turn to my left.

"Could you tell me what street this is?"

"Bitte, ich bin nur Heute hier angekommen."

He smiles and makes some primitive signs with his hands and arms. I reply by motions more involved, occasionally moving my scalp. We are making little headway, when I spy a likely fellow sitting beside my new acquaintance. With suppressed agitation I put my question to him.

"Pardon, vat for you demande?"

He is anxious to help me. I repeat slowly, "The name of the street we are on."

"Tiens! for sure vee go on—" he replies, reassuringly; "mais lentement. Allez! Nom de Dieu, on va plus vite chez nous!"

Then I remember that Chicago is cosmopolitan. There still remains the man swinging on his strap before me. He is an American—unmistakably American—and I begin again:

"Perhaps you could tell me what street this is?"

"How's that? I didn't quite get it?"

He leans far over, holding his hand around his ear in the shape of a megaphone. I repeat my question with great emphasis, and his face brightens.

"Well," he replied, after great deliberation, "if the three-fingered Wizard is in the box, they'll make it three straight or I'm a . . ."

The end of this sentence was drowned by the explosions of a passing automobile.

"No; you've missed it," I screamed, now fully decided to make him understand. "What street are we on?"

"You think so, eh? Well, I'd like you to tell me how a man is goin' to pitch three games and be strong, and ain't all the others cripples?"

There is still my map, which I have overlooked in the excitement. I open it with a nasty grimace.

"Loop car—all out!"

And there we are again, a struggling car-load of humanity, scattering ourselves

over the street. A loop victim may be easily recognized by his childish petulance and overbearing manner toward his wife or friends every time he hits the pavement where the car has dropped him. To find the loop, look for a panic-stricken group of strangers groping about in a futile effort to find the street name; for in Chicago the latter may turn up—if it does at all—in the most unexpected places: half obliterated on one of the steel posts supporting the trolley wires, or, high up somewhere, carved in weak relief on the brownstone building; again, it may be hidden beneath the cornice of a building, or the nearest basement may reveal something. If not here, the policeman will have it in his inside pocket. To find him, look for the nearest "Family Entrance."

The Chicagoan is very proud of the loop, and will glow with a sunny radiance the moment you approach the subject. "It is the greatest system on earth," he explained to me. "You see, each car, as it comes into the city from the suburbs, goes immediately into the loop when it reaches the business section of the city, and returns along parallel lines to the point it started from. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly," I replied, with ill-concealed bitterness. "Suppose that you don't want to return to your starting-point, from either domestic or business reasons?"

"You don't have to; get off."

"Yes, but the loop may not be within a mile of my destination?"

His manner became somewhat intolerant, and he added: "The loop is near enough for *any* man's place of business. You can always walk."

Strictly speaking, the man who has no business in this section of the city had better look about and arrange matters so that he has, or he has no business in Chicago, and certainly none on the loop.

But it is an ungrateful pessimist who would stop to find fault with such insignificant details in this breezy city, where there is more visible, sensible independence to the square mile than in all the Eastern cities put together. You may not like Chicago—this will be because you are unfamiliar with it—but

you must love and respect the Chicagoan. He is the sanest and most rational of beings; he is contented with the city, and not anxious to persuade you to live there. If you do not like him or his city or the things contained therein, he is democratic enough to tell you what you can do. This attitude is the West, and is refreshing.

Patrick Henry, with his "Give me liberty or give me death," would have a dismal time to find employment in this happy, cosmopolitan community. I love a place where one may show one's feelings in an unmistakable manner. Chicago is the Arcadia of the man who is fortunate enough to possess his own convictions. For an indication of this latent spirit read the enormous sign conspicuously displayed in the baseball park: "The management requests the earnest co-operation of its patrons in preventing the throwing of glass bottles into the field."

Westward ho! for Gallic enthusiasm. It will be seen here that odds and ends—scrap-iron, stones, or bricks—which a high-strung, opinionated man is apt to carry with him as ballast to be gotten rid of at the propitious moment, are not included in the manifesto; but after all, a generous and liberal-minded management *must* stop somewhere.

Even in the smallest matters one's personal freedom has been safeguarded. Smoking is permitted on the front platforms of the Chicago street-cars, so that the passengers within may get the benefit of it when the car is in motion. But here again the Chicagoan is ahead of us, for we have no smoke at all. The cautious person who takes advantage of this privilege, and who knows his Chicago, will have a care to select a decent brand, or every man, woman, and child will suspect that he has been shaking dice for his cigars—lost his weekly allowance, and been reduced to the humiliating and odious stogie.

For it should be understood that in Chicago the man with the slightest drop of sporting blood in his veins never descends to the depths where he buys his cigars. He shakes dice for them with the proprietor of his store. Ask your Chicago friend about this, and he will accompany you to "his place" with the



MICHIGAN AVENUE

Etched by C. H. White

hospitable air of a man directing you to a foreign mission. Should you be friendless in Chicago, drop into the first tobacco store and look for the inevitable green baize cloth conspicuous on the counter. Here the new customer may use strong language and rattle the dice-box till his hand shakes.

So much has been said detrimental to this most maligned of communities that one comes here expecting to find a great city of slaughter-houses, breweries, and mammoth power-houses, grouped about a lake, in great disorder. It must be wild, of course, and with just a touch of that inevitable "woolliness" inseparable from the West but difficult to explain. Then comes the awakening on the morrow, when you go out to look the place over and find the Chicagoan in possession of the finest site for a city in America; an incomparable waterfront, a chain of parks unsurpassed anywhere, miles of beautiful driveways skirt-

ing the lake, and the principal avenue of the city—the avenue of the city—with its clubs and great hotels overlooking as fair a sheet of water as you will find this beautiful land over—shimmering with faint emerald greens and blues and losing itself in a pale turquoise horizon lightly smudged by the distant train of smoke trailing behind the lake steamers. It has also the worst architecture in America, and a river, at first glance commonplace, yet revealing in its almost momentary metamorphoses a rare and exotic beauty, as it shapes its course beneath the network of bridges spanning it at every corner, or drifts past giant grain-elevators, looming vast and ghost-like above its banks, alive with longshoremen toiling at the landing. It wanders through neighborhoods where, if the artist be fortunate enough to find a motive, he had better seize it immediately and take it home with him or commit it to memory before the sun sets, for strange things happen after dark in this barren district.

Of course I did not possess this valuable knowledge when I settled down for the afternoon before a flag-tower of almost medieval character, languidly leaning over the street preparing for its final plunge into oblivion. This was my foreground, with a middle distance of shanties and a sky-line of distant towers and embattlements worthy of San Gimignano.

I had just placed a few organic lines on my copper, when a voice behind me said, "I've rayported it."

An Irish policeman towered above me.

"You've reported what?" I asked, in bewilderment.



A FLAG-TOWER OF ALMOST MEDIEVAL CHARACTER

Etched by C. H. White

"Turned in me report a week ago to Clancy at the station-house," he replied, doggedly avoiding my question.

"I don't quite understand . . ."

"Neither do I," he broke in, interrupting me. "I've said right along it ain't safe or proper to have that there tower hangin' over our wives and children. Say—ain't you on one of the papers?"

"No."

"Aw, gowan—quit yer kiddin'."

He gave me a playful dig in the ribs and chuckled. "But I've reported it just the same," he proceeded. "I says, 'Clancy,' I says, 'take it away,' I says, just like that.

"'Take nawthin' away,' says he.

"'Clancy,' says I, 'that there tower is goin' to take a tumble one of these days, and when it does there's goin' to be a procession and people movin' slow,' I says; 'and if it's a Guiney, maybe there'll be a band fer them to march with,' I says.

"'There'll be time enough when we hear the music,' says he. But don't you forget it, young feller, I've reported it all right."

With that he left me and wandered slowly down the street.

On the following day, after a dismal half-hour groping about in a futile effort to find the familiar tower in grotesque silhouette against the sky, I stumbled upon a small mound of earth, thinly sprinkled with sawdust.

There could be no possible doubt in



QUINCY STREET
Etched by C. H. White

my mind of the magnitude of the catastrophe that had taken place overnight. The old tower, these many years rising above the sea of weather-beaten roofs like a lighthouse to guide the weary, patient workman as he shaped his zigzag course

homeward, three sheets in the wind, on Saturday nights, was no more. As I stood sadly contemplating the ruin which I in a measure was responsible for, a man in uniform waved to me from across the street.

"Didn't I tell you I'd rayported it?" he yelled, and then waving me a farewell, took a short cut through a corner lot and disappeared.

Even the affection I cherish for these homely suburbs pales into insignificance beside the memory of a delightful corner I stumbled upon by accident, right in the centre of the city, yet swept by the cool breezes of the lake. With its lions gazing stolidly at the nondescript architecture before them, and the weather-beaten, grimy façade, severe as a Florentine palace, the place itself is not particularly interesting. It is the people one meets of a midsummer's day loafing in the shade on the broad stone steps that lend an interest and variety to the day's work, found nowhere else in Chicago. Here the idler will find a sociable, warm-hearted gathering of delightful but unemployed people.

It was on these steps one morning that there was revealed to me, through the medium of a park policeman, the existence of an interest so intense in matters artistic that I may say, if he be an indication of the general trend of feeling in the street, a veritable renaissance is at hand in Chicago.

He stood silently for some time before speaking, but I felt his presence in the agitated movement among the loafers, who, awakening from their lethargy, shuffled rapidly sideways, like crabs, out of the danger zone, at his approach.

"I've never seen that kind of work done before," he began, after a long scrutiny at my copperplate; "and I've seen most of everything. I suppose that's what you call etching."

I replied that it was, and ventured a few explanations concerning the process.

"Then you ought to drop into the Institute and see the Whistlers; they have some good ones."

This was said simply, without any attempt to convey a sense of his erudition—merely a casual remark such as one amateur might make to another. He rambled along, quite innocent of the colossal impression he had made on me, occasionally

jarring me with a query as to the relative merits of Düsseldorf, Munich, and Paris. Then without any warning he said:

"Of course you know Montgomery, the corn man?"

"Montgomery?"

"Yes, the corn man."

"Oh—Montgomery . . . I see . . . why, of course . . . let me think a moment. . ."

In desperation I groped about for the slightest clew to conceal my ignorance.

"I thought you'd know him," he continued, breaking in on my reverie and saving the situation. "He ain't much on apples or even backgrounds, but when it comes to corn—not on the stalk, mind you, but on the ear or off—you've *certainly* got to hand it to him. It lays over *anything* I've *ever* seen. Just set him and others before one or more ears of corn—you can even scatter it around loose—and call time, and then watch him. Why, he'll make Rubens and the rest of them in there look like pikers. No, *sir*—not an artist for miles around has anything on him, and I'd like to bet my shield he can hang it on them all."

"He must be a wonder!" I gasped.

"He *is*. I own a couple of his corn pieces and knew enough to get in when they were low. Now they bring fancy prices." He winked with profound significance. "One of them is called *Which is Which?* and has a piece of real corn tacked on the frame, and do you know it keeps you guessing to tell them apart. Even the birds fall for it."

He spoke with deep and genuine regret of his failure to follow his brother's example, who was a prosperous painter in Europe, and confessed that even now, after years on the "force," the smell of turpentine filled him with a strange and restless yearning, resulting in weeks of protracted sketching during his idle hours.

When I asked him for a memento he laughed bashfully and put me off, but when I implored of him the smallest courtesy one artist may extend to a brother, he removed his white gloves and drew with my fountain pen on the back of a visiting-card a fantastic portrait of what I believe to be a dog—executed with surprising rapidity and scarcely more than a single stroke of the pen. Pressed to sign it, he refused ab-



A STRANGE FANTASIA OF STEEL SOARS NOISELESSLY SKYWARD

Etched by C. H. White

solutely—in fact, did his utmost to destroy it, but failing in this he fled from the spot as if possessed.

Never again shall I find a corner with the same atmosphere as this comfortable niche with its endless variety of life and incident. Long before the officer of the law had been swallowed up in the traffic of Michigan Avenue his place was oc-

cupied by a certain Mr. Godson, whose worldly possessions at the time I had the good fortune to make his acquaintance consisted of a good suit of clothes, tobacco and cigarette papers, and a small penknife.

Barely seventeen, fully six feet tall, his small head with its piercing eyes looked ludicrously out of place on the great breadth of shoulders, and he shuffled awkwardly when he walked. He emerged from one of the studios below for a breath of fresh air, a cigarette, and anything that Michigan Avenue might offer in the way of diversion, and appeared to be on intimate terms with everything feminine within a radius of three blocks of the broad stone steps.

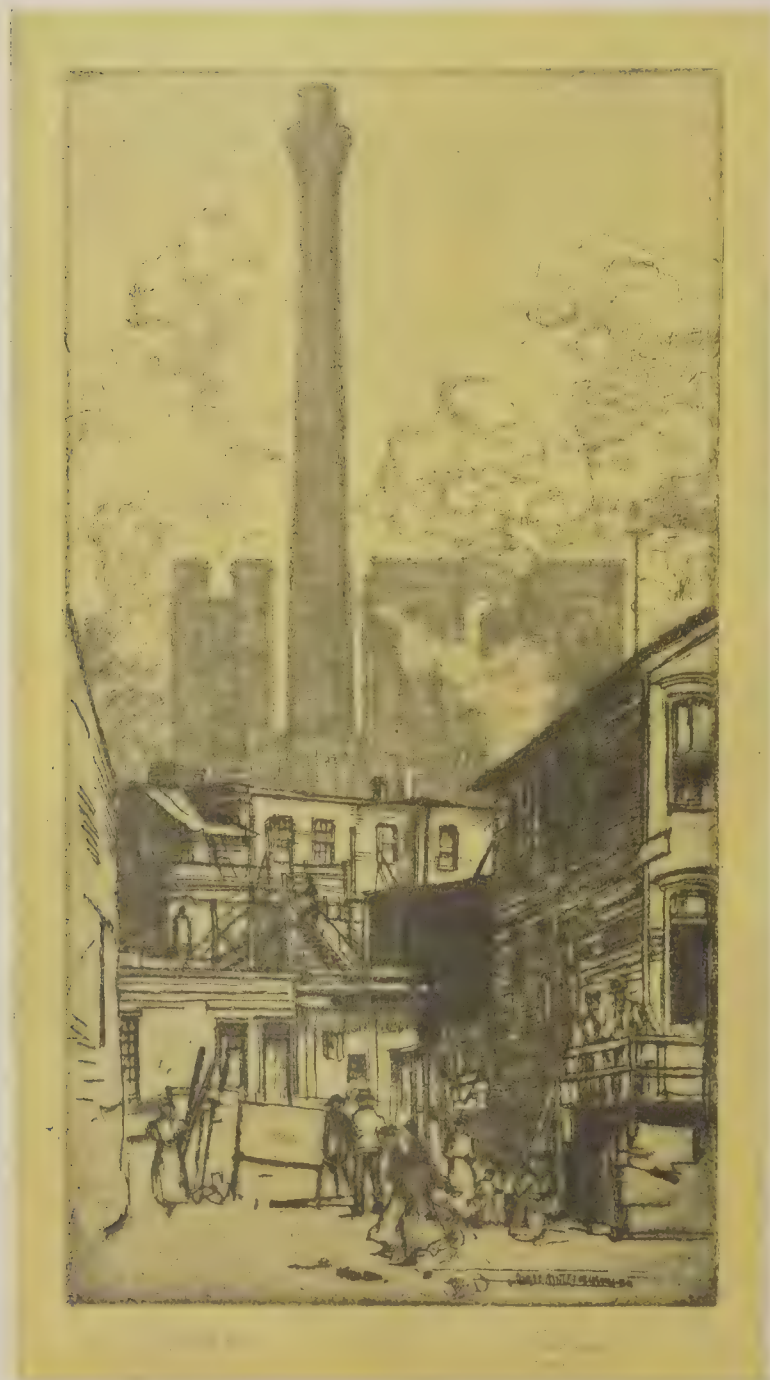
As he stood absorbed in my work, a dainty, chic, delightful little girl rustled past smiling, and glided down the steps, to disappear in the crowd of shoppers hurrying past.

"Gentle nature—city-broke—will eat out of the hand," he observed, breaking the ice. "We have some peaches here," he continued, flicking his ashes over the coping.

"So I see," I replied, with enthusiasm.

"Yes, there are bunches of them."

He stood lost in a reverie, looking through half-closed lids at embattlements of the new University Club across the street, but his expression led me to believe his thoughts were elsewhere. Presently he came out with it.



LITTLE ITALY

Etched by C. H. White



GRANT PARK
Etched by C. H. White

"Would you like me to send up a few?"

"By all means," I gasped, clasping the hand of this monarch of hospitality. Before I could recover my equilibrium his lanky frame had disappeared through the doorway. His remark was made in such a casual, offhand manner, and his disappearance was so brisk and businesslike, that I was completely at sea as to his intentions. After all, I reasoned, one does not make a consignment of females in the same manner as one might send up a basket of fruit on approval. Certainly this was a new experience, and I worked along in silence, following with my needle, to the best of my ability, the intricacies of the façade opposite.

It may have been five minutes that I sat absorbed in my work, when a light footstep at my right brought me back with a jump to our previous conversation. Two young ladies stood giggling in the shadow of the archway, very conscious of my scrutiny. Was this merely coincidence, or could it be that the inimitable Godson had . . . ? No. I dismissed the idea as preposterous. As I watched they were soon joined by a third and a fourth, forming with their great hats, fluttering with plumes, a charming group, relieved against the gray stone background. An embarrassing pause was broken by the arrival of another—a lithe little figure in

a buff-colored gown, who from the nodding plumes of her picture hat to the dainty shoes with their big bows—crisp and chic—was the embodiment of grace and femininity. For a moment they stood in suppressed agitation, on the point of retreating, and I was preparing heroic measures to save the situation, when above the pretty group loomed a great pair of shoulders, topped by a small head illuminated by an infectious smile. It was Godson! And at a signal from him the squad moved forward with a flutter to join me.

When they had retired after the customary platitudes, I seized him and demanded an immediate explanation of the strange power that enabled him to accomplish miracles.

"Why, it's a cinch," he replied, modestly. "I hiked down to the studio below and said, 'You girls had better chase up-stairs and see the guy who got the only gold medal given at the last Paris Salon, working on his plate for the French government.' Those hen artists will fall for anything. You know, I'm just taking up art for an accomplishment—only been here three months, and you can bet I've not been losing any time! I leave for Dartmouth next week, but I've *certainly* been busy while I've been here. Art is *great*!"

He rolled another cigarette, and as the diminutive buff-color figure reappeared, stopping for an instant to adjust her veil, and then moved lightly down the steps, he waved a greeting, shook my hand, pulled his cuffs down, caught up with her, and tilting his lanky frame at a perilous angle to hear what she said, drifted out of my life in the restless tide of people that flows at midday and ebbs at night along Michigan Avenue. Art, after all, has its compensations.

Song of the Earthlings

BY RICHARD BURTON

OUT of the earth we came,
 Into the earth we go:
 Our aim leaped high like flame,
 But Time has brought us low.

Under the clustered trees
 Dreams we dreamt a score;
 By headlands of splendid seas
 We ravaged and sung and swore.

Amid the cities of men
 We thrilled to Life's various quest;
 Very far from us then
 The thought that slumber is best.

Sun and moon and stars
 Lighted us on our way:
 Happy, we took our scars,
 Happy, we earned our pay.

Light-foot creatures were we,
 Each bent on his own device;
 Love or war, par-die,
 At the throw of the loaden dice.

One thing, only one,
 Utterly passed us by:
 That when our day was done
 We must cease, O mates, and die!

But out of the earth we come,
 And into the earth we go;
 Our shame alike with our fame,
 Old Time has laid them low.

The Itinerant Diamond Mine

BY JAMES BARNES

OOM PAULUS, the baboon, sat on the steps leading to the office of the Von Weiner Diamond Mines Company, Ltd., scratching his ribs. When Oom Paulus occupied the very top step he appeared, generally, in an attitude of straining after freedom. But to-day he meditated.

It was glaring hot out in the sun-swept compound—the sheet-iron houses were like baking-ovens. Against the shimmering sky-line rose the hillocks of gray-blue clay; below, deep in the shadow, lay the great pit traversed by its webs of cable.

The office door was open, and Mr. Wigmore Weedon, the mine manager, sat at a desk smoking Boer tobacco out of a black gourd pipe. His Buleweyo "smasher" hat was pushed on the back of his head, and he was reading and incidentally fumigating a crumpled copy of *The Cape Times*. In the back office, that was but an anteroom to the huge steel safe, sat his assistant, Patrick Fitzpatrick, mumbling audibly in a rich brogue over a column of figures in the ledger.

Mr. Weedon was short, thick-set, red-faced, and athletic. The gentleman of the double name was the reverse. He was tall, lanky, and apparently anæmic. He had a small head, set on a long, sinewy neck like a ball on a flagstaff, above which his thick, red hair bristled like a

myriad-spiked crown. He glanced up as Mr. Weedon lazily hailed from the outer office.

"Hullo!—I say, Fitzpatrick, seen the latest news from Cape Town? Seems there's been some illicit diamond buying going on—thought they'd run all the 'I. D. Bs.' out long ago—risky business nowadays. Hard job to dispose of uncut stones."

"Have they caught any wan?" asked the tall clerk, marking the place in the ledger.

"No," replied Mr. Weedon; "but the Kimberley and Dorn Spruit people have suspected a leak for some time—appears to trickle toward Cape Town."

As Mr. Fitzpatrick displayed no further interest, the manager turned to the sporting page and smoked on silently. All at once he looked at his watch and swung himself round in his chair.

"I say!" he called again; "forgot to tell you, Fitz—we're to have a visitor to-day—Sir Archibald Holmes, one of the London directors—silly old Juggins. Hope he won't stay long—going into town this evening?"

"Yes, sor," replied Fitzpatrick: "I'm dinin' with me fri'nd Mr. Mooney." Then, changing the subject, "'Twas a good sortin' this week—we'll have something to show the gintleman from London."

The ape out on the door-step



OOM PAULUS

made a sound—half bark, half whisper. Mr. Weedon glanced out of the window.

"Here he comes—look alive!" he said, knocking out his pipe and stowing away his paper. "Oh, my great aunt! Isn't he a proper figger!"

A tall, military-looking person, in white duck and a pith helmet, was walking across the compound, accompanied by a little man in khaki, wearing a straw hat with a brilliant-colored ribbon.

"'Social' Benton is with him," continued Mr. Weedon. "He's stuck closer than a poor relation. Buck up there, Fitz. . . . Put your coat on."

Mr. Benton was a commissioner and outside representative of the company, and spent most of his time at Johannesburg, with frequent excursions to Kimberley. His nickname proclaimed his habits.

Paulus, the ape, was watching the approach of the two figures, plucking suspiciously at his hairy chest, as the manager and Fitzpatrick appeared at the door behind him—the lanky one heaving himself into a worn alpaca coat.

"I say, Weedon," shouted Mr. Benton from afar, halting his companion, "call off that bally ape!—cawn'tsher, like a good chap? Took a nip out of my cawf larst week."

"Shouldn't be such a stranger," rejoined the manager, making a motion with his foot.

Paulus leaped down with a jar to the full length of his chain and sat upright, showing his teeth with an ugly snarl.

"Come in, Sir Archibald," went on Mr. Weedon; "come in and get out of the sun. . . . Don't mind that brute—we use him for a watch-dog."

The visitor in the white ducks strode up the steps, and, followed by the gentleman with the gaudy hatband, entered the office. As he seated himself in the proffered chair, Sir Archibald glanced about him. On a shelf from which hung a pair of service revolvers in their holsters was a box of Albert biscuit and a huge conical shell. Sir Archibald screwed a monocle into his face and regarded the latter attentively.

"Ah! relic of war, I suppose—eh?"

"Yes," explained the manager; "one of the hundred-pounders the Boers chucked into Kimberley—landed on its

side up near the club and failed to go off. I had an ex-artillery sergeant take it out into the veldt—promised to render it harmless, for ten bob."

The visitor, his curiosity satisfied, gazed out of the door.

"Beastly dull prospect you have here, isn't it? Beastly dull," he said. "Why don't you plant some trees about—eh, what?"

"Wouldn't grow," returned Mr. Weedon. "Nothing grows. Fitzpatrick, here, tried to keep a sprig of shamrock alive in a box—watered it every fifteen minutes, but it wouldn't live. . . . Oh, by the way, Benton, we'll show Sir Archibald the stones. Won't you come this way, sir?"

The group followed him into the back office, stopping before the safe that extended a foot or so into the room; the rest of it, built up with brick, made a sort of buttresslike excrescence at the back of the building, resting on a bed of concrete. The manager, with a twirling of the little brass knob, swung the ponderous doors open. Inside were a number of drawers extending to the ceiling, labelled like a calendar, and dated some seven years in advance. Mr. Weedon pulled out one marked "1911," and placed it on the edge of the table.

"These stones," he remarked, "will not appear on the market for five years. . . . Some beauties here, Sir Archibald; look at this." Picking out one, he held it in the palm of his hand. Mr. Fitzpatrick shoved the tray farther down the table and stood aloof from the others, who had gathered close to the manager behind the massive steel door.

A distant whistle sounded. Mr. Fitzpatrick fidgeted. It was growing late—would he have time to keep his appointment with Mr. Mooney? He shot a look of dislike at Sir Archibald.

"Aw, wonderful! wonderful! quite wonderful!" the London director was ambling on, twisting the stone between thumb and forefinger. "And to think that this may—er—as it were, some day, shine on the bosom of some fair—"

He never finished the sentence. The reason for which takes us back to the door-step and to the hill ape tugging at his chain.

The plunge Paulus had made to avoid



THREE DAZED AND RAGGED OBJECTS CRAWLED OUT OF THE DEBRIS

Mr. Weedon's threatening boot had sadly strained the worn buckle of his waistband—so much so that, when he jumped again to his post of vantage on the top step, it parted, and—father of all apes!—he was free! Not an instant did he pause. The open door enticed him—maybe he had observed the source of supply of the biscuits. At all events, he leaped noiselessly to the narrow shelf and, to maintain his hold, caught the big shell with both his wiry hands. It toppled, and then—nose downward—it plunged to the floor. And that was the reason that Sir Archibald never finished.

Everything went to smithereens. All work stopped in the big pit a mile away; the mules started kicking in the stable sheds; the pickers and sorters began plunging out of doors and windows. When the dust and smoke cleared, there was little left of the private office of the Von Weiner Diamond Mines Company, Ltd.

Three dazed and ragged objects crawled out of the débris—Sir Archibald, Mr. "Social" Benton, and the manager. But what of Fitzpatrick? He had stood outside of the shelter of the steel door, as they remembered it. When found by Piet van Troomp, the first employee to reach the scene, he was reposing beneath the wreck of the splintered desk, the sofa, the partition, the table, the ledgers, and all the chairs, some dozen paces out in the compound.

From every direction came hurrying figures—naked kaffirs, and Dutch and English overseers, excited sorters and frightened foremen. Mr. Weedon was the first one to regain his senses. How the thing had happened no one could explain. Of course it was the shell! But Oom Paulus' connection with the mystery is given now for the first time. When they had, as it were, called the roll and taken stock, it was found that Mr. "Social" Benton was bruised and, to all pur-

poses, stone-deaf; Sir Archibald had a few contusions, a ruined suit of white duck, and a handsome repeating watch that would repeat no more. But poor Patrick Fitzpatrick! There is no use in attempting to describe his appearance—the wonder of the thing was that he was alive and breathing. As to the diamonds—the output for the year 1911 was simply *non est*, nor apparently *in futurum esse*. Many little crystals were picked up immediately, or at scattered intervals for weeks after. But we anticipate.

When Mr. Fitzpatrick came to himself, he resembled nothing so much as a very long baby with a red mustache, wrapped in swaddling-clothes. He was in the bottom of an extemporized ambulance, being drawn into town by a pair of slowly plodding mules. That he could look out of both eyes was a positive wonder, for he was as full of punctures as a gun-maker's pattern. The first sign that he made of returning life showed an in-

tense irritability, not only of body, but of mind. He let loose a string of Hibernian semi-profanity that startled the mules into a gallop and almost unseated the young Boer doctor on the tail-board. Having relieved his mind, Mr. Fitzpatrick loudly

demanded stimulant. The young doctor was overcome. Here was a man, but a few minutes since apparently *in extremis*, who was now displaying a strength of body and purpose that was beyond his experience. But he was to be still more surprised: before they had fairly entered the outskirts of the town, Mr. Fitzpatrick was sitting up and declaring his firm dislike to hospitals, with a special reference to Dutchmen as doctors. Despite his yards of bandaging, he was meditating sliding over the tail-board of the wagon. This idea crystallized into a firm determination, and he succeeded, swaddling-clothes and all, in getting out of the wagon at the corner of Schriener Street, immediately in front of the cottage of his friend Mr. Mooney—which brings us to the real beginning of this remarkable story.

Mr. Michael Mooney was a socialist, agnostic, shoemaker, and member of the Clan-na-Gael, and he had once made utterance that nothing ever surprised him. However, on this occasion he was, to say the least, upset, for, chair and all, he went over backward as his friend Patrick Fitzpatrick burst on his vision, for all the world like the winner of a sack-race, as he bobbed, hopped, and canoned through the door, the doctor clamoring after him like a loser claiming a foul.

"For the love of Saint Constantine!" cried Mr. Mooney, who, despite his agnosticism, was particular as to his invocations, "Fitz, Fitz, what ails you?" He was still feet upward on the floor.

But his friend did not stop to reply, his multitudinous bandages were slip-



FITZPATRICK BURST ON HIS VISION LIKE THE WINNER OF A SACK-RACE

ping; and at that moment he descried Mrs. Mooney's astounded countenance looking in from the kitchen. With a howl he jumped into the bedroom and plunged, head foremost, through the fly-screen on to the bed.

Mr. Mooney, rubbing the back of his head, had followed. "For the love of—"

"Shut the dure!" yelled Mr. Fitzpatrick. "Shut the dure—don't let them get at me!"

"But what in the name of—shure, pwhat's the—"

"Shut the dure! Shlip the bohlt!"

This time Mr. Mooney mechanically obeyed, catching the doctor on the end of an obtruding elbow.

"And now," said he, looking at the writhing figure before him, "for the love of Hivin, pwhat's the matther? You're a shpectacle—shure, you're a shpectacle!"

"Don't let thim get at me! Kape thim away—they'll be afther robbin' and murtherin' me!"

"And fur the tinth toime, I ask, pwhat's the matther with ye?" Mr. Mooney's anger was besting his curiosity.

"Whist!" blurted Mr. Fitzpatrick, stifling his groanings, "*I'm full av diamonds!* Call Doctor O'Fallon; but don't let thim hoshpital people get their hands on me."

Then, with a beseeching look in his eyes, he fainted dead away in the bed.

It was three weeks later and he was still there.

Now, it has been noticed in scientific circles that men's dispositions are often changed to diametrical opposites as the result of shock, wound, or accident. Mr. Patrick Fitzpatrick had developed into a querulous, irritable, exacting, self-opinionated convalescent. His numberless incisions, punctures, scratches, and shot-holes were healing nicely, but he was obsessed with a fear of his future—and in this he received no little encouragement.

"Shure, Fitz," observed Mr. Mooney one evening, as he sat by the bedside, "you're a human p'int of the law in regard to which there is no priciding; but they do be tellin' that they'll replivin ye."

"Oh, don't say it!" groaned the man on the bed. "Don't let thim get hold of me."

"Shure, if they attimpt that," returned Mr. Mooney, grinning fiercely from the depths of his spiked red beard, "we'll sue thim for damagis! Phwat right have they got to replivin ye? They blow ye forty feet tro' the side of a house, with injuries to your hilt and disposishun, fill ye full of pibbles, and thin want to hold ye for gettin' in th' way o' a painful o' diamonds that would have had no value for five years anyhow." Mr. Mooney mused. "I've an idea! Will ye listen?" he held out, suddenly.

"Phwat is it? Not the hoshpital. Niver that! I'd rather go to th' poor-house, or to work on th' railway."

"Ye niver nade to work agin as long as ye live, Fitz."

"And phwat 'll I do? Beg?"

"No."

"Shtarve—is it— May the—"

"Nor shtarve at all—"

"Be exhibitin' meself like an orange-outange or a wild man from Paylang? No! I'll niver—"

"Hold on, now, Patrick—yure fortune's made, me biy—if—"

"You're schreamin' mad," interrupted Mr. Fitzpatrick, with a groan as he turned over in his bed.

"If you'll only let me tell you how," continued Mr. Mooney, paying no attention.

"G'wan, thin—phwat is ut?"

"If ye l'ave me on the ground floor, I'll syndicate ye, sell the shares, and we'll live on the income." Mooney lowered his voice to a conspirator's whisper. "Soon as you're able, we'll go to London and float the Fitzpatrick Itinerant Diamond Mine Company, total value fifty thousand pounds, ten thousand shares, at five pounds a share." Mr. Mooney was warming. "Full amount to be paid"—he paused confidently—"afther—"

"Afther phwat?" queried Mr. Fitzpatrick.

"Afther yure demise, me biy! You can have a good toime pwhile you're livin', 'for you'll be a long toime dead'—pwhich is an old wan. . . . Ye l'ave it all to me! Ye'll be the mine, I'll be the prisident, priss agint, board o' directors, and ginerall manager. We'll let Doctor O'Fallon in as medical adviser and minority holder; dhraw a contrahct—bind-

in' to all parties—and go ahead with the projec'! Our fortune's made, me big. . . . Whish! take care! Here comes Weedon outside. . . . It's dyin' ye'd better be doin'."

Now, to tell the truth, the Von Weirer Diamond Mines Company, Ltd., had no more idea of attempting to replevin any valuables that might be still in their former employee's possession than they had of filling in their big ditch. That the once faithful Fitzpatrick was supposed to be possessed of the major part of a year's output would have been news to them. But from the Irish doctor's account he was in a critical state of health, suffering from complications of the results of the accident—any one of which might bring him to an untimely end.

Mr. Weedon's visit was short. The conversation was limited to a few inquiries that elicited whispered replies. But as the manager left, Mr. Mooney led him aside and mentioned casually that, if Mr. Fitzpatrick displayed strength enough, he intended taking him to London, where his shattered system could be submitted to the care of some specialist in whom Doctor O'Fallon expressed great confidence.

The invalid's recovery was so rapid, that within a week he was able to be moved to Cape Town, where, with his promoter, manager, and press agent, he boarded the *Pembroke Castle* for Southampton. The medical adviser and minority holder was to follow a week later on the mail-steamer *Saxon*.

Doctor O'Fallon's sudden and unexplained departure excited neither grief nor comment, although, odd to relate, Mr. "Social" Benton and Piet van Troomp, the Boer overseer, saw him off on the Union Castle Line dock at Cape Town Bay.

On the second day out Mr. Mooney had discovered that controlling a walking diamond mine and ostensibly managing a shoe shop were two different matters. The Mine displayed a complaining irritability.

"You must stop that, Fitz," objected Mr. Mooney on one occasion, as they sat in a corner of the smoke-room, "or the habit will grow on ye. Shure, there was a man in the county where I come from

who was shot three times with a scattle gun, and never a pennyweight of lead did they take from him. He got used to it and would have lived to a foine old age, av it hadn't been for the fact that wan day, on a visit to friends on Banttry Bay, he was timpted to go for a swim. I don't know whither it was hid furst or fate furst he wint down, but he sank to the bottom before he could say 'Huroo.' Now, diamonds are less hivy, and more to be proud of, and ye can carry and enjoy thim for thurty years to come."

"There's siveril that worrit me," groaned Mr. Fitzpatrick, pointing to different portions of his anatomy.

"An' iviry wan that worrits ye is maybe worth one thousand pounds, ye philanderer! Whin we git to London, the prisident, authorized by the board o' directors, is goin' to have ye prospicted and surveyed; and shure, whin ye have that done, ye'll be in love with yoursilf! Ye'll shine like the sky on a starry night, and we'll have a map made of ye that will go with the prosphectus. L'ave the surface worhk alone, and pin your faith to the deep levels."

All this cheering talk had little effect on Fitzpatrick, whose discomfort palpably and visibly increased. Before the voyage was half over Mr. Mooney perceived that, if he wished to make a success as a promoter, he must induce the Mine to abstain from a tendency to indulge in spirits until after it had been properly syndicated and the shares sold, or disposed of. Then, for all Mr. Mooney cared, it might begin to fill up its galleries. The treatment prescribed by the ship's doctor kept Fitzpatrick in his stateroom until Mr. Mooney had landed him at a little hotel in Jermyn Street, London. There the board of directors drew up a resolution that for two weeks the Mine would conduct itself as a sober and industrious corporation should, and this was signed and duly recorded on the minutes.

In a few days Doctor O'Fallon arrived, and between him and Mr. Mooney there was laid a plan of campaign. A legal opinion, given by a well-known solicitor, stated that no one could forcibly dispossess the Mine of its possessions during its lifetime, and that, according to

precedent, it had a right to will what should become of it after it had lost all interest in the riches that are had upon earth. As to the valuable property itself, under Doctor O'Fallon's orders, it had taken to rubber-tipped sticks and to going about in goloshes.

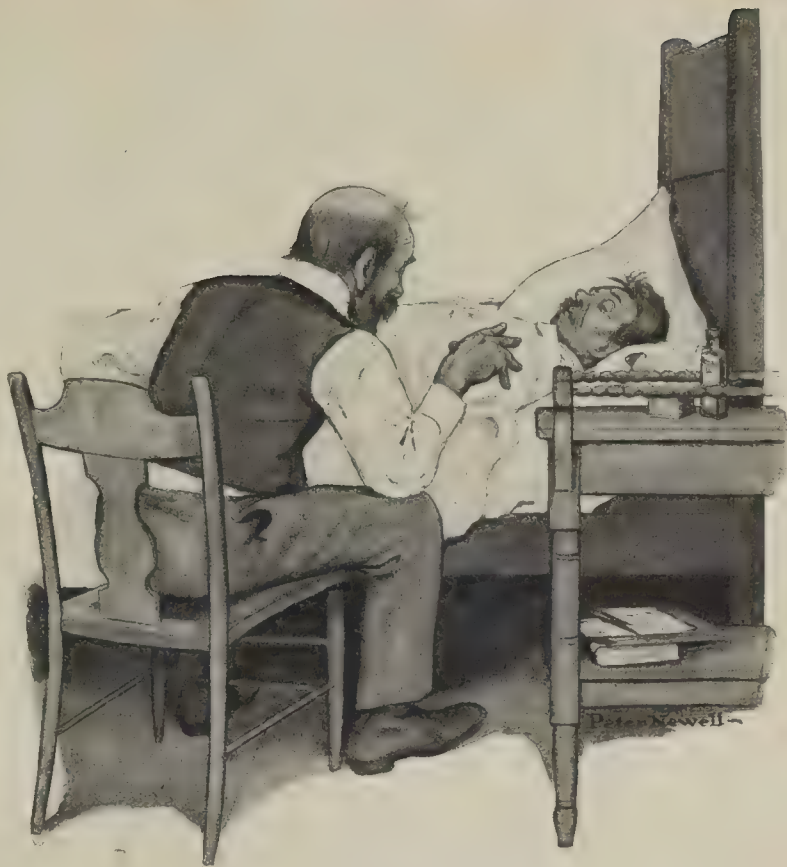
It came at last! A sub rosa inquiry from Mr. Isaac Solomon, a diamond broker to whom Mr. Mooney had secured an introduction, and a meeting was arranged at the hotel. A clear title to the uncut stones being one of the hampering necessities of the business—in fact, a *sine qua non*—Mr. Solomon, who did

not live up to the reputation of his name, became excited at the lawyer's decision and enthusiastic on the doctor's report. It was promised that further proofs of the company's assertions would be produced, and that within a short time conclusive evidence of the Mine's total value would be forthcoming.

And this was on the very day the pledge was up, and from signs and portents the valuable property was as thirsty as a sand-bank in the sun.

Mr. Mooney, by all rights, should have been on the lookout for strange departures. At exactly five minutes past five in the afternoon the Mine escaped from his observation. Having sought hopefully but fruitlessly at the bar, the president bethought himself of the hotel reading-room, and there he found the rubber-tipped walking-sticks and the huge goloshes—but Fitzpatrick was gone!

Now, London is a large place in which to search for any wandering body whose orbit may be eccentric. To the president's accurate knowledge Mr. Fitzpatrick, when he vanished, possessed only



"YE'LL BE THE MINE, I'LL BE THE PRISIDENT AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS "

the sum of five shillings, ninepence. This would not carry him very far, so Mr. Mooney was doing his best to encourage an optimistic view of affairs, when something happened that completely changed every plan for the future.

The reading-room of this particular Jermyn Street hotel was up one little flight of stairs, down another—at the end of a narrow hallway—past the entrance of the coal cellar, once to the right, then to the left—and there you were! It was called a "reading-room," because it contained four advertising blotters of a chain of railway hotels, a highly colored lithograph of a view in the Trossachs, and occasionally a discarded journal left by some wandering guest and overlooked by the man who lit the fires. For the last twenty-four hours it had been the office and board-room of the Fitzpatrick Itinerant Diamond Mine Company, by the right of the dominant domain.

The president and board of directors had held a prolonged session ever since the discovery of the Mine's disappearance. They had consulted themselves out of all

ideas the night previous, and since morning had insulted each other by a complete and exhausted silence. The rain plashed against the murky windows that overlooked the alleyway at the rear of the building, and the silence was broken only by the stertorous breathing of Mr. Mooney, and the pungent sizzling of a block of soft coal in the open grate.

Doctor O'Fallon had read the blotters through from cover to cover and now sat twirling his thumbs, until he could stand it no longer—his nerves demanded movement. Just as he rose softly in order not to disturb the sleeper, he heard a voice monotonously calling from a distance: "Mr. Michael Mooney! Mr. Michael Mooney!" and as the sound penetrated to the reading-room the president and board of directors awoke with a start.

In the doorway stood the hotel page-boy. "Morning pipers for Mr. Mooney," he announced.

Doctor O'Fallon took one rain-dampened sheet and handed the other to his companion, who was stumping toward him on a slumber-deadened leg.

All misunderstandings between the medical man and the president suddenly vanished; with a gasp Mr. Mooney fell into the doctor's arms.

"Listen to this!" he faltered, hoarsely. "Saint Ignatius! It accounts for Fitzpatrick!"

Doctor O'Fallon looked over his shoulder and, omitting the brogue, they began reading together the following in croaking undertones:

"Illicit Diamond Buyers at Work Again. *By despatch from Cape Town.*—That the 'I. D. Bs.' have not all passed out of existence is shown by reports from up-country. Rumors have been rife for some time that stones were being smuggled out of the mines. But now the Von Weiner diamond fields seem to be the source of operations. It is said that a deep-laid plot has been discovered, and that a Boer overseer named Von Troomp has been arrested—"

"Oh, Saint Inez! listen to that!" interpolated Mr. Mooney.

"Also that two of the mine's employees much higher in station, whose names are withheld, have been found to

be among the leaders. Arrests are expected to follow shortly in London."

The deep-breathing silence that followed was broken at last by the presiding officer.

"Control yursilf, O'Fallon. Let's think what we'd better be doin'," he said, in a futile effort to calm his own desire for self-obliteration.

"Takin' to our heels and crossin' the ocean," replied the medical adviser; "we're swamped entirely, high and dry."

"The police have Fitzpatrick," commented Mooney, "that's shure!"

"And phwat could he tell thim?" blurted the doctor. "It's Benton and the Dutch overseer I'm afraid of. . . . Perhaps we're watched now!"

"The cellar!" suggested Mr. Mooney, remembering the open stairway, and with that the president and board of directors caught the medical adviser by the coat sleeve and rushed from the room.

A moment later they emerged from the rear entrance into the alley and vanished around the corner. Unknown to themselves, this was exactly the method and course that had been pursued by Patrick Fitzpatrick in his own mysterious disappearance of the day before.

The Itinerant Mine, being of a free and independent nature, had indulged a growing resentment at being treated as a mere asset, and, moreover, he had not been in accord with the company's plans. Why should they deem it necessary for him to absent himself at the meeting with Mr. Solomon? Why was it necessary for him to remain in bed and pretend to be at death's door? Why should they wish to rent a lonely little place down in the New Forest? He felt a slow submergence of his personality and longed to express his individuality in his own way.

The first thing he did, after assuring himself that he had given Mr. Mooney the slip, was to enter the door of an enticing public house. But the odors of the place were repugnant to his nostrils; the fumes positively disgusted him! Mr. Fitzpatrick set to one side the steaming beverage he had ordered, and called for something more cooling. It was with difficulty he could swallow the merest sip.

What had happened? Was he going to be reformed against his own will and inclination? He gazed at himself in the mirror; it was as if he had been touched by a wand of the supernatural!

"I'm niver goin' to take another dhrink," he declared, with fervor. "Niver on this earth."

Paying his bill, which took all but one shilling of his visible possessions, Mr. Fitzpatrick sauntered out into the Strand. In the confusion of the sudden discovery of his enforced reformation he was dazed. Maybe the fact that he faced a very glaring incandescent light added to his temporary blindness, but he walked straight into a hansom cab—not standing still, mind you, but being driven as only a London cabby can drive under the promise of a double fare.

When he was dragged to the sidewalk one of the very first persons to bend over him was a thick-set, red-faced young man of colonial appearance who had happened to be passing by. His surprise on brushing the mud from Mr. Fitzpatrick's countenance was manifested by long-drawn gasps that changed to a grin of elation.

"Is the gentleman a friend of yours?" asked an inquisitive onlooker, one of a score who were trying to shut off all air and clamoring inquiries and suggestions.

"Yes," responded the red-faced young man; "can't some of you call a policeman?"

"'Ere 'e comes now," cried some one from the outskirts of the crowd. A bustling constable appeared, notebook in hand, fumbling breathlessly for his pencil.

The red-faced one took command of the situation. A few whispered sentences in the constable's ear and the latter obeyed his every suggestion, the result being that the unconscious victim was soon en-



"LISTEN TO THIS!" HE FALTERED HOARSELY

sconced in one of those hand-barrow ambulances provided by the London police, and was on his way to the hospital.

It was a dark and dingy day, when the smoky yellow atmosphere outside penetrated into the great white wards, that the Itinerant Mine stirred his cramped length and looked around him with comprehensive eyes. He did not ask where he was, he reasoned it out for himself, the place of all places he hated most!

"Shure," said he aloud, but somewhat weakly, "I'm in the hoshpital at lasht—I am," and he repeated it.

"Quite right," said a voice from the foot of the bed. "Now lie still like a good man—we're taking care of you."

It was a tall nurse, with a pleasant voice. She took the patient's temperature and counted his pulse, which, for the moment, stilled him.

"Will ye tell me wan thing," said Fitzpatrick, "an' that is, whin will I be afther gettin' out, ma'am?"

"In good time," replied the nurse, kindly, forming an opinion that the accusation against her patient could not be of a very heinous character. "All in good time. . . . There are several people here asking for you."

Mr. Fitzpatrick closed his eyes in an

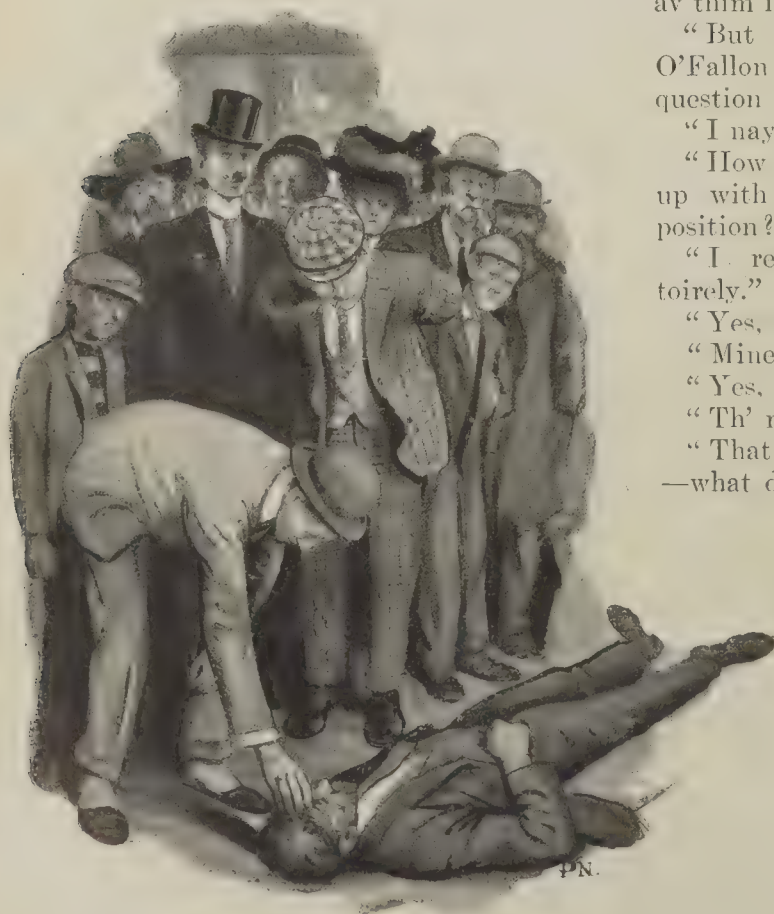
effort of concentration, and when he opened them there was Mr. Wigmore Weedon standing beside him. Whether the exclamation that fell from Fitzpatrick's lips was one of consternation or joy it was hard to determine.

"How are you, Patrick?" said Mr. Weedon. "You weren't expecting to see me, eh? were you?" He spoke kindly, but with a note of hidden and gloating triumph, tempered with reproach.

"I was not," came the response, faintly. "But I shuppose—and how did ye find me?" He stretched out his hand, which Mr. Weedon took with some embarrassment as the prisoner-patient continued: "I'm that glad to see you, sor—an' if ye'll l'ave me to explain—" He paused, and then resumed: "Whist! Listen! Do you know how I got them?"

"How you got—"

"How I got the diamonds—how I came possessed av thim? But don't worry, Mr. Weedon, ivery wan will be yours to resthore to the company."



A SCORE WERE TRYING TO SHUT OUT ALL AIR

"Patrick," said the manager, "where are they?"

"I have thim, sor, ivery wan—that is—"

"How many—of what value?"

"I can't say—but Mooney and the doctor held thim at fifty thousand pounds. Av ye give me your little finger—and priss gently—"

"Fifty thousand pounds!" Mr. Weedon gasped. The missing stones were not worth one-tenth that sum.

"There's wan here," went on the Human Mine, running his hands over the coverlet, "that's always givin' me trouble—and there's siveral more—"

"No, no—where are the ones you took, they took—Benton and Von Troomp gathered up the day of the explosion, and that Mooney and O'Fallon carried away?"

"That I took! Niver a wan did I touch. . . . It was this way: they formed the company to dishpose of the sthones—all legal like, I was told. But what Benton or Von Troomp had to do with ut, I dinno—I niver heard mention av thim in th' affair at all."

"But where are Mooney and O'Fallon?" Mr. Weedon asked the question with affected airiness.

"I nayther know nor care."

"How did you come to get mixed up with them? What was your position? And—"

"I resigned me position en-toirely."

"Yes, but what was it?"

"Mine."

"Yes, yours."

"Th' mine, I tell ye."

"That doesn't explain anything—what do you mean?"

"I was the *mine*—they were the promoters. But I belong to you now, and all the sthones in me possession—thim that was blown into me in the accident."

A light began to dawn on Mr. Weedon, but for the moment he could think of nothing to say.

"There's wan here, an' wan there," the

weak voice continued, plaintively. "The doethors will be afther gettin' thim for ye. But you'd bettther take care that they don't be helpin' thimsilves."

"Patrick," put in Mr. Weedon at last, "you've overtaxed yourself—don't talk any more." As he spoke his face was redder than ever, and, rising, he tiptoed hastily away.

A few minutes later he was in consultation with the resident surgeon. The latter was of the immediate opinion that the aid of the X-ray should be called in before determining upon any plan of prospecting, and on being assured that it was painless, the patient agreed to submit to the process. But when all was ready for the photographic survey, the Mine's courage began to dwindle. When he was wheeled into the laboratory and saw the preparations that had been made—the big bulbs, the electric connections, the ominous glass table, and all of it—he restrained with difficulty the temptation to make a dash for the stairway.

It was plainly shown that Mr. Fitzpatrick was the possessor of a minor portion of a paper of tin tacks, some sections of a watch chain, five or six screws of assorted sizes, and other objects; but

nothing that could be affirmed to be a diamond had left any trace of its existence.

The Itinerant Mine was humbled and humiliated beyond words to express. His importance had vanished. He was a fraud, a delusion, and a snare.

It was while he was in this state of depression that news came from Cape Town that "Social" Benton had turned King's evidence. The Von Weiner Diamond Mine Company, Ltd., owed their former employee a humble and substantial apology. Mr. Wigmore Weedon attempted to rally him to a state of hope. As soon as he could leave the hospital and was able to make the voyage, his old position would be found open to him.

It was with a perfunctory politeness that Patrick Fitzpatrick thanked him.

"But d'ye think," said he, "that the photygraps could be mistaken?"

Mr. Weedon shook his head. "I haven't the least idea in the world that O'Fallon or Mooney thought you had a diamond to your skin, Patrick," he concluded. "It was a mad chance to try to get a title to the stones they had stolen."

"And to think av that," said the ex-Mine, slowly—"to think av that! The dirty I. D. Bs.!"

In Touch

BY JOHN B. TABB

HOW slight soe'er the motion be,
With palpitating hand
The gentlest breaker of the sea
Betrays it to the land.

And though a vaster mystery
Hath set our souls apart,
Each wafture from eternity
Reveals thee to my heart.

Cymbeline

BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

THE reader will perceive that in criticising *Cymbeline* my object has been to take independent views of the world's great dramatist—to apply, and to apply fearlessly, to his work the selfsame critical canons as are universally applied to all other imaginative writers, never forgetting, however, Coleridge's saying, "assuredly that criticism of Shakespeare will alone be genial which is reverential."

I will begin by saying a few words on the subject that is being now discussed by Tolstoy and others—Shakespeare in relation to the twentieth century.

That his name has dominated the nineteenth century has been made manifest by treatises upon him and his works that can almost be numbered by the thousand. Will it dominate the twentieth century? That depends, I think, not so much upon his poetical genius, and not so much upon the adequacy or inadequacy of his philosophy of life to the new century's cosmogony of growth, but rather upon the æsthetic principles of his art. What are those principles? Is not the entire tendency of his work expressed by Joubert's saying, "Fiction has no business to exist unless it is more beautiful than reality"? Shakespeare, in spite of his occasional coarseness and his lapses from good taste, shows a quest of the beautiful far surpassing that of all other poets. Is this quest of beauty, in which he is so transcendent, the proper quest? I think it is. But that being so, what about the twentieth century, whose quest, at present, is an entirely different one—the quest of the ugly, the most squalid, cynical realism? Should this quest continue Shakespeare's position will indeed suffer a change.

The reason why I think with Joubert that fiction has no business to exist unless it is more beautiful than reality is this. Man was not really born in Paradise. No, he descended, as the twentieth

century is only too well aware, from a certain hairy animal living in the trees, described by Darwin.

Now that descent cannot be called lovely, and the more the poet makes us forget it, by his beautiful dream of what man may, and perhaps will, some day become, the better for mankind. If the twentieth century continues to think otherwise, it will batten upon the literature it likes, and then, exit Shakespeare.

No play is more full of Shakespeare's passion for beauty than *Cymbeline*. And this is why I have dwelt so fully upon the subject. Take, for instance, the scene in Imogen's bedchamber, when Iachimo has emerged from the chest to carry out his treacherous purpose. All poets feel that there is nothing in the world so lovely as a lovely woman, and Shakespeare above all others shows this. But he who ventures to describe a lovely woman in her bedchamber treads on dangerous ground, as we see in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, and in too many other English poems. Shakespeare and Keats alone have come out of the perilous situation with safety. The bedroom scene in Keats' "*Eve of St. Agnes*," for purity as much as for beauty, is worthy to stand beside a scene like this:

How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh
lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might
touch!
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing
that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'
the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her
hids.
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure laced
With blue of heaven's own tint.

In the Italian story the distinctive mark on the heroine's bosom, which is to play such an important part in the evo-



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ACT II. SCENE II
IACHIMO STEALS FROM THE TRUNK

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lution of the plot, is a mole with a group of golden hairs surrounding it. To Shakespeare there was clearly something repellent in the idea of hairs, whether golden or not, marring the ivory globes of a beautiful woman's bosom. And yet, in any dramatization of the story a mole was necessary; for some striking and easily recognized peculiarity of the bosom could not be dispensed with. See how easily the poet of beauty gets over the difficulty:

On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson
drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip.

Shakespeare's quest of beauty indeed is incessant. And it grew upon him, as indeed the love of beauty does grow with the years. There is perhaps more beauty in his later plays than in his earlier plays. He was a man fairly advanced in years when he produced *The Tempest*. It is overweighted with beauty. In all his plays we see that beauty is made a perpetual quest. At every turn we see that while toiling in London, new-vamping old plays of other dramatists, or recasting and enriching such new ones as were sent for the theatre's acceptance from Oxford to Cambridge, there was, beneath his consciousness of the play he was working on, an ever-shining mirror—the magic mirror of youthful memory. This mirror was bright with the shimmer of Avon as it wound through the meadows he loved—meadows colored with the tints of the Warwickshire flowers—winking marybuds, cuckoo-pints, cowslips, oxlips—

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and
take
The winds of March with beauty.

Whenever he was in need of a poetical image, or lovely fancy, to illustrate or beautify a passage, he had only to look down into this magic mirror, and there was the very picture he wanted, ready for use. Thus it was with the substitution of the crimson drops in the cowslip for the golden hairs. Those who are familiar with the cowslips of Avon meadows know that the warm-colored spots in a cowslip's bell are of a deeper hue than in most other specimens of the flower. Therefore I say, in spite of Steevens, that

"crimson" is the very word to describe it. When Shakespeare wants an adjective that shall express for ever in one word all the charm of the violet, he has only to look down into this mirror to find it:

Violets *dim*,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath.

In the Avon-side meadows, the dimmer the violet the more exquisite is the perfume.

As to Imogen, Shakespeare is in love with her, as we all are. Note how he never forgets that she is an English girl, and note how he never forgets that she is a great lady—a princess. Upon no one of Shakespeare's women has there been more eulogistic writing than upon her. Mr. Swinburne concludes his remarks upon *Cymbeline* in *A Study of Shakespeare* with the following words: "I am therefore something more than fain to close my book upon the name of the woman best beloved in all the world of song and all the tide of time; upon the name of Shakespeare's Imogen."

And yet, perhaps, most of the critics have missed the one feature of her character that makes her the idol of the English race—her bravery. Her naïveté, her affectionateness, her sweetness, have all been dwelt upon. But her bravery it is that makes her to Englishmen the most bewitching of all Shakespeare's women, who, as a rule—to which, however, Cordelia is an exception—are soft and tender rather than brave. In the English feeling about the ideal girl there is, no doubt, the inherited reminiscence of our Norse ancestry. Women took a vastly more important place among the Norsemen than among other races. While Griselda is the type of admirable womanhood in romance literature, the ideal of womanhood with her Norse forefathers was Brynhild.

Imogen's bravery shows that in his portrait of her Shakespeare intended to paint the ideal English girl. And see how he has transfigured the heroine of the Italian story where she is thus introduced when confronting her would-be murderer:

The lady, seeing the poinard, and hearing those words, exclaimed in terror, "Alas! have pity on me for the love of Heaven! Do not become the slayer of one who never



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ACT III. SCENE III

BELARIUS.

*Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.*

GÜDERIUS.
ARVIRAGUS.

Hail, heaven!

Hail, heaven!

offended thee only to pleasure another! God, who knows all things, knows that I have never done that which could merit such a reward from my husband's hand."

And this is how Shakespeare paints Imogen in the scene where Pisanio tells her of his commission to kill her:

Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou
see'st him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there: who was, indeed,
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Mrs. Jameson contrasts the English with the Italian woman, merely to show that Imogen resigns herself to Posthumus' will with a most entire submission. She is mistaken, I think. There is nothing in Imogen of the Griselda. Death is naught to this brave girl in comparison with her husband's treachery.

And yet, perhaps, we have not reached the crowning example of Shakespeare's love of beauty shown in *Cymbeline*. I allude to Imogen's romantic feeling about Posthumus, her husband. Such love is almost always depicted in contemporary literature, and indeed in all literatures, between unmarried lovers. It is surely unique in poetry, this beautiful feeling between husband and wife.

As to the occasional freedom of speech in such scenes as Act II, Scene 4, it would be a mistake to suppose that they contradict in the least degree Shakespeare's love of beauty. Coarseness is entirely a question of manners, and has nothing to do with deeper things. What is considered coarse now (the most cynical of all periods in England) was not so considered in Shakespeare's time (the most enthusiastic period).

Cymbeline is another instance of Shakespeare's eye for a good story. It was not likely that he would let pass such an interesting tale as that of the ninth novel in the second day in the *Decameron*, in which a merchant boasts of his wife's charms and accepts a bet that her chastity would be found vulnerable if attacked. But how Shakespeare be-

came acquainted with the story, whether through *Westward for Smells*, which is probable, or from the French translation of Boccaccio, or whether he could read Italian and read it in the original, we do not know. The first English translation of the *Decameron*, printed in folio, did not appear until four years after Shakespeare's death. The way in which he manipulates this story for *Cymbeline* is extremely characteristic of him and shows his profound knowledge of the English character. He knew how passionately Englishmen loved the legendary history of England as they found it in Holinshed, and he placed in England in the time of King Cymbeline the incidents of the Italian tale, and threw around it a marvellously faithful English atmosphere. Nor did he forget every now and then to tickle the patriotism with which the Elizabethans were inspired. He reminds them of

The natural bravery of your Isle, which
stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies'
boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind
of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his
brag
Of *came*, and *saw* and *overcame*: with
shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was
carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his
shipping
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible
seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges,
cracked
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at
point
(O giglot Fortune!) to master Cæsar's
sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

The allusions here, although they would have been quite beyond the ken of the contemporary English playgoer—generally a very ignorant person—were familiar enough, as Shakespeare knew, to the veriest groundling of his time, few of whom could read and fewer still could write.

The first appearance of the play was in the first folio of 1623. Why it appeared there among the tragedies, and why *The Winter's Tale* appeared there among the comedies, would be an interesting subject of speculation, if I had space to linger over it. In *The Winter's Tale* there is really only one tragic episode, the death of Mamillius. In *Cymbeline* there is none, except the death of Cloten, and the death of such a character as that can scarcely be called tragic. Did the intense pathos of Imogen's story give the play a tragic atmosphere without any humorous scenes to enliven it, while in *The Winter's Tale* Autolycus, an enormous favorite with the audience, left on the mind a humorous suggestion, and wiped out the serious and pathetic incidents? Who shall say? Of course, however, the Elizabethans did not divide tragedy and comedy with anything like the sharp line that the Greeks did.

Cymbeline is universally pronounced to be entirely by Shakespeare. As far as I know, no single critic has taken any other view. If it really is all by him, how shall we explain its great inequalities? Indeed it may be said that it is not merely its beauties that warrant its attribution to Shakespeare. The very faults of style observable in it are Shakespearean. Take, for instance, Shakespeare's frequent obliviousness of the characteristic defect of our language, the preponderance of sibilants. Marlowe, whose ear in some respects was finer than Shakespeare's, gave great attention to this defect, which will always prevent English from being a "singing" language. So did Fletcher, when he had time. And Fletcher, it must be remembered, taught Milton, the greatest of all English harmonists and melodists, as much, or almost as much, as Marlowe did.

But Shakespeare often gives no attention to sibilants. Indeed it was well for him that he wrote a good many years after a certain severe critic, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, was dead, who is so wroth with sibilants that he declared that σ is entirely disgusting and when it often occurs insupportable, and that the hiss is more appropriate to the beast than to man. Even the exquisite song,

Hark! hark; the lark at heaven's gate
sings,

And Phœbus 'gins arise.

His steeds to water at those springs

On chaliced flowers that lies;

And winking marybuds begin

To ope their golden eyes:

With everything that pretty is:

My lady sweet, arise;

Arise, arise,

would have been more exquisite still, at least from a musician's point of view, if Shakespeare had attended to his sibilants.

On chaliced flowers that lies

is very bad, and the only excuse for Hanmer's substitution of "bin" for "is" in the line,

With everything that pretty is,

is that it gives some relief from the hissing sound that pervades the otherwise divine lyric, and gives the singer a little chance.

If, however, *Cymbeline* is all written by Shakespeare, we can only suppose that some portions of it were written in a hurry. There are frequent signs that the story was never thoroughly fused in the author's mind.

It should never be forgotten that Shakespeare was a business man, most likely the finest business man in the world of letters at that time. His first object was to produce a play upon a given subject at a given moment, and he, in consequence, must have often worked while his imagination was half dormant, and he had to be content with perfunctory and often with makeshift writing. Sometimes, as in the case of *Hamlet*, the success of the hastily written play was so great that he went over it again and transfigured it. The *Hamlet* mentioned by Thomas Nash in 1589 is lost, but compare the *Hamlet* of 1603 with the *Hamlet* of 1604. There you see the most marvellous instance of a dramatist working upon a story with his imagination only half aroused, and the same dramatist working upon the same story with his imagination at white heat. The subject is a great one, and cannot be fully treated here, but I wish the reader would turn to my article upon Poetry in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It will aid him in understanding what I mean. He

will there find a discussion upon the difference between absolute vision and relative vision. In absolute vision the imagination is thoroughly aroused, the soul of the poet when at work is seized upon by the divinity which Iamblichus speaks of, who "guides it as he will," while in relative vision the imagination is only partially active. In the latter case the dramatist produces makeshift, or, at least, only secondary work. There are, of course, very few dramatists or novelists who show absolute vision on any occasion. But here is the point that I wish to impress upon the reader: the same dramatist, if he be Shakespeare, may display absolute vision in some parts of his work and relative vision in others. Compare, for instance, the second act of *Macbeth*—the most wonderful piece of absolute vision to be found in all drama, unless we except the great Clytemnestra scene in *Agamemnon*—with the scene between Macduff and Malcolm, in Act IV, Scene 3, where Malcolm runs through a catalogue of imaginary vices of which he accuses himself in a transparent way that narrowly escapes being ludicrous. The only reason for the existence of this scene is to give Macduff the opportunity of exclaiming,

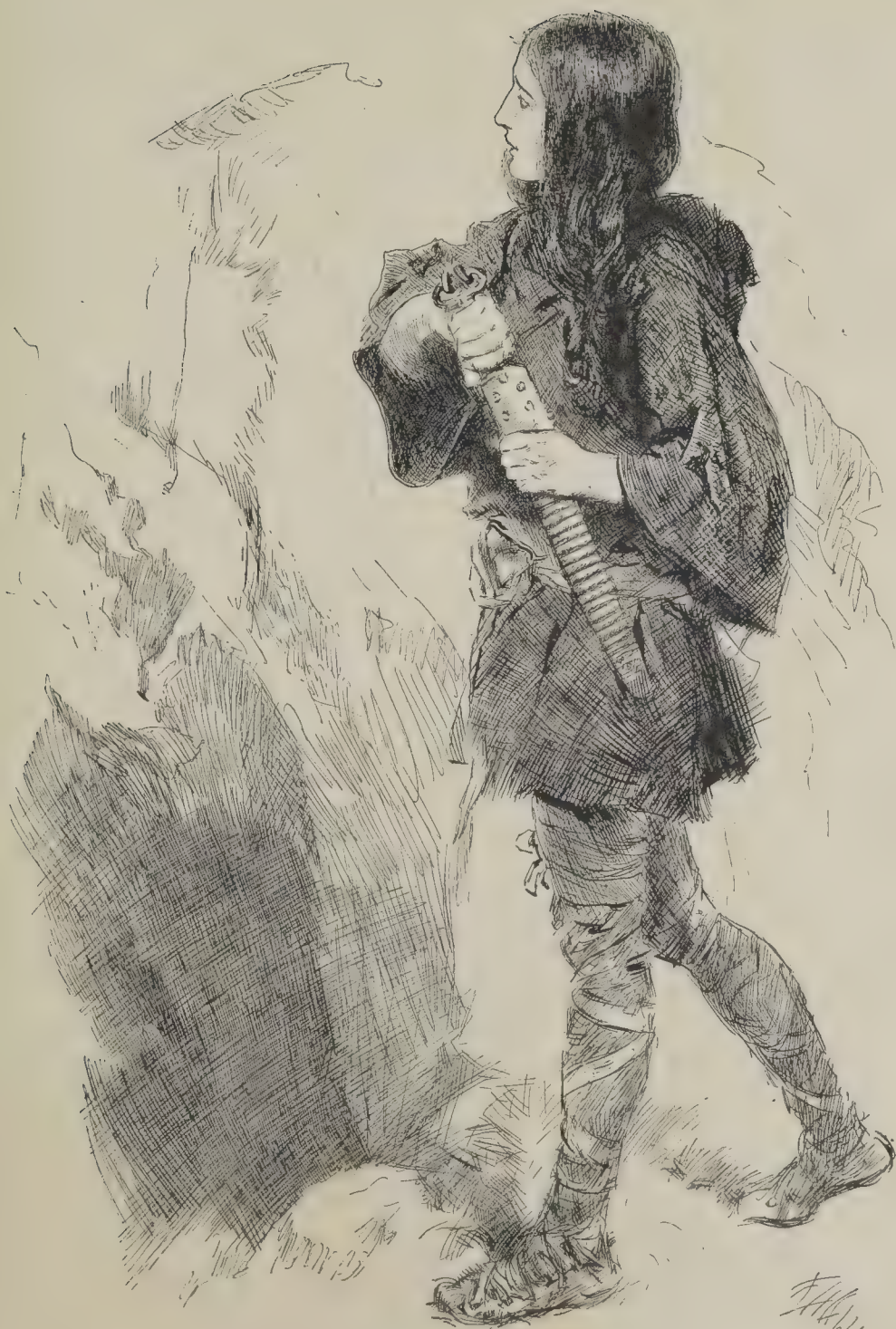
Fit to govern!
No, not to live.

Not even Shakespeare, it would seem, can display absolute vision until every part of the story has become familiar to him as matter of fact, and the whole has become fused in his mind. In other words, the dramatist must live the story in its every detail before he can display that highest of all qualities—absolute vision. But, in truth, all Shakespeare's plays show that whether the story is found ready to hand, as in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, or invented, as in *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, or adapted, as in *Cymbeline*, it passes through two stages in the mind of the dramatist—the stage when the story is first confronted—lazily confronted, perhaps—and the stage when by long familiarity it is really imagined, when the mind of the inventor or adapter has become as familiar with it as though he had himself actually lived in it.

Are there, then, two Shakespeares? Yes, the Shakespeare of absolute vision and the Shakespeare of relative vision.

Consider the enormous activity of Shakespeare during his stay in London. He had the duties of joint manager, adapter-general, and original author. Consider, too, that his great object was to make money in order to repair the fortunes of a singularly unfortunate father. Perhaps it is this overwhelming variety of work that accounts for the fact that there are no records of him during his London life. How could a man in this situation find time, except occasionally, to mix with his convivial, happy-go-lucky contemporaries? Depend upon it those "wit combats" between Ben Jonson and Shakespeare were of rare occurrence. No sooner was one play produced than another was wanted from so popular a writer. This, I suspect, is why he was obliged in many instances to be content with makeshift work, for a while, hoping, if the play should prove a great success, to find time to work upon it. Besides the case of *Hamlet*, there are other instances, such as those of *Romeo and Juliet* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, of Shakespeare substituting good work for makeshift work the moment opportunity offered. But he who dares delay is bold. Shakespeare died at fifty-two—died of a fever—quite suddenly, according to tradition, which his hasty will corroborates. He went down to Stratford to meditate and to perfect his work.

The perfunctory makeshift parts of *Cymbeline* are very apparent. For instance, it is seen in Act II, Scene 4, in the entire lack of dramatic subtlety in the dialogue between Posthumus and Iachimo. This lack of dramatic subtlety would not have been displayed, I think, had the story been fused in Shakespeare's mind. It is seen in the clumsy soliloquy of Belarius in Act III, Scene 3, while in the other soliloquy, by the same character, in Act IV, Scene 2, there is not much sign of makeshift work, although the scene does not show any absolute vision. The makeshift work comes up later on in the same scene, in the dialogue between Belarius and the two boys: not only is the idea far-fetched, but the style is so crabbed that it can only be taken as makeshift



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ACT III. SCENE VI

IMOGEN. *Ho! who's here?
If anything that's civil, speak.*

writing. Note, for instance, the scene in Act I, Scene 4, between Philaria, Iachimo, Posthumus, and others, which seems to have been tossed off as fast as he could write, and is in his worst style. But perhaps the most notable instance of the mixing of relative vision with absolute vision occurs in the scene between Pisanio and Imogen, in Act III, Scene 4. The scene opens superbly, but tails off into a feeble dialogue expressed in crabbed writing. And yet it would be difficult to say that all this scene is not by Shakespeare.

In speaking of Shakespeare's make-shift work, I am not, of course, alluding to those apparent weaknesses which come from the dramatist's reliance upon the frank and genial nature of the Elizabethan audiences, who were always eager to grant as large a measure of imaginative belief as they could. An instance of this kind occurs in the first act of *Cymbeline*. The course of the story is very lucidly indicated by the opening dialogue between the two gentlemen. But a modern dramatist of the most ordinary type would have seen the advisability of avoiding the apparent absurdity of making one gentleman of Cymbeline's court tell another what must have been a matter of familiar knowledge to both of them equally, by making one of the interlocutors an emissary from some other court. Shakespeare knew that there was no need for him to take any such trouble as this, with an audience like his, an audience that was willing to accede to any and all of the conventions of the stage.

An example of the vast imaginative belief that an Elizabethan audience was ready to grant is afforded by the riddle in *Pericles*, propounded by Antiochus, which is the pivot of the entire plot, the riddle that was supposed to have baffled many suitors for the hand of the tyrant's daughter. There was not one among the groundlings who did not expound the riddle for himself as soon as it was given out: it was so obvious, and meant to be so obvious. But the audience knew that in order for a romantic story to be told it was necessary that they should take for granted that this babyish puzzle had baffled the intelligence of a host of knights, and was only at last yielding to

this new *Œdipus*, *Pericles*. The absorbed attention with which an Elizabethan audience must have followed a play constantly strikes with amazement the student of the old dramatists. *The Wisdom of Dr. Dodypoll*, a very popular play at that period, and in some scenes a very beautiful one, as the readers of Lamb's *Specimens* need not be told, is a notable instance of this. Without the aid of scenery of any kind to keep the imagination alive, an Elizabethan spectator of this play was able to follow a jumble of unconnected incidents which the modern reader, even at his leisure in his study, finds it almost impossible to follow. In fact, I never did talk with any Shakespearian student who could give me a lucid *précis* of this bewildering play. A still more wonderful instance of the power of attention of an Elizabethan audience is afforded by Yarrington's *Two Tragedies in One*, where a poetic version of *The Babes in the Wood*, and an English murder-drama as realistic as *A Warning to Fair Women*, and as direct in its method as *Arden of Feversham*, are intermingled in alternate scenes.

One of the impeachments of Shakespeare's art advanced by Tolstoy is the frequency with which characters in disguise are used, and the ease with which they impose upon those who know them well. Edgar's imposition of disguise upon his own father, Gloucester—Kent's imposition upon Lear, etc., are simply proofs of the immense power of this imaginative belief in Elizabethan audiences. Throughout the Shakespeare dramas, and throughout all the dramas of Shakespeare's contemporaries, we see the difference as regards imaginative belief between the temper of the Elizabethan playgoer and the temper of the playgoer of our own time.

When Hippolyta, at the conclusion of the Pyramus and Thisbe interlude in the midst of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, says,

This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard,
Theseus makes the pregnant reply:

The best in this kind are but shadows;
and the worst are no worse, if imagination
amend them.

Thus Shakespeare has himself spoken the last word upon idealistic drama.

One Man's Story

BY LEO CRANE

Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book! . . .

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THERE is a place known as "Locust Point"—a region having hot sun-swept sand-lots in midsummer, which become cold wind-swept vacancies in winter. Mean streets border the grease-scented railroad yards, and there sounds the harsh cry of commerce to drown the wails of pauper children. Puffing locomotives shunt about in the shadow of tall grain-elevators and the long low sheds of the docks. The shrieks of their whistles mingle with the hoarse, drowsy blasts of tow-boats, for the river sweeps past, black and green in the deep water, bringing vast cargoes of oil and iron ore, and the cattle-ships go out to Europe, and the coffee comes in from Brazil, and the lazy-looking tramp, unkempt and uncaring, drops slowly down with the tide. Sometimes the river floats other cargoes; thousands of mute, wondering faces stare over the bulwarks of immigrant-ships; and they go like cattle into the dark sheds, to be howled at and thrust about and prodded, very much like cattle indeed. But these do not count in the scheme of things, as do the cargoes of grain and steel rails sent in exchange. No one makes a gamble of these on the Board of Trade. They are not worth it. But sometimes—well, winds and ships make wondrous pictures, but men tell wondrous tales.

Gregor Sempevitch came that way. When he had been released from the dark shed and the prying officials who bullied him, and had found himself alone, he was very much alone. Few people knew Gregor Sempevitch, and these seldom heard him speak of himself. Big and strong, though a man of middle age, he found work about the ships, where men of his strength are needed. Noontimes, Ivan and he would prop their broad backs against the iron wall of a dock shed, and

would eat their coarse bread, and stare out across the black water to where new cargoes of people were unloaded and thrust about and prodded. Gregor's beard was already turning gray, and there were deep furrows about his eyes, back of which showed a crude intelligence. To look at him one saw a stolid, heavy-featured man, patient and slow—ignorant perhaps. He was silent, a Russian of the peasantry no doubt, civil but no more, and of course suspicious. Ivan had little to ask him, and so they seldom talked. The morning they spent in tugging sacks filled with salt, slipping chains about these so they might be lifted. It was hard, dangerous work; sometimes a chain broke and the sack dropped back into the hold. A man must be quick at that work. When noon came they rested willingly on the dock's end. Out in the stream a diminutive tug struggled to turn the bow of a boat, over the rail of which stared the usual line of faces. Suddenly Gregor started up from his place, narrowing his eyes and peering at the vessel. He dropped back again with a sigh of relief.

"I thought it was Yashkiv," he said.

"Will he come, you think?" questioned Ivan.

"Perhaps—but I hope not—" Then he turned angrily upon his companion, growling, "What do you know about Yashkiv, anyway, you?"

Ivan shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing," he answered, simply. And then he went on in some manner of explanation, speaking as a dull-witted man who searches for his words and finds them ill-fitting: "Only . . . I wondered if he had given it up, too— You see, I just wondered. You will not remember, but I saw you once, just before I came away, and—"

Gregor caught his arm and held it. "Where?" he asked.



Drawn by S. de Ivanowski

THE PUZZLING BLACK MARKS ON THE WHITE PAGES SPOKE TO US

"In a riot."

"Ah!" and Gregor smiled.

They said no more that day, but on the next, when they rested again, Gregor touched Ivan's arm and began again, as if their talk had not been broken by the twilight and the night and the gray, misty river dawn.

"Yes—I came away," he said. "You wonder why I have given up the fight. You say, 'He loved Russia.' Bah! why should I be proud of her history; where could I have learned it? I came out of the forest, like a bear that has been asleep. Does a bear remember what happened last summer? A bear is stupid, gaping; well—so am I."

He paused and stared out over the river.

"Why should I care about the future . . . about anything, eh? I have no children, and I am fifty-five years old. Then you say to me that I am no patriot. No! Gregor Sempevitch is *no* patriot. He was selfish; he had a quarrel, and he tried to fight it out; they were too much for him, and so he came away. In the past he had fought it out with himself, and then he thought he could confront others. There was a burden upon him, the burden of the past; heavy was the load—you know how heavy? My father's, his father's, and his father's—well, all of them, and all on me. Therefore I said, foolishly: 'It is my fight. My father is dead; what does he care now? and if he does care, let him fight it out with his own Tsar—they are both dead together; but this fight is my fight.' So—Gregor Sempevitch made the effort, and when he saw that he must go somewhere, he came here."

Quite wrought up by a splendid vehemence, his eyes gleamed and his thick lips trembled. At one moment it seemed that his face had glowed with an old enthusiasm, but this died away and left him the stolid man again, suspicious, though hungering for a friend.

Ivan shook his head.

"I came—because I was dull and knew nothing," he said finally, and with a tone of reproach. "But you—you knew! You! . . . you were Gregor Sempevitch, and you ought to be there."

The other smiled, as if he were wearied of these people who could not understand.

"That is why I came," he said, gently;

he smote his breast with his hand, "because I was Gregor Sempevitch—I was tired; I wanted to start again, in a new land, in a fresh air, to be somebody else. Listen you. . . ." He swept the air with his outspread hand until it pointed east; his voice softened, as if he spoke of olden things: "I was born in a hole in the snow, outside of Machentovka. Were my people good—or bad?—I don't know—I don't care. My mother was—my mother. There's an end to that. I could not speak to you of ancestors. No—all I could do would be to take you back to Machentovka and show you the forest and the snow. . . . It is a drear place, that country—silent, desolate, . . . vast. That is the country about Machentovka—vast! There is nothing but the snow and the forest and the sky—white, black, and a cold dirty gray; a waste, a wilderness, and a question."

He became silent for a few minutes and seemed to consider the subject again for himself. Not even in retrospect was it the less foreboding, and he frowned.

"My father, as I remember him, was an old heart-broken man; something like a beast, he was—worn out. He had been born, had rioted his day, loved—as a wolf perhaps, married or mated, which? Who cares now? He was my father and he gave me life, and I do not thank him for it. He showed me the snow, and the forest, and the drifting skies; his past, my future; so I was like a wolf's whelp, indeed."

He did not speak angrily or impatiently. "I am not indicting my father. He was the result of a system. I am not a prosecutor, but these are the facts. He had no hand in their making. Millions lived and died the same. A man is like the leaf of a tree; he hangs for a season, and falls—is lost among the myriad on the ground—rots. A little while and the earth has entirely received him, or the leaf; the substance goes into the root of the tree again, and the leaf reappears. A season or two between, perhaps; only, when you have such a country, the trees are stunted growths, and the leaves poor things.

"Well, after a time I grew up. We worked together, father and I, in the forest, cutting wood and such work. Sometimes we fought wild things. We

would have to fight at first, but being in the battle we would know ourselves for wild too—all wild animals. With this difference—father had heard a man read from a book. He told me about it. It was a mystery to him, and he marvelled. It amazed him to know that there had been men in the days before ours, and that a dead man could speak out of his time to us. Father thought a little; he was confused, he simply wondered; but I began to think for the first time. I had never thought before.

"A man came to the village, an old, kindly man with a white beard. We called him Father Vasily. He could read from a book, and he was willing to teach me. I began to study the signs, and I had much aching of the head because of those little devilish black dots. They are wonderful. Bullets! What are bullets! Those little black dots go trailing along in the books, like geese in the sky, always the same, hitting you, and ten years later hitting me. Mobs pass, guns rot, swords rust into nothing; but the black dots, they remain."

Gregor laughed at this bitterly. His was the deep-chested mirth of one who has triumphed. The process of his reading had been burnt into his soul.

"So—you listen—you follow me? That old man taught me the first of it—just enough to make me mad for more. And then, one night—one bitter night, when death and the wolves were howling about—a troop of soldiers came to the village. They routed out old Father Vasily from his bed.

"'Here!' they said to him. 'Get out. Go away, and don't come back to this place!'

"'But why?' he asked, for he was feeble and timid.

"'You old rebel! you have been stirring up the people.'

"'As God is my judge . . .' he began, but they would not listen.

"'Go away!—and if you are not gone by to-morrow, you will be dead!' they said, fiercely, shaking their fists. 'We will shoot you, old Joseph; you are a devil; you hate God and the Tsar!'

"So—old Vasily went off. He was a quiet, peaceable man, who was used to say prayers at night; he blessed me and went away the next morning. It was bitter

weather; two days later, some men coming home from Trentkaff, found him in the snow, frozen. It was bitter weather, indeed."

Gregor swept his rough hand across his eyes, and uttered an oath afterward; he shook his clenched fist savagely.

"I loved old Father Vasily. They drove him away like a wolf—why? They were afraid of him. They had guns, but they were afraid. He had a secret, a power, and though he would have died soon, anyway, there was yet time to tell others. If he was allowed to tell me of that power, some day they would have *me* to kill. So they killed him. But you cannot freeze out the little black dots. Men pass like the leaves, rotting; but the little signs remain, running along silently in the books. I kept that book which had been his, but I could not make much out of it alone. They knew what they were about.

"Two years after that, when I had forgotten all the old man had taught me, I went to Trentkaff—why? A tree had fallen on father in the forest. It killed him. Mother was weak, and after this she wept all the day, until at last, as women will, she wept herself to death. So—I was fifteen then—big enough to dig a hole in the ground. It was terrible work, for the earth was like iron, but there were the wolves to be reckoned with, you know, and I went about it. Then, when the snow had made all white and smooth once more, I grew lonely. The trees would sob at night, and the wild things howl—sometimes these things would come to sniff at the door. There was no father for me, no mother, nothing—so I was like a wolf's whelp. I crept away to Trentkaff and found work in the foundry. Five years I worked there, growing strong and stoop-shouldered. I was then no longer a whelp of the wolves, a free animal; they had made a yoke for me, and I was an ox. A terrible place was that foundry, heavy with labor. We worked from dark to dark, from star to star. . . ."

Gregor paused again, thinking; suddenly he aroused himself from the horrible memories of that foundry, as if with an effort he had lifted himself out of the pit of it. He took a deep breath of the river air thankfully.

"Another man came—a man named Smoleff. Is it not strange that the soldiers could not stamp out those men—those men who had the books and the great secret? Always was there one more.

"We all worked in the foundry. Smoleff would tell stories to us at times, for we lived together with several others at the house of Simeon Ortvensk. I besought him to teach me the secret again, so I might find out the stories for myself. He began, and gradually it all came back to me, old Vasily's patient voice, and the rest of it. That desire to know things grew on me like hunger. I studied as a man possessed with a fever, every night. Smoleff was a good one; he told us everything he knew, and he was not proud. Then the others studied, too. Sometimes there would be a big word, and we would skip that one. Those were the days of youth and hope, and we only learned enough to realize how low we were. The beast is content until he finds out that he is a beast.

"But one day—phoo! Smoleff is discharged. He was a good workman. 'For what was he discharged?' he asked them. 'For stirring up the men to grumble and growl,' they said to him. He had told us of the little black dots in the books; therefore he was a disturber of the peace, an anarchist, a devil, and what not! So Smoleff went away. I saw him off at the town's end.

"'See here, friend,' I said to him, when we had clasped hands for the last time. 'Is there no place where a man can get it all—where men are too strong to be denied?'

"'Over there,' he answered me, pointing across the snowy waste. 'In the cities,' he said, 'where there are many men.'

"And he too went off over the drifts. I watched him until a dip of the road had swallowed him, and that was the last time I saw Smoleff. But he was a good fellow, and may the blessing of God be on him."

Gregor sighed, a patient sigh coming from the wells of his heart. He seemed to approach the difficult part of his narrative. For the words dropped from his lips slowly, and he paused many times, while his eyes stared away as if into the long aisles of the past.

"I remembered that direction—'Go into the cities.' But there was work to be done and money to be earned. We who were left—that is, Yashkiv and Simeon and myself—we kept at it with the book. We would help each other. At night we went after the little black dots, following them across the pages, wondering at them, solving them sometimes, loving them perhaps, cursing them. But they spoke to us, those—God!—those puzzling black marks on the white pages. We would have but one candle; that was all we could afford; and we would all get about it, the book on the table, the candle spluttering just before it. Sometimes Yashkiv would lean forward too eagerly, and he would singe his hair. Once he was nearly bald from that candle."

Gregor laughed at the memory; but there was in his tone a far-away sound, a melancholy note, tender and sweet.

"Sometimes, too, we would not have money enough for the candle; there would only be a wee stump left from the night before. We would burn that as far as it would go—there would come a hiss and a flame—after which we must sit in the dark, talking of those things Smoleff had said, until Yashkiv snored.

"Simeon would speak much at these meetings in the dark. He was a keen fellow, Simeon, and the dark seemed to help him. He would say: 'Don't you see—they told us that wages would have to be cut down, though God knows these are low enough already; but they said the market would not let them pay more to us. Eh, what! Can we call them liars? No—we can't prove anything by that. We know it, but have we proof? A man must have something more than a bare lawsuit. But once we have those little figures down in our heads, then—then we know it. That is why they hate for us to learn. That is why they drove Smoleff away from the foundry. They are afraid.'

"'And that is why they killed old Father Vasily,' I would say, and rage would grow in my heart."

Gregor seemed to have arrived at the place of confession; he glanced at his listener dubiously; he seemed to doubt the wisdom of telling too much.

"I knew a woman there," he ventured, and finding himself fairly over the edge

of it, plunged on heedlessly. "She lived in the same house with us, Anna—Simeon's wife's sister. She was a pretty woman, that Anna, and—and I loved her. But let me tell you—

"One night we could not find the book.

"Where is the book?" called Yashkiv, searching.

"We all blustered about impatiently; but no one could find it, and we were filled with sorrow. The book was gone. Then we raged; we all roared and cursed about. Anna was with us. She said she had not seen it. Yashkiv suspected her.

"Wherever there is a woman there is trouble," he argued, and he was for giving her a beating, to which Simeon did not seem averse. Also, Simeon's wife encouraged the idea that Anna knew, so that her own skirts might be clear. But I had fought with the wolves, and I was like a pine log when it came to blows. I spoke to Yashkiv at arm's length concerning the beating of women, particularly this woman, Anna; after which he went hunting the liniment, and he said nothing more; nor did any of them.

"But this did not console me for the loss of the book. And three days later, Anna came to me and confessed that she had taken it. She said a man had come to the house and had asked for it. He was a sneaking fellow from the foundry, who said that the stuff would do us harm—that it spoiled us and made us loafers; and she had given it to him—so she said to me.

"And you say you love me, Anna? Would you let a man steal my coat?"

"But she was a woman. 'No, no,' she replied. 'But every night you sit reading it, like a child—and you do not mind me any more at all. You love the book and not me.'

"That was the woman's logic. And Anna cried bitterly. It is pitiful to see a woman cry. A man cries, and I kick him and tell him to fight; but a woman cannot fight—she can only cry. It puts shame into a man's heart to see it, if he has a heart. But I was a young man, rude, rough, and so I gave her a good shaking, which perhaps did Anna no great amount of harm, for she was a woman who expected it. Ah! Well, now was old Father Vasily gone, and Smoleff gone,

and now was the book gone, too. I would have to begin again. But I made plans—there was left Anna, and I loved her; also, there were the cities. What revenge could be had on these foundry folk? None. But fire raged in my brain, and when I went down to the place men got out of my way. I stood up before the masters and told them the things that they were. It was truth I spoke, from my heart, but vile, bitter truth, and no part of it strong enough to satisfy me. What happened? They threw me out, even as they had thrown out Smoleff. And I had to leave the town, as Smoleff had left it, for they were now afraid of me. I went back to Simeon's house.

"What will you do?" Anna asked of me.

"I am going to the city," I said, bravely. "It is many miles away, and the snow is on the ground, but I shall go and be free—a man. Come with me, Anna; it will be long on the road, but I can keep you safe, and I love you, Anna."

"But she said: 'Why go to the city? There is much work near Trentkaff, wood-cutting and the life you used to lead. Men starve in the cities, while you are a forest man, and can make as many *copecks* a day at the wood as any. Why go?'"

Gregor spread out his great hands as if with a helpless gesture he would convey to Ivan the tremendous situation he had faced on that day, looking into the eyes of the woman he loved. Great had been the call to be free, great had been the love of him. He spoke with a solemn, hardened voice now:

"And then I thought of that hole in the snow where I had been born, outside of Machentovka; and I thought of the snow, and the grim forest, and the low-hanging gray sky. My father had been a wood-cutter, and his father before him. There had been no end to them, reaching back, no doubt, like the wolves. And like the wolves they had been hedged in by that awful waste of snow and that terrible slow-moving sky. For them there had been no refuge but the forest, that vast place . . . and there the trees waited until they were old and fell on them. They had never known other than the snow, and the forest, and the sky. I thought of my mother, who had wept herself to death; and more than of any of them, I thought of myself.



Drawn by S. de Ivanowski

"YOU LOVE THE BOOK AND NOT ME"

"Men become great in the cities,' I pleaded with Anna gently.

"But you are big, strong—"

"Big enough for the foundry, and strong enough to lift their burdens, but not enough to keep them from my book,' I explained, thinking she might understand. But she was a woman.

"Oh!' she cried, petulantly, 'there are more books in the city, and you are going to them. Is that it?' As if the books were women, waiting for me. But I said to her, trying to be patient:

"Yes, but I love only you, Anna; can't you see that in my eyes? What is a book? A few leaves of paper telling of beautiful things, of knowledge, of truth. It will teach me to love you more and more, Anna, and to be a man instead of a brute. . . ."

"But such words were useless; she would not listen; she said that she would hate me, and the book too, now and forever; and she would not kiss me; so—I wrapped up my little pack of clothes, and I left Trentkaff, walking.

"It was a fine night; the moon was like a big yellow lantern; and I could not go off that way, like a child in a passion, so I went back softly, tapping at the window and calling to her. But she would not come.

"I was twenty then, and I loved her very much; but I left Trentkaff, walking, heavy-hearted. The moon was very fine that night."

Gregor paused again, half stifled by a great sigh. Then he coughed to mask the stab of it, and got slowly to his feet.

"It was my quarrel! I wanted to be free. Old Vasily and Smoleff, the wise men, they lured me. You saw me, twelve years after that Trentkaff night, leading the student riots. I had become Gregor the patriot. What doth it profit a man? . . ."

"And sometimes I think of the moon on the Trentkaff snows, and of Yashkiv with his burnt hair, and—and of Anna. Yashkiv—his hair grew again; they had burned the book, you see, and there was no longer reason for him to burn his hair. He married a woman of the village; Anna perhaps—very likely it was Anna. Once I saw him. He had come to the city, and he did not see me. He was a large dull creature, vacant-eyed, timid.

"You would have been like that,' I said to myself.

"But . . . 'said myself to me."

Ivan said nothing. He looked out across the river; perhaps he thought of the moon on the Trentkaff hills.

The Wind

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKENSON BIANCHI

HE sought me by the river brink and on the mountainside,
From tallest pine he swept the miles of frozen country wide;
He would not whirl with merry storms or rock in empty nests,
Or hide in drowsy woods till dawn—his troth to human quests.

He spurned the city's narrow streets and climbed a sunless wall
To lay his heart of solitude against my window small.
O rugged comrade, bleak and true!—no blandishment is thine,
Yet to far heights of distant blue thy spirit summons mine.

I hear thy finger at the pane, thy voice entreating me—
A snow-thatched village 'neath the stars my eyes bewildered see;
My heart is answer to thy call—now let us blow and roam
Above the city, down the world and up the hills of home!

Recent Surgical Progress

A RESULT CHIEFLY OF EXPERIMENTAL RESEARCH

BY W. W. KEEN, M.D., LL.D.

IN October, 1889, and June, 1893, I gave in *Harper's Magazine* some account of the progress of surgery. In the sixteen years that have elapsed since my last paper was written there has been much further progress in various directions. I can only consider a very few of these, and even those in a very incomplete manner.

SURGERY OF THE HEART

Up to the publication of Fischer's paper in 1867, scarcely any surgeon took the surgery of the heart seriously. His paper was based on a study of 452 published cases of wounds of the human heart, and he showed that a patient might live for hours or even days with a wounded heart.

Dr. John B. Roberts, of Philadelphia, in 1881 made the bold proposal deliberately to sew up a wound of the heart, in spite of the fact that Billroth, the then most distinguished Continental surgeon, had declared that no one who wished to preserve the respect of his colleagues would ever attempt to operate on the heart. After a number of experiments upon animals, there were published in 1896 two unsuccessful attempts to sew up a wound of the heart, followed happily in 1897 by Rehn's famous paper recording the first successful case. How quickly surgeons followed this happy lead is seen by the statistics given me by Dr. Francis T. Stewart (who himself has had a successful case), that up to June, 1908, 141 cases of wound of the heart had been operated on, and 64 of them had recovered. When one considers the difficulties of such an operation—the speed with which the heart must be exposed by making a trap-door through the chest wall, and dividing two or three ribs, without, if possible, injuring the left lung by opening the sac in which the heart lies (the pericardium), clearing it of

blood, seizing the heart, and while it is actively pulsating, with a jet of blood from the wound at every pulsation obscuring the field of operation—and yet notes that over forty-five per cent. have recovered, and that this percentage of recoveries is steadily increasing, it is a matter of both surprise and gratification.

In a good many operations, when chloroform and even sometimes when ether is given, the patient suddenly passes into collapse, the heart ceases to beat, the respiration stops a few minutes afterward, and death quickly follows. Whether the pulsation of the heart could be re-established was first examined by Schiff in 1874, and in animals, by means of rhythmical compression of the heart by the hand, he succeeded in starting the heart beating. It is impossible for me to state in detail the experiments of Prus in 1889 and Battelli in 1900, both of whom were able in a considerable number of animals and by various methods to re-establish cardiac pulsation. The most extraordinary experiments, however, were made by Kuliabko in 1902 on hearts which had been removed from the body; the prior experiments having been made on hearts remaining in the body of the animal. Kuliabko showed that after the heart had been removed from an animal and kept in ice for twenty-four or even forty-four hours, by filling the heart with certain fluids pulsation was re-established and continued for over three hours. He was able also to take the hearts from rabbits that had died a natural death instead of being killed, and on even the second, third, and fourth day after death, after filling them with this fluid the isolated heart was started in its pulsation and continued to beat for several hours. He also tried the experiment in a number of instances in which the human heart was removed, *post mortem*,

even as long as thirty hours after death, and temporary pulsation could be produced. Velich, in a dog's heart which had been in snow for eighteen hours, and again after being frozen in salt solution for twenty-four hours, produced slight contractions, but full pulsation was not reached.

Very naturally such experiments aroused the hope that some similar result might be reached in man. It was tried in desperate cases of sudden death, especially from chloroform. Ricketts has collected thirty-nine cases, of which twelve recovered! In other cases the circulation has been re-established for a number of hours, so that the surgeons were justified in expecting the recovery of the patients, but after a time the pulse and respiration failed, and recovery did not follow.

All this is so new, as can easily be seen, that it is impossible at present definitely to fix on the best method of reaching the heart, whether (as in cases of wounds of the heart) by making a trap-door over it in the wall of the chest, or by quickly opening the abdomen and reaching the heart through the diaphragm, or by other means which are too technical for me to describe. The report of the thirty-nine cases alluded to gives a recovery rate of thirty-one per cent. That this will be increased in time there is no doubt.

The most recent researches in the surgery of the heart are efforts to determine whether it is possible not only to expose the heart and operate on its exterior, but deliberately to open its cavities and operate on the valves. The results so far seem to show that it is no dream of a surgical Utopia, but that before long "valvular disease of the heart," hitherto an absolutely incurable disease, may be dealt with surgically and with the possibility of success. Happy the surgeon who, after suitable experiments upon animals have taught him exactly how to do it, may be able to cure such a hopeless malady!

But the happy history of progress is not yet all told. Three years ago I saw Dr. Crile of Cleveland chloroform a dog to death. By a suitable apparatus he was able accurately to record the very last pulsation of the heart and the last

attempt at breathing. I stood by the dog, watch in hand, and when he had been dead—having neither pulsation of the heart nor breathing—for fifteen minutes, Dr. Crile injected toward the heart in the carotid artery a mixture of salt solution and adrenalin (an extract of a gland lying just above the kidney), compressed the dog's chest a few times, thus starting the heart and lungs going, and in less than three minutes the dog, though, of course, still unconscious from the anæsthetic, was just as much alive as he had been a half-hour before. Partial but not permanent recovery has been obtained by Dr. Crile in animals even twenty-five minutes after actual death. If further experience confirms these results, we may have a better method of resuscitation than exposing the heart as above related.

Without the experiments which had been made upon animals and proved the efficacy of adrenalin, which was added to the salt solution, no one would have thought that the extract of a gland lying above the kidney would be of the least value in saving either animal or human life. We know now, as a result of such experiments, with positive certainty the effect of the adrenalin and its immense value in these cases as well as in others.

SURGERY OF THE ARTERIES AND VEINS

From the heart naturally we pass to the arteries, which conduct the blood from the heart to all parts of the body. Wounds of the arteries by gunshot, by stabs, by accidents, etc., are not at all uncommon. Until very lately when a large artery or a large vein was wounded, our only remedy was to cut down upon the blood vessel and tie it above and below the wound. If it were an artery leading to the arm, and still more if it were one leading to the leg, as the principal supply of blood was cut off, gangrene was a very common result.

In case of aneurysm, a disease in which the walls of the artery become weakened at a certain point, bulge, and finally rupture, producing death, till recently, as in the case of a wound, our only resource was to cut down upon the artery and tie it. Here again the chief danger was gangrene. In the treatment of aneurysm, Matas of New Orleans has made the greatest improvement from the days

of John Hunter, over a century ago. Instead of tying the artery above the aneurysm and arresting the current of blood in the artery, he opens the sac (that is, the dilated portion of the artery or aneurysm), and, if I may so describe it, sews the wall of the sac together on the inside, leaving, however, a small tunnel through which the circulation is continued.

Up to June, 1908, eighty-five operations of this kind have been done, with seventy-eight recoveries. This method of operating obviates almost entirely the danger of gangrene. Thus far apparently European surgeons have neglected it, only two operations having been done in Italy and four in Spain, while seventy-nine operations have been done in America.

But it is in cases of wounds of arteries and veins that perhaps the most remarkable progress has been made, and the story shows how wide-spread are the benefits derived from one discovery. When a blood vessel was wounded we were obliged to tie the artery or vein to prevent the patient from bleeding to death. As I have explained, this cutting off of the blood supply often produced gangrene. In 1894 Dr. Robert Abbe, of New York, made a number of remarkable experiments upon animals, among them two which are especially noteworthy. Opening the abdomen of a cat, he cut across the aorta (the great blood vessel passing directly from the heart to the lower limbs) and inserted a thin sterile glass tube, tying the aorta over flanges made at the two ends. After four months the cat was shown at the New York Academy of Medicine, "fat and strong, with the glass tube still in his aorta." Again, he almost amputated a dog's foreleg, leaving the limb attached to the body by nothing but the artery and vein. He then wired the two ends of the bone together, sewed muscle to muscle, nerve to nerve, etc., and after dressing the limb, encased it in plaster. After four months this almost amputated limb was perfectly united, and Dr. Abbe drew the inference that a completely amputated limb might be successfully grafted. How fruitful these experiments were in practice we shall see later.

When an artery is partially divided or completely cut across, naturally the proper

course would be in the former case to sew up the wound, or in the latter to sew the two ends of the blood vessel together, and so re-establish the circulation. To describe all of the technical difficulties of such an operation would be impossible in a brief paper. They have been investigated experimentally by Murphy of Chicago, Payr of Graz, Crile of Cleveland, Carrel of New York, Guthrie of St. Louis, and others.

The great difficulty has been to find a suitable method of sewing the two ends of a completely divided artery together in such a way that the blood will not form a clot at the necessarily somewhat rough irregular line of union and totally obstruct the vessel just as if it had been tied. At last within the past few years, especially by the labors of Carrel, Guthrie, and Crile, a suitable method has been devised by which now any surgeon, who will familiarize himself with the process and obtain skill in its application by a few experiments upon animals, can operate in such cases with confidence. This method has not only found its chief application when the blood vessels have been completely divided, but has made possible another very remarkable achievement; namely, direct transfusion of blood.

The older method of transfusion was to connect the artery of a healthy person with the vein of the patient by means of a rubber tube. The great danger here, as in the case of wounds of the artery, was that the blood would clot. If this clot passed into the vein, whether of arm or leg, it went upward till it finally reached the heart, and was then driven into the lungs, where it would act like a cork and block up a larger or smaller artery of the lung, cutting off the circulation in that part and producing a dangerous and in most cases fatal pneumonia. So great was this danger and so frequent the disaster following indirect transfusion by this means that for a number of years it has been practically abandoned. Instead, therefore, of transfusing blood, surgeons have for some years relied upon supplying the loss in volume of the blood by means of salt solution, and this in very many cases has answered very well. As a result, however, of these recent experiments on the suture (sewing) of blood vessels end

to end, we now are in a position to pass the blood from the artery of a healthy person into the vein of the patient without any danger of its clotting, provided the operation is properly done. This has had a very striking climax in certain cases in which there has been severe loss of blood. Let me give but one very briefly—the case of a baby of a well-known young medical man. Immediately after the birth of this baby there set in severe hemorrhages from the mouth, nose, stomach, and bowels, the so-called “hemorrhage of the new-born.” The various remedies which were tried all failed, and on the fourth day the baby was dying. I am sure that every woman, especially, will sympathize with the grief of these parents over the impending death of their first-born. In the middle of the night the father called Dr. Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute to his assistance, lay down alongside of his baby, an artery in the father’s arm was laid bare and sewed end to end to a vein in his baby’s leg, and the blood was allowed to flow from father to child. The result was most dramatic. A few moments after the blood began to flow into the baby’s veins its white, transparent skin assumed the ruddy glow of health. The hemorrhage from every part of the body ceased instantly and never returned, and, as the published account* so vividly puts it, there was no period of convalescence—immediately before the operation the baby was dying; immediately after the operation it was well and strong and feeding with avidity. That baby to-day is a strong healthy child.

The same method of direct transfusion has been used by Crile, Downes of New York, and others, in a still different way. Many patients come to surgeons so weak, either from loss of blood or from the dreadful effects of cancer, tumors, and other diseases, that to operate upon them with the coincident shock and loss of blood is almost sure to be fatal. In such cases very frequently prudent surgeons, to their great grief, are obliged to say “no,” and let the patient die rather than attempt an operation.

In a child two years and two months old Downes found a tumor of the kidney which filled the entire left half of the

abdomen, and in whom the quality of the blood (the hemoglobin) was reduced to forty-five per cent. of the normal, the child’s face was drawn, the pulse rapid and feeble, and the appetite very poor. Operation was delayed for a few days in order to see whether good care and good food would not cause improvement. On the contrary, the child was no better, and there was a measurable increase in the size of the tumor, so rapidly was it growing. On September 11th the father’s artery and the child’s vein were united and the blood allowed to pass from father to child for forty minutes. Every five minutes the quality of the blood of the child was tested by taking a few drops of it, and it was found that at the end of the forty minutes the quality of the blood had risen from forty-five per cent. to eighty per cent. The pulse was full and strong, and the child’s color and general condition showed equal improvement. On the following day the tumor, weighing a pound and two ounces, together with the left kidney, was removed, and the patient was discharged perfectly well on October 18th, having already gained three pounds in weight.

Crile has even, if possible, in a more striking way demonstrated the use of this method in eleven successful cases in human beings. Instead of effecting the transfusion a day or two before the operation, he has placed the patient and her husband alongside of each other at the time of operation, connected the husband’s artery with the wife’s vein, and as soon as, from the inflowing blood, her condition has improved sufficiently to withstand the etherization, the shock, and the loss of blood, has proceeded with the operation. During the operation the loss of blood by the patient has more than made up by her gain from her husband’s blood, and she has been enabled to withstand the shock incident to the ether as well as the operation; and at the end of the operation she has been in better condition than before it was begun. As Crile has declared, “in some cases the results seem nothing short of a resurrection from the dead.”

Recently a nephew of Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts was thus rescued by direct transfusion of blood. To quote his

* *Medical Record*, May 30, 1908.

exact words, "The boy was at death's door, and is now in perfect health."

TRANSPLANTATION OF PARTS OF THE BODY

Our ability successfully to sew severed blood vessels together has borne still further fruit. It has enabled us to transplant whole organs—for example, one or, in other cases, both kidneys, or an entire leg from one animal to another. But these possibilities have only been realized step by step, not only by devising successful methods of sewing the ends of large vessels together, but by discovering that nature can supply a transplanted part spontaneously with small blood vessels and thus enable it to retain its vitality. Everybody, for instance, knows about "skin-grafting."

Reverdin of Geneva first snipped off little pieces of skin from the arm or leg and deposited these pieces on the surface of an ulcer, protecting them by suitable dressings from being displaced. He found that these little pieces when placed on the ulcer adhered to it, that they lived, that small blood vessels nourished them, and around each little island of transplanted skin the ulcer began to scar over (cicatize), and finally healed. This emboldened Krause of Berlin to take much larger pieces of skin, so that at present, after removing a tumor, if we cannot bring the margins of the skin together, we cut from the thigh of the patient long strips of thin skin an inch wide and several inches long by means of a sharp razor and transfer these to the raw spot. As a rule, they adhere, preserve their vitality, are nourished by new small blood vessels, and in a short time we can thus "skin-graft" a large raw surface and have it heal. The thigh quickly heals.

But this kind of "grafting" is not limited to the skin. Ollier of Lyons many years ago showed that by taking a bit of the membrane which covers all bones (the periosteum) from the bone of a living animal he could transplant this to another place on the same animal, or even into another animal, and the periosteum would produce new bone. Following that discovery, which was the result of laborious experiments, we constantly now make what are called "subperiosteal" removals—for example, of a part or the whole of a lower jaw, pre-

serving the periosteum, and from it a new more or less perfect bone is developed.

Recently Lexer of Königsberg has gone much farther. In the case of a man who had a stiff knee-joint bent at an angle and immovably fixed by firm bony union, he removed the bones forming the knee-joint and took from an amputated leg a corresponding healthy knee-joint and put it in place of the bone that he had removed from the stiff knee. The transplanted bones both above and below united firmly with the bones of the patient, and the strange knee-joint from the amputated leg served a perfectly normal function. In another case he removed the upper end of the shin bone, taking away, therefore, the lower *half* of the knee-joint (a much more difficult and dangerous operation, as it opened the knee-joint), and replaced this with a similar portion of bone from an amputated leg with entire success.

The last achievement that I have seen of this ingenious surgeon was reported to the German Surgical Congress in April, 1908. Most of my readers are familiar with the fact that when a patient, through disease or accident, has lost his nose a new one can be made for him. This is a very ancient operation. The new nose is usually made by cutting a flap from the forehead, leaving it attached by a footstalk between the eyebrows. This flap is then twisted on its footstalk and sewed in place. But it has serious disadvantages. Sometimes the twist in the footstalk is too tight; this compresses the blood vessels, and the flap becomes gangrenous. In that case not only has the patient lost his nose, but he is left with a face disfigured by a great scar in the middle of his forehead. Even if the attempt to give him a new nose is a success, the scar on the forehead always tells the story, and, moreover, the new nose, having no bone, is flabby and unsightly. Lexer records a case which is not only surprising, but one may say also amusing. Having a patient requiring a new nose, and having amputated a leg for some disease which did not involve the thigh bone, he took a bit of the lower end of this thigh bone, whittled it into the shape of a nose, and bored out two nostrils in it. He then made an incision in the skin of the forearm of

the patient, loosened the skin to some extent from the underlying muscles, placed the new bony nose under the skin, and closed the wound. After three months, when the skin of the forearm had become firmly attached to the bony nose, which was only a temporary tenant of his forearm, the skin and the new bony nose were cut out in one piece and transplanted to the face. This gave the patient a good, firm, bony nose, which at the same time was covered with the healthy skin of the forearm, and avoided any disfiguring scar on the forehead.

Even more surprising things have been done by Carrel and Guthrie in the transplantation of soft parts which had been preserved by various means, and yet grew fast and fulfilled their function. For example, in November, 1906, Carrel removed from the neck of a dog a portion of the carotid artery, put it into cold storage, where it was kept at an even temperature of 32° to 33° F. After twenty days in cold storage he transplanted this into the aorta of a cat, and after two years and one month the cat was perfectly well. Again, in May, 1907, a portion of a dog's aorta was removed, and a similar portion of the artery behind the knee removed from the amputated leg of a man was put in its place, and eighteen months later the dog was still in thoroughly good condition.

Guthrie also reports that he removed a portion of the great vein alongside the aorta (the vena cava) of a dog, preserved it by formalin (a chemical preservative) for sixty days, then removed a corresponding portion of the carotid artery from the neck of another dog and replaced it by this portion of vena cava, and the animal was living and well when the report was made three weeks later.

Still more extraordinary experiments have been done by Carrel and Guthrie in the transplantation of entire legs or of entire organs. Carrel amputated the thighs of two dogs, A and B, and united the thigh from dog A to the stump of the thigh of dog B, wired the ends of the bone together, sewed artery to artery and vein to vein, etc. (it will be seen now how essential is this discovery of a successful method of sewing the arteries end to end), and applied a suitable dressing and a plaster cast. The new leg grew

fast, and when I personally saw it there was firm union.

This experiment, which has also been done by Guthrie, is only a further step, it will be observed, beyond the operation of Abbe in 1894, when he amputated the entire leg with the exception of the blood vessels, which he dared not cut, for with our then knowledge he could not possibly have successfully sewed them together.

Quite as noteworthy also are some experiments of Carrel and Guthrie in which they have taken the two kidneys with their blood vessels and the corresponding part of the aorta and the vena cava, the two ureters, and the part of the bladder into which the ureters entered, from one cat, and transplanted them into another cat from which the same parts had been removed. I saw this operation done a few months ago in an hour and a half. An hour after the operation the cat was in very much better shape than most of my patients are an hour after I am through with them. She recovered perfectly, and the transplanted kidneys worked as well in the second cat as they had done in the body of the original one.

CANCER

The surgical record of cancer consists of a happy achievement and a temporary failure. The achievement is the practically permanent cure of forty to fifty per cent. (and some surgeons have had even a larger percentage) of the cases operated upon: that is to say, patients who have had cancerous tumors removed have lived for five, ten, fifteen, and even twenty years without any recurrence. This has been gained by the most painstaking study of the modes of extension of the disease and by more thorough and earlier extirpation. I presume even now, with our imperfect knowledge of cancer, if every patient who found a lump in any part of the body would immediately seek the best available surgeon, it would be within the bounds of truth were I to say that, taken at this early stage, the cures would probably amount to sixty-five or even seventy-five per cent. of the cases operated on. But what all surgeons are seeking for is (1) the cause and (2) the means of cure of cancer without operation—a professional altruism which I never cease to admire.

That cancer is mildly contagious is shown by the undoubted existence of the so-called "cancer houses" in which for want of proper disinfection repeated cases of cancer have arisen. Moreover, animal experimentation and a few cases in human beings have shown that if the cancer cells of the tumor come in contact with a fresh raw surface during operation, the disease may easily be spread in this way. Hence every modern surgeon is extremely careful to protect the raw surfaces of the wound from touching, even momentarily, the cancerous tissues or being moistened with their dangerous juices. For the same reason our operative methods, too, have been changed, so that now we take out the entire mass of infected glands as well as the original tumor in a single piece, and never put a knife into any of the cancerous tissue. If we are obliged to do so, this knife is cast aside and a new one substituted.

The cancer problem is being attacked vigorously in cancer laboratories in Buffalo, Boston, London, Heidelberg, and elsewhere with extraordinary zeal. Many men are devoting their lives wholly to the study of this one great and perplexing problem. It is being attacked on the clinical side to see if we can learn anything by such experience; by the microscopists to find if the minute study of the tissues will reveal the cause; by the bacteriologists to see if they can discover any germ which may originate the tumor; and finally by animal experimentation to study the life history of such tumors from start to finish by inoculating animals with the cancerous tissue and tracing the effect of the inoculation, destroying one animal at the end of a few days, another in two or three weeks, another in months, and so on; and in a multitude of other ways too technical to relate, in order to obtain the most intimate and exact knowledge possible. But so far the cause of cancer has eluded us.

I have called this a temporary failure, because I look forward with confidence to the future. At any moment I am expecting to learn that some pathologist will really discover the cause of cancer (for many have cried, *Lo here!* or, *Lo there!* only to find that they were in error), and thus confer a boon on the

human race second only to the discovery of the bacillus of tuberculosis.

Let us now turn to another subject, in which, however, the question of transplantation of organs will come up for consideration again.

GOITER

This disease is well known, of course, to all who have travelled in Switzerland and Savoy, where such an immense number of cases occur. That it is not very uncommon with us is shown by the fact that the Mayo brothers have done over 1,000 operations for goiter. In my paper in October, 1889, I referred to what was an amazing report in that year by Kocher of Berne of 250 operations for goiter, with a mortality of but 2.4 per cent. The last statistics which have been published by Kocher cover 3,000 operations for goiter, with the marvellously low mortality of only three deaths in each 1,000 cases!

When we began to operate on goiters, the whole of the thyroid gland (the enlargement of which produces the goiter) was removed. It was soon found, however, that in a certain percentage of cases the patients underwent a dreadful change; namely, they looked as though they were bloated; their hands and features became thickened and enlarged; their intellects became dulled, so that some of them even passed into the state of cretinism. Others, on the other hand, became greatly excited, and died with what is known as tetany, a disease which derives its name from its resemblance in many respects to tetanus or lockjaw. In order to obviate these dangers the first change that was made was to leave a portion of the gland behind. If this was done, the patient was not attacked by the general change (myxœdema or cretinism), though fatal tetany still sometimes followed.

In 1880 Sandström discovered in the human subject some small glands about the size of grains of wheat, situated behind the thyroid gland, but in immediate connection with it, and therefore called the parathyroid glands. Human beings and many animals have usually four, sometimes three, and sometimes only two. Moreover, their situation varies very much, and at first it was impossible to recognize them at operation. What their

function was and what the effect of their removal nobody knew. Accordingly, experiments were begun upon the lower animals by removing some or all of these glands in order to discover what their function was. It was quickly learned that when they were *all* removed, the animals died from tetany, just as human beings did after operations for goiter. Then it was suspected that the cause of the human tetany was not the removal of the thyroid gland itself, but of these little parathyroids, and that the good effect of leaving a part of the thyroid gland was due not only to leaving the thyroid itself, but to accidentally leaving at least one of these little glands. Numerous experiments upon animals, as well as the terrible experiments which we were ignorantly making upon human beings, from whom many surgeons, *without knowing it*, had removed these parathyroid glands, have shown that, small as they are, they are essential to life, and that if they are all removed, the withdrawal of the secretion they furnish to the body always causes death.

At the last German Surgical Congress in April, 1908, Kocher reported that he had transplanted these glands for certain reasons into the upper end of the shin bone just below the knee. This he did first in animals, and found that when, at a later operation, he removed the whole of the thyroid gland and the parathyroids from the neck, the animals did not suffer from tetany. He has now gone a step farther, as his animal experimentation justified him in doing, and has done a similar transplantation in the human subject. The results of this operation have not yet been published, but I judge from his report to the Surgical Congress that it was favorable. If so, a new means of security is provided for us in operations for goiter.

There is another form of goiter, however, which is much more fatal than the ordinary goiter with which most people are familiar. It is called exophthalmic goiter, or Graves' disease, the latter after Graves of Dublin, the former because the eyes protrude very markedly. Along with these two symptoms, there is a very fast pulse, running up to 160 or 200. The disease very frequently destroys life. It has been operated on by a number of

surgeons with a good degree of success, but recently an antidote has been prepared by Rogers and Beebe of New York which promises very much in the way of cure and may possibly obviate operation. One of the gentlemen most interested in the development of this antidote was spurred on in his experiments by the fact that his own wife was suffering dreadfully from the disease and rapidly nearing the grave. The idea of preparing this anti-serum or antidote had come to him while watching the action of another anti-serum, whose whole effect was spent upon the kidney, no other organ of the body being affected. This suggested to him the idea that an anti-serum might be prepared from diseased thyroids which would have its sole effect upon the thyroid gland. Soon after this fruitful idea had developed in his mind, a patient with Graves' disease died, and at the *post mortem* he obtained the thyroid gland from this unfortunate patient. With this a number of rabbits were inoculated, but in consequence of his total ignorance of the proper method of using it, all but one of these rabbits died. From this one rabbit there was prepared an extraordinarily good serum which absolutely cured three human beings and partially cured two others. The second of the three who were cured was the wife of the doctor himself. Her attending physician, one of great eminence, declared to her husband that how long she would live was only a question of hours. By reason of the fact that its instant use was imperative before it could be thoroughly tested on animals so as to learn its dangers and how to avoid them, he nearly killed his own wife in the attempt to cure her; but she is to-day a perfectly well woman, thanks to the experiments upon this small number of rabbits.

Reckoned in rabbits, what is the value of your wife, your husband, or your child?

All of this animal surgery I mention for two reasons: first, because with minor exceptions the methods and the results of animal surgery and of human surgery are *identical*; and therefore, secondly, because it is a necessary preliminary and precautionary step to similar surgery in

human beings. All of the recent surgery in animals above described will surely be applied, with modifications, to man within a short time, immensely adding to his comfort and saving his life, with all which that implies for himself and his family.

This paper is a record of only a few of the wonderful achievements of modern surgery in human beings which have resulted chiefly from experiments on the lower animals. That clinical investigation—that is, investigation by observation at the bedside—has been of value, no one doubts; but had we been *restricted* to clinical observation only, not a tithe of the progress recorded would have been made. I scarcely know anything more touching than the story told me by Dr. Carrel of a boy who wrote to him, offering himself for experiments of any kind if by so doing he could obtain a pension for his mother. Not long since I also received a similar letter from a doctor who was afflicted with a disease which he knew was mortal. He wrote me saying that he was willing to submit to *any* operation, however painful, *without any anæsthetic*, if it could be of any use to humanity.

Moreover, this progress is not only in surgery, but in medicine; and doctors have been in the forefront in sacrificing their lives, sometimes by accident, sometimes voluntarily, in order to achieve these splendid results. Doctors have died by diphtheria, by plague, by infection of various kinds, have slept in the clothes and in the beds of yellow-fever patients in order to discover whether the fever was spread by these means, and have offered up even their lives in order to prove that yellow fever was caused solely by the mosquito, and thus clinch the proof that was needed in order that this dreadful scourge might be eliminated; a scourge which has cost a holocaust of lives and millions of dollars even in the United States alone.

As a result of the sacrifice of these human lives Cuba has been freed from yellow fever for the first time in nearly two centuries, and in the Canal Zone not a case of yellow fever has occurred for nearly three years. Colonel Gorgas is the one man who has made the building of the Panama Canal a possibility. No lower animal being subject to yellow

fever, experiments could not be tried upon them, and hence Lazear and others lost their lives. In the fine words on Lazear's tablet in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, written by President Eliot: "With more than the courage and devotion of the soldier he risked and lost his life to show how a fearful pestilence is communicated and how its ravages may be prevented."

I am old enough perhaps without reproach to relate the following personal incident. While writing this paper a friend gave me the *Journal of Zoophily* for January, 1909. On page 2 I found in an editorial note on a large gift by its founder to the Rockefeller Institute the following: "But the gift only fanned into fury the opposition of women to experiments on living animals, *no matter how great the anticipated benefit.*" Three days later, between noon and bedtime, I happened to meet four former patients, all of whom thanked me warmly for having saved their lives. Three of these four patients owed their lives chiefly to the knowledge derived from experiments upon animals. No further comment need be made on those cruel words—"no matter how great the anticipated benefit." With a thrill of delight I fervently thanked God for what modern surgery could do.

By their fruits ye shall know them. Look at the following startling contrast—a table the first part of which could easily be more than doubled:

WHAT THE FRIENDS OF EXPERIMENTAL RESEARCH HAVE DONE

(1) They have discovered antiseptic surgery, and so made possible the wonderful results of modern surgery. To complete his beneficent work, Lord Lister was compelled to go to France by reason of the stringency of the English antivivisection laws.

(2) They have made possible practically all modern abdominal surgery, including operations on the stomach, intestines, liver, gall bladder, pancreas, spleen, kidneys, etc.

(3) They have made possible all the modern surgery of the brain.

(4) They have demonstrated how lock-jaw spreads from the wound; how sometimes it can be arrested and cured; and, still better, how it can be prevented, so

that practically tetanus has been banished from surgical operations.

(5) They have reduced the death rate in compound fractures from sixty-five per cent. to less than one per cent.

(6) They have reduced the mortality of ovariectomy from two out of three to two or three out of one hundred.

(7) They have abolished yellow fever.

(8) They have made possible the cure of nearly all cases of hydrophobia.

(9) They have cut down the mortality of diphtheria in New York City alone from 158 deaths per 100,000 in 1894 to 38 per 100,000 in 1905, and practically the same story is told all over the world.

(10) By the use of the serum recently discovered by Flexner at the Rockefeller Institute they have changed the mortality in cerebro-spinal meningitis from seventy-five per cent. and even ninety per cent. to thirty per cent. or less.

(11) They have shown the cause of acute tetany after operation for goiter, so that it now can be prevented.

(12) They have almost completely abolished the dangers of maternity, reducing its death rate from ten or more mothers out of every hundred to less than one in every hundred.

(13) They have shown the cause and the method of propagation and of prevention of the deadly malaria which devastates whole regions and armies. Its extinction is only a matter of time.

(14) They have reduced the mortality of tuberculosis by from thirty to fifty per cent., for Koch's discovery of the tubercle bacillus is the foundation stone of all modern progress in the treatment of tuberculosis.

(15) They have enormously benefited animals by discovering the causes and the dangers of tuberculosis, Texas fever, anthrax, glanders, hog cholera, and other infectious diseases of animals, thus enabling us to combat them more successfully or even to prevent them.

WHAT THE FOES OF RESEARCH HAVE DONE

Nothing but to stand in the way of progress. Not a single human life has been saved by their efforts; not a single household made happy. Not a single disease has had its ravages abated or abolished.

The victims of their sincere but misguided zeal are men, women, and little children. Even the lower animals may well cry, Save us from our friends.

A Man's Song

BY BRIAN HOOKER

SWEETHEART, love me dearly—
 Why need you struggle so;
 Keep the kiss you mean for me,
 Hide the heart I know?
 All your truth and purity
 Into love are grown—
 Sweetheart, love me dearly
 While to-day's our own!

Sweetheart, love me truly,
 And all good dreams are true—
 Life and Death are little things
 In the light of you.
 Only let your wonderings
 Keep me strong and sure—
 Sweetheart, love me truly
 While our days endure.

The Enchanted Bluff

BY WILLA SIBERT CATHER

WE had our swim before sundown, and while we were cooking our supper the oblique rays of light made a dazzling glare on the white sand about us. The translucent red ball itself sank behind the brown stretches of corn field as we sat down to eat, and the warm layer of air that had rested over the water and our clean sand-bar grew fresher and smelled of the rank iron-weed and sunflowers growing on the flatter shore. The river was brown and sluggish, like any other of the half-dozen streams that water the Nebraska corn lands. On one shore was an irregular line of bald clay bluffs where a few scrub-oaks with thick trunks and flat, twisted tops threw light shadows on the long grass. The western shore was low and level, with corn fields that stretched to the sky-line, and all along the water's edge were little sandy coves and beaches where slim cottonwoods and willow saplings flickered.

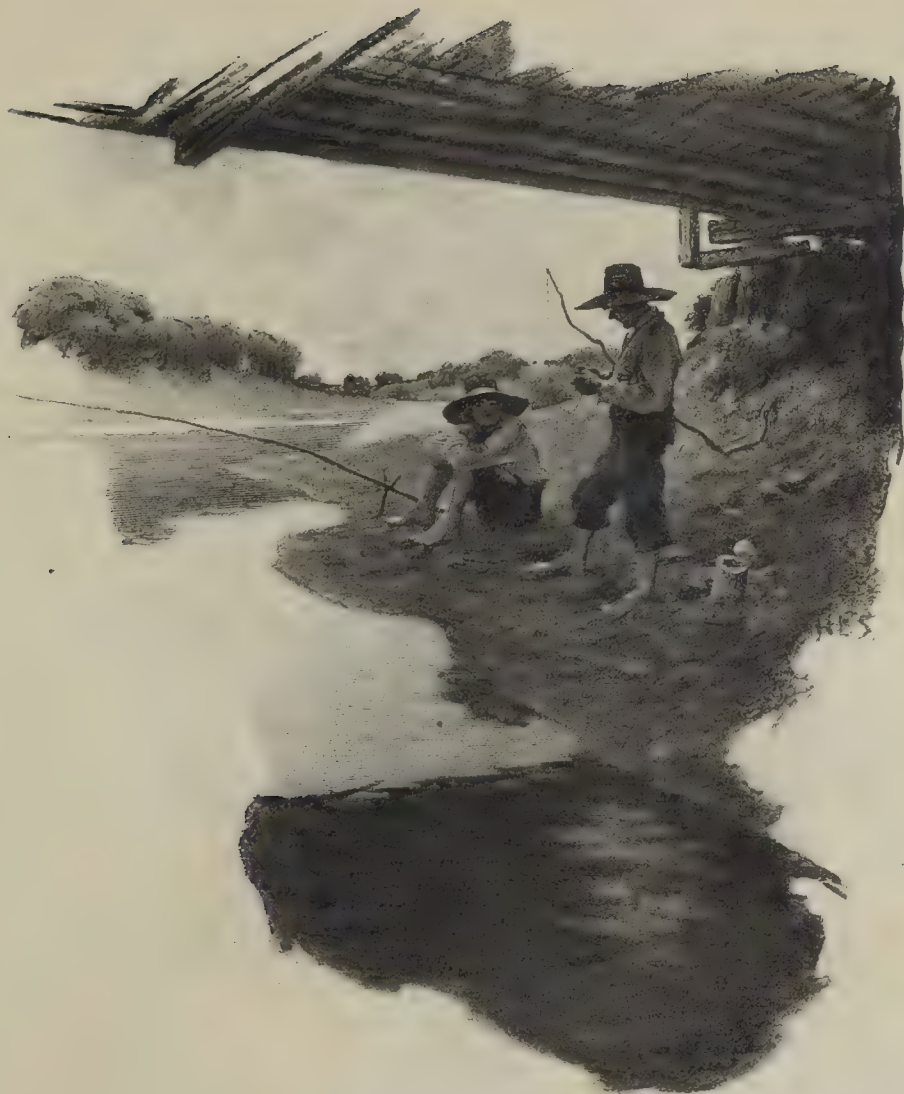
The turbulence of the river in spring-time discouraged milling, and, beyond keeping the old red bridge in repair, the busy farmers did not concern themselves with the stream; so the Sandtown boys were left in undisputed possession. In the autumn we hunted quail through the miles of stubble and fodder land along the flat shore, and, after the winter skating season was over and the ice had gone out, the spring freshets and flooded bottoms gave us our great excitement of the year. The channel was never the same for two successive seasons. Every spring the swollen stream undermined a bluff to the east, or bit out a few acres of corn field to the west and whirled the soil away to deposit it in spummy mud banks somewhere else. When the water fell low in midsummer, new sand-bars were thus exposed to dry and whiten in the August sun. Sometimes these were banked so firmly that the fury of the next freshet failed to unseat them; the little willow

seedlings emerged triumphantly from the yellow froth, broke into spring leaf, shot up into summer growth, and with their mesh of roots bound together the moist sand beneath them against the batterings of another April. Here and there a cottonwood soon glittered among them, quivering in the low current of air that, even on breathless days when the dust hung like smoke above the wagon road, trembled along the face of the water.

It was on such an island, in the third summer of its yellow green, that we built our watch-fire; not in the thicket of dancing willow wands, but on the level terrace of fine sand which had been added that spring; a little new bit of world, beautifully ridged with ripple marks, and strewn with the tiny skeletons of turtles and fish, all as white and dry as if they had been expertly cured. We had been careful not to mar the freshness of the place, although we often swam out to it on summer evenings and lay on the sand to rest.

This was our last watch-fire of the year, and there were reasons why I should remember it better than any of the others. Next week the other boys were to file back to their old places in the Sandtown High School, but I was to go up to the Divide to teach my first country school in the Norwegian district. I was already homesick at the thought of quitting the boys with whom I had always played; of leaving the river, and going up into a windy plain that was all windmills and corn fields and big pastures; where there was nothing wilful or unmanageable in the landscape, no new islands, and no chance of unfamiliar birds—such as often followed the watercourses.

Other boys came and went and used the river for fishing or skating, but we six were sworn to the spirit of the stream, and we were friends mainly because of the river. There were the two Hassler boys, Fritz and Otto, sons of the little



OTTO AND FRITZ CAUGHT THE FAT, HORNED CATFISH

German tailor. They were the youngest of us; ragged boys of ten and twelve, with sunburned hair, weather-stained faces, and pale blue eyes. Otto, the elder, was the best mathematician in school, and clever at his books, but he always dropped out in the spring term as if the river could not get on without him. He and Fritz caught the fat, horned catfish and sold them about the town, and they lived so much in the water that they were as brown and sandy as the river itself.

There was Percy Pound, a fat, freckled boy with chubby cheeks, who took half a dozen boys' story-papers and was always being kept in for reading detective stories behind his desk. There was Tip Smith, destined by his freckles and red

hair to be the buffoon in all our games, though he walked like a timid little old man and had a funny, cracked laugh. Tip worked hard in his father's grocery store every afternoon, and swept it out before school in the morning. Even his recreations were laborious. He collected cigarette cards and tin tobacco-tags indefatigably, and would sit for hours humped up over a snarling little scroll-saw which he kept in his attic. His dearest possessions were some little pill-bottles that purported to contain grains of wheat from the Holy Land, water from the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and earth from the Mount of Olives. His father had bought these dull things from a Baptist missionary who peddled them, and

Tip seemed to derive great satisfaction from their remote origin.

The tall boy was Arthur Adams. He had fine hazel eyes that were almost too reflective and sympathetic for a boy, and such a pleasant voice that we all loved to hear him read aloud. Even when he had to read poetry aloud at school, no one ever thought of laughing. To be sure, he was not at school very much of the time. He was seventeen and should have finished the High School the year before, but he was always off somewhere with his gun. Arthur's mother was dead, and his father, who was feverishly absorbed in promoting schemes, wanted to

send the boy away to school and get him off his hands; but Arthur always begged off for another year and promised to study. I remember him as a tall, brown boy with an intelligent face, always lounging among a lot of us little fellows, laughing at us oftener than with us, but such a soft, satisfied laugh that we felt rather flattered when we provoked it. In after-years people said that Arthur had been given to evil ways even as a lad, and it is true that we often saw him with the gambler's sons and with old Spanish Fanny's boy, but if he learned anything ugly in their company he never betrayed it to us. We

would have followed Arthur anywhere, and I am bound to say that he led us into no worse places than the cat-tail marshes and the stubble fields. These, then, were the boys who camped with me that summer night upon the sand-bar.

After we finished our supper we beat the willow thicket for driftwood. By the time we had collected enough, night had fallen, and the pungent, weedy smell from the shore increased with the coolness. We threw ourselves down about the fire and made another futile effort to show Percy Pound the Little Dipper. We had tried it often before, but he could never be got past the big one.

"You see those three big stars just below the handle, with the bright one in the middle?" said Otto Hassler; "that's Orion's belt, and the bright one is the clasp." I crawled behind Otto's shoulder and sighted up his arm



TIP WORKED IN HIS FATHER'S GROCERY STORE

to the star that seemed perched upon the tip of his steady forefinger. The Hassler boys did seine-fishing at night, and they knew a good many stars.

Percy gave up the Little Dipper and lay back on the sand, his hands clasped under his head. "I can see the North Star," he announced, contentedly, pointing toward it with his big toe. "Any one might get lost and need to know that."

We all looked up at it.

"How do you suppose Columbus felt when his compass didn't point north any more?" Tip asked.

Otto shook his head. "My father says that there was another North Star once, and that maybe this one won't last always. I wonder what would happen to us down here if anything went wrong with it?"

Arthur chuckled. "I wouldn't worry, Ott. Nothing's apt to happen to it in your time. Look at the Milky Way! There must be lots of good dead Indians."

We lay back and looked, meditating, at the dark cover of the world. The gurgle of the water had become heavier. We had often noticed a mutinous, complaining note in it at night, quite different from its cheerful daytime chuckle, and seeming like the voice of a much deeper and more powerful stream. Our water had always these two moods: the one of sunny complaisance, the other of insoluble, passionate regret.

"Queer how the stars are all in sort of diagrams," remarked Otto. "You could do most any proposition in geometry with 'em. They always look as if they meant something. Some folks say everybody's fortune is all written out in the stars, don't they?"



HE WAS ALWAYS OFF SOMEWHERE WITH HIS GUN

"They believe so in the old country," Fritz affirmed.

But Arthur only laughed at him. "You're thinking of Napoleon, Fritzey. He had a star that went out when he began to lose battles. I guess the stars don't keep any close tally on Sand-town folks."

We were speculating on how many times we could count a hundred before the evening star went down behind the corn fields, when some one cried, "There comes the moon, and it's as big as a cart wheel!"

We all jumped up to greet it as it swam over the bluffs behind us. It came up like a galleon in full sail; an enormous, barbaric thing, red as an angry heathen god.

"When the moon came up red like that, the Aztecs used to sacrifice their prisoners on the temple top," Percy announced.

"Go on, Percy. You got that out of *Golden Days*. Do you believe that, Arthur?" I appealed.

Arthur answered, quite seriously: "Like as not. The moon was one of their gods. When my father was in Mexico City he saw the stone where they used to sacrifice their prisoners."

As we dropped down by the fire again some one asked whether the Mound-Builders were older than the Aztecs. When we once got upon the Mound-Builders we never willingly got away from them, and we were still conjecturing when we heard a loud splash in the water.

"Must have been a big cat jumping," said Fritz. "They do sometimes. They must see bugs in the dark. Look what a track the moon makes!"

There was a long, silvery streak on the water, and where the current fretted over a big log it boiled up like gold pieces.

"Suppose there ever *was* any gold hid away in this old river?" Fritz asked. He lay like a little brown Indian, close to the fire, his chin on his hand and his bare feet in the air. His brother laughed at him, but Arthur took his suggestion seriously.

"Some of the Spaniards thought there was gold up here somewhere. Seven cities chuck full of gold, they had it, and Coronado and his men came up to hunt it. The Spaniards were all over this country once."

Percy looked interested. "Was that before the Mormons went through?"

We all laughed at this.

"Long enough before. Before the Pilgrim Fathers, Percy. Maybe they came along this very river. They always followed the watercourses."

"I wonder where this river really does begin?" Tip mused. That was an old and a favorite mystery which the map did not clearly explain. On the map the little black line stopped somewhere in western Kansas; but since rivers generally rose in mountains, it was only reasonable to suppose that ours came from the Rockies. Its destination, we knew, was the Missouri, and the Hassler boys always maintained that we could embark at Sandtown in flood-time, follow our noses, and eventually arrive at New Or-

leans. Now they took up their old argument. "If us boys had grit enough to try it, it wouldn't take no time to get to Kansas City and St. Joe."

We began to talk about the places we wanted to go to. The Hassler boys wanted to see the stock-yards in Kansas City, and Percy wanted to see a big store in Chicago. Arthur was interlocutor and did not betray himself.

"Now it's your turn, Tip."

Tip rolled over on his elbow and poked the fire, and his eyes looked shyly out of his queer, tight little face. "My place is awful far away. My uncle Bill told me about it."

Tip's Uncle Bill was a wanderer, bitten with mining fever, who had drifted into Sandtown with a broken arm, and when it was well had drifted out again.

"Where is it?"

"Aw, it's down in New Mexico somewheres. There aren't no railroads or anything. You have to go on mules, and you run out of water before you get there and have to drink canned tomatoes."

"Well, go on, kid. What's it like when you do get there?"

Tip sat up and excitedly began his story.

"There's a big red rock there that goes right up out of the sand for about nine hundred feet. The country's flat all around it, and this here rock goes up all by itself, like a monument. They call it the Enchanted Bluff down there, because no white man has ever been on top of it. The sides are smooth rock, and straight up, like a wall. The Indians say that hundreds of years ago, before the Spaniards came, there was a village away up there in the air. The tribe that lived there had some sort of steps, made out of wood and bark, hung down over the face of the bluff, and the braves went down to hunt and carried water up in big jars swung on their backs. They kept a big supply of water and dried meat up there, and never went down except to hunt. They were a peaceful tribe that made cloth and pottery, and they went up there to get out of the wars. You see, they could pick off any war party that tried to get up their little steps. The Indians say they were a handsome people, and they had some sort of a queer religion. Uncle Bill thinks they were Cliff-Dwellers who



Drawn by Howard E. Smith

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

HE LED US INTO MARSHES AND STUBBLE FIELDS

had got into trouble and left home. They weren't fighters, anyhow.

"One time the braves were down hunting and an awful storm came up—a kind of waterspout—and when they got back to their rock they found their little staircase had been all broken to pieces, and only a few steps were left hanging away up in the air. While they were camped at the foot of the rock, wondering what to do, a war party from the north came along and massacred 'em to a man, with all the old folks and women looking on from the rock. Then the war party went on south and left the village to get down the best way they could. Of course they never got down. They starved to death up there, and when the war party came back on their way north, they could hear the children crying from the edge of the bluff where they had crawled out, but they didn't see a sign of a grown Indian, and nobody has ever been up there since."

We exclaimed at this dolorous legend and sat up.

"There couldn't have been many people up there," Percy demurred. "How big is the top, Tip?"

"Oh, pretty big. Big enough so that the rock doesn't look nearly as tall as it is. The top's bigger than the base. The bluff is sort of worn away for several hundred feet up. That's one reason it's so hard to climb."

I asked how the Indians got up, in the first place.

"Nobody knows how they got up or when. A hunting party came along once and saw that there was a town up there, and that was all."

Otto rubbed his chin and looked thoughtful. "Of course there must be some way to get up there. Couldn't people get a rope over someway and pull a ladder up?"

Tip's little eyes were shining with excitement. "I know a way. Me and Uncle Bill talked it all over. There's a kind of rocket that would take a rope over—life-savers use 'em—and then you could hoist a rope-ladder and peg it down at the bottom and make it tight with guy-ropes on the other side. I'm going to climb that there bluff, and I've got it all planned out."

Fritz asked what he expected to find when he got up there.

"Bones, maybe, or the ruins of their town, or pottery, or some of their idols. There might be 'most anything up there. Anyhow, I want to see."

"Sure nobody else has been up there, Tip?" Arthur asked.

"Dead sure. Hardly anybody ever goes down there. Some hunters tried to cut steps in the rock once, but they didn't get higher than a man can reach. The Bluff's all red granite, and Uncle Bill thinks it's a boulder the glaciers left. It's a queer place, anyhow. Nothing but cactus and desert for hundreds of miles, and yet right under the bluff there's good water and plenty of grass. That's why the bison used to go down there."

Suddenly we heard a scream above our fire, and jumped up to see a dark, slim bird floating southward far above us—a whooping-crane, we knew by her cry and her long neck. We ran to the edge of the island, hoping we might see her alight, but she wavered southward along the rivercourse until we lost her. The Hassler boys declared that by the look of the heavens it must be after midnight, so we threw more wood on our fire, put on our jackets, and curled down in the warm sand. Several of us pretended to doze, but I fancy we were really thinking about Tip's Bluff and the extinct people. Over in the wood the ring-doves were calling mournfully to one another, and once we heard a dog bark, far away. "Somebody getting into old Tommy's melon patch," Fritz murmured, sleepily, but nobody answered him. By and by Percy spoke out of the shadow.

"Say, Tip, when you go down there will you take me with you?"

"Maybe."

"Suppose one of us beats you down there, Tip?"

"Whoever gets to the Bluff first has got to promise to tell the rest of us exactly what he finds," remarked one of the Hassler boys, and to this we all readily assented.

Somewhat reassured, I dropped off to sleep. I must have dreamed about a race for the Bluff, for I awoke in a kind of fear that other people were getting ahead of me and that I was losing my chance. I sat up in my damp clothes and looked at the other boys, who lay tumbled in uneasy attitudes about the dead fire. It

was still dark, but the sky was blue with the last wonderful azure of night. The stars glistened like crystal globes, and trembled as if they shone through a depth of clear water. Even as I watched, they began to pale and the sky brightened. Day came suddenly, almost instantaneously. I turned for another look at the blue night, and it was gone. Everywhere the birds began to call, and all manner of little insects began to chirp and hop about in the willows. A breeze sprang up from the west and brought the heavy smell of ripened corn. The boys rolled over and shook themselves. We stripped and plunged into the river just as the sun came up over the windy bluffs.

When I came home to Sandtown at Christmas time, we skated out to our island and talked over the whole project of the Enchanted Bluff, renewing our resolution to find it.

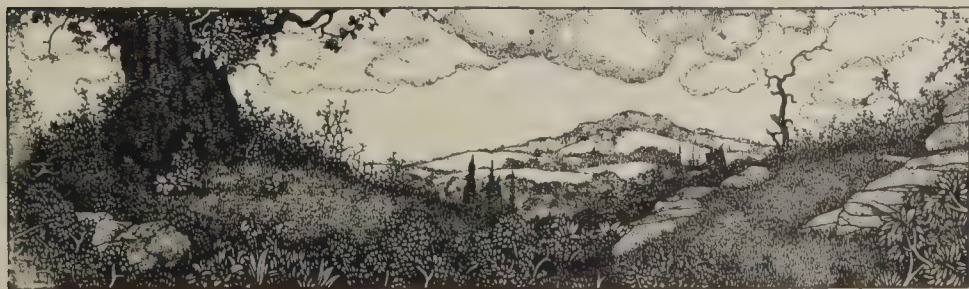
Although that was twenty years ago, none of us have ever climbed the Enchanted Bluff. Percy Pound is a stock-broker in Kansas City and will go nowhere that his red touring-car cannot carry him. Otto Hassler went on the railroad and lost his foot braking; after which he and Fritz succeeded their father as the town tailors.

Arthur sat about the sleepy little town all his life—he died before he was twenty-five. The last time I saw him, when I was home on one of my college vacations, he was sitting in a steamer-chair under a cottonwood tree in the little yard behind one of the two Sandtown saloons. He was very untidy and his

hand was not steady, but when he rose, unabashed, to greet me, his eyes were as clear and warm as ever. When I had talked with him for an hour and heard him laugh again, I wondered how it was that when Nature had taken such pains with a man, from his hands to the arch of his long foot, she had ever lost him in Sandtown. He joked about Tip Smith's Bluff, and declared he was going down there just as soon as the weather got cooler; he thought the Grand Cañon might be worth while, too.

I was perfectly sure when I left him that he would never get beyond the high plank fence and the comfortable shade of the cottonwood. And, indeed, it was under that very tree that he died one summer morning.

Tip Smith still talks about going to New Mexico. He married a slatternly, unthrifty country girl, has been much tied to a perambulator, and has grown stooped and gray from irregular meals and broken sleep. But the worst of his difficulties are now over, and he has, as he says, come into easy water. When I was last in Sandtown I walked home with him late one moonlight night, after he had balanced his cash and shut up his store. We took the long way around and sat down on the schoolhouse steps, and between us we quite revived the romance of the lone red rock and the extinct people. Tip insists that he still means to go down there, but he thinks now he will wait until his boy, Bert, is old enough to go with him. Bert has been let into the story, and thinks of nothing but the Enchanted Bluff.



Beyond Beersheba

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

BEERSHEBA (where are Abraham's Wells) being the very frontier of the hardest tourist wanderings—the farthest objective of all those devoted pilgrimages which astound and disquiet the simple traveller—we determined that our departure thence upon the untrodden ways into Egypt should in some meet way be signalized. This was no flagrant expression of distaste for trip-ticket company, which, in Palestine, whatever elsewhere, is somehow peculiarly grateful even to the hapless apostate (as I have been told)—like the sweet simplicity of children. Our small celebration should be like a saucy snap of the fingers directed at whatsoever had been irksome or fearful or bewildering in the lives we had lived; here, at last (thought we), was the road beyond—free and still, leading far and strangely: upon which no disturbing word might follow from any yesterday. Ali Mahmoud, the big muleteer, acquainted with the *khawaja's* convivial intention, instantly proposed a sheep, tender with youth and the new grass of those green hills, to be boiled with rice in a great copper pot, which the cook must borrow from the town, and sauced with curry, to which the *khawaja's* excellency might add sour pickles, were his generosity only sufficient to that altitude of magnificence. Presently, thereafter, the cook slaughtered a sheep in the street, operating with gravity, in the presence of a covetous throng. I fancied, looking about upon all those desirous eyes and uneasy lips and tongues, that the inward clamor of Beersheba would be a tumult, had I the ears to hear it. The carcass was shouldered into camp, however, in peace, and promptly packed away in the pot, which Ali Mahmoud had himself wrested from a solitary Bedouin, encamped near by, having satisfied the wretched man, after loud browbeating, with a mere promise of reward, in the persuasive Syrian way.

I observed while we waited that the younger *khawaja* was industriously employed with a pencil and paper.

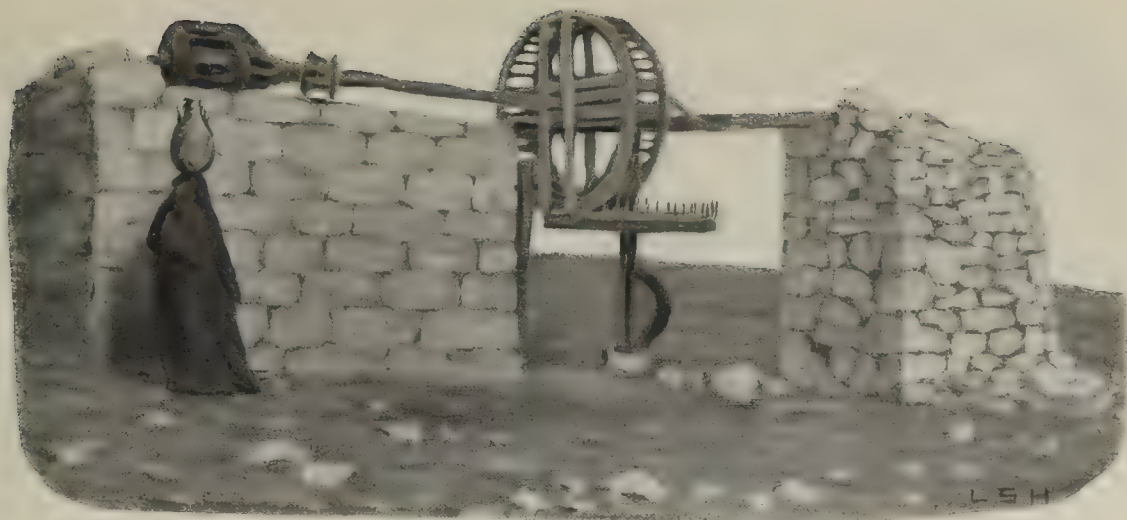
"This," said he, looking up at last, "is New-year's eve?"

"How do you know it?" I demanded.

"I have figured it out," he answered, triumphantly.

Here, then, was reasonable occasion: I substituted it for that sentimental consideration which had inspired our feast, and was the more at ease for having my feet upon such solid ground. . . .

It was bitterly dark abroad when the admirable Aboosh fetched us to complete the squatting circle of muleteers and camp servants in the cook's tent. The wind was blowing high from the stony wilderness of Beersheba—that vast dread barren—and the rain was driving past in noisy showers; but the tent was warm and light with many candles, the flap was pegged tight against the wet draught, the feast was spread fragrant and bounteously, and the company was of excellent humor and many jovial accomplishments. The younger *khawaja*, expanding after meat, would exhibit the magic stick at pleasure (said he); and this he moved to do, but found no stick at hand, save the donkey-stick of the young impish Hamed, which he must magically convert into a stick of that magical quality demanded by the feat. It was not a difficult thing to do: the younger *khawaja* had in the seclusion of his tent suspended a black thread from knee to knee, so that, squatting behind the candle-light, with the thread drawn taut, he was enabled to persuade the very donkey-stick of Hamed to stand upright between his legs, without the support of so much as a finger-tip, like any stick of indubitably magical pedigree and power. Search as they might for the magical means commanded by the younger *khawaja*, the thing remained a



ABRAHAM'S WELLS

mystery; and in return for this amazing exhibition, Ali Mahmoud, vaingloriously bristling his red stubble of beard, said that he would then entertain the company by relating the most humorous story ever known to have slipped from the tongue of any inventor of tales since the very world began, called by those Bedouins of far Nejd "The Tale of the Camel which Flew." It was a successful adventure for Ali Mahmoud: from Elias of Jerusalem, the cook's boy, to the exquisite Aboosh himself, they were by turns all enwrapped and shaken with laughter; and I wish that I might repeat the story, but am unable, for Aboosh softly informed me, when I demanded the interpretation, that the English language, being somewhat inadequate in respect to double meanings, made it impossible for him to convey the delectable indelicacy of the tale in any chaste form.

"It is the way," said he, by way of apology, his eye speculatively regarding me, "with many charming Bedouin tales."

I made no demand upon his modesty.

"They may be told in Arabic," he continued, with relief, "but not even thought of in English."

Having now feasted heartily, we had accomplished little enough, after all, upon the body of that sheep; there remained fragments.

"Are there no hungry hereabout?" I asked.

The cook discovered seven patient Bedouins of that wilderness waiting in the rain.

"To whomsoever will eat," said I.

A curious thing happened: The seven came gravely to share our beneficence, with neither bristling of pride nor lessening of it, without fawning, envy, or awkwardness, with no appearance of hatred or demeaning humility, but proceeding, in all things, as with propriety. Here (thought I) were late guests at our table; and I must, somehow, exchange the polite expressions with them before they ate of that which was left, lest I suffer in that dignity and munificence which all these folk conceived me to possess. It was agreeable, indeed, to encounter those who might without offence receive the 'crumbs from our table. Elsewhere (I am told)—in those places where independence is the fashionable estate—this may not be done: it seems that none is permitted to take bounty and live respected, nor are many able to dispense it without pride; there are the needy and the beneficent, but inharmoniously related.

We were astir before dawn, moving with some contemptuous caution, to outwit the *kaimakam* of that place, who had forbidden our departure toward the plains. It was still raining; but the great wind of yesterday, which had distressed our beasts, was now fallen away, and the showers came gently from the



L E H

A TRAVELLER CARRYING GRAIN ON HIS CAMEL

vanishing shadows roundabout. At peep of day the sky beyond the farthest outline of the hills gave rosy promise; and it was all warm and yellow in the world when we came to the fertile plateau beyond Beersheba. The new corn, springing after rain, glistened in the sunlight, stretching from the sandy paths we rode to the haze of distance and the blue loom of some great hills; and over this illimitable field ran the shadows of great flying masses of cloud—here a clear shadow and there a far-off streaming shower of rain. There was a traveller to the wretched town, carrying grain on the back of his camel, who passed timidly, but with some pleasant salutation, albeit uttered haltingly;

there were shy shepherds by the way, with staves and pipes, who, lacking courage to gaze, fled with the sheep at our approach; but there was no other human, it seemed, to encounter, though we espied the black tents and morning fires of the pastoral Bedouins of those parts. We basked in the ease and comfortable heat of our journey, riding idly, with reins fallen; since we might encamp at pleasure, no need commanded us; remained to us unimpaired what will we had and all the hours of day. The caravan dawdled after: I caught ear of the lazy "Dee-up!" of Hamed to his donkey, the laughter of Ali Mahmoud, the chatter of the cook and the muleteers, the bells of our mules. These were grateful sounds, indeed, come from a mellowing distance to the sunshine and wide prospect of earth and cloudy sky. It was a pleasant thing (thought

I) to travel thus in spring weather.

Presently we were in the way of overtaking a traveller whose curious behavior I had from time to time remarked. He was a furtive fellow, going afoot, who would now make haste, now loiter, now pause without occasion, all the while keeping watch upon us over his shoulder. It appeared as we drew near that he wore neither the *kaffiyeh* nor *abba*—the head-dress and enveloping cloak—of those wandering folk of the deserts and outlying fields, but was clad in the skirt and jacket of the wall (as they say), his head bound about with a limp white cloth. It was a circumstance to excite the wonder of any man.

"Here is no Bedouin," said I.

"Nor an Egyptian, returning to Cairo," replied Aboosh, who rode with me. "This is a Mohammedan of some Syrian town."

"At any rate," said I, "he travels to Egypt."

"It is some poor fool," Aboosh declared, in pity, "who will surely perish in the desert between."

"Where there is a Mohammedan," said I, "there is charity."

"In that desert," he answered, now fallen deep in troubled concern for the adventurer, "there is no compassion."

"Where there is hunger," I insisted, "there is compassion among Mohammedans."

He looked at me with a little twinkle of sophistication. "And thirst?" he asked.

"Truly," I answered, doubtfully.

"You may think so," said he, with a grim little laugh.

We were now upon the heels of the gentleman, whom we hailed authoritatively; and he turned in response, overwilling to be bidden to this intimacy. He was a youth—a jovial, ragged, irreverent rogue (I observed), now upon his mettle, if ever a quick brown eye betrayed the truth. Aboosh exchanged words with him; and thereupon, to my amazement, the admirable dragoman instantly burst into laughter, which continued until he was perilously situated upon his horse. I had not expected laughter: I had looked for a frowning countenance—some accusation and fatherly solicitude. "He is a rascal!" Aboosh explained (meaning a comical fellow). It seemed, indeed, that he was; there were more

words, more laughter—but yet the same calculating twinkle in the brown eyes afoot. I perceived a rhythm in the young man's talk, a rhyme, too—a sweet and tender agreement of sounds—and I surmised that he was improvising: which turned out to be true; he had taken, as I learned at the end of our journey, the trailing caravan, the luxuriously riding dragoman, and the awkwardness of the gray-haired *khawaja* for the subject of some sarcastic versification. But I did not know it then: I was at the time interested to observe that he was young and unprovided, picturesquely lacking in every precaution, and of a jovial disposition—expecting the gifts of the gods, it seemed, in return for this ready-flowing wit: a ragged, helpless, most sanguine traveller, depending upon the chances of the road for sustenance and all the comfort of companionship. I fancy that his rhymes had been fashioned to enrapture the excellent Aboosh

while the desperate poet awaited our approach over the wet alien plains.

"I am Rachid," said he, in answer to my question, "a coffee-maker of Jerusalem, last employed by David's Gate."

"What do you," I asked, "alone upon these far plains?"

"I travel into Egypt."

"It is a journey," said I, "perilous to a lonely man."

"Who travels in good company," he replied, "travels securely and in plenty."

"What company awaits you?"

"I ask no better," he answered, touching his lips and forehead, "than the company of the *khawaja*'s excellency."

"Come!" said I, delighted, "I will hear your story."



RACHID, THE COFFEE-MAKER

We rode on, at a foot pace, with Rachid abreast. It seemed that in the coffee-house by David's Gate this Rachid had not long since sat with three youths of the town. "Come!" said one; "how shall a young man fare in Egypt?" "It is beyond doubt," answered another, "that he will easily prosper." "But," asked Rachid, "how shall a young man with but three copper *beshliks* to his name go down to Egypt?" "In three days," replied the second, "two rich travellers depart from Jerusalem to cross the desert, as it is said in the town; there is nothing easier than to take service with them." Failing to obtain this service, Rachid determined, nevertheless, to follow his adventure; he would go down to Egypt, come what might, and there abundantly prosper. "I will depart this very night," thought he, "running in advance of these travellers, and when three days of their journey have passed I will present myself with all the wit that I have. Delighted with me, they will beg me to accompany them, and I will tell many stories, sing many songs, be watchful in service, never failing in good humor, so that when the journey is over they will give me a gift of gold, with which I shall found a fortune in Egypt." From Jerusalem, then, went he to Hebron, to the Bedouin villages, to Beersheba, and to the plains beyond, where, compelled now of hunger to be overtaken, he had awaited our caravan, spending the night in the open, lest his intention to depart from Palestine be discovered by the soldiery of the town.

"The *khawaja*," he concluded, desperately, "will be delighted with me."

We accepted him forthwith.

"I should like," said he, now frankly crying, "to kiss the *khawaja's* hand in token of my bondage to his generosity."

"Had you not rather eat a loaf of the *khawaja's* bread?" I asked.

He insisted that this was not so, but ate with interest, you may be sure, when he got the bread in his fingers, and then fell back to accompany the muleteers. At noon, while we lay resting, I heard the laughter of their approach, and conceived them a happy company; and I observed as they passed that they travelled in a jostling group, with the

roguish Rachid declaiming in the midst, his hands gesturing, his eyes wide with the excitement of his tale, so forgetful in this occupation of the rough places of the road that he stumbled as he went. When I turned, it was to the amazing discovery of Aboosh in the act of listening to the departing story. He lifted a finger for the indulgence of silence—for a moment longer cocked his ear—and presently (with all the muleteers) burst into a roar of laughter as the entertaining Rachid concluded his recital.

We encamped on a grassy plain where foot-paths crossed—foot-paths wandering idly nowhere (it seemed), used by barefooted, casual folk, going with grave steps. It was not a nameless place; but I cannot spell the name, nor can any one I know. Near by was the sun-baked mud shop of an Egyptian trader with a wily, oily way, situate conveniently at these cross-roads, who kept cheap things for sale, but must have starved had his stomach been of a lusty sort. The black tents of a shepherding Bedouin tribe were set in orderly arrangement beyond: whence was no issue of commotion, but only the appearing lights of hearth fires (in that dusk) and the drone of a sleepy, amicable life. Here, indeed, was a peaceful prospect of darkening space and grass and high sky; and it was very still in the world: I fancied that in this obscure by-place all people went on tiptoe and spoke in whispers. In the vision of those mild days it appears to me now as an expression of the Twenty-third Psalm. It was a fertile pasture, a great land, stretching unbroken, save where the new-ploughed brown earth gave promise of the sustaining green; and though no river was flowing near, yet there was a spring of water, whence the Bedouin children came, driving donkeys, bearing great water-jars, making no sound but a soft and musical encouragement as they switched and called the homeward way. When night was come at last—the Arab fires extinguished, the last child home from the well, the crimson glow of day withdrawn, the splendor of stars appearing above the vacant shadows of the plain—we lay down to sleep with willing souls.



Drawn by Lawren S. Harris

IN THE COFFEE-HOUSE RACHID HAD SAT WITH THREE YOUTHS

I was awakened in the night by some one sobbing by the tent door.

"Who is that?" I called.

There was no answer; but presently I heard Aboosh whispering in a soothing way. Again I demanded to know the cause of this grief.

"It is Rachid," Aboosh answered; "he is homesick for his mother."

Poor Rachid!

"Rachid asks me to say," Aboosh continued, after an interval, through which the wretched boy had sobbed and spoken and chattered (in the cold night air), "that he wishes the *khawaja* to sleep, dreaming of him as smiling in the light of the *khawaja's* favor."

I promised Rachid this indulgence.

"He has never before been from home," said Aboosh, interpreting, "and is much surprised; the width of these plains has frightened him, and he wishes for the buildings of some city."

"Provide him," said I, distressed, "with sufficient to return to Jerusalem."

There was then a great whispering without. I detected in the voice of Aboosh a deal of admonishment; he was a person most fatherly to the unfortunate (because of the exhausting experiences of his youth), but was now hardly more than a man grown. Rachid protested; he had forgot, it seemed, the wish for his mother.

"Come!" I cried, impatient.

"He will persist," Aboosh answered.

"But why," I complained, "if he is to continue unhappy?"

Aboosh laughed softly.

"Well?" said I.

"I cannot tell you in English; the young man has spoken his answer in rhyme."

"You can try."

"He says," Aboosh reported, laboriously, "that though the walls of a room are like the arms of a mother in the night, a distant adventure is like the lips of some veiled woman, observed in passing."

"Then by all means," said I, heartily, "let him come into Egypt!"

"But why, sir?" Aboosh asked, puzzled.

I was glad to stand by the spirit of poetry and to welcome the pursuit of romance in a youth; but this I could not explain.

"He wants," said Aboosh, in bewilderment, "only to see the lights of Cairo."

"Let him see the lights of Cairo," I answered, in a way to leave open no reply.

That was the end of it: Aboosh went to bed, leaving Rachid to curl up under his mat again, shivering in the night air sufficiently to make any other poet, however exalted above gross comfortable things, willing to exchange a rhyme for the warmth of a rug and an enclosed room. But I was troubled; it seemed to me, after all, that the adventure of this poet—cast unknowing into the greedy world of Cairo—would result disastrously.

We moved, soon after dawn, into the farther plains, toward the desert. I remember that the white mule, which led the caravan of pack-animals, bedecked with beads and many bells, according to her degree, and jealous of that leadership, was impatient to be gone with her load, knowing well enough that she might not rest (nor might any muleteer) until the smell of water indicated the end of her day's labor. "Whishie"—that stray dog of Jerusalem which had followed our fortunes for dear and constant love of the white mule—barked her into subserviency to the raucous commands of Ali Mahmoud in a fashion most intelligent, but then neglected her utterly, being interested in the pursuit of great brown field-mice, which she could not resist, and in certain investigations of the sandy ground quite beyond humans to fathom. We were presently gone from that peaceful encampment, to which I shall ever wish to return, for the sake of that still, grassy space, the green fertility, the soft-speaking, robed, and barefooted inhabitants, quietly living—fairly under way, now, the camp-folk following, if laughter (Rachid being with them) and tinkling bells meant anything. We proceeded, riding lazily, in the spirit lifting grateful arms to the new-washed sky, to the sunshine, the green of earth, to the cool dew, fallen thick, and more lovely than diamond-sparkling, upon the soft road we travelled and all the world beyond. By and by we fell in with a Bedouin in transit over the plains, as one moving his

household, and stopped to exchange the salutations of the road. It was a curious procession: a gravely robed man on the extreme of a small donkey (with a foal following); two lean camels, of tender age, bearing no loads; two women and various children (numbering not more than four), walking afoot; three hairy horses, burdened to the uttermost; a led mare, and two diminutive oxen.

"Where go you, friend?" I asked.

"I change my place," said he.

"But why?" I pursued.

"There was nothing left in the place I was," he answered.

"To what place do you go?" I asked, the plain apparently offering no better situation than that which he had abandoned: the whole good pasture.

"To some other place," said he.

"What advantage?"

"By God! friend," he replied, testily, "it is another place."

Soon thereafter — while Rachid, trotting by my stirrup, was engaged with some tale of the Wise Cadi of Al Busrah — we encountered a worn young wretch plodding eastward toward Beersheba.

"Whence?" I asked.

"These many days from Egypt," said he.

The desert had left him ragged and gaunt; but I fancied that, however spent he was, this blossoming and well-watered country would presently revive him, and I was glad that he had achieved it.

"Why this arduous journey?" said I.

"It is said in Egypt," he answered,

hopefully, "that a young man will surely thrive in Jerusalem."

Rachid did not resume the tale of the Wise Cadi of Al Busrah. He had heard the traveller's answer; and he was perhaps perturbed that he should be trudging hopefully westward whence this



NEAR BY WAS THE SUN-BAKED MUD SHOP OF A TRADER

gaunt man had come. He wandered ahead, and there maintained his distance, as we rode, appearing disheartened. When it came to the beating heat of noon, and we dismounted to rest, he sat on his haunches, apart from us, his head fallen between his knees (who was used

at all such times to a lively and encouraging behavior at our elbows)—a limp and downcast poet, it seemed. When, however, we had eaten, he approached, and, having ceremoniously bowed, begged leave to recite a little composition relating to certain recent incidents of the road. He declaimed with a relish, I need not say, and with all those little evidences of delight with his inspiration to which we are used in poets; but yet his eyes would somewhat pathetically stray from the eyes of Aboosh—to whom the verses must needs be first delivered—to those of the *khawaja*, who must necessarily fail to perceive the finer aspects of the poem. No doubt the dragoman's interpretation did the genius of this stray youth a drear injustice; there was no help for it, and I am glad that Rachid could not know. I recall something of the composition: That it dealt with the restless Bedouin, a dull fellow, changing his place without purpose, with whom, contrasted, was the youth from Egypt, a man moved by a mercenary ambition to undertake a perilous journey; whence it proceeded to describe the harebrained adventure of the poet as some high aspiration toward that which I must call Romance.

Rachid received our applause with joy, and ran off, with "Whishie," the dog, to join the muleteers, who had passed by. . . .

No day lacked its simple interests. There were gazelles by the way, little, leaping things, flashing off from a nervous browsing to the seclusion of distance, having no other cover. A ruined house, melancholy in the midst of a cactus-walled garden of fig trees, informed us of the death of a great pastoral sheikh, accomplished in a night assault by the enemies of his tribe. The plains were dotted in a curiously regular fashion with lily clusters (not yet in bloom), set out, like surveyors' stakes, to mark the boundaries of ownership; and here and there, by the roadside, some crusty fellows had raised little ridges of sand, like graves, to warn trespassers from their ground. Rachid sang love-songs, and Ali Mahmoud told tales, and Aboosh related his experiences, and Yusef, the cook, worked his daily miracles

with a charcoal stove, and the white mule was amazingly industrious, an example to the others, and the dog companionable. Travelling thus happily, we fell in at last with the camel-riding Turks who patrol the frontier to prevent the escape of the Sultan's unwilling subjects from Palestine into Egypt (whereupon Rachid trembled exceedingly, but was not questioned), and that evening crossed the border at Rafiyeh, much relieved to be beyond the Sultan's jurisdiction, whom we had not learned to love in his own dominions. Here began, abruptly, like a bald spot, the sandy desert of Et Tih; and here we entered the ancient caravan route to Cairo. From the summit of a gentle rise of fading green earth we first beheld the yellow expanse and a patch of cool blue sea; and we were much moved, so that we paused, without intention to halt, and spoke never a word at all. It seemed (I recall) that at some other time, having come to the crest of a little hill, I had stood unexpectedly confronting an infinite distance of hot sand; and then I remembered—the impression of that other moment vividly returning—that I had never looked upon a desert before, but had once first seen the sea.

"Well," Aboosh ejaculated, snapping the tension, "there it is!"

All at once the younger *khawaja* spurred his horse to a gallop; and the whole caravan, with much shouting and noise of bells, clattered down the hill at a furious pace and crossed the boundary into Egypt.

Rachid was affected to the pitch of bewilderment by the change of authority over him. We were every one elated; one cannot pass at a step from the infinite annoyance of misgovernment to an honorably regulated dominion and know no relief. There were those of our company, indeed, who turned about toward Palestine and with meaning maledictions cursed that sovereign whom they call The Murderer; and I recall that those of us who might have known better idiotically footed an imaginary line which we conceived to be the boundary, and in unison (after some hilarious rehearsal) expressed a sulphurous wish concerning the selfsame Mighty One, of



Drawn by Lauren S. Harris

A PEACEFUL PROSPECT OF DARKENING SPACE AND GRASS

whose acts we had learned much in these months. Rachid, however, made off toward that column whence the boundary cuts into the southeastern deserts; and so amazing was his behavior—far off and alone in the red sunset light—that I must follow to discover its significance. He would now squat in Egypt, there remaining motionless, turned toward that green and ever greener land whence we had ridden, until all at once he would leap into Palestine, where he would stand with arms folded and head fallen forward, staring through drawn brows into the sandy desert and to the inviting light of the heavens beyond. "I stand here," said he, in vast excitement, when we interrupted him, "and may be seized for a soldier or imprisoned to satisfy a rich enemy or throttled to please the Vali of a province; but I move one step, which the *khawaja* will observe"—he came from Palestine into Egypt at a bound—"and behold! the power of these great men has vanished: I am no longer the slave of the old masters, but have become," he added, with a wry mouth, "the servant of masters whose faces I have not seen and whose ways are new. I am troubled in Egypt," said he, returning to Palestine, "being a young man far from home and ignorant of the customs; but I am frightened in Palestine, because I am a Mohammedan, of age to serve in the Sultan's army, and have once fled from my city—" and forthwith the tortured poet hastened into Egypt.

"It is evident," I observed, "that you are doomed to live the life of an uneasy flea on the boundary line."

"Has the *khawaja* spoken my fate?"

"Not so," I answered; "you may continue with us, truly!"

"I have succeeded mightily," said he, in pride, "in escaping from Jerusalem."

"Having departed without authority," I demanded, "how then shall you ever return?"

"I will never return," he answered, sadly.

"How shall you endure when the old voices call?"

In the way of poets, his imagination was quick to respond to this pinprick; and he sighed, replying slowly, "I will not listen."

"How if they speak woefully in the night?"

"My heart," he answered, whispering, "must have no ears."

The poet turned his back on Palestine and followed me to the tents; and to the joy of Aboosh and the muleteers he was presently spouting doggerel in some genial teasing of the cook, who had chanced to overturn a pot of water on his fire. I fancied, then, that the determination to adventure in Cairo was fixed, and I was glad that I should suffer no more in sympathy with the young man's homesickness. It seemed to me, too, I recall, that some poem would doubtless flower from his unhappy experience by the ancient granite column, and that we should be entertained on the day's march with the recital, possibly when the way was hot and wearisome and the spirits of our company had drooped; but there was no poem to delight us: Rachid, observe, was as wayward as any great poet.

In two days, the sun a blistering, white-hot light, puffs of gritty dust rising with listless weight under the hoofs of our horses, we were at El Arish, a little city of blinding square white houses, builded in deep sand, near by the sea. The forementioned Aboosh must here outfit for the longer stage, six days of desert riding, to the Suez Canal, where, at Kantara, was a railroad train, Cairo bound. It was with a caravan of self-satisfying proportions that we departed: I was reminded of a ship leaving some port, abundantly crewed and provisioned; and, indeed, we were like those going out to the barren sea. There was now a great company of men and beasts: Aboosh, a dragoman of tact and most perceiving consideration, with Taufik, his lieutenant, and that big Ali Mahmoud, of whom I have spoken, who was in almost sheikhly authority over five cutthroat-appearing muleteers; a cook of engaging accomplishments, the pock-marked Yusef, with Elias, the serving-boy; a Soudanese corporal, taken from the garrison of El Arish, who must (they said) be guard on the way; Rachid of Jerusalem, that derelict, and Mustafa, the entertaining camel-driver, with his six slow-footed beasts and five camel-boys—men and boys to the number of twenty,



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HE SAT ON HIS HAUNCHES, APART FROM US

and horses, mules, donkeys, and camels to the number of twenty-four. Following along the sandy route of that great desert, trailing over the flat salt-bottoms to which we came, it seemed a company disproportionate to the needs of two unostentatious travellers; but the thrifty Aboosh, who had contracted with us, smiled indulgently, saying, "It is not the habit of the dragoman to waste his dollars." It turned out, indeed, that this was no extravagant and displayful progress; our water was spent, our provisions had dwindled to the narrowest comfortable remainder, when we came to Kantara on the last day. Short rations, a drop for a drink, had been our portion in the event of any undue delay.

At the Well of Googaa, where we encamped, having then emerged most fortunately from a bewildering sand-storm, I caught Rachid sitting worn and downcast at the edge of the palm grove, apart from the tents.

"Here," said I, "is a disconsolate adventurer!"

"We draw near the end of our journey," he replied, "and I think of a misfortune that has befallen me."

"Of what did you think when the sand was blowing and we were lost?"

"Of the goodness of Aboosh, the excellent *khawaja*, who gave me his horse to ride."

"Of nothing else?"

"Still," he replied, "of my misfortune. I am like the pious Mohammedan who prayed for one hundred pieces of gold," he proceeded. "He conceived himself to be of that quality of holiness which opens the heart of God to every prayer. 'I desire,' said he, 'one hundred pieces of gold; wherefore I will pray for it, and presently I shall receive the gift of every *piastre*.' Thereupon he prayed, both night and day, beseeching with diligence, but received no gift of gold from Heaven. 'I will not despair,' said he; 'still will I continue to pray, and eventually my piety will be rewarded.' For a year, it is related, his prayer ascended continuously; and by this time, so constant had he been, the habit of praying for one hundred pieces of gold possessed him so, that he prayed upon every occasion, saying, 'O Lord, send me one hundred pieces of gold!' no matter where he might be. One day, sitting in the shade of a high wall, he besought the Lord, as was his custom, crying: 'O Lord, give me one hundred pieces of gold! O Lord, send me one hundred

pieces of gold from Heaven!" Instead of one hundred pieces of gold falling from the heavens, the wall, in the shade of which he rested, tumbled down upon this pious Mohammedan; whereupon, as it is related, he got up from the dust, and, having lifted his hands to the sky, cried, in great indignation, "I prayed for one hundred pieces of gold, and have been overcome by the descent of one hundred cruelly falling bricks from the wall that I trusted; therefore I will never pray again." Does the *khawaja* recall the shore of the sea near El Arish," Rachid continued, "where the tents were pitched by the date palms, and the *khawaja* drank tea by the very waves, where his poor servant had placed the little table? Ah, but I wished that we might travel the desert no longer, but forever stay near the sea; and I prayed most diligently for one thousand gold napoleons, so that I might forever maintain the *khawaja* and all his servants in that place. I am like the poor pious Mohammedan of the tale," he continued; "for, though I prayed lustily for the gold, when I went into the water to wash the shell of the tortoise which the younger *khawaja* had given to the cook to boil clean, not only did I find no purse of gold on the shore, but lost the three copper *beshliks* that I had, which slipped through a hole in my pocket."

"It is a grave misfortune," said I.

"Now," he added, looking up, a woe-begone poet, indeed, "I am come near a strange city, and have not a *metallik* to my name."

The younger *khawaja* (thought I) would surely find a way to comfort Rachid; but this I must not tell the poet.

We broke camp at Kantara, a wretched village on the bank of the canal, where the caravans cross by ferry to follow the road beyond. To Rachid came two

goldpieces, with which he must found the fortune he would raise in Cairo; and he was truly overjoyed, but said, with many abject bows, that, having for three nights dreamed of his mother, he must forego the delights of the city and return to Jerusalem with the muleteers. I was not surprised, however, to find him new-minded in the morning. Under the wing of a Soudanese who had for three days followed our camp, he proceeded with us to Cairo, now elated, now utterly cast down and weeping. That evening he appeared at the hotel door—with fresh-shaven head and young beard, but otherwise deplorably ragged—to give us a friendly greeting; he would never again see Jerusalem, said he, since the delights of Egypt were so many and so delicious. From time to time in the days that followed he accosted us on the street, or waited patiently for our coming; and we observed that upon each occasion he was less agreeable to the eye. Eventually (as we learned), having parted with his gold pieces in the pursuit of happiness, he bethought himself, on the eve of the Feast of Ramadan, of an expedient, and with his last five *piastres* procured a scribe to fashion messages to us, interpreting Rachid's own words. These in hand, he presented himself, smiling ingratiatingly, and in much embarrassment awaited the response. I read: "I am Rachid, your poor servant, come with you from Jerusalem. I beg the graces from you for to buy new clothes for the feast. Good feast!"

I hesitated.

"Tell the *khawaja*," Rachid whispered to Aboosh, with tears, "that I have no need of finery, but wish only to go home to my city."

It blew high next night: I pitied Rachid, bound across the sea from Port Said to Jaffa, but I was glad that he had gone home.



The Peacemaker

BY ALICE MACGOWAN

LOOKS like I jest cain't stand it no-how, Sylvanus—me, a preacher's wife, to pour the elder's coffee out of a lard bucket. I've done scoured it and scoured it till my hands is right sore, and it don't do a thing but take the tin off—they's made so pore nowadays. But scour as you will and scrub as you may, a lard bucket is a lard bucket, and it ain't a coffee-pot, and a coffee-pot is what I feel like I'm jest obliged to have before Elder Drumright comes here to stay through Quarterly."

The boyish young preacher watched his slim, plaintive little bride solicitously. Virgilia was near to tears. His arm went round her in awkward tenderness. She sobbed, half shamefaced, on his shoulder, then dodged back hastily, appalled at her own carelessness, and ran to seek a towel to dab dry the tear she had all unintentionally dropped upon his shirt front—that shirt front so glittering white, so laboriously ironed, for the preaching that evening.

"I'm just as mean and no-count as I can be," she told him, as she mopped the spot gently. "Here you an' me has got each other, and a good house with three rooms in it—looks like anybody ought to be satisfied and not go longin' after coffee-pots and such. I *will* be satisfied, Sylvanus honey."

Sylvanus, a big, raw-boned boy from whose earnest face the freckles had not quite faded, a good deal frightened at his first church and tremendously in love with his Virgilia, put the awkward arm around her waist again as an invitation to her to grieve more.

"Never you mind, Vergily," he spoke out manfully. "I'm a-goin' to git you whatever you need and want—in time. If it's coffee-pots, you shall have 'em." The boy from the Far Cove spoke with a reckless confidence which would have set a row of coffee-pots around the board. A remembrance of the realities of the

case brought him to say, with a curiously sudden drop in his tone, "Course I cain't git you nothin'—and I cain't git that right good—till my quarter's salary is paid; and the Lord only knows when that 'll be!"

The two young creatures laughed together a little ruefully. Virgilia put up pursed, pink lips for a kiss.

"I had no call to worry you," she told him, penitently. "The coffee 'll taste jest as good out of a lard bucket as it would out of a gold pitcher with a diamond handle—so thar!"

Sylvanus looked upon her with eyes that swam. A comely slip of a mountain girl from the Rainy Gap neighborhood, with her big, shy eyes and wild-rose face, to her husband's thinking the perplexities of Paris would have been solved at once had but Virgilia been a candidate for the golden apple. What might a man not be willing to do for such a wife?

"Don't you feel discouraged, Vergily," he reassured her. "Ye know there's weddin' fees. Folks has obliged to be gittin' married, now and agin. If them that ain't knowed how happy a state it is, they'd shore be seekin' it. I won't say nothin' about funerals, beca'se dyin' is in the providence of the Lord. Course if He was needin' to send for anybody, there's always them here that could be spared."

Virgilia nodded. She would have been no preacher's wife had she not been able to offer a small mental list of this sort herself.

"They shore is some folks that, what with their miseries and the bad temper sech miseries gives 'em, is no manner of good to theirselves nor to anybody else," reflected Sylvanus. "But thar, the Lord knows His business—I reckon. Hit 'll be a weddin' fee, honey—a weddin' fee."

She tied his tie for him with eager, careful fingers. He was going down to

the church to-night with the elder to hold the last service. Then the austere, long-winded old man, after preaching a sermon in which he was likely to find fault with everything—the congregation, separately and collectively, and Sylvanus' management of affairs—would move on, and only come back to remain with them for Quarterly, two weeks later, and discover their humiliating lack of a coffee-pot. Virgilia was remaining at home, and she watched her husband away through a mist of April tears, following his figure with fond looks till it was swallowed up in the twilight shadows. Was there ever so good a boy? How she wished she had everything grand to do him credit when the elder should visit them! How kind he had been, and how brave in his hope that a wedding fee might come in before the elder's expected and dreaded visit!

Sylvanus stopped for the elder, since Drumright was staying this time with some relatives. The old man joined his younger fellow worker, and forthwith fell to cataloguing a number of faults and lacks which he found in the mountain boy's administration. Sylvanus, beginning to get a bit hardened to these ceaseless diatribes, was listening with half attention as they neared the church door, when their path was crossed by a tall, black-avised young man who seemed to start up from the shadows by the way, and who hauled along by the wrist a girl, also tall and dark.

"Is this the preacher?" the stranger asked, almost fiercely.

By force of habit Drumright answered him in the affirmative, while Goodloe stood back.

"Can you marry us—right off—now?" the black-browed one inquired.

Sylvanus' heart leaped within his bosom; it danced and sang. Here was the wedding fee for Virgilia's need. He put himself squarely in front of the elder and replied in a businesslike tone: "I'm the preacher in charge of Post Oak church. Yes, I can marry you."

The black-eyed newcomer looked at the freckled boy confronting him with a sudden flash of white teeth. He laughed over his shoulder at the girl who was with him.

"Reckon you'll do as well as a grown

man," he said, easily. "Yes, the license is all right. Are you goin' to back out, Madely? I 'lowed this would be about your time to do so."

The young woman tossed her dark head and stepped a pace to the fore. Her big black eyes—so like her companion's—gleamed angrily. "Back out!" she echoed his words. "I never did yet give over anything that I'd set my hand to, an' I ain't a-goin' to begin now."

"What are the names?" inquired Goodloe, in a tone from which he hoped he was able to keep the eager joy. Vergily should have her coffee-pot—she should have her coffee-pot—two of them, if she wanted them.

"Ajax Tallant and Madely Pitts," supplied the would-be bridegroom, as the quartet turned again toward the church, which was already lighted and beginning to fill.

Ajax Tallant! Sylvanus knew of the Tallants of Rainy Gap; he had heard much of them when he courted Virgilia there; well-to-do people, if it was wild blood. This was a dollar fee—no Tallant would offer a preacher as little as fifty cents for marrying him. Then the voice of the elder broke in upon his comfortable reflections.

"Brother Goodloe, you are pastor of this here church," the elder began, ponderously. "But I'm a-goin' to preach in it this night, and they don't no couple git married before sermon where I preach. Preachin' begins at seven o'clock. There's a hymn to sing and a prayer to be said befo' the sermon; and you two can set down in the back of the church and wait, or you can follow your ruthers. You look to me like people that a good sermon might not hurt. I ain't greatly pleased at your motions—and I tell you that right now. You better think this marryin' business over. Hit's powerful easy to do—and hard to undo."

Sweet-tempered, boyish Sylvanus Goodloe could have struck him to the earth. All the old man's bitter criticisms of his work and sermons were nothing before this blasphemy of love itself—this attempting to block a promising opening for Virgilia's wedding fee. Without a second thought—was not his hair red?—he swung around facing his superior. The gray eyes blazed to violet, to black.



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hutchcock

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

"IF IT'S COFFEE-POTS, YOU SHALL HAVE 'EM"

"I don't know what you're a-thinkin' of, Elder Drumright," the boy burst out, "to speak that-a-way of one of the blessed ordinances of the church! Course marryin' is easy done—well, not so easy but what it's worth somethin'—but God's blessin's don't have to come hard; and as for undoin' it, who'd ever want to?"

The thin old man looked at him sardonically. "Not you, Brother Goodloe—we all see that," he said at length. "Jest you thank your stars that these here young people won't be a-comin' to you when they fall out and try to quit each other."

The dark-eyed pair, it seemed to Sylvanus, looked a bit startled. They laughed uneasily; but they followed parson and elder into the church and disposed themselves in a rear seat.

To the unfortunate Sylvanus Goodloe, pent in his own pulpit, and unable to take an active part in the defence of what he considered his proper trove, it appeared that the elder was actuated that evening by a spirit which proceeded directly from the powers that the church is supposed to wage war against. Goodloe sought out and hastily presented for Drumright's inspection a hymn which had always appealed to his own sentimental side, concerning itself warmly, as it did, about love, without any explicitness as to what particular sort of love was meant. The elder gave a sniff which might almost have been called a snort, and proceeded to announce, *Misguided Souls that Dream of Heaven*.

Sylvanus ground his teeth and watched the pair in the back seat. They did not sing. He hoped that, without noticing the words of the hymn at all, they were only utilizing the noise of the music as a screen behind which to whisper fond nothings; but when he had sidled far enough around to the edge of the platform to get an eye on them, he saw that they had drawn apart and were fairly glaring at each other. It was most alarming. Back over his mind rushed the dream and delight of that hour, not so far distant in his past, when he and Virgilia were wedded. Not thus had he looked upon her; not thus had she answered his gaze. Oh, would they make the mistake of their lives and quarrel—and separate—thus losing his poor little

bride her wedding fee and coffee-pot? His heart was as butter on a June day. Then came Drumright's rasping voice: "Brother Goodloe will now lead in prayer."

He should not have left it to the older man to prompt him; he knew that; it was such minor lapses as this that his superior had been throwing up to him during the last three days; but for the moment he cared not at all. This was his opportunity, and he embraced it fervidly, tenaciously; he swung to the chance of saying something that would touch and melt the hearts of that pair waiting, black-browed and hostile, in the rear of the church, and insure Virgilia's money. His mind was such a welter of emotional aspiration that moving phrases flowed from it, tumbling over one another in a swift rapture of entreaty. Twice he came within a hair's breadth of making a statement in this public utterance which would have shown the drift of his desires, and only great adroitness saved him and turned his ill-considered words to other account. The prayer ended, Elder Drumright read the portion of Scripture slowly, reproachfully, gave out his text almost as though it had been an accusation, and set in to preach. It was his last sermon in Post Oak church, and he had several neighborhood grudges to pay out, as well as young Goodloe to thoroughly castigate, before he finished. He began by being circumstantial and dull. Sylvanus, watching the dark girl in the back of the church, saw her chin drop to her palms and the black eyes take on a brooding look that was not good—under the circumstances. The young man was out of his range of vision for a time, and when he got a glimpse of the brown, strong profile, the high, aquiline nose and flashing hawk eye, turned, as he feared, all too keenly on his pensive partner, the sight was not reassuring, and Sylvanus writhed helpless in his chair.

Then Drumright warmed to his work and became, as was his custom toward the middle and close of his sermon, denunciatory and damning. He pounded the pulpit. He thumped the big Bible with his fist. The bride-to-be raised sombre eyes and slid them in the direction of her companion. The untamed

Goth beside her gave back her sullen gaze with fiery interest; so far from wincing, under cover of the noise Ajax Tallant leaned forward and said something to his chosen. Goodloe, of course, could not guess what it was, but he saw her lip curl and her color brighten. Sure! Wouldn't anybody get pestered and out of temper that had to sit and listen to Elder Drumright preach when they wanted to be married? He nervously helped himself to a glass of water, drinking it in great gulps, with his eye over the rim on his precious couple. He almost choked on the last swallow, for the two rose, as moved by one impulse, and left the church, Ajax stepping from the door on the men's side, Madelia leaving by that which led from the seats occupied by the women.

As they went, the elder with much deliberation announced his sixthly, paused, picked up the pitcher, and found it empty. He cast a glance of angry reprehension at Goodloe. The boy from Far Cove jumped to his feet, muttering something about getting his superior a fresh drink, grasped the pitcher, and fled down the aisle.

"Blessed is the peacemakers," he quoted to himself as he hurried out into the dusk. "Blessed is the peacemakers. I wish't to my granny I'd 'a' come down here before. I hope I ain't too late. Blessed is the peacemakers—I shore do aim to have that thar dollar for Vergily if I can git it anyways honest."

In the dusk he almost ran into the two, who had met and were standing under a tree. The representative of the loquacious sex was speaking as he came out of the door. Sylvanus got the silhouette of them against the darkening sky, with the fire from the church windows painting a flare of high color on the girl's brown cheek, lighting a spark that was like a coal in her full, dark eye, as she finished some cutting speech, then threw her head back, shut her lips tight, and breathed hard through dilated nostrils. Altogether, she was not a hopeful-looking bride; the young parson wondered querulously why that fool man should want to rile her so.

"Don't you name Vesty Glenn to me," Tallant retorted, fiercely, between shut teeth, as Goodloe halted uncertainly and

listened perforce. "Vesty Glenn—a gal that 'll carry on with a red-headed fool like Rust Broadnax, while his betters is—a girl that 'll act up that-a-way—don't you name her to me!"

"Rust Broadnax—red-headed!" echoed Madelia. "He ain't nuthin' of the sort. I despise the man—but his hair's aurbu'n."

Tallant laughed out harshly. "Red or aurbu'n, I don't see what Rust Broadnax's hair has got to do with a gal that thinks she's a-goin' to wed with Ajax Tallant," he summed up the situation, tersely. "You don't reckon that my wife 'll have anything to say to a red-headed fool like that, do you?"

His dark, aquiline face was advanced threateningly toward hers. She answered his glances with glances as fierce.

"Rust Broadnax has got as much sense in one of them hairs o' his'n that you name red as you have in your whole head!" she burst out, furiously. "Not that I keer. The man's nothin' to me. But such is the truth."

She had adopted the feminine, evasive method of taking issue with a minor portion of his argument. Tallant brought the thing bluntly to a conclusion.

"Air ye goin' to back out?" he asked her, in so many words. "I 'lowed you would. That's your way, I reckon."

The bleak putting of the question opened before Goodloe a vista in which he saw no coffee-pot. He plunged into the fray with as single a purpose to do and die for his lady's sake as ever had knight of old. "Now see here," he interrupted—"now see here. 'Wi-wi-wives, submit yourselves to your huh-huh-husbands.' That's in the Good Book. What you-all fussin' about?"

The two haggards turned upon him instantly. So alike were the dark glances he received that the pair might well have been brother and sister instead of postulant bride and groom.

"Well, my little man," inquired Tallant, with a sort of savage banter, "whar'd you drop from, all at once?"

"An' ef I might make so bold," snapped the bride, "who axed yo' word in this hyer business?"

The bridegroom thrust careless fingers into his trousers pocket, and stared with a sardonic half-smile at the preacher.

"As I sense this thing," Ajax observed, "yo' place is to marry us—ef she stays in the mind; and to let us alone ef she changes her mind. I didn't know you was an advice-machine."

Goodloe mustered all the dignity of his office. He sought desperately in his anxious, disordered mind for a text to fit the situation. Nothing came to his lips but, "It 'd be a pity to sp'ile two houses with you"; and this muttered comment failed to reach either.

"I say, 'Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands!'" the girl returned to her grudge. "I'll jest trouble you to remember that I ain't no wife o' his'n—yit."

Ajax looked gloomily upon her. "An' I ain't no husband to nobody," he supplied, promptly. "Air ye goin' to back out, Maddy? Best say so now, if ye air. There's others I could git."

"It is not good for man to be alone," quavered the preacher.

"Hit's better than wuss," put in the bridegroom.

"No, I ain't a-goin' to back out," cried Madelia Pitts, plainly on the verge of angry tears. "I see well an' good that you don't want me; an' I'm a-goin' to wed ye, jest to spite ye."

Ajax Tallant made no denial. Inside the church, the elder's discourse had begun to lurch and explode in sudden crises of denunciation—a sure sign that quitting time was at hand. Goodloe had yet to get the water and run back to the pulpit to be present in time to give out the hymn and offer prayer.

"See here, you-all," he said, energetically, desperately, to the two who faced him, "there's one commandment in the Bible above all the rest—'that ye love one another.' I've done told you that it ain't good for a man to be alone—nor a woman neither—that means a woman, too. The Good Book says that every feller should have one wife—well, I believe it says every bishop—but it's the same thing. It foots up the same way. Brother Tallant, you're a fine-looking, up-standing man. Sister Pitts, your looks don't need no namin'—they speak for theirselves. I never married a likelier couple. You'll be makin' the mistake of yo' lives if you fall out and let this opportunity pass you by— Oh, Lord!"

For the elder had come to a sudden halt—quitting abruptly, as Sylvanus thought, merely to entrap him. The young preacher ran toward the church, empty pitcher in hand, and had the dubious satisfaction of seeing Ajax Tallant and Madelia Pitts falter a few steps after him, before the girl turned with a cry to a couple who came clattering down the street on horseback.

"Good land!" groaned Sylvanus to himself, as he frantically sought for an appropriate hymn. "I do hope in my soul that some meddlin' old mammy or daddy ain't a-bus'tin' in here to destroy the happiness of them two young critters!"

The congregation stood to sing. Goodloe could get no view of his couple, though he craned his neck to see, and interrogated that rear seat persistently. There seemed to be some stirring there at the back of the church, while a clear, birdlike voice, not heard before—a woman's tenor—led out strongly, and was answered by a new-come rolling bass from the men's side. If the two had come back happy enough to sing, all was well.

The hymn ended, the congregation dropped to its knees for prayer, and the young parson had a disheartening glimpse of Madelia Pitts' flower-wreathed hat beside a close-cropped russet poll that was indubitably masculine, but could not belong to Ajax Tallant. Goodloe's first prayer had been full of sentiment and tenderness; but as he closed his eyes now and the waters of despair rushed over his soul, there welled to his lips such moving words as impressed even cantankerous Elder Drumright, and set all the old ladies in the church wiping their eyes and wondering how they could help along to get up that poor boy's salary. When he made an end, and the congregation got to its feet for the doxology and benediction, he looked long and earnestly toward the back of the church before he gave out the doxology. His lips were parted for the first words of *Old Hundred*, the breath already withdrawn, when he became aware of Tallant leaning out into the aisle to catch his eye, shaking a warning finger at him. Ajax looked a man made over. His big black eyes glowed, his thin dark face was softened and alight. This indeed was a



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

HE WEDDED FIRST ONE COUPLE AND THEN THE OTHER

bridegroom. Scarce daring to believe, Goodloe raised his eyes interrogatively. Tallant nodded with energy, and a great wave of relief rolled in upon Sylvanus and almost swamped him.

"If you-all will seat yourselves for a moment, Mr. Ajax Tallant from Rainy Gap and Miss Madelia Pitts from the same neighborhood will be united in—Well, ain't that right, Brother Tallant?"

A little breeze of tittering went over the congregation, as it promptly sat down. Tallant remained on his feet, and everybody stared at him, including the minister and the elder.

Scarlet with an embarrassment which yet seemed to contain no painful element, the young mountaineer held up two fingers and shook them energetically.

"The twain shall be made one," soothed the parson. "Oh yes—that's all right, Brother Tallant—the twain shall be made one. Mr. Ajax Tallant and Miss Madelia Pitts—"

The fingers of Ajax were shaking more wildly than ever. Goodloe regarded them with some irritation. "Well, then, say it yourself," he prompted, despairing of any adequate conclusion.

The lean, brown, left hand clutched the back of the seat where Tallant stood till the knuckles were bone white. Desperately excited, but nowise dismayed, the prospective bridegroom faltered, in the loud, hollow voice of one totally unaccustomed to speaking publicly:

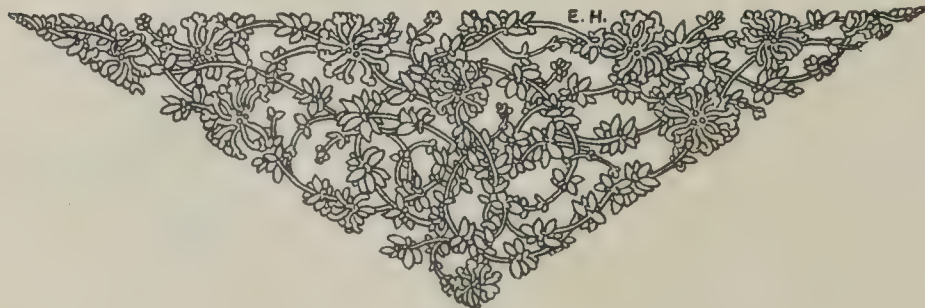
"First, Ajax Tallant is a-goin' to be wedded to Vesty Glenn—jest like he always was. And then the parson is a-goin' to marry Rust Broadnax to Madelia Pitts—and may the Lord have mercy on his soul."

The concluding words were added quite

without intention of offence, and evidently to give solemnity to the announcement. As in a dream young Goodloe saw his tall, dark, first customer advancing down the aisle with a demure, smooth-cheeked, blue-eyed girl, whose head, scarce reaching to her bridegroom's shoulder, carried a mighty twist of pale-gold hair. Behind them came Madelia Pitts—not the flashing-eyed vixen who had defied Ajax Tallant, but a softened, smiling, blushing Madelia, a most proper bride, who leaned confidently upon the arm of a big, broad-shouldered, ruddy young fellow, clinging to him like any vine.

Mechanically Goodloe moved forward and wedded first one couple and then the other, still too deeply submerged in the balmy sea of relief to even bungle and stutter over the always-terrifying marriage ceremony. With the perfect composure of a somnambulist he received and pocketed the fee as each bridegroom proffered it. But when the doxology had been sung and the benediction pronounced; when the happy couples had mounted their respective nags and started once more for Rainy Gap when the congregation, rich in something new to talk about, had straggled away to their homes in the village; when even the long-winded elder had released his clutch on his unhappy subordinate and gone grumbling back to Ezra Wimberly's spare bedroom—Sylvanus stood in the dusty road, alone beneath the twinkling stars. He took them out of his pocket one after the other—two round silver dollars; he clinked them together in his palm.

"Coffee-pots!" he murmured. "Coffee-pots—well, I reckon!" and set off at a boy's run for his own little cabin.



Editor's Easy Chair

THE Howadji, or the Hajii, as people called his sort in the days of "Home as Found," was prompt to the hour when his month's absence was up, and he began without a moment's delay: "But of course the lion in the way of my thesis that New York is comparatively cheap is the rent, the rent of flats or houses in the parts of the town where people of gentle tastes and feelings are willing to live. Provisions are cheap; furnishings of all kinds are cheap; service, especially when you mainly or wholly dispense with it, is cheap, for one maid here will do the work of two abroad, and if the mistress of the house does her own work she can make the modern appliances her handmaids at no cost whatever. It is ridiculous, in fact, leaving all those beautiful and ingenious helps in housework to the hirelings who work only twice as hard with them for more wages than the hirelings of countries where they don't exist."

"Don't be so breathless," we interposed. "You will only be allowed to talk three thousand words, whether you talk fast or slow, and you might as well take your ease."

"That is true," the Howadji reflected. "But I am full of my subject, and I have the feeling that I am getting more out, even if I can't get more in, by talking fast. The rent question itself," he hurried on, "has been satisfactorily solved of late in the new invention of co-operative housing which you may have heard of."

We owned that we had, with the light indifference of one whom matters of more money or less did not concern, and our friend went on.

"The plan was invented, you know, by a group of artists who imagined putting up a large composite dwelling in a street where the cost of land was not absolutely throat-cutting, and finishing it with tasteful plainness in painted pine and the like, but equipping it with

every modern convenience in the interest of easier housekeeping. The characteristic and imperative fact of each apartment was a vast and lofty studio whose height was elsewhere divided into two floors, and so gave abundant living-rooms in little space. The proprietorial group may have been ten, say, but the number of apartments was twice as many, and the basic hope was to let the ten other apartments for rents which would carry the expense of the whole, and house the owners at little or no cost. The curious fact is that this apparently too simple-hearted plan worked. The Philistines, as the outsiders may be called, liked being near the self-chosen people; they liked the large life-giving studio which imparted light and air to the two floors of its rearward division, and they eagerly paid the sustaining rents. The fortunate experience of one æsthetic group moved others to like enterprises; and now there are eight or ten of these co-operative studio apartment-houses in different parts of the town."

"With the same fortunate experience for the owners?" we queried, with suppressed sarcasm.

"Not exactly," our friend assented to our intention. "The successive groups have constantly sought more central, more desirable, more fashionable situations. They have built not better than they knew, for that could not be, but costlier, and they have finished in hard woods, with marble halls and marbleized hall-boys, and the first expense has been much greater; but actual disaster has not yet followed; perhaps it is too soon; we must not be impatient; but what has already happened is what happens with other beautiful things that the æsthetic invent. It has happened notoriously with all the most lovable and livable summer places which the artists and authors find out and settle themselves cheaply and tastefully in. The Philistines, a people wholly without invention, a cuckoo tribe

incapable of self-nesting, stumble upon those joyous homes by chance, or by mistaken invitation. They submit meekly enough at first to be sub-neighbors ruled in all things by the genius of the place; but once in, they begin to lay their golden eggs in some humble cottage, and then they hatch out broods of palatial villas equipped with men and maid servants, horses, carriages, motors, yachts; and if the original settlers remain it is in a helpless inferiority, a broken spirit, and an overridden ideal. This tragical history is the same at Magnolia, and at York Harbor, and at Dublin, and at Bar Harbor; even at Newport itself; the co-operative housing of New York is making a like history. It is true that the Philistines do not come in and dispossess the autochthonic groups; these will not sell to them; but they have imagined doing on a sophisticated and expensive scale what the æsthetics have done simply and cheaply. They are buying the pleasanter sites, and are building co-operatively; but they have already eliminated the studio and the central principle, and they build for the sole occupancy of the owners. But the cost of their housing then is such that it puts them out of the range of our inquiry as their riches has already put them beyond the range of our sympathy. It still remains for any impecunious group to buy the cheaper lots, and build simpler houses on the old studio principle, with rents enough to pay the cost of operation, and leave the owners merely the interest and taxes, with the eventual payment of these also by the tenants. Some of the studio apartments are equipped with restaurants, and the dwellers need only do such light housekeeping as ladies may attempt without disgrace, or too much fatigue."

"Or distraction from their duties to society," we suggested.

"It depends upon what you mean by society; it's a very general and inexact term. If you mean formal dinners, dances, parties, receptions, and all that, the lightest housekeeping would distract from the duties to it; but if you mean congenial friends willing to come in for tea in the afternoon, or to a simple lunch, or not impossibly a dinner, light housekeeping is not incompatible with a con-

scientious recognition of society's claims. I think of two ladies, sisters, one younger and one older than the other, who keep house not lightly, but in its full weight of all the meals, for their father and brother, and yet are most gracefully and most acceptably in the sort of society which Jane Austen says is, if not good, the best: the society of gifted, cultivated, travelled, experienced, high-principled people, capable of respecting themselves and respecting their qualities wherever they find them in others. These ladies do not pretend to 'entertain,' but their table is such that they are never afraid to ask a friend to it. In a moment, if there is not enough or not good enough, one of them conjures something attractive out of the kitchen, and you sit down to a banquet. The sisters are both of that gentle class of semi-invalids whose presence in our civilization enables us to support the rudeness of the general health. They employ æsthetically the beautiful alleviations with which science has rescued domestic drudgery from so much of the primal curse; it is a pleasure to see them work; it is made so graceful, so charming, that you can hardly forbear taking hold yourself."

"But you do forbear," we interposed; "and do you imagine that their example is going to prevail with the great average of impecunious American housewives, or sisters, or daughters?"

"No, they will continue to 'keep a girl' whom they will enslave to the performance of duties which they would be so much better for doing themselves, both in body and mind, for that doing would develop in them the hospitable soul of those two dear ladies. They will be in terror of the casual guest, knowing well that they cannot set before him things fit to eat. They have no genius for housekeeping, which is one with homemaking: they do not love it, and those ladies do love it in every detail, so that their simple flat shines throughout with a lustre which pervades the kitchen and the parlor and the chamber alike. It is the one-girl household, or the two-girl, which makes living costly because it makes living wasteful; it is not the luxurious establishments of the rich which are to blame for our banishment to the mythical cheapness of Europe."

"We were not convinced by the eloquence which had overheated our friend, and we objected: "But those ladies you speak of give their whole lives to house-keeping, and ought cheapness to be achieved at such an expense?"

"In the first place they don't, and if they do what do the one-girl or the two-girl housekeepers give their lives to? or for the matter of that the ten or twenty girl housekeepers? The ladies of whom I speak have always read the latest book worth reading; they have seen the picture which people worth while are talking of; they know through that best society which likes a cup of their tea all the æsthetic gossip of the day; they are part of the intellectual movement, that part which neither the arts nor the letters can afford to ignore; they help to make up the polite public whose opinions are the court of final appeal."

"They strike us," we said, stubbornly, "as rather romantic."

"Ah, there you are! Well, they *are* romantic—romantic like a gentle poem, like an idyllic tale; but I deny that they are romanticistic. Their whole lives deal with realities, the every-other-day as well as the every-day realities. But the lives of those others who make all life costly by refusing their share of its work dwell in a web of threadbare fictions which never had any color of truth in this country. They are trying to imitate poor imitations, to copy those vulgar copies of the European ideal which form the society-page's contribution to the history of our contemporary civilization."

We were so far moved as to say, "We think we see what you mean," and our friend went on.

"Speaking of civilization, do you know what a genial change the tea-room is working in our morals and manners? There are many interesting phases of its progress among us, and not the least interesting of these is its being so largely the enterprise of ladies who must not only save money, but must earn money, in order to live, not cheaply, but at all. Their fearlessness in going to work has often the charm of a patrician past, for many of them are Southern women who have come to New York to repair their broken fortunes. The tea-room has offered itself as a graceful means to this

end, and they have accepted its conditions, which are mainly the more delicate kinds of cookery, with those personal and racial touches in which Southern women are so expert. But there are tea-rooms managed by Western women, if I may judge from the accents involuntarily overheard in their talk at the telephone. The tea of the tea-room means lunch, too, and in some places breakfast and dinner, or rather supper, on much the plan of the several Women's Exchanges; but these are mostly of New England inspiration and operation, and their cooking has a Northern quality. They, as well as the tea-rooms, leave something to be desired in cheapness, though they might be dearer; in some you get tea for fifteen cents, in others a no better brew for twenty-five. But they are all charmingly peaceful, and when at the noon hour they overflow with conversation, still there is a prevailing sense of quiet, finely qualified by the feminine invention and influence. Mere men are allowed to frequent these places, not only under the protection of women, but also quite unchaperoned, and when one sees them gently sipping their souchong or oolong, and respectfully munching their toasted muffins or their chicken pie, one remembers with tender gratitude how recently they would have stood crooking their elbows at deleterious bars, and visiting the bowls of cheese and shredded fish and crackers to which their drink frees them, while it enslaves them to the witchery of those lurid ladies contributed by art to the evil attractions of such places: you see nowhere else ladies depicted with so little on, except in the Paris salon. The New York tea-rooms are not yet nearly so frequent as in London, but I think they are on the average cosier, and on the whole I cannot say that they are dearer. They really cheapen the midday meal to many who would otherwise make it at hotels and restaurants, and so far as they contribute to the spread of the afternoon-tea habit, they actually lessen the cost of living: many guests can now be fobbed off with tea who must once have been asked to lunch."

"But," we suggested, "isn't that cheapness at the cost of shabbiness, which no one can really afford?"

"No, I don't think so. Whatever

lightens hospitality of its cumbrousness makes for civilization, which is really more compatible with a refined frugality than with an unbridled luxury. If every à la carte restaurant, in the hotels and out of them, could be replaced by tea-rooms, and for all the elaborate lunches and dinners of private life the informality and simplicity of the afternoon tea were substituted, we should all be healthier, wealthier, and wiser; and I should not be obliged to protract this contention for the superior cheapness of New York."

"But, wait!" we said. "There is something just occurs to us. If you proved New York the cheapest great city in the world, wouldn't it tend to increase our population even beyond the present figure, which you found so deplorable a month or two ago?"

"No, I imagine not. Or rather it would add to our population only those who desire to save instead of those who desire to waste. We should increase through the newcomers in virtuous economy, and not as now in spendthrift vainglory. In the end the effect would be the same for civilization as if we diminished to the size of Boston."

"You will have to explain a little, Howadji," we said, "if you expect us to understand your very interesting position."

"Why, you know," he answered, with easy superiority, "that now our great influx is of opulent strangers who have made a good deal of money, and of destitute strangers willing to help them live on it. The last we needn't take account of; they are common to all cities in all ages; but the first are as new as any phenomenon can be in a world of such tiresome tautologies as ours. They come up from all our industrial provinces, eager to squander their wealth in the commercial metropolis; they throw down their purses as the heroes of old threw down their gauntlets for a gage of battle, and they challenge the local champions of extortion to take them up. It

is said that they do not want a seasonable or a beautiful thing; they want a costly thing. If, for instance, they are offered a house or an apartment at a rental of ten or fifteen thousand, they will not have it; they require a rental of fifteen or twenty thousand, so that it may be known, 'back home,' that they are spending that much for rent in New York, and the provincial imagination taxed to proportion the cost of their living otherwise to such a sum. You may say that it is rather splendid, but you cannot deny that it is also stupid."

"Stupid, no; but barbaric, yes," we formulated the case. "It is splendid, as barbaric pearls and gold are splendid."

"But you must allow that nothing could be more mischievous. When next we go with our modest incomes against these landlords, they suppose that we too want rentals of fifteen thousand, whereas we would easily be satisfied with one of fifteen hundred or a thousand. The poor fellows' fancy is crazed by those prodigals, and we must all suffer for their madness. The extravagance of the newcomers does not affect the price of provisions so much, or of clothes; the whole population demands food and raiment within the general means, however much it must exceed its means in the cost of shelter. The spendthrifts cannot set the pace for such expenditures, no matter how much they lavish on their backs and—"

"Forbear!" we cried. "Turning back from the danger we have saved you from, you will say, we suppose, that New York would be the cheapest of the great cities if it were not for the cost of shelter."


"Something like that," he assented.

"But as we understand, that difficulty is to be solved by co-operative, or composite, housing?"

"Something like that," he said again, but there was a note of misgiving in his voice.

"What is the 'out'?" we asked.

"There is no 'out,'" he said, with a deep, evasive sigh.



Editor's Study

IS there a possible plea to be made for unreality in the representation of life? If by the real representation we mean the imitation of life in its actual procedure as it presents itself to us in every-day observation and in obvious and familiar circumstances, then all art rests practically upon a plea for unreality. The faithful picture of life as it goes on among a strange people, wholly different from ourselves in manners and customs, might, because of that difference, be interesting in literature, and, being romantic in its unfamiliarity, might have something of the effect of art, but nothing of its method, since, after all, it is only a presentation and not a representation.

It is conceivable that a traveller, historian, playwright, novelist, or painter might by rare good fortune be the witness of an actual scene or situation meeting in every detail and meaning the requirements of art; but in this case it is life or nature which makes the representation a work of art, only fidelity and technical skill being demanded of the copyist, who need have no creative imagination. We should credit the artist with creative vision and selection only in so far as he transforms those observed features of a scene or situation which in their actuality belie or fall short of æsthetic value and significance.

All this is obvious, but it is necessary to distinguish between unreality and a departure from merely actual truth. Life itself may become an art through the full and spontaneous expression of its essential values, since these values are creative. Nature, animate and inanimate, is an art in its own kind and in infinite variety. The life of primitive man was an art closely allied to that in Nature. But human life as it presents itself to casual observation, just because it is outwardly so much the result of arbitrary choices, seems accidental, jagged, and meaningless. The novelist who should

follow Mr. William J. Locke's suggestion and attempt from some high tower to interpret the life of New York, however careful his scrutiny, would find himself at a disadvantage, gaining only confused and false impressions and no real knowledge. There have been times more propitious to the mere observer; when life was more a spectacle, sharply typical in its pageantry and in its ordinary procedure, its reality was disclosed to the spectator through easy and obvious suggestions. The life of to-day—all that we live for—finds not its expression, but its contradiction, in the crowded thoroughfare, the shop, and the market-place. Our occupations and much of our amusement are apt to be at enmity with our hearts. No intimacy short of that which insight and sympathy give will serve for the real representation of the life we are living. The artist's communication has the same depth of intimacy, and its method must be in great measure determined by that essential secret of appeal.

But, that secret grasped and fully understood, to what extent may the modern artist avail of means and resources upon which an earlier art relied for its effects, and yet escape the fatal imputation of unreality, if indeed that imputation is to be considered fatal? Or has this modern artist such advantage from the direct intimacy of his appeal that he need not seek the old effects or regard the methods by which they were produced? Has his nearness to life—his near regard of its essential values—displaced that detachment from life which was formerly deemed necessary to the very conception of art?

The old detachment involved no unreality; it was not a detachment from life, but from the plain humanity of life and from the plain naturalness of Nature. For us that would mean, and would be, the extreme unreality. There are no nymphs, mermaids, or nixies in our rivers and seas, no dryads in our forests;

our sun is not Apollo or our moon Artemis; no high mountain of ours harbors a divine Olympian dynasty; we expect no Hermes to lead us after death through an Avernian passageway in the earth to Charon's Stygian ferry and the submarine Plutonian realm beyond; and our legendary heroes were not demigods. No place on earth or under it or in the skies is left immune from scientific exploration to serve as a habitation for monsters or sirens—or even for ghosts, save as some overbold savant locates them as "psychomeres" in our atmosphere. But the same collective imagination that created a language created also these mythological impersonations and gave them local habitations and marvellous careers. The superhuman eclipsed humanity, and the supranatural eclipsed Nature.

In art the imagination made the same transcendent leap, and, instead of abiding with human thought and feeling at their own centre, since these did not themselves thus abide, followed them in their eccentric parabola and, on the same plane of projection which they had taken, embodied for human faith the distant and unseen gods and for human romance the remote achievements of divinely descended heroes.

The whole scheme was out of centre, a refraction of the truth, and only by the same obliquity could art enter into harmony with life. There could be no other reality of representation but through imaginative values identical with those which were felt to be the essential values of life.

If we ask why these values were thus projected to a suprahuman plane rather than referred to their proper human centre—why gods and demigods, Olympians and Titans, and a diversified brood of earth-divinities, should have stood for man instead of man for himself, even in the most particular human event, as, for example, in the siege of Troy, as well as in the sum of events which we call human destiny—plainly there is no logical answer, and for an explanation we revert to that religious instinct which is the most ancient and also, becoming by full illumination an intuition, the most inalienable of human possessions. The "something not himself," unseen, and in

unseen ways, making for a universal harmony in which, despite his fallibility, man is participant, is the eternal truth, however broken it may be in the human conception of it and therefore false in the details of its representation in human philosophy or art. This something beyond is not divided against itself either on the field of Troy, as in the Homeric epic, or dually in its own council, as between Deus and Diabolus. But have we wholly escaped the tyranny of this dualistic conception? Has the broken truth been made entirely whole for us even in this twentieth century? Has our art, adopting our perspective of essential values, escaped obliquity?

But, while the religious instinct is associated with the universal tendency of the human soul to attribute to something outside of itself its own emotions and impulses, the tendency itself has always been apparent independently of that association. Invariably and inevitably we are in this respect betrayed by conceptions dominating and determining our impressions concerning our ordinary not less than our unusual experiences, where no religious consideration is involved. We attribute our own motion to motionless objects alongside of us, just as we attribute the earth's motion to the sun in direct contradiction to our knowledge of the actual fact. What impression is more common than that of an impartation to us of things which, if they are ours at all, must arise within us? We speak of thoughts coming to us, of dreams as sent, of faculties as "gifts," and fancy that we may be endowed with virtues and graces.

This tendency must have been manifest in the most primitive humanity. When man was in such close alliance with Nature that he seemed at one with her, he mutely and blindly followed her movements and suggestions, imputing leadership and mastery to this silent but intimate partner. In his choric dances he followed the course of the sun and stars, unaware of anything in the rhythm distinctly human and separate from the pulsation and vibrancy in the world next to him and inseparably akin; he accepted his baptism at Nature's hands, not knowing that it was he who should psychically increase, and master all that he so wor-

shipfully cherished, bursting the bonds of this intimacy and leaping, in his language, in his faith, and in his art, to Olympian heights, finding his gods above him rather than at his feet.

In his first emancipation he did not find his own humanity—though that was the allotted end of his long quest—rather he clung to Nature to ease that bewilderment of his early psychical pilgrimage due to his flight from near and sure, but limited, to remote and uncertain guidance, but on free and open thoroughfares. His first mythical projections hardly left the earth and nestled long about Pan before they dared the skies and found Apollo. With this later transcendency art found its mighty leverage, faith its exaltation, romance its field of wonder, and language its psychical translation.

On this line of projection Nature was hidden, clothed upon by an imaginative investment, and humanity was transfigured, seen as in a sky-set mirage. It was the youth of the world—*juventus mundi*—and, like youth, mastered by its dreams. We cannot deny to youth the reality of its own dream because it will not bear a later analysis or because it does not seem real to maturer vision.

The vital question, in our regard of modern life and art, is not simply whether what was real to the past generations of mankind is real to us, but whether certain elements determinant hitherto in imaginative creation are not everlasting and universal, essential to imagination, and as imperative to us—whatever our disillusion and divestitures or new perspective of values—as faith, romance, and art themselves are. There is a large reactionary multitude which adheres to the vain shows and traditions of the past; but, leaving them to their crude satisfactions abundantly furnished by equally crude romancers, showmen, and fable-mongers, have those who have reached the psychical maturity of our epoch lost the impulses which glorified the childhood and youth of the race? We may have learned to dream true, but the power to dream is still ours. After vast bewilderment and confusion we have a clarified vision of Nature and humanity for what they are in themselves, but it is the living truth of these which we

regard—not the residuum of scientific analysis, but the pulsing embodiment. The imaginative investment and transfiguration are still ours, in new and luminous forms. Our thought is no longer dominated by the tyranny of fatalism which once made men the puppets of destiny; by the tyranny of fable and of juggling magic, on the one hand, or of theory, on the other, or by the tyranny of abstractions—words beginning with capitals and towering above us in Olympian majesty; but we still yield to the mastery of ideals, have a new magic, and indulge in the free play of fancy. Our psychical and our æsthetic sensibilities, which, blended, are the ground of imaginative creation, have widened and deepened, but the former has not dispensed with form nor the latter with rhythmic impulse. We have new themes, motives, and methods, but the earliest note of human genius is in accord with the latest and, indeed, is felt to be in nearer accord with that than with intermediate strains. The ultimate intuition should disclose in clarity the initial instinctive impulse, whatever brokenness, discord, and confusion may have intervened. The final realism should reflect in light that first realism which groped in the darkness of pure naturalism, though it would be a far different thing, the very opposite, a psychical translation in cosmic freedom of what was originally a confined plexus of sense-impressions.

It was only a step from the song and dance of a primitive tribe to the representation, through choric movement and its lyrical accompaniment, of some conscious, though spontaneous, emotion; but it marked the first moment of an æsthetic impulse detached from Nature and at the same time of an equally detached psychical impression. The expression was collective, on the old physiological plane and with the old physiological tension and vibrancy; but it was the expression of something transcending physiology, of a feeling distinctively human. It was a symbolic embodiment, and the dramatic impulse therein manifested was an element in every subsequent projection of the human imagination.

The term "dramatic," in this generic sense, while it is not identical with "æsthetic," is by implication involved in

all æsthetic expression. What men have believed and felt, or it has entered into their hearts or minds to conceive, they have sought dramatically to express. We may call art symbolic, representative, a projection of the imagination, but whatever term we use has this implication, which belongs to language itself. We must reckon with the universal dramatic instinct as inseparable from the imagination, its everlasting habit. But the converse of the proposition is not true. It cannot be maintained that everything we call dramatic must therefore appeal to æsthetic or psychical sensibility and have imaginative value. Nor is it true that sensibility itself, on any plane, involves the dramatic instinct. The dramatic habit is associated with the imagination not as "the vision," but as "the faculty divine." Action only is dramatic; a disclosure of truth, an impression, a reflection, may or may not be dramatically induced, but it is not itself dramatic. This distinction is important since so much, especially in the field of modern life, literature, and art, is due to creative sensibility rather than to creative faculty. But subjective states and impressions become imaginative values in literary art only as they are imaginatively expressed—embodied and thus visualized—and here the dramatic function comes into play.

Thus it is that the drama becomes, in all that relates to imaginative expression, the representative art—the exemplar, in a general way, of all art and of the outward life. Even in our dreams—there, indeed, most of all—we are dramatists. The play's the thing to which we refer all the pivotal questions which concern the art of expression—questions as to stress, composition, typical or individual portraiture, dénouement, purpose, and every phase of imaginative investment; and the play at all times suggests answers to these questions because it reflects every phase of that progressive development of expression which is, after all, only the evolution of the dramatic instinct.

(Aristotle called it the imitative instinct, but that is a partial and misleading definition based on observations confined to children and the lower animals or to men and women as the slaves

of fashion. Imitation affects likeness and aims at uniformity. The dramatic habit of the imagination, as manifest in all art, insists upon diversification. If confined to the action of the human body, as in singing and dancing, it shows itself as something beyond all ordinary movements, through swiftness of vibration passing into a tense rhythm, the tension lifting the physical phenomena to heights of exaltation and ecstasy, as if in accord with some harmony transcending the physical, and therefore easily blending with superstition and magical spells. But in a more advanced stage of art the tendency is to a detached embodiment. The human personality is left behind. Vocal effects are magnified in instrumental music. The imagination projects impersonations above and beyond the human, and then multiplies its creations in infinite diversification of divinity itself. It projects images of gods and heroes in marble, not so much for mere durability as to express ideal eternity in arrest of action and in the immutability of rhythmic form. On the stage it represents a remote and heroic past in tragedy, and, by way of entertaining relief, the present in comedy—all on the plane of a projection which lifts the representation to a pitch above that of plain human life.

Even with our ultra-modern sense of life, of what is real, and with our imperative demand that literature, on or off the stage, shall reflect that reality, we have not, nor ever can, put aside altogether the dramatic masque or wholly renounce the imaginative investment of nature and our own humanity. We have reached a truer perspective of imaginative values and have brought art into harmony with these; we have put away rhetorical and other very ostensible stilts, or think we have, as we fancy we have repudiated all magic and superstition and sophistry, and pride ourselves upon seeing ourselves and our fellow beings plain and upon our plain speaking. We may take to ourselves credit for the sincerity of our aims. But always some prism refracts for us the rays of common light, if it be only the lens of the eye itself, making illusions for us. Even though science should convince us of naked truth, the moment we attempt to express it our very language betrays us.

Why Duillius Dined at Home

BY TUDOR JENKS

WHEN the Romans succeeded at last in defeating the Carthaginian fleet, they could not be blamed for taking considerable credit to themselves.

You know how they did it? Why, of course you do. They put hooked bridges on their galleys, let the Carthaginians come up alongside, dropped the bridges, and then marched some of the finest across to the enemy's decks, and thus changed the "sea power in history" into a plain old Roman set-to wherein Carthage was not worth six sesterces.

Hence the victory.

Now the commander of the Romans was Duillius, a nice old plain fellow, who had run for the consulship just to oblige his wife, so she could show the neighbors that there were some folk on the block besides those stuck-up Quadridentuses whose brother was a Prator once.

Duillius himself was not much on style, but he was popular. He ran far ahead of his ticket and woke up one morning to find himself consul. This was all very fine in ordinary times, but things suddenly turned squally in Sicily, and Carthage began to make trouble along the coast of Italy.

The other consul, one of the Scipios, was wild to build a Roman fleet; and as soon as it was part done, Scipio sailed out amid a lot of cheering to chase the Carthaginians from the bosom of the deep.

Duillius, being a sound and level-headed business man, was perfectly willing to let Scipio have the job, since Duillius had seen other brash young Romans undertake the thing before. Duillius said: "Good for you, Scip, old man! Give it to him—good and hard. Sic 'em, boy! Meanwhile I'll run the primaries here at home and look after our fences. Good luck, old man!"

Well, Scipio looked fine on the prow of one of the new galleys, and disappeared over the horizon in a nice new suit of armor and a clean toga.

Duillius, however, was not greatly surprised when the *Acta Diurna* came out not long afterward with a scare-head column: "*Gone Where The Woodbine! Scipio scooped by sly sailor strategy,*" and so on.

The Carthaginians had taken Scipio, ships, crews, new armor, toga, and all.

Duillius did not enjoy his breakfast that day, and he was mighty sarcastic and disagreeable with Mrs. Duillius, for he knew what was coming next. And sure enough, the papers began to point out how the "honor of the Roman name demanded" a lot of things, especially that he, Caius Duillius, Esq., who knew a heap more about the price of dried figs than about a navy, should "chastise the insolent foe!"

That meant a sea trip to begin with, a fight with the nasty Carthaginians to go on with, and probably a good sound thrashing and something worse to end up with—all for Duillius. He grumbled to himself—wondering whether "they took him for an Ad-



HE HAD RUN FOR A CONSULSHIP JUST TO OBLIGE HIS WIFE

miral Farragut or a Lord Nelson," and so on. But there was no getting out of it, and on the ides or nones of something or other B.C. our friend Duillius put to sea with the rest of the Roman fleet.

Of course it turned out as such things do in real life. Scipio, who was a born military man, like his family before and after him, had to be euchred. Duillius—



"GOOD FOR YOU, SCIP, GIVE IT TO HIM"

just a successful grocer and a good judge of beef—had it all his own way. The Carthaginians lost the whole game—cards, spades, aces, and sweeps—and Duillius came galumphing back to port with all the bass-drums whanging, the steam whistles going like mad, and calliopes playing tunes on all the recreation piers from the mouth of the Tiber way out to Alba Longa or farther. You never saw the like till the Centennial.

Duillius thanked his lucky stars, came home just as soon as he could get away from the reception committees, took off his big sea cothurni and other wet things, called for a cigar and a bottle of cough mixture, and settled down to read the accounts of his groceries during his absence.

"No more salt water in mine!" was his wise and comforting thought. Indeed, he would have been glad to let the whole thing pass. He was a hero, of course, and let it go at that, with breakfast at the usual hour, and a game of bridge at the club after dinner.

But here's where the Roman Senate made itself busy. They were as tickled over Duillius as if he were a new teddy bear. The idea of having a real victorious Admiral right in their own city was a delicious novelty, and they meant to show him what an excellent brand of gratitude the Senators could put up on a proper occasion.

So they voted for Duillius something out of the ordinary. They made a law that whenever Duillius should go out to a banquet, he should be attended by a torch-bearer and a flute-player—all at the public expense. The vote was unanimous. If you

don't believe it, you can look it up for yourself in any of the histories. It is a cold fact.

Next morning, bright and early, Duillius read it in the paper, and he had hardly got it well into his inner consciousness when the door bell rang, and Buttinsius the freedman came to say that "there was two young fellers at the door who wanted to see him."

It was all right. The two callers were the young men from the Senate, Flutensius and Smokius Torchius, who had been appointed to wait on the great Admiral. Duillius had them into the kitchen, while he

thought the thing over. Luckily, he didn't remember that there were any banquet invitations on hand, and so he thought he could arrange about these new attendants.

But when the mail came in—you ought to have seen the stack of invitations! You would have thought all Rome was agog to see Duillius and his new escorts. Everybody "presented their compliments, and begged the honor of Admiral Duillius' company at a banquet on the — instant." It was evident that the Admiral, the torch-bearer, and the flutist were to be *the* thing to have at dinners that season.



DUILLIUS READ IT IN THE PAPER NEXT MORNING

There was no way out of it. The Roman Senate was not to be monkeyed with, and unless Duillius expected to go back to his corner grocery business, he must make the best of his nigger-minstrel retinue. Of course the old man growled, and inquired, sarcastically, why "they didn't give him an organ-grinder, a snake-charmer, and an educated pig with a clown attachment!"—but he had to make the best of the situation.



HE CAME HOME AS SOON AS HE COULD GET AWAY FROM THE RECEPTION COMMITTEES

Every evening at about 7 P.M. (and that's Latin, all right) Admiral Duillius would get himself up in a clean shirt and coat of mail, the fluter and torcher would line up in front of the stoop, and then, amid the cheers of the small boys and the strains of *Pop goes the Weasel* or *Erit Tempus Calidum in Urbe Antiqua hac Nocte*, the Admiral would strike up the Capitoline Hill or along the Appian Way to some blamed banquet or other.

First the Admiral would send the torch on ahead. But he soon got sick of the smell of the thing, which was worse than an automobile. Then he put the flute soloist ahead, but this was worse. Wherever he put them was the worst yet. And the going home was harder to bear than the setting forth. The neighbors at first cheered the outfit. But after the thing had lost its novelty, the home-coming of the Admiral at about 12.30 A.M., with that awful pipe of the flute splitting the ears of tired citizens, and the flaring torch making them think there was a fire, came to be a regular nuisance.

"Ah, cut it out!" was shouted from a window at the end of the first week. The Quadricentuses sail openly that they believed "they'd have to move." Landlords found their rents running down on the block where Duillius' circus procession passed nightly. And at last Mrs. Duillius said that she could not and would not "have baby waked up every night by that infernal noise and torch-light procession!"

Duillius pointed out to

her in vain that it wasn't his fault, and invited her to go and see the Senate about it, concluding with the remark:

"Do you think, my love, that it would be murder if I quietly dropped the flute galoot into the Tiber? I'm often tempted to do it—and I *shall* some day!"

But, after all, most bores cure themselves. When the novelty was dimmed the invitations to banquets began to dwindle. The flute and torch accompaniment came to be a standing joke in Rome, and the street boys had a fashion of falling in behind, forming a rag-tag and bobtail procession behind the unhappy Admiral, imitating the nervous flute-player's notes and throwing things at the torch. So the better class of Romans gradually dropped Duillius from their lists.

Then a happy thought struck somebody, and instead of inviting Duillius to a banquet, they used to suggest that he drop



THE TORCH-BEARER AHEAD AND THE FLUTE-PLAYER FOLLOWING



HE PRESENTED EACH COUPLE WITH A FARM IN FARTHER GAUL

around informally for "bridge," and they put in the corner of their notes:

"N. B.," meaning No Banquet; and "R. S. V. P.," meaning—I don't know what, as authorities disagree, except in interpreting V. P. as "Vlute-Player"—which seems a forced construction. Anyway, there came no more invitations to banquets, and so the flute-player and the torch-bearer found their occupations gone.

For a few weeks they sat around the Duillius kitchen evenings, and then one of them fell in love with the cook and the other with a housemaid. When Duillius was asked to give his consent to the matches he nearly fainted with joy, and presented each couple with a large farm in Farther Gaul.

But for several years Duillius could not be persuaded to go out to dinner, and the sound of a flute made him ill.

On the Bars

MARY, aged seven, was found hiding behind the piano at the hour of her music lesson, from which refuge she was dragged forth, an unwilling victim.

"Why, Mary, don't you like your music?" asked her mother, anxiously.

"No," sobbed the small delinquent; "I just hate those little black things sittin' on the fence!"

Trouble Averted

A WASHINGTON man, much given to long foot tours through Virginia, once came upon an unkempt and melancholy-looking person stretched under a tree, who, upon the approach of the pedestrian, immediately executed a "hurry touch" for a dime.

Now the Washington man had, a short distance back, been talking to a prosperous farmer, who had complained of the difficulty of obtaining labor; accordingly he said to the hobo as he handed him the coin:

"About half a mile down, my friend, there's a farmer looking for men to help him in his fields."

The melancholy-looking person bowed as politely as possible, considering his sitting posture, and replied:

"Thanks. I might er strolled down that way accidental-like."

Her Reference

THE wife of a wealthy Chicago man, who not long since purchased a new home, had occasion to enlist the services of a new floor-polisher.

"I hope you understand your business," said the lady of the house as the polisher prepared to begin his job.

"I should say I did," said the man, with a grin. "If you have any doubt on that score I'd suggest that you inquire at the Morton House on this block. Why, on the floor of the drawing-room alone eight people fell and broke their legs last winter; and a woman slipped down the big staircase and fractured both her arms. I polished those floors!"

A Question of Ownership

I SOMETIMES say, "We own a cat,"

But surely I am wrong in that.

We board and lodge a cat, 'tis true,

And she puts up with what we do;

But if she chose to go away

I'm sure we could not make her stay.

She never deigns to catch a mouse,

Yet has the freedom of the house,

And curls up in the softest chair,

Well knowing we will leave her there.

If meals are late, such *miaou* and fuss—

Now, don't you think a cat owns us?

GERALDINE MEYRICK.

They Quarrelled

AMONG the applicants for domestic employment in the service of a Brooklyn household there once came a big, husky Irish girl yept Annabel.

"What was your reason for leaving your last place, Annabel?" asked the mistress during the course of examination.

"I couldn't stand the way the master an' mistress used to quarrel, mum," was the reply of Annabel.

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed the lady. "Did they quarrel all the time?"

"All the time, mum," repeated Annabel; "an', mum, whin it wasn't me an' him, it was me an' her."

One of the Family

LITTLE Jean's parents were enthusiastic bridge-players, and Jean was more or less familiar with the sight of cards. At Sunday-school one day the teacher had been giving a talk on David. Finally she held up a little colored print of David dressed in royal robes and asked, "What child can tell me who this is?"

Out of the silence piped little Jean's voice: "I think it's a King, but it may be a Jack!"

A Long Journey

THREE men had come to see Mr. Blank, a prosperous shoe manufacturer of Rhode Island. He had invited them to go over his new factory. The day was warm, and one of the guests was stout, but they accepted the invitation. At the factory they took an elevator to the top of the building, the seventh floor, where the cutting was done. Mr. Blank then conducted his guests through the factory, following the course that a pair of shoes would take in the process of making. He explained each process carefully and answered many questions. When the party at last reached the first floor the stout man wiped his heated face and turned to his host.

"There is one question, Mr. Blank, that I should like to ask."

"And what is that, sir?"

"I should like to know if we are still in the State of Rhode Island."

Sounded Right

MOTHER, when were the battles?" asked a seven-year-old girl.

"What battles, dear?"

"Why, I mean the fizzle war."



AUTOIST. "But why do you call it the Half-way House? Half-way to where?"
LANDLORD. "Back to where ye started from."



Aeronautic News

The assistant aviator of "The Loon" has a falling out with his captain

He Took It

WHILE going along a country road the driver of an automobile saw ahead of him an old farmer walking by the roadside, also a dog. The dog was not content to remain on the side, but kept crossing the road, and was caught by the car and instantly killed.

The driver turned the car as quickly as possible and went back to see what damage had been done, and found the farmer gazing sorrowfully at the remains of the dog. The driver took out his pocketbook and handed the farmer ten dollars, asking if that would pay for the dog. The farmer said it would, so the other got in the car and went away.

The farmer watched the car till it was lost to view; then taking off his hat to scratch his head, remarked, "I wonder who owned that dog?"

The Clock

HOW does the clock know what's the time?

It just goes "tickty-tock,"
An' when it's ready rings the chime.
It's nothing but a clock,
But it can tell the time of day,
With nothing but wheels in it.
I wonder how it knows that way
The very hour an' minute!

I sit and watch it lots of times
An' hear its "tockty-tick,"
And watch the long hand as it climbs—
The little hand seems sick,
An' cre-e-e-eps along as lame an' slow!—
But when the hour is ended
That old clock always seems to know
The chimes must be attended.

It sits up on the mantel-shelf
An' keeps on "tickty-tock"
As if it's talking to itself.
It's nothing but a clock,
But somehow it keeps tab on me
An' knows bedtime exactly,
An' whangs it out quick's can be
All snappy-like an' cackly!

Soon as I see a good chance come
I'll play that clock a trick.
Some day I'll stop the pen-du-lum
Right on the "tockty-tick"
An' keep it stopped a week or so,
Then it won't be so clever,
Because then when I let it go
"Twon't catch up with me never!

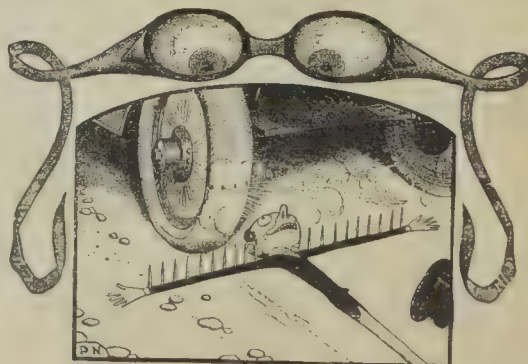
WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Sounded That Way

TOMMY (at the local concert, watching the soprano singing an aria and conductor waving baton). "Ma, what's that long-haired man hitting at her with that stick for?"

MOTHER. "He isn't hitting at her."

TOMMY. "Then why is she screaming?"



When Blowser in his Crimson Flyer
Ran over Robert Blake,
He punctured hopelessly a tire—
Old Bob was such a rake!



FIRST RABBIT. "Jack seems puffed up with his new air-ship."

SECOND RABBIT. "That ain't a dirigible; the hippo gave him a cigar."

How She Knew

AN attendant of a circulating library in Chicago recently overheard the following conversation between two young women, regular patrons of the place.

"How do you select stories?" asked one.

"I have adopted a very simple method," said the other. "As I run over the latest things offered here, I glance at the last chapter. If I find the rain softly and sadly falling over two lonely graves, I know I don't want the story; but if the morning sun is glimmering over bridal robes of white satin, I know the novel's all right."

Perfect Confidence

A PHYSICIAN was summoned to a very sick man, who was very much pre-occupied with troubles of his own. On arriving at the sick man's bed, he said to his wife: "Your husband is in the last throes. Every movement shows that the end is near- ing." At this moment the sick man's head fell over the pillow, when the doctor said: "The end has come, your husband is dead."

In a shrill, thin voice the sick man said: "Tain't so, Maria."

At once the wife laid her hand on his head and remarked: "Don't disturb yourself, Rufus—the doctor knows best."

Women

SOME are born men, some achieve men, and some have men thrust upon them.

Another woman now and then
Is relished by the best of men.

Every girl is a fresh beginning.

He makes love best who makes love last.

Propinquity is the splice of life.

A little yearning is a dangerous thing.

There's an affinity that shapes our ends
Eschew him though we may.

Half a loaf is better than no vacation.

C. L. R.

He Approved

THREE-YEAR-OLD Tim had admired the clouds for a long time, but never thought to inquire into their origin until a few evenings since. His mother explained at length how God made the rain fall on the earth and then took it back into the sky, to all of which Tim listened attentively, and then patronizingly observed:

"Pretty dood stunt for Dod, isn't it?"



Dire Threats

"Hands up or I'll let daylight into ye! Hands up or I'll fill ye full o' lead! Oh, say, please hold up yer hands or I'll never speak to you again!"

A Clamsman's Hunting Song

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

OH, sing your songs of the silly chase,
And listen he who will.
Of red-clad men who madly race
Perspiring up a hill;
And flop-eared dogs that run about
A-mouthing savage bays,
While some lone fox among the rocks
Looks on in mild amaze.

Oh, hilt your lays of the coveyed quail
Mid the covers' matted thorn,
And a patient dog with an index tail
In place of a huntsman's horn.
Sing, too, of your sylvan water-hole
With paw-prints all about—
But me for the reach of a clammy beach
When the tide is running out!

A four-pronged fork of handy size,
And a bucket in our hand,
With downcast, steady, searching eyes
We stalk the salt sea strand.
And what's the whirl of a startled wing
Or a guide's monition curt—
What's Tally Ho to the cry we know—
"Ahoy! The clams! They squirt!"

The tide was ebb in old Cow Bay,
The opal sea was ca'm;
When scarce I'd started on my way
I flushed a flock of clam!

A skilful dig with my sturdy steel,
And the leader I had bagged—
Before he'd stirred to warn the herd
I had him bound and gagged.

Ye butcher men whose scatt'ring shot
May spread a field with gore,
I gain a finer thrill, I wot,
In digging on the shore.
Your desecrating, dreadful bangs
Re-echo through a grove;
My skilful wrist, my thrust and twist,
Reveal the treasure-trove.

I too can miss my aim as well;
It chills one's pulsing blood
To pounce upon a noble shell
And find it full of mud.
When you home-bent are gore-begrimed,
I'm stained with cleanly dirt;
Mid ozone sweet up-shore I beat
And sing, "Ahoy! They squirt!"

P. S.—They're washed within a pot
And drained until they're white.
They're covered on a stove that's hot—
(Add water half their height).
They're done as soon as they boil up;
Oh, joy too vast to utter!
You drink the bouillon from a cup
And dip the clams in butter.



Painting by Howard Pyle.

Illustration for "The Garden of Eden"

DIM AND FADED PICTURES AT TIMES CAME BEFORE THEM

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THE DOPPELBRÜCKE—DOUBLE BRIDGE

The Old Red City of Rothenburg

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

IT is a marvellous city, this of Rothenburg ob der Tauber; a fascinating city, out of the fascinating past. Everywhere is the unbroken aspect of the centuries that have gone. Ancient walls, deep-moated, loophole-pierced, still engird the city. Every house is of ancient form: almost every house is in actuality ancient, and the few that fill

gaps caused by fire or decay have been strictly built on ancient lines, for thus the city has consistently commanded—this city so sonorously named, this Rothenburg ob der Tauber.

It is a city of crockets and pinnacles, of myriad towers in myriad design, of great stone fountains, of houses illimitably dormered, of lofty gables, secret

passages, delectable doorways, windows of leaded glass; of street lines indented by house-fronts progressively projecting, story above story. "Es sieht aus als wenn man ein Bild ansieht!"—thus said to me an enthusiastic admirer from Berlin: "It is as if a man were looking at a picture!"

For a thousand years Rothenburg has been a city. For more than five hundred years it was a Free City of the Empire.

itself by its own unaided sturdiness. If great barons came to Rothenburg, they came to receive protection, not to give it, or else they came to be entertained with the lavish open-handedness that made the city a place to which emperors themselves found pleasure in resorting.

By crusaders and pilgrims, Rothenburg was held in affectionate regard, not only for its generous hospitality, but because, seen from the river, it bore a striking resemblance to Jerusalem. But there was order in those times of turbulence; and in an old, old house used by Palestine's pilgrims, and still known as Pilgrims' House, there is an ancient stone, bearing upon it an ancient carving of a hand and a hatchet, with the ominous inscription, "He who quarrels in this house shall have his hand cut off."

Yet since those early days the town has been comparatively forgotten. Even yet it has not become a haunt of the tourist and the traveller, although each year a few Americans resort thitherward, bringing back tales of this city that out-Nürnbeargs Nürnberg. It is easily reached, being on a little branch line from the railway between Frankfurt and Munich. The station is well outside of the walls, and the most effective way is to reach the city after nightfall and next morning step out into its streets from dreamland.

It is a place where the sightseer cannot go wrong, for everywhere is fascination. There are both stateliness and beauty. There are towering houses with

crisscrossed fronts. There are charming gardens, tucked in between ancient walls. There are ancient stairways, of stone or of age-bleached oak, circling upward around a central pillar from basement to roof. There are casement windows, look-



THE RATHHAUS ENTRANCE

It is not like those ancient towns which, through centuries of strife, preserved their entity through being huddled near the base of some great castle; it is not like those towns that were protected by powerful princes; for it has maintained

ing into courtyards of alluring charm. The city is steeped in color, for the long-rising roofs are all of old red tile. It was long since that wooden roofs were forbidden. To be precise, it was just seven hundred and five years ago.

The town centres around its town hall, its Rathhaus. This is a superb building, huge in size and of immense dignity. In construction it is a composite of the centuries, a commingling of the Gothic and the Renaissance; yet "Made in Germany" is distinctively in every line. Here are the municipal meeting-rooms and offices; and here is many a record of the past. Here are paintings of long-since-forgotten battles, and great iron coffers, made to hold the city's secrets and its gold; here are archives, running back for over seven hundred years; here are parchments jingling with great ancient seals, some of them imperial; here is the "Richtsstuhl," the stone seat of justice; here are grim records of the dungeons, done in old-time black-letter, telling with dry brevity of trials and punishments, of confessions made under torture by traitors and criminals and even by old-time robber knights brought by the burghers to a sharp account.

There are deep dungeons under the Rathhaus, reached by stairways dripping with moisture, into which not a ray of light can enter; and in one of these dungeons, some five centuries ago, the men of Rothenburg placed the burgomaster who, more than any other in the long burgomasterial line, gave to the city power and wealth and prosperity. But they charged him with conspiring with the Emperor, and not only gave him no

light, but edged their animosity by deliberately giving him no food. It is in all a fiercely dramatic story; for friends who were still faithful tunnelled to the cell, and madly cut through its prodigious wall, and reached the prisoner—but only to find him dead.



THE SQUARE TOWERS ARE FREE DWELLING-PLACES FOR THE CITY'S POOR

Nowadays they treat unpopular burgomasters with more consideration. Each burgomaster is chosen for three years, and at the end of that time he is either elected for life or gives place to a successor. But an election for life does not give unchecked power, for it is a simple matter with these townsfolk, if they tire of a life-chosen mayor, to make him "so crazy with vexation," as it was expressed to me, that he is glad to resign and accept the pension that they palliatively offer. Only recently they thus got rid of one.



ANCIENT WALLS STILL ENGIRD THE CITY

I climbed the tall tower of the Rathhaus, entering that part of the building through a Renaissance door of remarkable distinction and beauty. I climbed on, tempted always farther by foot-furrowed stairs, quavering floors, crooked galleries, labyrinthine fascination. And in a little room at the very top I found a white-haired, white-bearded man. He lived up there, he and a fellow watchman, keeping ceaseless lookout for fires in twelve-hour alternate vigils. Eight times an hour by night, and four times an hour by day, the town is scanned; and

the old man showed me with pride an elaborate mechanism which keeps check on his faithfulness!

From the summit, above this room, is a never-forgettable view of the congregated roofs, the peaks and gables, the pinnacle-perched figures of stone, the river, and the far-reaching plains.

Three times a week, at noon, young men clamber to this tower-top, and, in rain or sunshine, in heat or in cold, trumpet ancient German chorals to the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, in turn.

They love music in Rothenburg, and it is an incident of most functions, public or private. In front of the Rathhaus, when wedding formalities are going on inside, hired musicians

loudly drum and trumpet, whereat the people come running from all directions. For a wedding is not carried on with the



AN OLD GATEWAY

quietness which would please the shy and retiring. Marriage is a sacrament neither lightly nor secretly to be entered into!

On the night before the wedding it is considered *de rigueur* to hurl old pots and pans against the house of the bride, with boisterous good wishes; and without these delicate attentions a bride would really feel slighted. Her two best friends wait upon her during the din, and give her a wreath and a veil and some verses composed in her honor; and that the verses are curiously like those offered to brides in the past, except for necessary change of name, is not at all a drawback. Weddings are usually on Tuesdays; and they take from seven in the morning till four or five in the afternoon, including the time at the town hall. At the home there will likely be a little play given, in which are set forth the supposed foibles of the bride and groom; and some friend, masquerading as a gipsy, will come in and give whatever kind of prophecy best accords with his wit. Race suicide is seldom prophesied; it is, in fact, unpopular in Rothenburg, as is seen from the number of boys and girls going with shining morning face to school. If there has been a jilted girl, delicate and kind-hearted friends spread a path of chopped straw from her door to the house where the wedding festivities are in progress.

One day I saw a Rothenburg funeral. There had been services at the church, and I saw a long procession winding toward that one of the city gates that looks out toward the *Gottesacker* beyond the city walls. All were on foot, save a few of the immediate family. Six women, bearing huge wreaths of flowers and greenery, led the long line, and three women, with wreaths of greenery alone,



THERE IS EVERYWHERE A CHARMING COMPLEXITY OF GABLES AND TOWERS

brought up its rear. Following the leading six came round-eyed choir-boys, and behind them the members of a corps, with varnished boots that came far above the knees, and white trousers, and fancy jackets with enormous white cuffs fastened on the outside of the sleeves, and gilt swords, and the most tiny of diminutive caps. Some score or so of elderly men, velvet-capped, white-rabbeted, followed—for it was the son of a dignitary of the town who had died—and then a long line of men in the unwonted glory of silk hats. Besides the wreath-bearers, there were no women marching, but in the graveyard groups of them hovered vaguely among the trees.

It was a winter day, and every twig of every tree was white with frozen mist. The shrill young voices of the choir-boys



EVERY HOUSE IS OF ANCIENT DESIGN

rose frostily on the frosty air, and the pastor spoke feelingly of the aged father's grief: "My son, my son, would God I had died for thee!"—and the people slowly dispersed, and the relatives and friends went back to the house of bereavement to partake of the funeral baked meats.

The cozy, cheerful, homelike aspect of the city would point out to even the most casual observer that in the past there were not only steel-clad knights and a humble peasantry, but a prosperous citizen class with delightful home life and sheltered firesides. There is multitude of homely names for streets and buildings; such names as the Sexton's Tower, the Cheese Chamber, the Vinegar Jug, the Dog Tower, the Pig's Tower, Little Dumpling Street, the House of the Cook of the Servants' Food, and—inno-cent of all knowledge of Barrie—the Street of the Little Minister.

In the little shops one finds artisans in wood, in copper, in leather, in iron; and it is a joy to come across a maker of knives actually named Hieronymus! There are numerous shops bearing the

words "Kolonial Waaren," which are apt to give to an American enticing suggestions of blue china and old-time wares, but which, of course, refer only to the spices and coffee of the colonies.

A citizen of the town is a man who pays taxes up to a certain moderate amount in addition to having won by a residence of some years the "right of home." It is well to exercise care in bestowing the right of citizenship, for if poverty comes to a citizen, the town is bound to care for him, and his right to vote remains.

It is amusing to find that ward caucus and vote management are so well understood here that the names of nominees for the office of burgomaster, or for membership in the Gemeindekollegium, can usually be known in advance, as can also the result of an election. After all, these people have voted for centuries, and why should they be unsophisticated!

Inscriptions over gates and doorways are common. "Deutsches Haus—Deutsches Land—Schirm dich Gott mit starker Hand," are the bravely reverent

words put up long since by a bravely reverent citizen. Above one of the city gates is the cordial "Pax intransibilibus, Salus exeuntibus." Upon one of the buildings is a very old inscription, in the shortest and briefest words, that "He who has no grief may wipe out this rhyme." And the people tell with awe that a recent married couple said to each other, "Let us so live as to wipe that out!"—and that in two weeks the husband was dead.

Pleasant little customs are still perpetuated. The Thursday before Easter is known as Green Thursday, and garlic is the time-honored dish for that day; but if any green vegetable is on the table there will be money for the household for all the year. The fourth Thursday before Christmas, children go from door to door with baskets, and are given apples and nuts and raisins. The city has less than 9,000 inhabitants, and each man knows his neighbor.

There are still retained certain pleasant little superstitions. If a girl, drinking coffee, is so unfortunate as to put in the cream before the sugar, she is sure not to be married within seven years; and it is amusing to see with what eagerness the sugar is always dropped in.

There were at one time patricians in the city. All cities get them, although they do not always go by that name. But Rothenburg not only got them, but got rid of them.

The patrician class arose naturally, for the early patricians were leaders who deserved to be leaders; men of sagacity and character and wealth and public spirit, and they put up

great houses, which are still standing—houses with coats of arms and elaborate carvings, and groined ceilings and oriel windows; houses opulent in size, with infinity of felicitous detail.

But their descendants, taking over the houses and the wealth, were without the sagacity and the public spirit, and Rothenburg decided to be rid of them. The city was of the Reformation, and therefore looked askance at a huge convent within its precincts, with moat and walls and gates of its own. And it came to pass that charges were made that patricians were in the flagitious habit of visiting after visiting hours. Whereupon the patricians and their order were done away with and the nunnery suppressed and confiscated. They got rid, too, of the Jews—for it is curious how intolerant



AM ALTENKELLER

a tolerant people can be. The Jews, they said, realizing how much Rothenburg resembles the sacred city of Palestine, intended to poison the inhabitants and take possession of their city as the New Jerusalem! And on the strength of this supposed intent the Jews were killed or banished and their property seized.

Following the seizing of the convent, they also took over a monastery and the Catholic churches. But they were not so intolerant as to destroy this property. There is a distinctly canny strain in the Rothenburg character. They not only found the confiscated churches admirable for the new worship, but also retained many an old religious figure and painting, and kept in place the altars with their saints and angels.

I saw not a beggar in Rothenburg; yet the city is a tramps' paradise. For tramps and wayfarers are lodged for a night in a building just outside the walls, and are given warm rooms and good food. Each Christmas-tide they are given a tree and special Christmas cheer.

The poor belonging to the town itself are cared for in such an ideal way as to make poverty no punishment: as indeed it ought not to be when a man has lived the sturdy life of Rothenburg. For the favorite way of disposing of the poor is to distribute them in wonderfully picturesque little homes in towers and lookouts along the city walls; homes perched and hanging like swallows' nests along the ramparts.

The ancient costumes have almost vanished; and yet there are still women who wear the green or purple sleeves, the bands crossed over the breast, the bright-hued kerchief close-tied on the head; and there are old men doddering about in blue blouses and tasselled caps.

Down whichever street one turns there is a revel of picturesque architecture. The houses are in general from four to six stories in height, built against one another, and usually with half-timbered fronts in intricate and beautiful designs. There is everywhere a charming complexity of gables and corbels and towers. There are glorious projecting windows. There are dusky niches and echoing corners. There are rude blue-slatted or green-slatted wagons, drawn by a single horse, hitched far over at one side. There is the mail-cart driver who, approaching the post-office, plays loudly on a horn for the full length of the street. "His own composition!" say the townsfolk, with pride,



HERTERICH FOUNTAIN

The city is delightfully seen from the covered way along the inside of the city walls, just under the top; the place where sentinels and soldiers of the past watched and peered and aimed their weapons at the enemy. For not only is the city charmingly seen from this height of vantage, but through the loop-holed apertures one may have piquant glimpses of the country beyond the walls, and of the river with its ancient double bridge.

It was back in the Thirty Years' War, it was in 1631, that the principal event in the history of the city took place: the principal event, in the judgment of every inhabitant. It is annually commemorated by a play, a pageant, in which all that happened in the course of the great day—the day of the Meistertrunk, the Master Drink—is represented by generals and counsellors, soldiers and people, costumed in character, in the streets, in the market-place, in the Rathhaus.

For the ferocious Tilly captured the city, and, enraged by his losses, declared that the town should be destroyed, the leading inhabitants slain, and the rest turned over to the soldiery. But women and children wailed lamentably as he rode to the Rathhaus, and clung to his stirrup imploring mercy. And he flung them mercy with contempt. "Let the dogs live," he said; "I will be merciful. None but the burgomaster and all the counsellors of the town shall die."

He went into the great room of the Rathhaus, and called for wine, and a frightened girl carried in a huge and brimming goblet—a goblet so huge that he burst into a great laugh. "Am I to drink this?" he said, holding it up. And then grim humor seized him. "If any



OLD RAMPARTS

man of Rothenburg will drink this at a single draught I will spare the city and spare every life!"

There was a great silence, and then a former burgomaster, a certain Nusch—his name is worthy of remembrance—stepped intrepidly forward and took the goblet from Tilly's hand. He drank, and the silence deepened as the foot of the goblet slowly rose in the air; he drank and drank till every drop was drained. Then he fell senseless to the floor.

"Revive him!" said Tilly; and Nusch came slowly back to life.

Tilly was a good loser. "You have won," he said, admiringly, as the man raised himself and looked around.

Whereat Rothenburg's hero could only gasp out, with a touch of good old-fashioned humor even in such a presence:

"I never—could—save—another town!"

A Rural Telephone

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE great clock ticked with loud insistence in the immaculate room. Things had to be immaculate where Mrs. Dacre was. The sunlight sifting through bare branches gilded the brown shadows of the walls ceiled in old pine, and now the color of the dead leaves whirling without. The bed was of snowy whiteness, and the old woman propped on her pillows was whiter yet.

"There, mother dear," said Nancy. "It's all apple-pie. And I'll go to work. There's consider'ble i'uing to do out there. But if any one comes in, you're as neat as a pin and as pretty as a pink."

"My! There's no need of any one's comin' in, sence we got the phone. Jes' give it here, Nancy, and I'm content."

The telephone was at the head of the bed. It was a recent acquisition in the little community, and regarded as a delightful toy with which one could not play too much.

The daughter took down the receiver and laid it on the pillow by her mother's ear. "I suppose it's all right," she said, hesitatingly, as she had said before.

"Of course it is!" was the swift reply. "If any one finds fault with a bedridden old woman for tryin' to keep along with the world, they can! Why, the satisfaction I've had out o' this sence we put it in passes all I could git out o' sewin'-circle an' perrish meetin' put together!"

"I don't believe any one cares if you do use it," Nancy said, comforting her conscience.

"Only old Mis' Monroe. An' she ses to Mis' Plumer—I heern her myself—'I can't talk any more now,' ses she. 'Old Mis' Dacre's listenin',' ses she. 'I ain't, either!' ses I, real sharp."

"Why, mother!"

"Well, I wa'n't. I had the handle down, because I can't stan' the ringin' clost to my ear, it's so sudding. An', too, I wanted to hear if Ann Mari' Speer 'd sold her chickings for enough to buy her

plum-color dress. It 'll set off her skin lovely. Why shouldn't I? Ann Mari' 'd tell me herself. Fact is, Nancy, it's like a continnered story in the papers. I'm reely curus to know if Almedy Bent's goin' to cut her skirt bell-shape or gored. Gored 'd fit her figger best. This piller ain't jes' right, Nancy. There—that's it. Deacon Morse was callin' up Mis' Morse—he was to West Centre. Didn't git her, fust call. Seems he couldn't raise but a dollar and a half for his apples, an' won't sell. So I guess we'd better keep our'n for one seventy-five. If some spile, they'll more'n everage up."

"The ground was covered with a hoar frost this mornin'—it looked beautiful on the brown grass."

"Means a thaw. Have the suller winders opened then. When Danny comes round wouldn't you better send a basketful to Mis' Ruggles? Them won't spile. I never could see why everybody don't hev an apple tree as much as a back door. They're motherly creeturs with their broodin' boughs. It makes me feel dretful bad to think of Johnny runnin' off to sea an' forsakin' Ann Mari'. It's mos' broke Mis' Ruggles down. Don't you forgit about sendin' the apples, Nancy. I declare to man, I do'no' w'at we done afore we hed the rural telephone. It's better'n rural free delivery; for that comes now an' then, but this comes all the time. I useter lie here like a dead tree—nothin' stirrin' but the pend'lum of the clock tickin' off my days like a sentence of death. An' now I'm all alive an' full o' the life of folks. I don't need to see 'em the way I did when the days was so long. An' w'en they do come in I've got lots to tell 'em. Now the days ain't long enough."

There was a whir, sudden as the challenge of a rattlesnake, and the receiver was at Mrs. Dacre's ear. "Tut, tut!" she said. "It's only Mis' Monroe a-tellin' Mammy to wear her rubbers. Them sort



Drawn by H. M. Brett

"IT'S ONLY MIS' MONROE A-TELLIN' MAMY TO WEAR HER RUBBERS"

o' no-account messages make me disappointed as I be when I'm readin' the paper if there ain't anybody I know in the deaths an' marriages. There! you won't never git to your work. I'm reel comf'able. Comf'able as I can be, I cal'klate. It does seem one o' the mysteries, when I useter be head of everythin' here, that I can't set foot to the floor—"

"Pr'aps you could, mother dear, if you tried."

"Nancy! You go right about your work! If that's all the symperthy I git—"

And Nancy laughed and kissed her mother and was gone.

"Oh, you pretty flower!" said Mrs. Dacre—when the door was closed.

But what she had said was quite true; Mrs. Dacre was a personage in the settlement. A native desire to rule had made it impossible for her not to meddle. She was never too tired to wake in the night and walk a couple of miles to a sick-bed. Few were born in the place without her help; few died that she did not close their eyes. She had sprung from slippery stone to slippery stone, crossing the brook, the ice breaking up; she had gone through the hills in driving snow where many a shepherd lost the way; and the summer lightnings never held her back on her errands of mercy. She could hardly have told you if they were errands of mercy or of desire to be a part of all that was going on. She was the confidante of the village; they reported to her, consulted her, came to her in trouble; her curiosity conquered, her vivacity cheered; her love of ruling gave support.

Of course all this had been a strain on strength and nerve, although she had plenty of both. "I'm mos' beat out," she used to say. "Troubles always come when you least expect them most." But she would not abate her activities; they had become a habit with cravings like those of an opium-eater.

And then came Nancy's love-affair, and her wild objection to it, and Nancy's quiet persistence; and in a passion of angry excitement she had taken to her bed and had remained there ever since. The telephone then had become a mild substitute for her drug.

That Saul Manley, one of the Black Manleys, should dare lift his eyes to her

Nancy—her white, delicate Nancy! He, a Manley of the Hollow, a race always shiftless, always thriftless, sometimes beggars, maybe worse! To be sure, a wife from far away had once come there, a proud, defiant creature—Saul had her burning black eyes—but she had faded out of light and life and left her boy among them. Mrs. Dacre never forgot the illumination that kindled in those eyes of hers at the moment she understood there was only an hour or two more to live and the opening gates showed her the way to freedom. And Nancy! It was making the nest of a silver dove out of the common mud. The Dacres were poor, perhaps, land-poor still; but they were the old settlers, the first proprietors, the aristocrats of the region. They had always held their heads high. And now to have him— "Why, when he was a boy he useter come for our skim-milk!" she cried.

"He don't now," said Nancy. "And all them are dead and gone. And he's sold the Hollow, an' got a place on the hill, an' paid for it, an' don't scant on anythin'."

"Reg'lar driver. But he ain't a-goin' to drive my Nancy to her death."

"Mother! He loves me!"

"Calf-love," said the old woman, wrathfully adjusting the pillows herself. "He'll love a good many girls yet."

"Never, never, mother! And you'll break his heart, and mine too."

"I ain't no symperthy for these early loves an' heart-breaks. As if there wa'n't nothin' else in the world but keepin' company! Your heart ain't so brittle. He loves himself. That's who! And it'd be a great lift to him to git into our fam'bly. My brick's gittin' cold, Nancy. My feet are like the clods of the valley. Marry! How can you marry anybody, 'ith me on your han's!"

"He'd help. He'd be a reel son to you," sobbed Nancy, as she bent to find the brick.

"I've got a daughter. I don't want no sons of the Manley sort—always nine o'clock with them till it's ten! And I ain't one o' them that whiffles about, Nancy. I ain't willin' to have him come in here an' master me, and I ain't goin' to be took care of in any house o' his'n. An' there it is!" And the paler and

thinner and sadder Nancy looked, as she went about her tasks, the fiercer the old woman grew with the sense of her responsibility for it. But that her child should condescend from the high estate of a Dacre to that of the Black Manleys, the low-browed, beggarly crew—it was not to be thought of!

“It’s no use, Saul,” said Nancy, when her lover came to the foot of the garden, one night of the last spring. “I can’t leave mother.”

“I don’t ask you to leave her! Dear, my dear, I’d make her more comfortable than she ever dreamed.”

Nancy was crying softly, hiding her face in his arm.

“There, there!” he said, as one might soothe a child, and laying his face on her soft hair. “We’re better off than some, for we’ve got each other. If we never marry, I’ll be faithful to you, Nancy, till the day I die and after.”

“Oh, oh, I don’t want to keep you bound, and cut off from a home and—and all!”

“I am bound! There’s nothing in the world can undo that. I’m yours, single or married, and into the other life. And if there’s no marryin’ nor givin’ in marriage there, there’s no divorcing, neither!”

The freshness of upturned furrows came on the breath of the south wind blowing up rain, and the fragrance of the apple blossoms streamed round them in long wafts as they stood there hidden by the mists of the kindly night; and full of the invincible spirit of youth that feels its immortality, the earth was beautiful and life was sweet even in their trouble. To-morrow—well, to-morrow the roses might be in bloom. And Nancy stayed half happy in the thought of her lover, and trusting to time for her mother, a shade of sadness clouding the happiness and giving her a pathetic sweetness that moved the heart of every one but her mother—her mother who adored her, but would not have let her know it for anything under heaven.

But indeed all the village regarded the girl tenderly. Ann Maria Speer wanted her father, when he bought her a new print, to buy another for Nancy. Mrs. Bent told her mother that if anything happened to her she would take Nancy for her own. “There’s nothing

goin’ to happen,” said Mrs. Dacre, with sublime confidence. The child took every one’s affection for granted; a rosy, darling thing, her head sunning over with curls, her smile always kindling, her pretty pouting kisses always ready. Every little while she went the tour of the village. “I’m glad I come to dinner here,” she said, where pork and greens made the feast. “I sorrow for you,” she said, where some illness was. “Ev’ybody wuvs me ve’y much, and I wuv ev’ybody,” she declared elsewhere. And everybody did; from the time she took off her own shoes to give them to a child who had none, till long after she had turned up her lovely locks, everybody felt an ownership in her and her affections. “I can’t think why people are so good to me,” Nancy once said.

“Why shouldn’t they be?” said her mother. “Ain’t you John Dacre’s daughter?”

John Dacre’s daughter! Although Nancy felt her mother a part of the walls of the world, it was her father, in his always subdued and quiet mood, toward whom her heart yearned.

But this wilful old woman had not always been a Dacre herself, although she had so completely identified herself with her husband’s family that she had half forgotten the fact. There was a time when she was a much humbler person, a handsome, spirited girl who earned her bread with carding and spinning from house to house. Strange to say, every one else seemed to have forgotten that, too, with such force and assurance had she taken hold of life when she became John Dacre’s wife. And John Dacre had not been the only man who cared for her. There had been a dark and reckless young scamp who had made her feel his power. She had seen him shoot the bird on the wing, she had seen him breaking his great white horse, she had seen him diving in the lake for a drowning man—alas! his name was Manley. He overtook her when her work was done, and went along with her; he met her by the brook, and skipped pebbles there; he leaned over the bridge with her, and each was to the other a part of the magical beauty when twilight veils the day and the stars tremble out. He followed her up on the high pastures knee-deep in the spicy

sweet-fern and bayberry, and into the green shadows of the wood. Once, through a gap of crowding trees she saw the red flame of the sunset repeated and flashing in Aleck Manley's eyes; and once, that once, his arms were about her, and his lips were on hers, and in that moment she comprehended all the sweetness, all the honeyed richness, of life—and in the next she broke away and ran; she had half plighted faith with John Dacre, and John Dacre was a comfortable man. She always hated the sight of that wood; she closed the window of her room that commanded it and the sunset glow shining through it, and set the head of her bed against it. For years she could see that flame burning in Aleck Manley's eyes whenever she shut her own. But in time she outgrew it. It made her shudder then to think she might have been one of those miserable Manleys. But love seemed to be burned out of her in that one fiery moment. She was a good wife; she took faithful care of John Dacre, with an aggressive loyalty, standing somewhat in awe of the silent man; but not till her little Nancy came did she ever forget herself in another. The child appeared to her like a wonderful white flower blossoming out of the deadness of her inner life. Her child and John Dacre's—she was a miracle! Her innocence, her exquisite infantile delicacy, were a perpetual marvel; the universe had come to its perfection in Nancy. When she saw the wind stirring the fine fair hair, and the blue eyes mirroring heaven, she felt this was the top of beauty. In her long cloak, the child in her arms, she went into the green woods as if to teach her the spell of weaving branches; she dipped her in the brook, and the sparkle of the waters on the little rosy limbs seemed the radiance of some young angelic creature; you would have met her down any lane when the wild roses were in bloom, as if the loveliness of the earth were her darling's only fit companion. Then, living in the child, worshipping her, she began to love the children of others; and loving the children, their fathers and mothers grew dear, and so presently she ruled and mastered the small community through serving them. When she went out at night to watch by some sick-bed, the child was

under her cloak, cradled by and by on a pillow, but there as if she were a part of the healing forces. And in the bright dawning it seemed to the mother as if cure lay in the sight of that sweet countenance. Wars crashed over the land; it did not signify. The great elements were harnessed; it did not signify. John Dacre died; it—did not signify. So long as there was Nancy the world rolled on serenely; there was need of nothing else.

Nancy's going out of the house sent shadow into every room; sunshine came with her returning. The hours when she herself was away from Nancy seemed time lost out of life; she looked forward to being at home with her again as to some festival. All the passion, all the fire, of her powerful nature wrapped the child. She thought—until she was tried—that she would have given Nancy her heart's blood. She had a certain fierce protecting instinct of the wild creature for its whelp; she felt that she could never die while Nancy needed her. She wondered what the child's dreams were about; she was jealous of the young woman's thoughts—tranquil thoughts they were, for Nancy was a Dacre. When Nancy joined the church, it seemed unnecessary; Nancy had been born perfect. When summer days were long and fine, they seemed the promise of long, fine life to Nancy; and when great winter storms were raging, the mother lay in a transport of content, shut in with her sleeping Nancy.

The bitterness of it, then, when from this depth of satisfaction she woke to the fact that Nancy loved some one other than herself—and that other a Manley! In a day, an hour, she grew old. Her sins had found her out, the sin of the world had come to her door and was visited on her head. The blush branded her face so that the stain remained. The son of Aleck Manley! She remembered that man's love, his kiss, as a crime she had committed. That his son should love Nancy was profanation, was sacrilege! Had Nancy been overtaken by any dangerous illness, although it tore her heart, she would have given her bitter medicine. She must have bitter medicine now.

So, Saul being forbidden the borders, Mrs. Dacre contrived work enough for

Nancy to keep her hands and her thoughts full through her waking hours. But she could not hinder Nancy's dreams at night, and perhaps it was their sweetness that gave her every morning the soft flush on her cheek, the brightness of the beaming eye, the tender smile about the lips, until they faded into the light of common day, and the patient look of endurance that came in their place.

"You ain't eatin' enough, Nancy," her mother said.

"I ain't much appetite."

"That's no matter," said the indomitable old spirit. "You eat! You'll git the good of it whether you want it or not. You had the combs fetched in? Honey's fust-rate for you. Who took 'em? You?"

"Saul took them, mother."

"D you pay him?"

"Pay Saul!"

"That honey 'd orter make you sick! Oh, me, me, there ain't a trouble sharper 'n an ongrateful child gives ye!" But just then the telephone bell tinkled, and Mrs. Dacre surmounted her own trouble temporarily in her lively interest in the affairs of others.

It was late that afternoon that Mrs. Ruggles passed the window and came in. She had a branch of witch-hazel, strung with its threads of bloom, in her hand. "I thought I'd fetch it over," she said, "jest 's a token that summer ain't all gone. I mind you like the nat'ral thin's. Somehow I feel when this blows that it's a sign the Lord's lookin' out for us still, as much as when the bow was set in heaven. Ain't that so, Mis' Dacre? I take it as a promise o' spring flowers."

"It's most excellent for a bruise," said Mrs. Dacre. "I was jes' tellin' Mis' Bent to git the flowers an' make a poultice for Tom's hurt—"

"W'y, I didn't know— How'd you hear?"

"They phoned for Dr. Bly. But he'd gone down to Salt Water. So I told her what to do. She was obleeged an' thankful."

Mrs. Ruggles was a colorless little woman, who would have looked hardly more than the shadow of some one else if a black eye had not animated the ashes like a coal of fire and given her life and personality. She fidgeted now, took an-

other chair, raised the window-shade, and tied its cord and tassel again. "You phoned?" she said. "Mis' Dacre, I'm half a mind to tell you sunthin'."

"Make it a whole one, Phœbe. I knowed you hed sunthin' on your mind. 'Tain't nat'ral for you to talk about posies."

"I do'no'. Wal, anyways—Mis' Dacre, the folks is all mad as hornets at your tappin' the phone so."

"They be!"

"Yes. They found out 'twas you—fust, because thin's that sot 'em all by the ears come from you direct. An' nex', because they could hear a big clock tickin' away like an ingine, an' you're the only one that's got a gran'ther's clock—"

"*They* was tappin' then."

"An' they're a-talkin' of goin' down to headquarters an' hev it put a stop to—"

Mrs. Dacre sat up straight—she had not done such a thing in months. "Me!" she said. "Put a stop to!" Her great eyes were like a wild creature's. "Mis' Ruggles," she said, "do you mean to say that any of my neighbors grudge me—shut in from meetin' an' from prayer-meetin' as I be—gittin' what pleasure I can out o' this telephone?" She stopped a moment, as if in review. "Why," she said then, "they've allus come to me with everythin' all their lives, or sent for me to come to them, an' told me all their worriments. An' why shouldn't I have it this way, now when I can't go out? I vow to man—"

"I'm only speakin' to save you trouble, Mis' Dacre," said Mrs. Ruggles, laying the witch-hazel aside, as one making ready for a fray. "I come over a-purpose, at consider'ble pains. I have a lot to do, now Johnny's gone, and I mos' broke my back choppin' kindlin's, tel Saul Manley see me, an' come in the goodness o' his heart an' sawed an' split all my winter's wood, free gift. I thought you'd orter know."

"You're all right, Mis' Ruggles. But it's cruelty! That's what it is! It's small business to crowd an old woman this way. And then, too," she said, in a calmer tone, "it's mighty hard besides—for Mis' Monroe's be'n tellin' Mis' Plumer a story she's be'n readin' in some story paper, as I gather, and it's jest at the most interestin' p'int—"



Drawn by H. M. Brett

"I'M CALLIN' THE ELDER TO FETCH SAUL MANLEY HERE"

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

"Do tell! What's it all about?"

"Lemme see. Why, it's about a gel, a young gel—she warn't a beauty, you know, but there was sunthin' to her—maybe like you an' me, when we was young, don't you see?"

"No, I don't!" said the other, with emphasis. "Cap'n Ruggles allus said I *was* a beauty."

"So. Every eye makes its own, ye know. And there's some thinks faculty's better 'n any show o' good looks. John Dacre did. Anyways, this young gel—they ain't called her by name—had faculty, an' had that, whatever it is, that makes folks set by her. Folks was fond on her—the minister, the deacon, the doctor—there was nobody that wa'n't. And of course there was some one wanted to marry her, an' she him. A fine feller, han'some, sober, forchanded, 'most a church member. An' the course o' true love, you know, never did run smooth; an' there was an old woman in the fam'bly jes' put her foot down an' forbid the bans. There wa'n't no reason why; but she did. An' she kerried her p'int. An' they said 'twas jes' like them thin's in outlandish stories—an old vampire gittin' the gel's life-blood—an' then somebody cut the phone off, an' the last thin' they said was that the gel was goin' in a gallopin' consumption. An' there ain't a cure known for gallopin' consumption! My Lord, Mis' Ruggles, what if it 'd be'n my Nancy!" And suddenly Mrs. Dacre stopped, her eyes, that had been welling with tears, shedding them like pearls as they opened wider and wider. She clapped her hand over her mouth.

"What is it, Mis' Dacre! My grief, what is it!"

For a moment Mrs. Dacre did not speak. She was staring into vacancy as if she saw something horrible there. And then she fell back on her pillow, gasping. "My Nancy!" she was whispering to herself. "My Nancy!"

"Where's the camphire?" cried Mrs. Ruggles. But the old woman pushed her aside when she brought it.

"You'll find a pair o' shoes in that cluset," she whispered presently. "An' some stockin's in the left-han' corner of the lower drawer o' the chist. Fetch 'em here—quick as winkin'—any on 'em!"

An' now, if you'll give me a helpin' han', I'll see what I can do, the Lord helpin', too." And presently Mrs. Dacre was sitting on the side of the bed, with a foot on the ground. "Do you s'pose I can walk acrost the floor?" she asked.

"I s'pose you can do most anythin' you set out to do," answered the obedient Phœbe.

"I guess some folks 'll be suprised," said Mrs. Dacre, drawing in her breath, and gingerly following one foot with the other. "There!" she exclaimed, triumphantly, as, grasping the bedpost, she stood up. "When I was a baby and could pull myself up by a cheer, I walked off. I wouldn't wonder if I could do it again!" And slightly tottering, but imperiously waving Mrs. Ruggles away, she crossed the room to the big chest of drawers, and found the various garments she wanted. "You jest toss that bed together, Phœbe, if you wanten help," she said. "There!" she exclaimed at last. "I guess I kin du without the phone. You tell the folks, Phœbe. A man in the house makes a consider'ble diffrence. Now," she said, retracing her steps, "I'm clothed, and in my right mind. But I do feel wobbly. Where's the phone? Central! Gimme 9—0—9, ring three. I want the Elder."

"Mother! Mother!" cried Nancy, running in, breathlessly, her flat-iron holder in hand. "Oh, what has happened! Get right back into bed! Oh, mother dear, do! Oh, you ain't a-goin' to die!" And she threw her arms around the recent invalid in a resisting terror.

"Die? Nonsense, Nancy! Die! I'm as well as ever I was in my life. I've had a beautiful rest. Where's your cambric dress?"

"My—what—which one?" asked Nancy, not knowing what she said, and trembling as if before some catastrophe.

"Which one? The only one you got! The one I stood up in with your father an' made over for you! Put it on quick—here's Mis' Ruggles 'll hook it up. There ain't a-goin' to be any gallopin' consumption in this house! I'm callin' the Elder to fetch Saul Manley here, out o' hand. What for? Don't you see I've got my silk gownd on? I'm a-goin' to a weddin'! My heart, what a blessin' the telephone is!"

In the Venezuelan Wilderness

BY C. WILLIAM AND MARY BLAIR BEEBE

FOR weeks we had sailed and paddled through a land of mangroves and water, where, with the exception of one or two tiny muddy islets in the forest, there was no solid ground. One day the last of innumerable turns of a narrow *caño* brought our sloop in sight of real earth—the first dry land of eastern Venezuela. A rough wooden wharf supporting a narrow-gauge line of rails appeared, and beyond rose a steep hill, dotted here and there with little thatched huts, each clinging to a niche scooped out of the clay. We were at the village of Guanoco, the shipping-point of the pitch lake. A few steps beyond the last hut and one was in the primeval forest—so limited is man's influence in this region of rapidly growing plants.

For five miles the little toy rails zigzagged their uneven way through the jungle. On one side was swamp, into which one could penetrate but a short distance before encountering the advance-guard of the mangroves, the front of the vast host which stretched eastward mile after mile to the sea. West of the track the land rose ten or twenty feet in many places, but even where level it soon lost its swampy character. At the end of the line the strange pitch lake itself appeared as a great plain, on the border-land between low swamps and the foot-hills of the mountains. This was our tramping-ground, and we found it a veritable wonderland of birds and beasts and flowers.

One of the first things which attracted our attention were the orioles, or *cassiques*—great black and yellow beauties with long whitish beaks and an infinitely varied vocabulary. In the North our eyes are gladdened by the sight of a pair of them flying about their nest in the elm; and here in a single tree there were often more than one hundred and fifty inhabited nests, most of which were two feet or more in length. The more we watched these birds the more

interesting they became. They showed a real intelligence in the selection of a site for their nests. Monkeys, tree-snakes, opossums, and other bird-eating creatures were abundant hereabout, and for a colony of these conspicuous birds to conceal their nests successfully would be impossible. So their homes are swung out in full view of all. But one of two precautions is always taken. Either the birds choose a solitary tree which fairly overhangs some thatched hut, or else the colony is clustered close about one of the great wasps' nests which are seen here and there high up among the branches of the forest.

The Indians and native Venezuelans never trouble the birds, which have been quick to realize and take advantage of this fact, and weave their nests and care for their young almost within arm's reach of the thatched roofs. No monkey dares venture here, and the mongrel dogs keep off all the small nocturnal carnivores.

But a colony of *cassiques* which chooses to live in the jungle itself would have short shrift, were it not for the strange communal guardianship of the wasps. These insects are unusually large and venomous, and one sting would be enough to kill a bird; indeed, a severe fever often ensues when a man has been stung by half a dozen. So the birds must in some way be immune to the attacks of the wasps. Perhaps their wonderfully complete armor of feathers, scales, and horny beak accounts for this, while their quickness of vision and of action enables them to save their eyelids—their one unprotected spot. Although the *cassiques* cannot have learned from experience of the terrible wounds which the wasps can inflict, yet they are keenly alive to the advantages to be derived from close association with them.

The wasp's nest is built far out on the tip of the limb of some forest tree, and the long pendent homes of the *cassiques*



FOR WEEKS WE HAD SAILED THROUGH A LAND OF MANGROVES

are placed close to it, sometimes eight or ten on the same branch, and others on neighboring limbs, so near that the homes of insects and birds rattle against one another when the wind blows.

One such community was placed rather near the ground, where we could watch the inhabitants closely. Frequently when one or two of the big birds returned to their nests with a rush and a headlong plunge into the entrance, the whole branch shook violently. Yet the wasps showed no excitement or alarm; their subdued buzzing did not rise in tone. But when I reached up and moved the branch gently downward, the angry hum which came forth sent me into the underbrush in haste. From a safe distance I could see the wasps circling about in quick spurts which meant trouble to any intruder, while the excited cassiques squeaked and screamed their loudest. Whether the slight motion I gave to the branch was unusual enough to arouse the insects, or whether they took their cue from the cries and actions of the alarmed birds, I cannot say.

The nests are beautifully woven, in shape like tall vases, bulging at the bottom to give room for the eggs and young

birds, and with an entrance at the side near the top. We found still another instance of the unusual ability of these birds to adapt themselves to changing conditions. Those nests which were already deserted or with young ready to fly had simple rounded tops arching over to protect the entrance from the sun; but in the nests which were in process of construction, now at the beginning of the rainy season in early April, there appeared an additional chamber with a dense roof of thatch, in which the male bird passed his nights, safe from the torrents of sudden rain.

Another larger species of cassique, dull green in color, built solitary nests, three feet or more in length, but never near the homes of men or wasps. Here and there in the jungle some lofty tree raised its huge white bole free of vine and liana, and smooth as a marble column, towering far above all its fellows; and out on the very tip of one of its swaying branches the nest was woven—safe from all tree-climbing enemies. The notes of these birds were like deep resonant cowbells, ringing out through the jungle, clear and metallic.

During our stay in the village of

Guanoco we had abundant opportunity to observe the relations of a tiny hamlet like this to the great world of primeval nature all around. The jungle pressed close, instantly filling any neglected corner with a tangle of vines and shrubs, ever ready to sweep over all and reforest the little clearings about the huts.

Sloths were now rare near the village, as it had long been a favorite Sunday amusement to go out and bring in one or more of these defenceless creatures for dinner. But porcupines—with bare, prehensile tails and faces like little manatees—were common, as were those gentle little creatures of the night, kinkajous, or “couchi-couchis,” as the Indians call them. Catching porcupines and sloths is about as exciting sport as picking blackberries—the porcupine being too confident in its battery of spines to attempt to escape; the sloth relying with pathetic faith on its wonderful resemblance to a bunch of moss or leaves.

The “English sparrows” of the village were beautiful olive-green palm-tanagers and great sulphur-breasted flycatchers, which shrieked *Kiss-ka-dee!* at you as you passed by. The French in Trinidad tell you that the bird says, *Qu'est-ce-qu'il-dit?* but the Spaniard, true to his poetic temperament, says, “*No, Señor, el pájaro dice 'Cristo-fué'!*” which seemed especially appropriate at this Easter season.

The most remarkable thing to our Northern minds was the innumerable variety of all forms of life. Seldom did we find many individuals of any one species, but always there was a constantly changing panorama. We would make a careful list of birds seen near our house, noting certain ones for future study, and the following day scarcely one of these would be visible, but in their place birds of strange form and colors. The same was true of the insects, and the result was as bewildering as it was fascinating. Our habits of observation had all to be changed. Except when birds were actually nesting, we could never be sure of seeing the same species twice, although there was never any doubt that each day would add many new forms to our lists.

Though we tramped for miles along the narrow Indian trails and spent many days in swamps and dark jungles, yet we were troubled scarcely at all with

noxious insects. “Jiggers” there were in moderate numbers, but one could “collect” more in one day in Virginia than in a month here at this season. During our entire stay we saw only about three or four minute ticks, while mosquitoes were absent, except at night. If we dug in rotten logs, we were sure to unearth centipedes and scorpions, many of them—but otherwise we rarely saw them. Once, indeed, a mother scorpion with half a hundred young ones on her back was discovered in milady's shoe, bringing to mind the old nursery rhyme.

The negroes from the pitch lake would come down on Saturday nights and serenade us with wild creole airs, and at the sound of the quaterns and violins huge hairy tarantulas would come forth from their hiding-places in our rooms and creep briskly here and there over walls and floor. We were greatly interested in this effect of the vibrations of sound, but we never bothered the great creatures in their strange “tarantelles,” and they paid no attention to us. The venomous effects of the bites of all these eight or hundred legged beings is greatly exaggerated, and there is absolutely no serious danger to a healthy person with good red blood in his veins; in some of the half-starved, rum-drinking natives the scratch of a pin would induce blood-poisoning.

We found that much of the jungle was well-nigh impenetrable, and on one of our first excursions were fortunate enough to find a means of making the birds come to us from the deeper recesses of the forest. As we left the doorway, a silent little shadow flitted into the pommerosa tree in front of us, and soon from among the glossy leaves came a sound which we had heard day and night, but the author of which had thus far evaded us. It is impossible to put it into words, but it may be imitated by a monotone whistle of about four notes to the second, of A above middle C. The glasses showed a mite of a pygmy owl, glaring at us with wide yellow eyes, and firmly clutching a dead bird, half as large as himself. Later, when standing at the edge of an impenetrable tangle of thorny vines and vainly trying to discover what bird was singing in loud, ringing tones within it, we thought of the fierce little owl, and concealing ourselves, gave the call of

Glaucidium. The effect was instantaneous; the song near us ceased, and with angry cries a pair of beautiful black-capped mocking-thrushes flew almost overhead. Violet tanagers and grass-finches followed, honey-creepers whirled about us, and within a few minutes thirty or forty birds had testified to the hatred in which the little owl is held.

One of our first walks led us through a narrow valley or gorge to the westward, shaded by ranks of tall palms and with isolated banana and cocoa plants, hinting of native Indian clearings long since overwhelmed by the luxurious jungle growth. Wasps and other *Hymenoptera* outnumbered other insects at this season, and one could have collected scores of different species in a few hours. A few heliconia butterflies drifted across our path, and now and then a giant morpho shot past like a meteor of iridescent blue. Other great butterflies were purple and gray above, while the under side of their wings was mottled, and with a great eye-spot on each of the hind wings, which gives them the name of the owl butterfly. But however much in an insect cabinet the expanded reverse of the wings suggests the face of an owl, the spot, as we observed it in the forest, seemed rather to render the insect invisible. These great fellows would shoot up to a lichen-covered trunk and drop lightly upon it, and unless one's eyes had followed closely, the butterfly vanished like magic. I crept up to one and secured its picture, the mottlings on its wings merging it with the lichens, and its owl-eyes becoming the painted facsimiles of

darkened knot-holes, or of little atoll-like fungus rings.

Glancing at the leaf of a low shrub, we saw what we supposed to be two bits of dried, rolled-up leaf entangled in a strand of spider web and being whirled about by the wind. When we saw that this motion continued after the breeze had died down, we became interested. We discovered that the two objects were tineid moths of a dark pearl-color, waltzing about with the most graceful and airy motion imaginable. With closed wings they whirled round and round by means of their legs alone, and, most remarkably, both kept going in the same direction, although this was frequently changed,



VENEZUELAN TREE PORCUPINE

the reversal being almost instantaneous and without an instant's loss of the smoothness of the rhythm. Now and then their circles overlapped, but at the first danger of collision the tiny dervishes, both retreated without stopping their dance. Presently one flew away, and the other shifted to another leaf near by, and recommenced his waltz alone. It was a surprise to find these little winged millers in the rôle of graceful dancers. The reason of it remained a mystery.

I quote this incident as one among the myriad interesting doings of the little folk which we observed in the heart of these great jungles. As we walked on, virgin forest surrounded us, with great trees centuries old, chained and netted together by miles upon miles of lianas. Now and then we entered a clear glade festooned by a maze of ropes and cables, with here and there a lofty monkey-ladder leading upward by a wavy series

of narrow steps. The cicadas filled the air with the Oriental droning of their song, and a big red-crested woodpecker called loudly from a half-rotted, vine-choked tree. From the undergrowth came a soft rolling trill, a crescendo of power and sweetness, and when our Indian carrier whispered, "*Gallina del monte*," we knew we were listening to the call of a tinamou—one of those strange birds looking like brown, tailless fowls, but of so generalized a type that they form in many ways a link between the ostrichlike forms and the rest of the bird world. The bird which was calling soon became silent, but creeping slowly along, we were fortunate to discover its nest on a bit of sunny turf near the end of a log in a partially overgrown clearing. All the delights of bird-nesting seemed consummated the moment we caught sight of the two wonderful eggs before us. The nest was merely a hollow scratched in the grass, but the sun was reflected from two shining spheres of metallic greenish blue, like two huge turquoises polished as by the wheel of a lapidary. Never were such eggs; they seemed of hard burnished metal, more akin to the stones lying about them than to the organic world; and yet, even as we looked, there appeared a tiny fracture, and in a few minutes the beak of a tina-

mou chick had broken through to the outer air. The glistening cradle of stone would soon fall apart and give to the tropical world another life—one more mote among the millions upon millions about us.

Now and then we would come across a huge low mound, clear of undergrowth, dotted with holes, from which well-trodden paths led off in every direction. Some of these were six inches in width, so that we could easily walk in them. A twig poked down the holes and twisted about would come up covered with angry ants, great brownish-black fellows with a grip like a bulldog. Even this simile fails, for these insects will allow their heads to be pulled off before they let go.

Everywhere the ants attracted our attention; huge black giants, which seemed never to have anything to do but parade slowly up and down the trunks of trees; and the ever-busy parasol-ants, bustling along in single file, waving their green banners and clinging faithfully to them while falling down terrific precipices three or four inches deep. We dug into their nests and found their fungi gardens, one part of which would be freshly planted with neat black balls of chewed-up green leaves, while in another part the fungus was well grown—a mesh-

work of gray strands ready to be plucked and eaten.

The hunting-ants surpassed all the others in interest. Day after day we would come across their great armies, and we spent many hours of keen enjoyment watching their advance. We had read of their appearance and habits; we had heard them compared to Goths and hordes of savages, but no description prepares one for the actual sight. We watched in particular one large army which car-



YOUNG AGOUTIS, CAUGHT BY INDIANS



A PITCH BUBBLE BURSTING THROUGH THE SURFACE

ried on its operations only a short distance from our house.

Long before we came within sight of the ants themselves their presence would be heralded by the flock of birds which kept just in advance. Most of them were wood-hewers — big, cinnamon-colored, creeperlike birds, which hitched up the tree trunks and now and then swooped downward to the ground. As we drew nearer, a strange rustling sound reached our ears, like the regular pattering of raindrops, and before we knew it we were standing in the midst of thousands of active ants, whose rushing and scrambling about over the dead leaves caused the loud rustling. In a few seconds twenty or thirty ants had climbed upon and above our shoes, and their sharp, nipping bites sent us in haste to the flanks of the army, where we freed ourselves from the fierce creatures. These ants are not large, varying from a fifth to a third of an inch in length, dark in color, with lighter red abdomens.

Until one becomes accustomed to these scenes of carnage the sight is really ter-

rible, especially when one lies down flat and takes an ant's-eye view of the field of battle. Yet such are the fierceness and savage fury on one side and the hopeless terror or frantic efforts to escape on the part of the victims that it needs but little imagination to stir deeply one's sympathies.

In place of the steady advance of a well-drilled army, presenting a solid front of serried ranks, the formation of the hunting-ants may be compared to an innumerable host of cavalry scouts who quarter the ground in every direction, the whole army slowly advancing and including new territory in the scene of operations. Frequent flurries or louder rustlings follow the discovery and the subsequent terrible struggle of some quarry of noble size—a huge beetle or mighty lizard.

One fact impressed us from the first: every creature aroused by the ants seemed to know instinctively of the awful danger. Whether through odor or sight or sound, the alarm always carried its full meaning.

Insects which would escape the collecting-net by a single quick motion, here dashed away with such terror that they often flew against our clothes or a tree and were hurled to the ground. Lizards took shelter under our shoes or shot off like streaks of light for many yards. Our presence and that of the predatory birds

the centre would be some hard-cased beetle or other insect, who gave up only after killing and maiming a score of his assailants.

We dropped five big black ants into the midst of the marauders, and witnessed a combat as thrilling as the contest between the Greeks and Persians. Four

of the insects alighted on a small rounded stone over which three hunting-ants were scurrying. Without hesitation the black giants fell upon the brown warriors and tore them limb from limb, with the loss of only half a leg. This is not a serious handicap to one when one has five and a half robust limbs left! The fifth big fellow dropped upon a mass of ants piled like football-players upon a struggling scorpion, whose sting was lashing the air in vain. The big ant started another ripple upon this pool of

was disregarded in efforts to avoid the danger which generations of inherited experience had made the most vivid in life.

Insects which usually feigned death as a means of escape, when disturbed by these ants used all the motor organs given them by nature to flee from the dreaded foe. Escape seemed to be the result of accident with all wingless creatures, even with those possessing good eyesight, for the first blind terrified rush as often carried them to certain death in the thickest of the host as it did to safety in the van or on one side of the ant army. Even wings were not a surety of escape. Twice I saw moths arise heavily from their hiding-places with a half-dozen of the little fiends clinging to their legs and wings. One was snapped up, ants and all, by a big flycatcher, and the other fell among the quartermaster's brigade in the rear, when every ant within reach dropped his load and hurled himself upon the newcomer.

Here and there one might observe good-sized balls of ants rolling about, and in

death, which soon smoothed away, leaving no recognizable trace of him. But the quartet of big-jawed fellows on their rock citadel fought successfully and well. No ant which crept to the top ever lived to return for help. The four flew at him like wolves and bit him to death. Soon a ring of hunting-ants formed around the stone, all motionless except for a frantic twiddling of antennæ. They were apparently excited by the smell of the blood of their dead fellows, and only rarely did one venture now and then to scale the summit. When we left, two hours afterward, the army had passed, and left the stone and its four doughty defenders, but these showed no immediate intention of leaving their fortress.

The ground over which the hunting-ants passed was absolutely bare of life, and, contrary to the rule in human armies, it was among the camp-followers and foragers that the most perfect discipline reigned. In the rear of the main army were lines upon lines of ants laden with the spoils—legs, bodies, and heads of insects and spiders, bits of scaly skin



LA BREA FISH (LONG AND SLENDER)

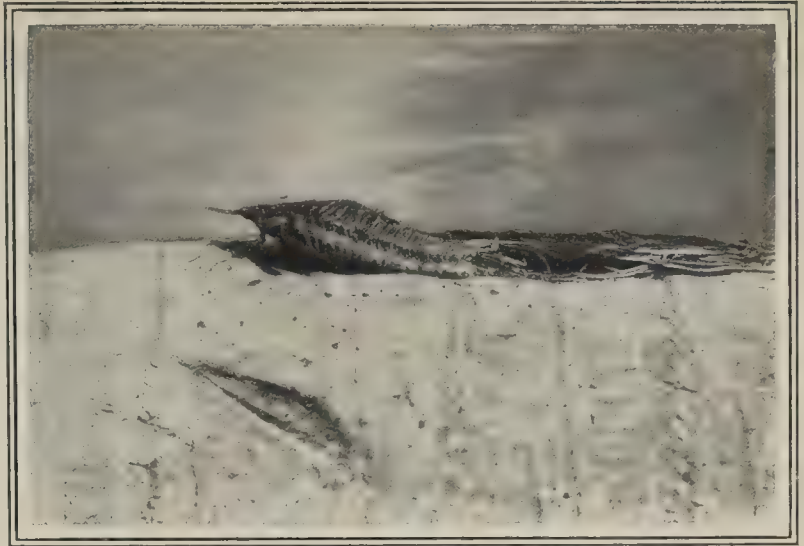
Hoplias malabaricus

of lizard or turtle, joints of centipedes and scorpions, and here and there a piece of ragged but gaudy butterfly wing borne aloft like the captured standard of some opposing force.

We followed these lines of supply-carriers, and found that they converged on some sheltered hollow in a tree or under a boulder or root. Here were massed countless hordes of ants clinging together like a swarm of bees. In

the centre were the queen, eggs, and young of these nomadic savages, resting thus temporarily until the far-distant scouts reported another shelter, and the whole community shifted to the new-found home, farther along on the line of march.

The army in which we were especially interested seemed to be carrying on their hunting in a rough circle about the temporary home, and perhaps this is a common habit. Certain ants apparently serve some function of direction or means of



ARMORED CATFISH

Callichthyidae

communication, for they keep to one place for a half-hour at a time and twiddle their antennæ with every ant which approaches.

It was when hunting-ants discovered the nests of other species of ants that warfare true to its name was waged. One could watch as from a balloon mimic Waterloos and Gettysburgs, and, sad to relate, in the case of inoffensive species, plunder, murder, and abduction by the wholesale. After studying the ways of these merciless creatures, we could seldom walk through the quiet, sunlit jungle, with blossoming orchids everywhere overhead and the songs of birds and pleasant hum of insects in our ears, without thinking of the tragedies without number ever going on around us.

Our trips to the pitch lake on the early morning engine will never be forgotten. A warning toot from the diminutive whistle hurries us through our breakfast, and we hasten to the track and see our cameras and guns loaded on one of the little square wooden "empties." We mount the wood-filled tender of the engine, and with many complaining creaks and jolts get under way, backing slowly around the curve which hides the last sign of civilization and buries us in the jungle.

For nearly twenty years these little toy engines have hustled and elbowed their way over the snaky rails, until the jungle



LA BREA FISH (SHORT AND ROUND)

An. Equidens

and its people have come to look upon this narrow winding steel path as part of the general order of things. The underbrush creeps close, and only the constant whipping of the engines and cars beats down the growth between the rails.

As we start, the last bats of night dash into the dark jungle, and their diurnal prototypes, a flock of graceful palm-swifts, swoop about overhead. To our ears there comes the *finale* of the morning chorus of the distant red howlers and the first deep-toned bellings of the giant cassiques.

All along the line, beasts and birds show their lack of fear of the rumbling cars. A party of chattering little monkeys sit and gibber at us and rub their dew-drenched fur. Their parents and great-grandparents had found nothing to fear in this strange thing which, five times each day, crawls back and forth on its narrow trail, and why should they do more than look and wonder? As we come in sight of the muddy banks of the little river, a great parrot shrieks in derision at us from the top of a dead stub by the track, executing slow somersaults for our benefit. I instinctively

look for a chain on its leg and a food cup near by! A splash draws our eyes downward, and from a maelstrom of muddy water shoots a villainous sting-ray. A school of little staring four-eyes skips over the water, and near the swampy, farther bank a sprawling half-grown crocodile watches us—quiet as a stranded log.

The air blows cool and damp on our faces, and we long for the keen power of scent of a dog. Even to our dull nostrils every turn of the road is full of interest. A swamp, thickly starred with dainty spider-lilies, comes into view, and we inhale draughts of sweetest incense; Easter Sunday is at hand, and the very wilderness reminds us of it.

With every breath of air the great palm-leaves flick myriads of drops to the underbrush below, with a sound as of heavy rain. The trunks are black and soaked, and there is not a dry frond for miles. A sudden curve brings another loop of the river into view, with a foreground of scuttling crabs and mangrove seedlings. Here a wave of coarse, salty marsh smell fills our lungs—not stagnant, but redolent of the distant sea; the smell that makes one's blood leap. The next

quarter-mile is covered with lilies again. From their perfume we enter a zone of recently cut guinea-grass—and the incense brings to mind Northern hay-fields and the sweet-grass baskets of the Indians. What new pains and pleasures would be ours could we possess the power of scent of some of the "lower" animals!

Temperate succeed tropical vistas; we see what at first appears to be a grove of young chestnuts rising from rhododendrons and guinea-grass. A spotted sandpiper heightens the illusion, and the picture is complete when a familiar milk-



NEST AND EGGS OF THE AMAZON PARROT

weed butterfly floats by and alights on a red and yellow tansy. But just then a macaw shrieks from a near-by tree—the road-bed turns and reveals a tangle of palms and scarlet heliconias—a monkey climbs up a leaf large enough to shelter half a hundred of his kind.

The jungle never gives up the struggle against the invading rails. Beneath the cars the constant friction only dwarfs the growth, and we find here miniature plants blooming, fruiting, and scattering seed; plants which elsewhere reach a height of five or six feet. It is an interesting case of quick adaptation to unfavorable conditions.

All the creatures of the forest cross and recross the track freely, even in front of an approaching train. Water-fowl, sun-bitterns, and the weird-voiced trumpeters walk up and down, and flocks of grass-finches drift here and there, gleaning seeds from between the rails. One day we see the leaves part, and a long, low-shouldered, reddish form slouches across before us, without even a glance, and we know it for the first South American puma which we have seen.

We reach the lake long before the dew is dried and before the freshness of the dawn is dissipated. It is surrounded by dense forests, the front ranks of which are made up of the marvellously tall and graceful moriche palms. There is one oasis in this pitchy expanse—Parrot Island it may be called. To this shelter, guarded on all sides by soft, quaking pitch, parrots come at dusk by hundreds, roosting there until the next morning.

Near the northern edge is the "mother of the lake," just above the deep-hidden source of supply, where the pitch is always soft, and where no vegetation grows. It is a veritable pool of death, and nothing can enter it and live. The lizards and heavy-bodied insects which scamper over the rim are often clogged and drawn down to death. A jaguar, leaping after a jacana, slipped in shortly before we came, and made a terrible fight for life. Half blinded, its struggles carried it only farther outward, and the end came mercifully soon.

All the rest of the lake is a varied expanse of black pitch bubbles, short grass, clumps of fern and sedge, with occasional isolated palms. Flowers of



AMAZON PARROT EMERGING FROM ITS NEST

many kinds and colors spring from the heart of the raw pitch itself. Jacanas rise before us with loud cries and flashing wings of gold. One may walk over the lake at will, morning and evening, but in the heat of midday, in many places, one's shoes sink quickly unless one keeps constantly on the move.

White is not a very common color in nature, and yet here, in striking contrast with the inky blackness of the pitch, most of the birds show large patches of this color. In the distance are always to be seen snowy egrets and immature blue herons—spots of purest white; while near at hand, absurdly tame, a big hawk forever soars slowly about or perches on some great frond of a tall palm. It is a rare white-headed eagle-hawk, with plumage of white, save for back, wings, and tail.

The two most abundant small birds are chiefly white in color. Both are flycatchers—one, with white head and neck, perching in the reeds and making fierce sallies after passing insects; while even more beautiful and conspicuous are the little terrestrial flycatchers which scurry

along the ground over pitch and fallen logs. Their tails continually wag from side to side, and they come within a few feet of us, uttering low, inquiring notes: pit! pit! They too are clad in white, except for back, nape, wings, and tail.

I follow one about, watching it through the ground-glass of my camera, when I blunder into a thicket of dry, crackling twigs. A sudden rustling sound draws my attention, and I look up and find myself within a few feet of a dry palm stub. Around the roughened stringy bark peers a green head with wide, yellow eyes, and I stiffen into immobility. My position is anything but comfortable; thorns are scratching me, flies are tickling my face, but I dare not move. After five minutes, which seem hours, the big Amazon parrot withdraws, and I hear a scuttling within the stub. Silently and with the greatest caution I step backward, and after a rest we arrange our plan of attack.

These birds usually nest in hollows in the tops of the tallest, most inaccessible trees, and this is a golden opportunity—one in a lifetime—for a photograph of a parrot at home.

The entrance is rectangular, about three by six inches, and some five feet above the ground. Painfully I pick my way to the side of the stub, and bracing myself, focus on that spot of black on the trunk. Then milady rustles the weeds in the rear of the stub. Again a scrambling, and on my ground-glass flashes the green head. Snap! I have her! and with the slowest of motions I change plates. While she is engrossed with her disturber in the rear I advance a step and get another picture. Then screwing up my speed-button, I push slowly forward, and just as she is about to hurl herself from the stub I secure a third photograph. Off she goes to the nearest palms, shrieking at the top of her lungs, and is joined by her mate.

We cut a hole in the trunk near the ground, and there find the nest of the parrot. Three white eggs, one of which is pipped, and a young bird just hatched reward us, all resting on a bed of chips. The diminutive polly is scantily clothed with white down, and while in the shade

lies motionless. When a ray of warm sunlight strikes it the little fellow becomes uneasy, and crawls and tumbles about until it escapes from the unwelcome glare. During its activity it keeps up a continuous low, raucous cry like the mew of a catbird. Far out on the expanse of black pitch—six feet in the depth of this dark cavity—this little squawking mite surely had a strange babyhood to fit it for its future life in the sunlight among the palms!

It was the yellow-fronted Amazon parrot, a common species with dealers everywhere, but we shall never see one in a cage, uttering inane requests for crackers, without thinking of the interesting family we discovered upon the pitch lake.

We found strange fish in the pools of water scattered over the lake. Some must have wriggled their way over dry land for some distance to get there. There were round, sunfishlike fellows; and others, long and slender, with wicked-looking teeth. Most curious of all were the loricates, or armored catfish, with a double row of large overlapping scales enclosing their body from head to tail. Like the hoatzins among the birds, these fish are strange relics of the past, preserved almost unchanged from the ancient fossil Devonian forms.

Days passed like hours in this wonderland, and the time for returning to civilization came all too soon. Plots and counterplots were going on all about us. Rumors of the landing of arms by revolutionists would excite the *jefe civil*, and a squad of soldiers would set out across country post-haste—in their sandals and bright-colored blankets. But this was all of secondary interest to us. It was the strange living beings which filled jungle and air and water which made us long for the leisure of months instead of weeks.

Our last view of Venezuela was like the first—a panorama of silent, majestic green walls guarding a stream of brilliant copper; every one of the untold myriads of beating hearts beyond the walls resting silent in the noonday heat, waiting for the coolness of evening to awaken them to activity. To some it would bring song and happiness with nest and mate, to some combat, to others death.

A Man of Gloucester

BY HERBERT D. WARD

THE homeward trip dragged like a steam-roller in spite of the fact that every sail was spread for market. Forty tons of iced fish make buoyant ballast when the wind cuts fresh from the south. The race for half a cent a pound, if won through the straining of every halyard, sheet, and stay on the vessel, may mean a whole cent, especially if you slip in a couple of hours ahead of your cursing rival.

When he was busy, at the bait and at the trawl, Dick King had not minded the separation. But when a fisherman is homeward bound there is little to do but tend the sails in order to get a "rapful out of her," and then he lounges and thinks. When he lay down upon his straw mattress Dick felt his wife's arms about him, and when he woke in the morning the chubby fist of the baby gouged his eyes, and its moist gurgle was like piano music to his ears. When he lolled in the sun, hunched up in the topmost layer of nesting dories, listening to the swish of waters running in fourteen knots of foam past the vessel's quarter, he could think of nothing but his wife.

Mabel was a Nova Scotia girl, pink and tawny and blue. She was loud of voice, but soft of manner and yielding of gesture; just the kind—all hair and hat—all droop and smile—to entwine a Viking of the sea.

To Dick, Mabel was altogether beautiful—beautiful because she gladly obeyed his masterful love; beautiful, perhaps in a higher degree, because she was the mother of his boy. That made her sacred to his soul; and the two, mother and child, had woven a seine of steel about his heart and his fancy.

It seemed as if he could not endure another moment as the vessel sluggishly bucked a head tide from the whistling-buoy off the Graves to T wharf. It was after six when the fisherman was warped

past the decks of two other schooners to the posts of the hurried dock. It was too late to open her hatches, and Dick, after a short conference with the skipper, leaped ashore. He had been going with that captain for eleven years, and with the vessel since she had been built. During that time he had been neither drunk nor spendthrift. Like the majority of our native fishermen, he was reliable and alert, and proud of his calling, one of the most ancient and dignified in the world.

"I've *got* ter go and see my woman and the kid. I'll be back on the 6.11 in the morning in plenty of time."

The skipper nodded kindly, and watched Dick running to catch the elevated for the 7.10. King had refused to eat, for he wanted to munch his late supper at home with the luxury of having Mabel sit beside him—in a pink kimono, showing her deep throat and large creamy neck, with one arm caressing his shoulder, and the glint of girlish eagerness and love in her light-blue eyes. How those eyes followed him! Always looking surprised and innocent, large, never dark, changing in a thin palette of blues from gray almost to sunset green.

Dick sat in the smoking-car, pulling on a strong cigar, while the train tunneled through Salem, slid off the main line at Beverly, and gave glimpses of the sea he knew so well at Beverly Farms and West Manchester. Then the foreshortening lights of the track at night—the fading red of the passed passenger, and the green at the Cut Bridge—and then, by the winds of the Eternal! the old city of Gloucester, pungent with its satchet of salt and cod.

Dick King did not wait for the electrics. He knew their last syllable too well. Instead, he doubled up the railroad tracks and past the City Hall, across Main Street, and down the side alley near the wharves. There, in a

clean and respectable tenement, nestled his three rooms. These were a little hot in summer and a little stuffy in winter. From the southerly window you could sometimes smell the inner harbor when the tide was low. But it was home and rest and the whole world to Dick.

Like a swordfish he leaped to his mate. He was eager for the surprise. What was a slip of a girl to his mighty arms? How he would toss and catch her in his elemental play! For Dick was well over six feet; his strength was undebauched, his eyes keen, his fist huge, and his nimble fingers coarse because of his calling. His tenement was on the ground floor, and in two bounds he was at the door. He thought he heard voices within. He turned the knob and pushed. The door did not give, and his impetus flattened his body against the panels.

In the dim light of the entry one might have seen his joyousness turn to dull wonder. True, his wife did not expect him, and she was out. But what of the baby, asleep and alone!

"Mabel!" and his voice thundered through the building. There was a soft step on the spruce floor within, the bolt shot, and the door opened slowly. The man plunged in.

"My God, girl!" he cried, his eyes widening, "how you scared me!"

He was lifting his arms, when they dropped like blocks to his side. There before him, red and sullen, sat a man.

"Oscar!" ejaculated King. He knew the man well—the limp-eyed, tow-headed, ruminating Swede—cook of the *Noreen*.

"Ya-as." The fellow unshuffled his arms from the table and tried to look unconscious. "It's me! Whar'd you git back?"

Dick surveyed the lump of flesh grimly, from its vacant mouth to its sprawling legs. He then opened his jaws and his words cut like shears.

"How long hev you been here?"

The man's lips moved helplessly, but the woman spoke:

"Oh, Dick dear—darling, he's just come—hain't you, Oscar? He was asking for you. Sure to God I didn't know the door was on the bolt. It was habit, I guess. I keep it locked so when you're gone. It's God's truth. Why don't you speak, Oscar?"

She put her hands upon her husband's chest. The Swede grunted like a cretin, and rolled his white-lashed eyes towards the door. He tried to say, "Ya-as, dat's so," but his tongue was as dry as chalk.

But Dick King assembled the two arms of his wife into one strong grip, and put them down while his gaze scoured her. Under that condemnation an innocent wife might well have despaired. Dick saw hair hastily pinned up. She wore her pink kimono. His wife!—and this behind a bolted door with the Swedish cook of a fresh-halibuter!

With a fierce gesture of disgust he flung her hands away. But she fell sliding to his feet and clasped his ankles with her arms.

Mabel began to sob and cry out. She shook with terror. "Dick! Dick! Oh, Dick! It's all right, Dick. *I'm* all right. I love you, Dick. Oh, my God, you'll kill me! Don't!"

The Swede sat rolling his eyes, mouthing, but making no sound. If the man had only spoken, or struck, or stabbed, or shot, Dick's congestion would have been relieved.

He strode out of his wife's grip and stood by the door—a portentous shadow. He pointed his arm at the grovelling woman. Crimson, the danger signal of death, flooded before his eyes, and he was swaying with lethal passion. Then a sudden revulsion of disgust banished the madness for murder. He spat contemptuously on the floor.

"You!" His words gurgled like petrol out of a can. "My wife! My Mabel—with my baby in there! You and that mutt of dough! I wouldn't touch either of you with a gaff."

He opened the door, and, enveloped in the shriek of his name from his wife's lips, he plunged into the black street.

Captain Dan Waters watched the huge cakes of ice as the tongs lowered them into the hold of the *Noreen*. Owing to some repairs in her rigging the fishing-vessel was already two days late in starting. A full fare of halibut was her aim, and Quereau her destination. Captain Waters was one man short. On the run home the main-sheet of the



Drawn by George Harding

HOLDING HER TWO HANDS IN HIS STRONG GRIP

Noreen had parted, and in so doing had malevolently caught one of the best men in a bight about his leg. The man was now in the hospital. It was Charley Tarr who was left without any dory-mate. For five years he and Sam had fished together from the same vessel, in the same dory, and using the same skates. He now felt as bereft as if he had lost a wife. Being the odd man, he was holding back with his whole weight on the rope that, rove through a tackle, lowered the cakes of ice into the hold.

"I guess it's all up with me, Cap. There ain't no good ones in—only drunks an' hoboos. We want a real man aboard here—none o' yer tanks."

Dan Waters had been a skipper for fifteen years, and during that time he had taken his pick of the best halibut-fishermen in Gloucester. Dan did not drink, and allowed no drinking-men about him. He stood for no "scrub crew"—and now the mystic number of sixteen men to man the eight "saucered" dories was broken for the first time.

From up the foot of the wharf a man walked unsteadily toward the loading vessel. No one could mistake the wobble, the careful poising of the feet, and the unnecessary swaying of the figure. It was nine in the morning. Dan Waters glanced with disgust.

"What in hell's the fun do them damn fools get out of booze so early in the mornin'?" he commented.

"Sort of a hang-over," said Charley, carelessly, letting the rope slip through his callous palms, and peering down to see the tongs removed. Then, as he hoisted on the slack rope, he looked at the approaching man.

"My God!" he ejaculated. "It's Dick King. Never seen him drunk before. I'll bet he's been doped."

He dropped the rope with the lack of discipline natural to fishermen, leaped over the *Noreen's* rail, and ran up the dock. In an instant his arm was about the shoulders of the careening man.

"God!" he repeated, "I ain't never seen yer jagged before."

Dick King tautened up and shook himself free from the steady arm. Then, leaning carefully against a post of the shed, he looked his old friend gravely

in the eye. After a pregnant pause he slowly spoke:

"Don't call me God! I ain't God. Call me Vengeance." His eyes drooped and his lips loosened. He went on as if he were repeating a lesson: "I ain't got no mattress nor blankets—nor boots nor oil-clothes nor nippers nor sail, nor compass, nor jug nor thole-pin nor scoop nor plug nor hurdy-gurdy—but I got a damn head on me, and I want'er get inside the *Noreen* and go ter sleep. I ain't no ten-cent horn. I'm a man, an' I'm bound for the *Noreen*!"

The limbs of the speaker relaxed. His eyes became dazed, and he began to tremble violently. He who was called Charley caught the man for the second time by the shoulders and held him up while he beckoned to the skipper.

"It's all right, Cap!" he whispered. "Dick's been doped. You hurry an' get his outfit. I'm going to put him in Sam's bunk. He can have Sam's blankets an' dory-gear, but you'd better oil him up. Hi, there, Dick! Look out!"

The crew of the *Noreen*, with the usual delicacy of native-born fishermen, declined to notice the first fall of a notable expert who was to be their mate. With rough and yet brotherly tenderness the reeling man was helped over the rail to the forward cuddy of the *Noreen*. The sun—hot for the winter—beating back from the deck, sweated Dick's intoxication to its climax. He swayed to the companionway and looked vacantly down. Before him, up-peering, was a huge, flat face. This was the color of manila.

"Get out, Oscar!" shouted Charley Tarr. "We're comin' down. Catch him if he falls." But terror had smitten the Swede. He looked like the corpse of an imbecile. He was inert and limp. Then, with a gurgle like that of a beast suddenly entrapped, he scuttled aft to the galley. He edged far to the bulkhead and stood and stared.

Dick King did not see the pantomime. In a few minutes he was quite unconscious. Half an hour later the *Noreen* had dropped from her wharf and was gliding out of the harbor, with a gentle easterly astern.

The fishermen of cod and halibut never quarrel, nor do they interfere. The one

trawls upon the banks—those fretful shoals off the coasts of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, where the depth runs from twenty to forty-five fathoms. The other “sets” over the “gullies” that separate those banks from each other—marine ravines anywhere from fifty to a hundred and more fathoms deep, upon whose gray and muddy bottom the halibut feed, confident in their protective coloring.

Thus between the Grand Bank and the Avalon Peninsula halibut fishermen ply their perilous calling in an average of eighty fathoms. Between Green Bank and St. Pierre halibut begin to run large after November. To many this is a favorite ground. It was in the middle of this gully in eighty-five fathoms on mud bottom that the *Noreen* cast anchor on January 2d, eight days out from Gloucester. During that time Dick King worked feverishly, nursing his injury while the *Noreen* fought her way past stormy latitudes to her heaving anchorage.

Ten minutes after the *Noreen* had dropped her anchor and had furled her jibs and lay to a riding-sail, her dories were over her side, each filled with full skates, each line baited with frozen squid, with anchors and floats, and each with two men rowing their dory through uneasy waves. For the price of fish is unceasing work. Consider the sudden storms—the stealthy fog—the frozen members—the assault of snow—the attack of waves, each more strategic than the last—and then always the three to five mile row back with loaded dories against cutting wind and tide, bucking a bronco sea, the exhausted men drenched to the creeping skin, and still indomitable—emitting curses of prayer for another ounce of strength, another minute of endurance to bring them to the ship. Who would do this twice a day, and haul in besides two miles of struggling lines from a depth of five hundred feet, for the sake of a slice of broiled halibut?

All this while Dick King had not spoken to the Swedish cook; he had not even looked at him. Dick had a hand that could have squeezed Oscar as a child squeezes putty. Dick could land a two-hundred-pound halibut on the rail of the dory with a jerk of his wrist without the use of a gaff. He was as powerful

as a skate and as quick as a squid. He was all muscle and nerve, and as resourceful as an eel. He was, moreover, as supple as a coil of two-inch manila. He was the sea translated into terms of brain and brawn and blood.

When the hearty meal was over, and the full-bellied men were swaying to their oars, and when the skipper and the cook were alone on the vessel—then Oscar sat down and trembled. He could hardly hold the pipe between his flabby lips. His corn-thatched eyes would twitch, and while the sweat poured over his neck, his heart pumped ice.

For the first time in years fortune did not favor the skipper of the *Noreen*. The long lines caught plenty of “dogs” and other nondescript cynics of the deep—but no halibut. For three days they baited in vain, using also chopped gurry. They had no herring, and the skipper attributed his ill luck to that lack.

“It’s no use, boys,” he grunted that night; “we might run into Canso for herring. What d’ye say to trying the Gully first?”

Experienced men looked from one to the other, and then gravely nodded without speech. It was not a time for talk. In fishermen disappointment does not breed loquacity. There are times when their calling makes them desperate; when, baffled from “ground” to “spot” and from “Bushes” to “Garden,” they seek the more perilous depths in order to reap the greater catch.

There are many gullies; but The Gully is a spot that makes the most flippant fishermen reflect. Within The Gully the tide boils like monstrous rapids. A vessel caught in this huge sluiceway is at the mercy of her skilful skipper and her valiant rigging. Add a variation of compass that shifts unaccountably like the sands of Sable Island, and The Gully becomes perhaps the most dangerous fishing-ground on the face of the waters.

That night the skipper headed the *Noreen* for the tail of The Gully, one hundred and seventy miles due west.

It was cold and clear. The barometer was high, threatening an easterly and possibly snow. That night they ran over the foot of the St. Pierre Bank and saw

the riding lights of a distributed fleet. By morning they had left the grounds behind them, and with mittened hands and oiled up, the men were wearily overhauling their lines and baiting.

That day at dinner there was not much conversation. It was a meal to be remembered—roast pork and vegetables, with a dessert of plenty of pie and hot coffee. Oscar was a good cook—none better in the whole fleet—and the men, most of them, had more food than they did at home. The wind was keen, ruffling the sea into short chops. On the horizon there was a dull haze. Above, the sky was clear. After dinner Captain Waters went aft to his cabin, inspected his barometer, and then climbed up on deck. The wind had backed dead to the east, and was now astern. Wing-a-wing, the *Noreen* was logging faster than a freighter, leaving a hissing lather in her wake. The sea, which at a hundred fathoms differs strenuously in wave quality from the shoals of forty fathoms, began to make long rollers.

Dick and Charley Tarr were at the wheel. Every minute or so Dick looked back at the yapping sea, which was trying to bite, and beginning to froth at the mouth. All at once the *Noreen* plunged her bowsprit out of sight and tossed a ton of water in the air.

"I guess ye'd better let her mains'l run, Dan," said Dick; "she's struck Quereau. You'll smother her this way!"

Captain Dan Waters had already made up his mind to take in sail, and gave orders to come about. As Dick, waiting for a right spot in the quick-tempered shoal, gave the wheel a turn, he felt a chill below his left eye. It was not a splash of water. It was something that had softly settled upon the one sensitive spot in his face. Into the south'ard the nose of the vessel pitched and staggered. The first flake of snow had travelled straight from the southwest, and even with the coming of that icy courier the wind shifted to the warmer zone.

Held skilfully into the wind while jib and mainsail were being furled and the foresail reefed, the *Noreen* pranced and pawed like a maddened stallion. There was nothing dangerous in the manœuvre; it was simply uncomfortable; far safer nosing the rising gale with its coming

snow than running away from it over shoal Banquereau down to The Gully. Then the *Noreen* fell back upon a heavy sea. Suddenly there was a crack—sounding exactly as if the deepest string in a gigantic bass viol had snapped. Above the scream of the wind the voice of the skipper rose:

"It's the jumbo stay! Look out, boys!"

Then Dick King showed his seamanship. He paid her off two points; for he well knew that with the jumbo stay parted the whole weight of the two masts came on the jib-stay. Catlike, the men leaped to windward. Once more the *Noreen* plunged into the trough. On her staggering rise there was a twang and a detonation. Not able to stand the strain, the jib-stay tore itself away, and with it crashed the two masts—the foremast first, and then the mainmast—over the schooner's port side; the tangle was inextricable. The *Noreen* was a hopeless wreck. Her ironwork had betrayed her, and at the water-line aft a jagged stump was pounding a hole into her vitals.

At that moment the *Noreen* was exactly over the middle of the lower fin of the shoals of Banquereau in forty-two fathoms. It was a dragging bottom of black sand and shells. Instinctively the men sprang to the anchor. This was paid out to the full length of the road—which was made fast to the bits—the end rove three times with a double hitch around the stump of the mainmast.

Owing to Dick's manœuvre not a man was hurt. In two hours the wreckage was chopped away—nothing saved but the main-boom, the foresail, and a few lines in case a jury-mast must be rigged up. But they were there on the fishing-grounds. They must be rescued, and they might be towed in a favorable wind to Canso or even to Halifax.

The disaster was not at all irreparable, and after an early supper, with hot stomachs and with glowing pipes, these men even discussed the mad advisability of drifting sixty miles with the wind down to The Gully, running out their dories, and filling her up while they waited for rescue. Captain Dan Waters was part owner. It occurred to that New England mind that it might be well to make the vessel's full hold of halibut



Drawn by George Harding

THE SWEDE CONFRONTED HIS TORMENTOR

pay her bills for salvage. Thus did man in the rebounding of his heart propose; and even as he did so the occasional flake became a company, and then a battalion, then a division, and finally an incalculable and impenetrable army. At six bells the gale was on them in full fury—the wind and drift and snow strangling the rash throat that raised itself above the sheltering companionway. So the boards were put up and the slides shoved over; and without light or lookout the *Noreen* dragged at her anchor while her men slept with the indifference natural to the scorners of the sea.

We should except Dick King. His bunk was the lower one, the farthest aft on the starboard side in the cuddy forward. Catacornered from him, on the port side, as far in the bow as he could crawl, slept the Swede. Into the sluggish and inchoate mind of the foreigner an awful fear had become encrusted. This was slowly eating into his sanity. During the last week his cooking had been done by the impetus of reflex action, and his natural silence veiled the gradual disintegration of the little mind he had. That Dick King meant to kill him he had not the slightest doubt. But when? But how? It was the suspense that was driving Oscar to imbecility. He did not sleep; for such nightmares as stiffened his hair could not be called rest. Night after night he moaned away the time allotted to his sleep—starting every few bells with a cry of horror, and awaking in an agony of sweat to find himself alive.

All sailors are superstitious. A summary of their freaks of fancy would fill a folio. That the *Noreen* was "hoodooed" Dick King fully believed, and he was the only one who knew the reason why. The absence of fish that ought to have been on the grounds—the breaking of that iron which had so long held the jumbo stay in place—and the consequent wreckage of the vessel—these were all parcel of the same aggression on the part of the Almighty because the *Noreen* harbored a criminal. Oscar, despoiler of an unprotected woman, had brought this disaster upon them. What punishment did this contemptible creature not deserve!

The catastrophe had jarred King's mind so that he could not sleep. That

Oscar must die he had no doubt. Evidently this tardy justice had been decreed by God Himself—but that this one life should include others in its cataclysm he could not suppose. Better that he—Dick King—should be the instrument of his own and the Divine vengeance, and his mates go free—for Dick was as just as he was strong, and he would no more touch the hair of the innocent than lie. But Oscar—of course he was different. At this time, ten days after the disaster that had smitten him, King's heart was beginning to soften a little toward Mabel, his wife. If he lived to get back, he would support her; but he would never live with her again. He would educate the baby, but the mother! No. If it had been any one but that lump of a Swede, he might possibly have forgiven her. He sobbed as the magnitude of his loss overwhelmed him. It presented itself to him in these words: "No home. No place to go." Out of the confusion of his misery it suddenly became clear to him that he must be the sacrifice for the rest. When and how should he accomplish this purpose?

The swaying lantern evoked a succession of black, grotesque shadows. These now revealed the sleepers in a dim light, and now blotted them out. Dick could faintly see the outline of the Swede—and then it was swallowed up. And, as these shadows described grave and fantastic figures in the cuddy, the smitten vessel creaked at every joint, gasped at every buffet of the waves; and at every crest she brought up on her anchor as if she would tear the bit from the keel or the foremast from its foot. Forward, the noise of the pounding and of the deluge was fearful—and only men could sleep who were reckless with superb disdain.

Dick King slowly raised himself and swayed to his feet. To his congested mind the hour was propitious. He planned it all out. He meant to strangle. Then something would become of him; he knew not exactly what. He crept—although he thought he was doing a righteous act. To such minds vengeance has an Old Testament illusion that transmutes crime into virtue. Passion is often an alchemist, thinking to convert lead into gold.

Dick kept in the swarthy shadow as he swayed his way forward past sleeping mates. It was only a few steps, but they seemed to take a lifetime. In rhythmic intervals of less than a minute the vessel would be brought up with a wicked jerk. This nearly pitched Dick off his stockinged feet, and he had to hold to an upper bunk. But the men slept.

At last he stood by the Swede. That huge man, formless like dough, lay moaning, his flat face frozen with terror. In the shifting light of the lantern his eyes, half open, looked glassy. Dick gazed long at the creature. The sight overflowed his heart with fury. Holding his knees to the transom in order to steady himself when the vessel lurched, he slowly put forth his hands. Mechanically he clenched his fists several times to see if his strength were there. Then the *Noreen* swayed, and the light was blotted into soot. Now was the moment. Dick's firm hands softly encircled the Swede's neck, and he bent his knees to meet the vessel's jerk. But that rough rhythm was for the first time broken. The *Noreen* did not bring up. There was a spatter of water that sprayed the deck; and then the fisherman began to careen. This unusual calm acted like a cannon-shot upon the ship's company. Every man started from his sleep. There was no need to tell the crew what had happened. The *Noreen* had parted her road as if it were a rope of seaweed, and was now adrift upon the maddest sea in this hemisphere, and driving upon the deadliest coast in the world.

That God did miraculously protect his victim Dick King had not the slightest question; but why He did so the avenger could not fathom. There was an instant of confusion. The Swede came to consciousness with a gurgling cry. No one suspected what would have happened.

In the quick discipline that followed, and in the cool fight for life, the main-boom and rescued foresail were lashed together and thrown overboard. This acted as a drag upon the wreck, and presently the *Noreen*, after a few drenchings that would have swamped a summer yacht, brought up sullenly with her head to the gale. There was now nothing to do but await the finish. The only ques-

tion was—where would they end? If on Sable Island, no miracle could save them. If they should escape the island, they might be engulfed upon the shallow bars with which it is spurred. But if by the mercy of God they should drift by Sable, sixty miles to leeward—passing through The Gully, their only hope—it would mean but a respite from a sure death thirsting for them a hundred and twenty-five miles beyond.

In the meanwhile each wave, more rabid than the last, literally combed the fisherman's deck—scratching at her hatches; sweeping by the board her dories, her skates, and lines; tearing wide gashes in her low bulwarks. The vessel was only a mutilated trunk—a torso in which were imprisoned eighteen men, who stared at one another, who did not speak, who only smoked and spat. For to venture on deck was death. And the winds arose, and the snow became hard like hail, and the spume left trails of dirty ice upon the deck; for it was very cold, and the temperature was dropping.

So the men chopped a gash in the partition of the after-cabin to lead past the sardonic ice in the hold to the kitchen forward. Mechanically they drank hot coffee, ate hot food, kept a white fire in the stove, and made strength; for the time of the last stand was only the span of a sixty-mile drift at least, or of a hundred-and-eighty-mile drift at most, with the escarpments of Nova Scotia beyond, watching to grind them into bait.

The effect of this final and fatal catastrophe upon Dick King was curious. He felt himself saved instead of lost. Vengeance was no longer his to wreak. God would attend to that matter for him, and with a divine thoroughness which made Him justly feared. Dick was rapidly rising into a state of exaltation. He had no love of life and no fear of death. The Swede had taken away the one, and the other was an instinct. Danger had always clarified him, and now it was bidding fair to give him an almost superhuman efficiency. As sure death was only a matter of hours, hatred had suddenly left his heart. That inert lump of clay, that lubber of a pie-maker, would be the first to succumb. Mabel would be fully avenged. But as for him—

self, he made up his mind to fight. He would die like a man, not like a cook! He drew deep breaths, and the joy of coming battle brightened his eye and brought tissue and red blood to his hollow and white cheeks. Even the lethargic men noticed the change.

"I told yer," said Charley Tarr to the skipper, "that he's all right."

In rubber boots, encased in sweaters, and completely oiled up, with sou'westers buttoned under their chins, and with mittens on the transom by their sides, the men smoked the night away, outwardly indifferent, as the *Noreen* held stanch against the frightful ramming of the waters. By the instinct of fishermen they could tell that they had left in their drift the bank of Quereau behind, and that their fate, whether of the sands or of the rocks, would be soon upon them.

By noon the wind was still rising and the snow thick. Captain Waters shoved the slide of the companionway a little back and put his head out. To windward, like muffled minute-guns, a dull booming was carried above the swirl of the gale. The stanch little vessel staggered and careened to a cataract of green spume. Dan hastily closed the slide and saved himself. So great is the onslaught and power of water that bolts riven into the deck have been cut off smooth as if by a single blow of a chisel. And the foam swept on over the wheel, taking the last of its mutilated spokes.

"It's the East Bar, boys!" Waters shouted. "We fetched it by about three miles, I reckon. It's the rocks for us if we don't bring up on some poor devil on Middle Ground."

With a shrug of his shoulders the skipper threw himself upon the transom and lit his corncob.

Then the men began to calculate their drift. Some made it five and others near to eight knots, but all agreed that if the wind held, as it often did for twenty-four hours, to-morrow night would see a new consignment of frozen corpses tossed from roller to rock and battered beyond description.

Then Dick King went forward. The funnel of the cook's stove had long since been carried away above deck, and boards had been nailed across the round hole from below to keep out the sea. Nevertheless,

in spite of smoke and water, Oscar had contrived to keep up a hot fire. His eyes, water-shot and smoke-blinded, were stolidly bending to his task. Dick King stood over him thoughtfully, and then touched the cook upon the shoulder. The Swede turned with a shuddering start.

"Look here, Oscar!" Dick bellowed above the boom. "You needn't be afraid of me. It ain't long now when it's up to God for all of us. I tried to kill you when she parted. I'll forgive ye—but I wouldn't touch a skunk like you, so help me God!"

Thus the outraged husband towered and spoke, while the Almighty brought to bear His elemental power upon the little chip that was floating for only a little space. But the Swede, when he heard and understood, sprang to his feet and confronted his tormentor. The fellow's eyes opened wide, and his face became firm without flabbiness. Even his mouth seemed solidified.

"Dick!" said Oscar, "you're one pig damn fool. I vent to see if you game home. I vasn't there vive minutes, an' Maple vas sleeping in a chair. Maple is all raid. She is a goot voman. I vas so scairt I could not say one vurt. I scairt no more. V'y, Maple wouldn't look at me. You vas one pig damn fool, so help me Gott!"

The two men, in the dimness of the swaying lantern and in the throttling smoke, looked each other straight in the eye. Then Dick's wavered and fell.

"Is it sure to God?" he trembled.

"Sure it is," shot the Swede.

Then Dick stumbled forward to his berth and sat on the transom before it. His head drooped into his hands. Whatever anguish he had endured before was as a zephyr to a gale compared with that which shook him now.

He saw his innocent wife whom he had dishonored and deserted. He now understood the parting of the road and why his vengeance was interrupted.

"O God! O God!" he moaned. "'Tain't him that is the goat. It's me! It's me!"

His was the sin that had brought the doom on the *Noreen* and had involved and condemned his mates. So the man thought; and while he battled with his conclusion and was beaten by remorse,

the fisherman passed over Middle Ground, drifted over the kidney-shaped shoal beyond, and bore with the precision of a ship manned by a demon at the wheel straight upon that horrible coast which is locked by island teeth—under whose roots octopi wait for the drowned. There in storm and high tide the sea is met and mastered by perpendicular cliffs.

By noon the next day the tide and wind began to fall, but the snow held blinding. The gale now just missed of being a hurricane. That was the best that could be said of it. Having been whipped down, the sea, vicious as a rabietic dog, began to rise and foam. The backwater upon the waves hissed and squirmed. At three the men began to look furtively at one another. It was noticeable that pipes were ferociously puffed into white heat and then ashed out. At last Captain Dan Waters flung his to the floor and sprang up.

"Well, mates," he said, hoarsely, "I'm sorry. You're a good lot; none better. It's good-by to the *Noreen* and to the best men I know. It's God for us all, and the devil take the hindmost. Shake!"

Solemnly, as if at the communion table, the men swallowed their thoughts and clasped hands.

Then Dick King spoke:

"I'm no member of this crew. I'm a butter-in. I thought Oscar took my wife away—it was revenge I shipped for. But I made a mistake. My girl's all right. I thought Oscar was the Jonah—but it's me. I brought it on ye—an' I don't dare look God in the face. If any you fellers come out, tell my Mabel that she's all right."

When Dick had ceased speaking, Charley Tarr took a step forward and put his hand on Dick's shoulder—as he had done upon the wharf. The men understood, although not a word was spoken.

Then Dan Waters opened the slide and flung it wide. "'Tain't long now," he said. "I think I hear the breakers."

Each man in turn climbed up on the icy deck. But Dick King insisted upon going up last. Now nothing could be heard but the mania of the waters, the hissing of the flakes that stung as if they were molten hot, and far to leeward in the blackness a rhythmic crash that could only mean one thing.

The men were keeping their feet and taking choking breaths.

Dick King stood holding the Swede in his arms by the stump of the mainmast, when the third sea lifted the wreck and discharged it at a small island fanged by two sharp granite teeth. And between those, with her nose upon the streaming granite, the *Noreen* lodged, and for a short space hung.

From Halifax to Canso the Nova Scotia coast is one succession of indentations. These fissures in the inaccessible escarpments are divided into bays and harbors and inlets; each of these is bastioned by rocks and reefs that make that coast impregnable in storm. This horrid granite lacery might be well called Scotia Point. Perhaps no spot is better guarded than Lincolnquaddy, with Seal Island to the southward and Drum Reefs to the northward. It has, besides, its hundreds of outposts—granite sentinels, ever ready to pierce or grind the unpiloted or the driven vessel. Not over thirty-five yards from shore lies one of these fortifications, swept by the seas at high tide. Tossed upon this fissured rock, the men found themselves huddled on its top—they knew not how. Had it been high tide they must have perished quickly. As it was, they crawled their way up crevasses and frozen weeds—and then, dazed with fortune, watched the ocean boil beneath their feet.

But the *Noreen* did not share their safety. Before their eyes the fisherman crumbled away, the breakers flinging up at the shipwrecked great chunks of ice released from her hold, jagged strips of board and timber to be dodged like spears, and bits of spare rope and buoy-line that had escaped the sweeping of the deck. These pieces of timber the men wedged into the fissures of the rock—and with the rope they lashed themselves down so that the water would not wash them away.

That night the seas broke clean over the ledge and left behind drenched fishermen on whom the spume congealed. The snow became fine like salt. The night was black, and the freezing men did not hope to survive till light. Nor did they know how near shore they were. The only thing clear was that they were slow-



Drawn by George Harding

ALL NIGHT HE LAY WITH HIS ARMS ABOUT THE WOUNDED MAN

ly being beaten and frozen to death. At four in the morning it suddenly stopped snowing. It was too cold. At that hour the sea cast up one of the *Noreen's* ribs. This huge boomerang caught the Swede square on the knee and smashed it. That was the first casualty—a precursor of the end.

But Dick King did not freeze. All that night he lay, his arms about the cook, in a delirium of thought. His huge frame refused to become numb. Somehow he must atone to the wife whose good name he had ravaged—and who, as far as he was concerned, might be starving with his child. He felt his strength wax. He despised the sea that had beaten him, and wished to stake his life against it once more. At first grayness of dawn he got up. He took off his oilskin and spread it over the man whom he had meant to kill. Oscar could not survive long on the rock with the wind and water below freezing. Dick now stripped to his underclothes, gently wrapping up the Swede's leg.

Then he took a step to the edge of the rock. He could dimly make out the outline of the shore. It seemed as if he could have leaped upon it—but between him and it the waves swirled and eddied, divided by jagged rocks, and boiling with dirty foam and seaweed. If he should miss the cliffs, would he be cast up on those shingles—huge pebbles worn smooth and receding on each undertow with a rolling thunder heard above the roar of the surf? Help must be got before the tide turned again, and the Jonah who brought the crew to this pass was the man to do it.

Then Dick aroused the captain from his stupor. As King stood there stripped, in the uncertain and magnifying light, he seemed a superhuman creature—not born in this age, but like one of the fabled heroes suddenly reincarnated from the time when gods walked the earth and talked to men.

"Dan!" King gripped the skipper by the hand. "I'm going to try it. It's the last chance. I've got to get help. Rouse 'em up when I'm gone. So 'long!"

Dan Waters did not speak. Perhaps he held the grip a little wistfully as a girl might have done. But the action was too quick.

For Dick stood upon the slippery brink waiting for a breaker to bear him on—noting in the rising light where the waters looked the wickedest. Before the blood came back to Dan's hand Dick King had leaped into the spray and had disappeared.

High above the shingles was a fish-house and a few battered flakes with a heavy whaleboat overturned. Beyond, a little up an ox-road, a few huts huddled under the cliffs and the stunted firs. Up to one of these a figure staggered in the drifting dawn. Low-lying clouds scurried inland from the sea, and now obscured the dim land and desolate landscape in fog, and now passed on. The fisherman, torn by surf and cut by ice, flung himself upon the oaken door—beating it madly. Presently, with a muttering behind, it sullenly opened, and the man bounded in. His words were rent out of his throat, and for sheer confusion or for very shame they fell unanswered by those who heard them.

"Seventeen men on the rock!—There all night—nearly frozen. Tide rising. Must launch a boat and take them off...."

"What? Won't? Breakers too high? Dangerous? ..."

"Gimme a line, you damned cowards. Gimme a line that'll fetch, and a ring...."

"Naw! I ain't cold. Mebbe you here ain't afraid to make one end fast to the fish-house? I'll take the other." ...

The human hurricane, uncontrolled as that of the air, darted at a large coil of rope, tucked it over his arm, and ran crackling over the snow into the icy wind. The dull and dazed natives gasped and dressed and hurried after.

By this time it was light, and the little inlet between inaccessible cliffs was strewn with wreckage. The few huddled people could easily distinguish the black forms upon the rock before them. Truly the breakers might have smashed any boat that could be launched. But a naked man with a heart of oak is better than a boat with ribs of hackmatack. Dick King's lungs breathed fire. His body was one mass of bruises, and one wrist broken—but the Gloucester fisherman swam on. Lashed at by wreckage and beaten from shingle to rock by rollers, his flesh frozen as if packed in

ice, yet he dived and grappled, fought his inches—and so won them. Then some one grasped him by the hair. By the mystery that makes heroes!—the line swings taut from rock to shore, and the incredible deed is done.

Dick did not feel his wounds or the cold. All he felt was the arm of Mabel his wife about his neck and the wet kiss of the baby upon his cheek. He could not think of much else. These were the signs in which he conquered.

The men covered him with oilskins. Now, one after the other, the crew flapped arms like huge birds to induce circulation, and so they grasped the rope and leaped in. It befell that the skipper and the cook and Charley Tarr were left with Dick King. These motioned to him.

"No," said Dick. "I'm the last man off this rock. Get a move on, Skip. I'll make a bowline and you can haul Oscar ashore. I'll get along all right."

The men looked up into a gaunt face. It was white, and seemed as if it had been starved a month. But the jaws held the lips locked. There was no argument.

"Don't touch that arm. It's all to the bad," said Dick, when the skipper tried to shake his hand.

Then Dick bent to the Swede. Kept relatively warm by the men about him, he lay moaning. As the two slipped into the foam, Dick took a spare piece of tarred rope, made a bowline, and fastened it securely about the Swede's shoulders and under his arms. The huge fellow was helpless as a baby, inert, crying out for death to come to his release. Dick listened grimly.

When the skipper had been dragged ashore, Dick cast off the rope from the rock and made fast its end to the buoy-line with which Oscar was tied. Then he lifted his left arm for a signal. As the rope from the shore tautened, he raised Oscar in his mighty, unhurt arm, and with the last remnant of his spent strength leaped with his burden into the sea.

Sixteen stark men stood shivering to

watch for their mates. Far out beyond their waists, at the risk of the undertow, they caught the Swede and dragged him in, and carried the whimpering man to the fire. Then they scanned the sea and the shingles for the last of their crew. But Dick was not there. Only a god could have ventured a third time and lived.

Knowing this too well, the men cursed and prayed.

"Damn it!" cried Dan Waters, "the best of the lot of us—damn it! God help him!"

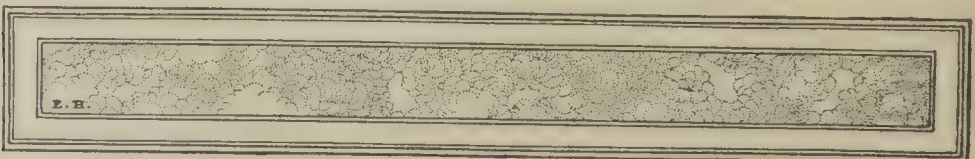
Suddenly he shouted and plunged into the dirty foam, and Charley Tarr followed him.

When they came forth they bore between them a limp form. This they carried reverently up the ox-path—past the boat that dared not put out, and into the hut that had refused the mortal call for help. And there, for more hours than any one of them thought to count, taught only by the rude knowledge and warm hearts of fishermen, they worked upon the unconscious man. When his purple lips moved, they turned and choked, ashamed that they could neither see nor speak.

It was thirty miles by sleigh to the nearest telegraph station. And it had begun to snow again and to drift. Three days later a running boy brought this message to Mabel King:

"'Noreen' carried away masts on St. Pierre. Total loss on rocks off Lincoln-quaddy. All hands saved by King. Swam ashore and back with line. King doing well. Crew will be sent by rail. King sends love to wife. Says please rush message to her. All he asks."

Before the shattered man had been tenderly lifted aboard the train at Halifax, the press had flung the skipper's message broadcast, telling the country which loves the brave and honors them that out of Gloucester, the home of heroes, there had sprung another, not the least in comparison with those who had gone before.



The Inner Shrine

A NOVEL

CHAPTER XIX

A FEW moments after her receipt of Mrs. Wappinger's summoning note, Diane was being whirled to her friend's house in that lady's motor-car.

As she entered, Mrs. Wappinger, dishevelled and distraught, was standing in the hall, a slip of yellow paper in her hand.

"Oh, my dear, I'm so glad you've come! I'm just about crazy. Read this."

Diane took the paper and read: "D. and I are to be married to-night. Be ready to receive us to-morrow.—CARLI."

"When did this come?" Diane asked, quickly.

"About half an hour ago. I sent for you at once."

"I see it's dated from Lakefield. Where's that?"

Mrs. Wappinger explained that Lakefield was a small winter health resort, some two hours by train from New York. She and Carli had stayed there, more than once, at the Bay Tree Inn. He would naturally go to the same hotel, only, when she had telephoned to it, a few minutes ago, she could find no one of the name in residence. Under the circumstances, Diane suggested, he would probably not give his name at all. There followed a few minutes of silent reflection, during which Mrs. Wappinger gazed at Diane, in the half-tearful helplessness of one not used to coping with unusual situations.

"Won't you come in and sit down?" she asked, with a sudden realization that they were still standing beneath the light in the hall.

"No," Diane answered, with decision; "it isn't worth while. May I have the motor for an hour or so?"

"Why, certainly. But where are you going?"

"I'm going first to Mr. Pruyn's, and afterward to Lakefield."

"To Lakefield? Then I'll go with you. We could go in the car."

Diane negatived both suggestions. The motor might break down, or the chauffeur might lose his way; the train would be safer. If any one came with her, it would have to be Mr. Pruyn.

"But don't go to bed," she added, "or at least have some one to answer the telephone, for I'll ring you up as soon as I have news for you."

"God bless you, dear," Mrs. Wappinger murmured. "I know you'll do your best for me, and them. Keep the auto as long as you like; and if you decide to go down in it, just say so to Laporte."

But Diane seemed to hesitate before going. A flush came into her cheek and she twisted her fingers in embarrassment.

"I wonder," she faltered, "if—if—you could let me have a little money. I shall need some; and—and I haven't—any."

"Oh, my dear! my poor dear!"

Mrs. Wappinger bustled away, crumpling the notes she found in her desk into a little ball, which she forced into Diane's hand. To forestall thanks she thrust her toward the door, accompanying her down the steps, and kissing her as she entered the automobile.

"Why, bless my 'eart, if it ain't the madam!"

This outburst was a professional solecism on the part of Fulton, the English butler, at Derek Pruyn's, but it was wrung from him in sheer joy at Diane's unexpected appearance.

"You'll excuse me, ma'am," he continued, recapturing his air of decorum, "but I fair couldn't help it. We'll be awful pleased to see you, ma'am, if I may make so bold as to say it—right down to the cat. It hasn't been the same 'ouse since you went away, ma'am; and me and Mr. Simmons has said so time and time again. You'll excuse me, ma'am, but—"

"You're very kind, Fulton, and so is Simmons, but I'm in a great hurry now. Is Mr. Pruyn at home?"

"Why, no, he ain't, ma'am, and that's a fact. He's to dine out."

"Where?"

"I couldn't tell you that, ma'am; but perhaps Mr. Simmons would know. He took Mr. Pruyn's evening clothes to the bank, and he was to change there. If you'll wait a minute, ma'am, I'll ask him."

But when Simmons came he could only give the information that his master was going to a "sort o' business banquet" at one of the great restaurants or hotels. Moreover, Miss Dorothea had gone out, saying that she would not be home to dinner.

"Then I must write a note," Diane said, with that air of natural authority which had seemed almost lost from her manner. "Will you, Fulton, be good enough to bring me a glass of wine, and a few biscuits, while I write? I must ask you, Simmons, for a railway guide."

In Derek's own room she sat down at the desk where, six months ago, she had arranged his letters, on the night when he had returned from South America. She had no time to indulge in memories, but a tremor shot through her frame as she took up the pen, and wrote on a sheet of paper which he had already headed with a date:

"I have bad news for you, but I hope I may be in time to keep it from being worse. I have reason to think that Dorothea has gone to Lakefield to be married there to Carli Wappinger. Should there be any mistake you will forgive me for disturbing you; but I think it well to be prepared for extreme possibilities. I am, therefore, going to Lakefield now—at once. A train at seven-fifteen will get there a little after nine. There are other trains through the evening, the latest being at five minutes after ten. Should this reach you in time to enable you to take one of them, you will be wise to do so; but in case it may be too late, you may count on me to do all that can be done. Let some one be ready to answer the telephone all night. I shall communicate with the house from the Bay Tree Inn. I must ask you again to forgive me if I am interfering rashly in

your affairs, but you can understand that I have no time to take counsel or reflect.

DIANE EVELETH."

Having made a copy of this letter, she summoned Simmons and Fulton and gave them their instructions. There had been an accident, she said, of which she had been able to get only imperfect information, but it seemed possible that Miss Dorothea was involved in it. She herself was hurrying to Lakefield, and it would be Simmons' task to find Mr. Pruyn in time for him to catch the ten-five train, at latest. He was to pack two valises with all that Mr. Pruyn could require for a change. He was to take one of the two letters, and one of the two valises, and go from place to place, until he tracked his master down. Fulton was to say nothing to alarm the other servants, merely informing Miss Dorothea's maid that the young lady was absent for the night, and that Mrs. Eveleth was with her. He would take charge of the second letter and the second valise, in case Mr. Pruyn should return to the house before Simmons could find him. The important charge of the telephone was also to be in Fulton's trust, and he was to answer all calls through the night. In concluding her directions Diane acknowledged her relief in having two lieutenants on whose silence, energy, and tact she could so thoroughly depend. She committed the matter to their hands not merely as to Mr. Pruyn's butler and valet, but as to his trusted friends, and in that capacity she was sure they would do their duty and hold their tongues.

In a similar spirit, when she arrived, about half past nine, at the Bay Tree Inn, she asked for the manager, and took him into her confidence. A runaway marriage, she informed him, had been planned to take place that very night at Lakefield; and she had come there as the companion and friend of a motherless girl, her object being to postpone the ceremony.

The manager listened with sympathy, and promised his help. As a matter of fact, a gentleman had arrived, driving his own motor, that very afternoon. He had put the machine in the garage, and taken a room, but had not registered. Their season having scarcely begun, and



Drawn by Frank Craig

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

DIANE GAVE THEM THEIR INSTRUCTIONS

the hotel being empty, they were somewhat careless about such formalities. He could only say that the young man was tall, fair, and slender, and seemed to be a person of means. He believed, too, that at this very minute he was smoking on the terrace before the door. If Diane had not come up by another way she must have met him. She could step out on the terrace and see for herself whether it was the person she was looking for or not.

Being tolerably sure of that already, Diane preferred to complete her arrangements first. She would ask for a room as near as possible to the main door of the hotel, so that when the young lady arrived she could be ushered directly into it. Fortunately the establishment was able to offer her exactly what she required, one of the invalids' suites which were a special feature of the house—a little sitting-room and bedroom, right at the front door, for the use of persons whose infirmities made a long walk between their own apartments and the sun-parlor inadvisable. Having inspected and accepted it, Diane bathed her face and smoothed her hair, after which she stepped out to confront Mr. Wappinger.

CHAPTER XX

SHE saw him at the end of the terrace, peering through the moonlight, down the driveway. She did not go forward to meet him, but waited until he turned in her direction. She knew that at a distance, and especially at night, her own figure was not unlike Dorothea's, and calculated on that effect. She divined his start of astonishment on catching sight of her by the abrupt jerk of his person and the way in which he half threw up his hands. When he began coming forward, it was with a slow, interrogative movement, as though he were asking how she had come there, in disregard of their preconcerted signals. Some exclamation was already on his lips, when, by the light streaming from the windows of the hotel, he saw his mistake, and paused.

"Good evening, Mr. Wappinger. What an extraordinary meeting!"

Priding himself on his worldly wisdom, Carli Wappinger never allowed himself to be caught by any trick of feminine

finesse. On the present occasion he stood stock-still and silent, eying Diane as a bird eyes a trap before hopping into it. Though he knew her as a friend to Dorothea and himself, he knew her as a subtle friend, hiding under her sympathy many of those kindly devices which experience keeps to foil the young. He did not complain of her for that, finding it legitimate that she should avail herself of what he called "the stock in trade of a chaperon"; while it had often amused him to outwit her. But now it was a matter of Greek meeting Greek, and she must be given to understand that he was the stronger. How she had discovered their plans he did not stop to think; but he must make it plain to her that he was not duped into ascribing her presence at Lakefield to an accident.

"Is it an extraordinary meeting, Mrs. Eveleth—for you?"

"No, not for me," Diane replied, readily. "I only thought it might be—for you."

"Then I'll admit that it is."

"But I hoped, too," she continued, moving a little nearer to him, "that my coming might be in the way of a—pleasant surprise."

"Oh yes; certainly; very pleasant—very pleasant indeed."

"I'm a good deal relieved to hear you say that, Mr. Wappinger," she said, "because there was a possibility that you mightn't like it."

"Whether I like it or not," he said, warily, "will depend upon your motive."

"I don't think you'll find any fault with that. I came because I thought I could help Dorothea. I hoped I might be able indirectly to help you, too."

"What makes you think we're in need of help?"

She came near enough for him to see her smile.

"Because, until after you're married, you'll both be in an embarrassing position."

"There are worse things in the world than that."

"Not many. I can hardly imagine two people like Dorothea and yourself more awkwardly placed than you'll be from the minute she arrives. Remember, you're not Strephon and Chloe in a pastoral; you're two most sophisticated members of

a most sophisticated set, who scarcely know how to walk about excepting according to the rules of a code of etiquette. Neither of you was made for escapade; and I'm sure you don't like it, any more than she will."

"And so you've come to relieve the situation?"

"Exactly."

"And for anything else?"

"What else should I come for?"

"You might have come for—two or three things."

"One of which would be to interfere with your plans. Well, I haven't. If I had wanted to do that, I could have done it long ago. I'll tell you outright that Mr. Pruyn requested me more than once to put a stop to your acquaintance with Dorothea, and I refused. I refused at first because I didn't think it wise, and afterward because I liked you. I kept on refusing because I came to see in the end that you were born to marry Dorothea, and that no one else would ever suit her. I'm here this evening because I believe that still and I want you to be happy."

"Did you think your coming would make us happier?"

"In the long run—yes. You may not see it to-night, but you will to-morrow. You can't imagine that I would run the risk of forcing myself upon you unless I was sure there was something I could do."

"Well—what is it?"

"It isn't much, and yet it's a great deal. When you and Dorothea are married I want to go with you. I want to be there. I don't want her to go friendless. When she goes back to town to-morrow, and everything has to be explained, I want her to be able to say that I was beside her. I know that mine is not a name to carry much authority, but I'm a woman—I'm a married woman—above all, I'm a woman who has held a position of responsibility, almost a mother's place, toward Dorothea herself—and there are moments in life when any kind of woman is better than none at all. You may not see it just now, but—"

"Oh yes, I do," he said, slowly; "only when you've gone in for an unconventional thing you might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

"I don't agree with you. Nothing more than the unconventional requires a nicely discriminating taste; and it's no use being more violent than you can help. You and Dorothea are making a match that sets the rules of your world at defiance, but you may as well avail yourselves of any little mitigation that comes to hand. Life is going to be hard enough for you as it is—"

"Oh, I don't know about that. They can't do anything to us—"

"Not to you, perhaps, because you're a man. But they can to Dorothea, and they will. This is just one of those queer situations in which you'll get the credit and she'll get the blame. You can always make a poem on Young Lochinvar, when it's less easy to approve of the damsel who springs to the pillion behind him. I don't pretend to account for this idiosyncrasy of human nature; I merely state it as a fact. Society will forget that you ran away with Dorothea; but it will never forget that she ran away with you."

"H'm!"

"But I don't see that that need distress you. You wouldn't care; and as for Dorothea, she's got the pluck of a soldier. Depend upon it, she sees the whole situation already, and is prepared to face it. That's part of the difference between a woman and a man. *You* can go into a thing like this without looking ahead, because you know that, whatever the opposition, you can keep it down. A woman is too weak for that. She must count every danger beforehand. Dorothea has done that. This isn't going to be a leap in the dark for her; it wouldn't be for any girl of her intelligence and social instincts. She knows what she's doing, and she's doing it for you. She has made her sacrifice, and made it willingly, before she consented to take this step at all. She crossed her Rubicon without saying anything to you about it, and you needn't consider her any more."

"Well, I like that," he said, in an injured tone, thrusting his hands into his overcoat pockets and beginning to move along the terrace.

"Yes; I thought you'd like it," she agreed, walking by his side. "It shows what she's willing to give up for you. It shows even more than that. It shows

how she loves you. Dorothea is not a girl who holds society lightly; and if she renounces it—”

“Oh, but, come now, Mrs. Eveleth! It isn't going to be as bad as that.”

“It isn't going to be as bad as anything. Bad is not the word. When I speak of renouncing society, of course I only mean renouncing—the best. There will always be some people to— Well, you remember Dumas' comparison of the sixpenny and the six-shilling peaches. If you can't have the latter, you will be able to afford the former.”

They walked on in silence to the end of the terrace, and it was not till after they had turned that the young man spoke again.

“I believe you're overdrawing it,” he said, with some decision.

“Isn't it you who are overdrawing what I mean? I'm simply trying to say that while things won't be very pleasant for you, they won't be worse than you can easily bear—especially when Dorothea has steeled herself to them in advance. I repeat, too, that, poor as I am, my presence will be taken as safeguarding some of the proprieties people expect one to observe. I speak of *my* presence, but, after all, you may have provided yourself with some one better. I didn't think of that.”

“No; there's no one.”

“Then Dorothea is coming all alone?”

“Reggie Bradford is bringing her—if you want to know.”

“By the ten-five train?”

“No; in his motor.”

“How very convenient these motors are! And has she no companion but Mr. Bradford?”

“She hasn't any companion at all. She doesn't even know that the man driving the machine is Reggie. He thought that, going very slowly, as he promised to do, to avoid all chances of accident, they might arrive by eleven.”

“And Dorothea was to be alone here with you two men?”

“Well, you see, we are to be married as soon as she arrives. We go straight from here to the clergyman's house; he's waiting for us; in ten minutes' time I shall be her husband; and then everything will be all right.”

“How cleverly you've arranged it!”

“I had to make my arrangements pretty close,” Carli explained, in a tone of pride. “There were a good many difficulties to overcome, but I did it. Dorothea has had no trouble at all, and will have none; that is,” he added, with a sigh, at the recollection of what Diane had just said, “as far as getting down here is concerned. She went to tea at the Belfords', and on coming out she found a motor waiting for her at the door. She walked into it without asking questions and sat down; and that's all. She doesn't know whose motor it is, or where she's going, except that she is being taken toward me. I provided her with everything—even to refreshments and a dressing-bag. She's got nothing to do but sit still till she gets here, when she will be married almost before she knows she has arrived.”

“It's certainly most romantic; and if one has to do such things, they couldn't be done better.”

“Well, one has to—sometimes.”

“Yes; so I see.”

“What do you suppose Derek Pruyn will say?” he asked, after a brief pause.

“I haven't the least idea what he'll say—in these circumstances. Of course I always knew— But there's no use speaking about that now.”

“Speaking about what now?” he asked, sharply.

“Oh, nothing! One must be with Mr. Pruyn constantly—live in his house—to understand him. You can always count on his being kinder than he seems at first, or on the surface. During the last months I was with Dorothea I could see plainly enough that in the end she would get her way.”

He paused abruptly in his walk and confronted her.

“Then, for Heaven's sake,” he demanded, “why didn't you tell me that before?”

“You never asked me. I couldn't go round shouting it out for nothing. Besides, it was only my opinion, in which, after all, I am quite likely to be wrong.”

“But quite likely to be right.”

“I suppose so. Naturally I should have told you,” she went on, humbly; “if I had thought that you wanted to hear; but how was I to know that? One doesn't talk about other people's private affairs unless one is invited. In any case it

doesn't matter now. A man who can cut the Gordian knot as you can doesn't care to hear that there's a way by which it might have been unravelled."

"I'm not so sure about that. There are cases in which the longest way round is the shortest way home, and if—"

"But I didn't suppose you would consider so cautious a route as that."

"I shouldn't for myself; but, you see, I have to think of Dorothea."

"But I've already told you that there's no occasion for that. If Dorothea has made her choice with her eyes open—"

"Good Lord!" he cried, impatiently, "you talk as if all I wanted was to get her into a noose."

"Well, isn't it? Perhaps I'm stupid, but I thought the whole reason for bringing her down here was because—"

"Because we thought there was no other way," he finished, in a tone of exasperation. "But if there *is* another way—"

"I'm not at all sure that there is," she retorted, with a touch of asperity, to keep pace with his rising emotion. "Don't begin to think that because I said Mr. Pruyn was coming round to it he's obliged to do it."

"No; but if there was a chance—"

"Of course there's always that. But what then?"

"Well, then—there'd be no particular reason for rushing the thing to-night. But I don't know, though," he continued, with a sudden change of tone; "we're here, and perhaps we might as well go through with it. All I want is her happiness; and since she can't be happy in her own home—"

Diane laughed softly, and he stopped once more in his walk to look down at her.

"There's one thing you ought to understand about Dorothea," she said, with a little air of amusement. "You know how fond I am of her, and that I wouldn't criticise her for the world. Now, don't be offended, and don't glower at me like that, for I *must* say it. Dorothea isn't unhappy because she hasn't a good home, or because she has a stern father, or because she can't marry you. She's unhappy because she isn't getting her own way, and for no other reason whatever. She's the dearest, sweetest, most loving little girl on earth, but she

has a will like steel. Whatever she sets her mind on, great or small, that she is determined to do, and when it's done she doesn't care any more about it. When I was with her I never crossed her in anything. I let her do what she was bent on doing, right up to the point where she saw herself that she didn't want to. If her father would only treat her like that, she—"

"She wouldn't be coming down here to-night. That's what you mean, isn't it?"

"Oh no! How can you say so?"

"I can say so, because I think there's a good deal of truth in it. I'm not without some glimmering of insight into her character myself; and to be quite frank, it was seeing her set her pretty white teeth and clench her fist and stamp her foot, to get her way over nothing at all, that first made me fall in love with her."

"Then I will say no more. I see you know her as well as I do."

"Yes, I know her," he said, confidently, marching on again. "I don't think there are many corners of her character into which I haven't seen."

Several remarks arose to Diane's lips, but she repressed them, and they continued their walk in silence. During the three or four turns they took, side by side, up and down the terrace, she divined the course his thought was taking, and her speech was with his inner rather than his outer man. Suddenly he stopped, with one of his jerky pauses, and when he spoke his voice took on a boyish quality that made it appealing.

"Mrs. Eveleth, do you know what I think? I think that you and I have come down here on what looks like a fool's business. If it wasn't for leaving Dorothea here with Reggie Bradford I'd put you in the motor and we'd travel back to New York as fast as tires could take us."

"Upon my word," she confessed, "you make me almost wish we could do it. But, of course, it isn't possible. There must be some one here to meet Dorothea—and explain. I could do that if you liked."

"Oh no," he exclaimed, with a new change of mind; "I should look as if I was showing the white feather."

"On the contrary, you'd look as if you knew what it was to be a man."

"And Derek Pruyn might hold out against me in the end."

"It would be time enough, even then, to do—what you meant to do to-night; and I'd help you."

He hesitated still, till another thought occurred to him.

"Oh, what's the good? It's too late to rectify anything now. They must know at her house by this time that she has left her home—with me."

"No; I've anticipated that. They understand that she's here, at the Bay Tree Inn—with me."

He moved away from her with a quick backward leap.

"With you? You've done that? You've seen them? You've told them? You're a wonderful woman, Mrs. Eveleth. I see now what you've been up to," he added, with a shrill, nervous laugh. "You've been turning me round your little finger; and I'm hanged if you haven't done it very cleverly. You've failed in this one point, however, that you haven't done it quite cleverly enough. I stay."

"Very well; but you won't refuse to let me stay too—for the reasons that I gave you at first."

"You're wily, I must say! If you can't get best, you're willing to take second best. Isn't that it?"

"That's it exactly. I did hope that no marriage would take place between Dorothea and you to-night. I hoped that, before you came to that, you'd realize to what a degree you're taking advantage of her wilfulness and her love for you—for it's a mixture of both—to put her in a false position, from which she'll never wholly free herself as long as she lives. I hoped you'd be man enough to go back and win her from her father by open means. Failing all that, I hoped you'd let me blunt the keenest edge of your folly by giving to your marriage the countenance which my presence at it could bestow. Was there any harm in that? Was there anything for you to resent, or for me to be ashamed of? Is a good thing less good because I wish it, or a wise thought less wise because I think it? You talk of turning you round my little finger, as though it was something at which you had to take offence. My dear boy, that only shows how

young you are. Every good woman, if I may call myself one, turns the men she cares for round her little finger, and it's the men who are worth most in life who submit most readily to the process. Do you know why God created angels? It was to whisper good thoughts to women. Do you know why he created women? It was to whisper good thoughts to men. When you're a little older, when, perhaps, you have children of your own, you'll understand better what I've done for you to-night; and you won't use toward my memory the tone of semi-jocular disdain that has entered into nearly every word you've addressed to me this evening. Now, if you'll excuse me," she added, wearily, "I think I'll go in. I'm very tired, and I'll rest till Dorothea comes. When she arrives you must bring her to me directly; and she must stay with me till I take her to—the wedding. My room is the first door on the left of the main entrance."

She was half-way across the terrace when he called out to her, the boyish tremor in his voice more accentuated than before.

"Wait a minute. There's lots of time." She came back a few paces toward him. "Shouldn't I look very grotesque if I hooked it?"

"Not half so grotesque as you'll look to-morrow morning when you have to go back to town and tell every one you meet that you and Dorothea Pruyn have run away and got married. That's when you'll look foolish and cut a pathetic figure. As things are it could be kept between two or three of us; but if you go on, you'll be in all the papers by to-morrow afternoon. Does your mother know?"

"I suppose she does by this time; I wired when I knew it was too late for her to spread the alarm. But I don't mind about her. She'll be only too glad to have me back at any price."

"Then—I'd go."

The light from the hotel was full on his face, and she could almost have kissed him for his doleful, crestfallen expression.

"Well—I will."

There was no heroism in the way in which he said the words, and the spring

disappeared from his walk as he went back to the hotel to pay his bill and order out his "machine." Diane smiled to herself to see how his head drooped and his shoulders sagged, but her eyes blinked at the mist that rose before them. After all, he was little more than a school-boy, and he and Dorothea were but two children at play.

She did not continue her own way into the hotel. Now that the first part of her purpose in coming had been accomplished, she was free to remember what the comedy with Carli had almost excluded from her mind—that within an hour or two Derek Pruyn and she might be face to face again. The thought made her heart leap as with sudden fright. Fortunately, Dorothea would have arrived by that time, and would stand between them, otherwise the mere possibility would have been overwhelming.

Yes; Dorothea ought to be coming soon. She looked at her watch, and found it was nearly eleven. On the stillness of the night there came a sound, a clatter, a whiz, a throb—the unmistakable noise of an automobile. She hurried to the end of the terrace; but it was not Dorothea coming; it was Carli going away. She breathed more freely, standing to see him pass, and know that he was really gone.

A minute later he went by in the moonlight, waiving his hand to her as she stood silhouetted on the terrace above him. Then, to her annoyance, the motor stopped and he leaped out. For a moment her heart stood still in alarm, for if he was coming back the work might be to do all over again. He did come back, scrambling up the steps till he was at her feet. But it was only to seize her hand and kiss it hastily, after which, without a word, he was off again. Then once more the huge machine clattered and whizzed and throbbed, rattling its way down the drive and on into the dark, till all sound died away in the solemn winter silence.

CHAPTER XXI

DURING the next half-hour small practical tasks occupied Diane's mind and kept the thought of Derek Pruyn's arrival from becoming more than a subconscious dread. She informed the

manager of her success with his mysterious young guest, and arranged that Dorothea, when she came, should spend the night with her. Then she put herself in telephonic communication, first with Mrs. Wappinger, and with Fulton. She gave the former the intelligence that Carli had departed, and received from the latter the information that Simmons had found his master, who had been able to leave for Lakefield by the ten-five train. These steps being taken, there was nothing to do but to sit down and wait for Dorothea. Allowing thirty or forty minutes for possible delays, she calculated that the girl ought to arrive a good half-hour before her father. This would give her time to deal with each separately, clearing up misunderstandings on both sides; and preparing the way for such a meeting as would lead to mutual concessions and future peace.

Physically tired, she took off her hat, and threw herself on the couch in her little sitting-room. By sheer force of will she continued to shut out Derek from her thought, concentrating all her mental faculties on the arguments and persuasions she should bring to bear on Dorothea. She had no nervousness on this account. The naughty, headstrong child that runs away from home does not get far without a realizing sense of its happy shelter. She divined that the long ride through the dark, with an unknown man, toward an unknown goal, would have already subdued Dorothea's spirits to the point where she would be only too glad to find herself dropping into familiar, feminine arms.

At eleven o'clock she got up from her couch with a vague impulse to be in a more direct attitude of welcome. At half past eleven she went to the office to inquire of the manager how long a motor going slowly should take to reach Lakefield from New York, assuming that it had got away from the city about six o'clock. Alarmed by his reply, she begged him to keep a certain number of the servants up, and the hotel in readiness to cope with any emergency or accident, promising liberal remuneration for all unusual work. After that came another long hour of waiting.

It was about half past twelve when

there was a sound of a carriage coming up the driveway. It was probably Derek; and yet there was a possibility that, the automobile having broken down, Reggie and Dorothea had been obliged to finish their journey in a humbler way than that in which they had started. Diane hurried to the terrace. The moon had set, but the stars were out; and the night had grown colder. The pines surrounding the hotel shot up weirdly against the midnight sky, sighing with a low murmur, like the moan of primeval nature. Up the ascent from the main road the carriage creaked wearily, while Diane's heart poured itself out in a sort of incoherent prayer that Dorothea might have arrived before her father. The horses dragged themselves to the steps, and Derek Pruyn sprang out.

Instinctively Diane fell back.

"Oh, it's you," she gasped, unable for the instant to say more.

"Yes," he returned, quickly, peering down into her face. "What news?"

"Dorothea hasn't come. The—the other person has gone."

"Gone? How—gone?"

"He went away of his own accord."

"That is, you sent him."

"Not exactly; he was willing to go. He saw he'd been doing wrong."

A porter having come from the hotel and seized Derek's valise, it was necessary for them to go in and attend to the small preliminaries of arrival. When they were finished Derek returned to Diane, who had seated herself in a wicker chair beside one of the numerous tea-tables to which a large part of the hall was given up. Under the eye of the drowsy clerk, who still kept his place at the office desk, she felt a certain sense of protection, even though the width of the hotel lay between them.

"Now, tell me," Derek said, in his quick, commanding tones; "tell me everything."

He sat opposite her, on the other side of the table, upon which he rested his arm, while the face he turned to her was strained, and the eyes he fixed on her were bright, with mingled emotions. The correctness of the evening dress in which he had hurried away from the banquet in New York introduced a strange note of order into this disordered night.

The repressed intensity of his bearing had on Diane the effect of making her more calmly mistress of herself. Quietly, and in a manner as matter-of-fact as she could make it, she told her tale from the beginning. She narrated her summons from Mrs. Wappinger, her visit to his own house, her arrangements there, her journey to Lakefield, and her interview with Carli Wappinger. Without making light of what he and Dorothea had undertaken to do, she reduced their guilt to a minimum, turning it into indiscretion rather than anything more grave. She laid stress on the excellence of the young man's character, as well as on the promptness with which he had relinquished his part in the plot as soon as he saw its true nature. In spite of himself Derek began to think of the lad as of one who had sprung to his help in a moment of need, and to whom he was indebted for a service. Not until Diane ceased speaking was he able to brush this absurd impression away, in the knowledge that Dorothea, who should have arrived nearly two hours ago, was still out in the dark. That, for the moment, was the one fact to which everything else was subordinate.

"I can't understand it," he said, nervously. "If they left New York by six, or even seven, they should have been here by eleven at the latest. That would have given them time for slow going, or taking a circuitous route."

He arose nervously from his seat, interviewed the clerk at the desk, went out on the terrace, listened in the silence, walked restlessly up and down, and, returning to Diane, enumerated the different possibilities that would reasonably account for the delay. Glad of this preoccupation, since it diverted thought from their more personal relations, she pointed out the wisdom of accepting whatever explanation was least grave until they knew the certainty. When he had gone out several times more, to listen on the terrace, he came back, and, resuming his seat, said, brusquely:

"You look tired. You ought to get some rest."

The tone of intimate care reached Diane's heart more directly than words of greater import.

"I would," she said, simply—"that is,

I'd go to my room, if I thought you'd be kind to Dorothea when she came."

"And *don't* you think so?"

"I think you'd want to be," she smiled, "if you knew how."

"But I shouldn't know how?"

"You see, it's a situation that calls directly for a woman; and you're so essentially a man. When Dorothea arrives, she won't be a headstrong, runaway girl; she'll be a poor little terrified child, frightened to death at what she has done, and wanting nothing so much as to creep sobbing into her mother's arms and be comforted. If you could only—"

"I'll do anything you tell me."

"It's no use telling; you have to know. It's a case in which you must act by instinct, and not by rule of thumb."

In her eagerness to have something to say which would keep conversation away from dangerous themes, she spoke exhaustively on the subject of parental tact, holding well to the thread of her topic until she perceived that he was not so much listening to what she said as thinking of her. But she had gained her point, and led him to see that Dorothea was to be treated leniently, which was sufficient for the moment.

"Now," she finished, rising, "I think I'll take your advice, and go and rest till she comes. That's my door, just opposite. I chose the room for its convenience in receiving Dorothea. You'll be sure to call me, won't you, the minute you hear the sound of wheels?"

He had sat gazing up at her, but now he, too, rose. It was a minute at which their common anxiety regarding Dorothea slipped temporarily into the background, allowing the main question at issue between them to assert itself; but it asserted itself silently. He had meant to speak, but he could only look. She had meant to withdraw, but she remained to return his look with the lingering, quiet, steady gaze which time and place and circumstance seemed to make the most natural mode of expression for the things that were vital between them. What passed, thus, defied all analysis of thought, as well as all utterance in language, but it was understood by each in his or her own way. To her it was the greeting and farewell of souls in different spheres, who again pass one another in space.

For him it was the dumb, stifled cry of nature, the claim of a heart demanding its rightful place in another heart, the protest of love that has been debarred from its return by a cruel code of morals, a preposterous convention, grown suddenly meaningless to a woman like her and to a man like him. Something like this it would have been a relief to him to cry out, had not the strong hand of custom been upon him and forced him to say that which was far below the pressure of his yearning.

"This isn't the time to talk about what I owe you," he said, feeling the insufficiency of his words; "it's too much to be disposed of in a few phrases."

"On the contrary, you owe me nothing at all."

"We'll not dispute the point now."

"No; but I'd rather not leave you under a misapprehension. If I've done anything to-night—been of any use at all—it's been simply because I loved Dorothea—and—and—it was right. When it was in my power, I couldn't have refused to do it for any one—for any one, you understand."

"Oh yes, I understand perfectly; but *any one*, in the same circumstances, would feel as I do. No, not as I do," he corrected, quickly. "No one else in the world could feel—"

"I'm really *very* tired," she said, hurriedly; "I'll go now; but I count on you to call me."

He watched her while she glided across the room; but it was only when her door had closed, and he had dropped into his seat, that he was able to state to himself the fact that the mere sight of her again had demolished all the barricades he had been building in his heart against her for the last six months. They had fallen more easily than the walls of Jericho at the blast of the sacred horn. The inflections of her voice, the look from her eyes, the gestures of her hands, had dispelled them into nothingness, like ramparts of mist. But it was not that alone! He was too much an American man of affairs not to give credit to the practical abilities she had shown that night. No graces of person, or charms of mind, or resources of courage, could have called forth his admiration more effectively than this display of prosaic executive ca-

capacity. What had to be done she had done more promptly, wisely, and easily than any man could have accomplished it. She had foreseen possibilities and forestalled accident with a thoroughness which he himself could not have equalled.

"My God!" he groaned, inwardly, "what a wife she would have made for any man! How I could have loved her, if it hadn't been for—"

He stopped abruptly and leaped to his feet, looking around dazed on the great empty hall, at the end of which a porter slept in his chair, while the clerk blinked drowsily behind his desk.

"I do love her," he declared, to himself. "All summer long I have uttered blasphemies. I do love her. Let her have been what she may, she shall be my wife."

Out on the terrace the cold wind was grateful, and he stood for a minute bare-headed, letting it blow over his fevered face and through his hair. It had risen during the last hour, making the pines rock slowly in the starlight and swelling their moan into deep sobs, as from the heart of old earth-forces, Titanic and uncouth, long ago trampled into incoherence under the feet of men. Here in the lonely wood, far from the shrill noises of the younger race, and in this weird hour between the midnight and the morning, their melancholy music might wake again, drowning all other sounds.

As Derek Pruyn paced the terrace in strained expectation he was deceived again and again into the thought that something was approaching. Now it was the champing and stamping of horses toiling up the ascent; now it was the bray and throb of the automobile; now it was the voices of men, conversing or calling or breaking into laughter. Twenty times he hastened to the steps at the end of the terrace, sure he could not have been mistaken, only to hear the earth-forces sob and sigh and shout again, as if in derision of this puny, presumptuous mortal, with his evanescent joy and pain.

So another hour passed. His mind was not of the imaginative order which invents disaster in moments of suspense, so that he was able to keep his watch more patiently than many another might have

done. Once he tried to smoke; but the mere scent of tobacco seemed out of place in this curious world, alive with odd psychical suggestions, and he threw the cigar away into the darkness, where its light glowed reproachfully, like a dying eye, till it went out.

It was after three when a sudden sound from the driveway struck his ear; but he had been deceived so often that he would pay it no attention. Though it seemed like the unmistakable approach of an automobile, it had seemed so before, and he would not even look round till he had reached the distant end of the terrace. When he turned he could see through the trees, and along the dark line of the avenue, the advance of the heralding light. Dorothea had come at last. She was even close upon them. In a few more seconds she would be alighting at the steps.

He hurried inside to wake the porter and warn Diane.

"She's here," he called, rapping sharply at her door. "Please come! Quick!"

There was a response and a hurried movement from within, but he did not wait for her to appear. When she came out of her room she could see from the light thrown over the terrace that the motor had already stopped at the steps. Some one was getting out, and she could hear men's voices. Advancing to a spot midway between her room and the main entry, she stood waiting for Derek to bring her his daughter. A moment later he sprang into the light of the doorway with features white and alarmed.

"Go back!" he cried to her, with a commanding gesture. "Go back!"

"But what's the matter?"

"Go back!" he ordered, more imperiously than before.

"Oh, Derek, it's Dorothea! She's hurt. I must go to her. I will not go back."

She rushed toward the entry, but he caught her and pushed her inward.

"I tell you you must go back," he repeated.

"It's Dorothea," she cried. "She's hurt! She's killed! Let me go! She needs me!"

"It isn't Dorothea," he whispered, forcing her over the threshold of her own room, and trying to close the door upon her.

"Then what is it?" she begged. "Tell me now. You're hurting me. Let me go! You're killing me."

"It's—"

But there was no need to say more, for the main door swung open again, and the Marquis de Bienville entered, followed by a porter carrying his valise.

At his appearance Derek relinquished Diane's hands, and Diane herself was so astonished that she stepped plainly into view. Not less astonished than herself, Bienville stopped stock-still, looked at her, looked into the room behind her, looked at Derek with a long, half-amused, comprehending stare, lifted his hat gravely, and passed on.

When he had gone there was a minute of dead silence. With parted lips and awe-stricken eyes Diane gazed after him till he had spoken to the clerk at the desk and passed on into the darker recesses of the hotel. When she turned toward Derek he was smiling, with what she knew was an effort to treat the situation lightly.

"Well, this time we've given him something to talk about," he laughed, bravely.

She shrugged her shoulders and spread apart her hands with one of her habitual, fatalistic gestures.

"I don't mind. He can't do me more harm than he's done already. It's not of him that I'm thinking, but of Dorothea. She hasn't come."

"No, she hasn't come."

The fact had grown alarming, so much so as to make the incident of Bienville's appearance seem in comparison a matter of little moment. Diane remained on the threshold of her room, and he in the hall outside, while, for mutual encouragement, they rehearsed once more the list of predicaments in which the young people might have found themselves without serious danger.

Diane was about to withdraw, when a man ran down the hall calling:

"The telephone!—for the gentleman!"

Derek started on a run, Diane following more slowly. When she reached the office Derek had the receiver to his ear, and was talking.

"Yes, Fulton. Go on. I hear. . . . Who has rung you up? . . . I didn't catch. . . Miss—who? Oh, Miss Marion

Grimston. Yes? . . . In Philadelphia, at the Hotel Belleville. . . . Yes; I understand . . . and Miss Dorothea is with her. . . . Good! . . . Did she say how she got there? . . . Will explain when we get back to New York to-morrow morning. . . . All right. . . . Yes, to lunch. . . . She said Miss Dorothea was quite well, and satisfied with her trip! . . . That's good. . . . Well, good night, Fulton. Sorry to have kept you up."

He put up the receiver and turned to Diane.

"Did you understand?"

"Perfectly. I think I know what has happened. I can guess."

"Then, I'll be hanged if I can. What is it?"

"I'll let them tell you that themselves. I'm too tired to say anything more to-night."

She kept close to the office where the clerk was shutting books and locking drawers preparatory to closing.

"You must let me come and thank you—" he began.

"You must thank Miss Marion Grimston," she interrupted, "for any real service. All I've done for you, as you see, has been to bring you on an unnecessary journey."

"For me it has been a journey—into truth."

"I'll say good night now. I shall not see you in the morning. You'll not forget to be very gentle with Dorothea, will you—and with him? Good night, again—good night."

Smiling into his eyes, she ignored the hand he held out to her and slipped away into the semi-darkness as the impatient clerk began turning out the lights.

CHAPTER XXII

DEREK PRUYN was guilty of an injustice to the Marquis de Bienville in supposing he would make the incident at Lakefield a topic of conversation among his friends. His sense of honor alone would have kept him from betraying what might be looked upon as an involuntary confidence, even if it had not better suited his purposes to entrust the matter, in the form of an amusing anecdote, told under the seal of secrecy, to Mrs. Bayford. In her hands it was



Drawn by Frank Craig

TOLD UNDER THE SEAL OF SECRECY TO MRS. BAYFORD

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

like invested capital, adding to itself, while he did nothing at all. Months of insinuation on his part would have failed to achieve the result that she brought about in a few days' time, with no more effort than a rose makes in shedding perfume.

Before Derek had been able to recover from the feeling of having passed through a strange waking dream, before Dorothea and he had resumed the ordinary tenor of their life together, before he had seen Diane again, he was given to understand that the little scene on Bienville's arrival at the Bay Tree Inn was familiar matter in the offices, banks, and clubs he most frequented. The intelligence was conveyed by a score of trivial signs, suggestive, satirical, or overfamiliar, which he would not have perceived in days gone by, but to which he had grown sensitive. It was clear that the story gained piquancy from its contrast with the staidness of his life; and his most intimate friends permitted themselves a little covert "chaff" with him on the event. He was not of a nature to resent this raillery on his own account; it was serious to him only because it touched Diane.

For her the matter was so grave that he exhausted his ingenuity in devising means for her protection. He refrained from even seeing her until he could go with some ultimatum before which she should be obliged to yield. An unsuccessful appeal to her, he judged, would be worse than none at all; and until he discovered arguments which she could not controvert he decided to hold his peace.

Action of some sort became imperative when he found that Miss Lucilla Van Tromp had heard the story and drawn from it what seemed to her the obvious conclusion.

"I should never have believed it," she declared, tearfully, "if you hadn't admitted it yourself. I told Pussy Bayford that nothing but your own words would convince me that any such scene had taken place."

"Allowing that it did, isn't it conceivable that it might have had an honorable motive?"

"Then what is it? If you could tell me that—"

"I could tell you easily enough if there weren't other considerations involved. I should think that in the circumstances you could trust me."

"Nobody else does, Derek."

"Whom do you mean by nobody else? Mrs. Bayford?"

"Oh, she's not the only one. If your men friends don't believe in you—"

"They believe in me, all right; don't you worry about that."

"They may believe in you as men believe in each other; but it isn't the way I believe in people."

"I know how you believe in people, if ill-natured women would let you alone. You wouldn't mistrust a thief if you saw him stealing your watch from your pocket."

"That's not true, Derek. I can be as suspicious as any one when I like."

"But don't you see that your suspicion doesn't only light on me? It strikes Diane."

"That's just it."

"Lucilla!" he cried, reproachfully.

"Well, Derek, you know how loyal I've been to her. It's been harder, too, than you've ever been aware of; for I haven't told you—I *wouldn't* tell you—one-half the things that people have hinted to me during the past two years."

"Yes; but who? A lot of jealous women—"

"It's no use saying that, Derek; because your own actions contradict you. Why did Diane leave your house, if it wasn't that you believed—?"

"Don't." He raised his hand to his face as if protecting himself from a blow.

"I wouldn't," she cried, "if you didn't make me. I say it only in self-defence. After all, you can only accuse me of what you've done yourself. Diane made me think at first that you had misjudged her; but I see now that if she had been a good woman you wouldn't have sent her away."

"I didn't send her away. She went."

"Yes, Derek; but why?"

"That has nothing to do with the question under discussion."

"On the contrary, it has everything to do with it. It all belongs together. I've loved Diane, and defended her; but I've come to the point where I can't do it any longer. After what's happened—"

"But I tell you, what's happened is nothing! If it was only right for me to explain it to you, as I shall explain it to you some day, you'd find you owed her a debt that you never could repay."

"Very well! I won't dispute it. It still doesn't affect the main point at issue. Can you yourself, Derek, honestly and truthfully affirm that you look upon Diane as a good woman, in the sense that is usually attached to the words?"

"I can honestly and truthfully affirm that I look upon her as one of the best women in the world."

"That isn't the point. Louise de la Vallière became one of the best women in the world; but there are some other things that might be said of her. But I'll not argue; I'll not insist. Since you think I'm wrong, I'll take your own word for it, Derek. Just tell me once, tell me without quibble, and on your honor as my cousin and a gentleman, that you believe Diane to be—what I've supposed her to be hitherto, and what you know very well I mean—and I'll not doubt it further."

For a moment he stood speechless, trying to formulate the lie he could utter most boldly, until he was struck with the double thought, that to defend Diane's honor with a falsehood would be to defame it further, while a lie to this pure, trusting virginal spirit would be a crime.

"Tell me, Derek," she insisted; "tell me, and I'll believe you."

He retreated a pace or two, as if trying to get out of her presence.

"I'm listening, Derek; go on; I'm willing to take your word."

"Then I repeat," he said, weakly, "that I believe her, I *know* her, to be one of the best women in the world."

"Like Louise de la Vallière."

"Yes," he shouted, maddened to the retort, "like Louise de la Vallière. And what then?"

He stood as if demanding a reply.

"Nothing! I have no more to say."

"Then I have; and I'll ask you to listen." He drew near to her again and spoke slowly. "There were doubtless many good women in Jerusalem in the time of Herod and Pilate and Christ; but not the least held in honor among us to-day is—the Magdalen. That's one thing; and here's something more. There

is joy, so we are told, in the presence of the angels of God—plenty of it, let us hope!—but it isn't over the ninety and nine just persons, who need no repentance, so much as over the one, poor, deserted, lonely sinner that repenteth—that *repenteth*, Lucilla, do you hear?—and you know whom I mean."

With this as his confession of faith he left her, to go in search of Diane. He had formed the ultimatum before which, as he believed, she should find herself obliged to surrender.

It was a day on which Diane's mood was one of comparative peace. She was engrossed in an occupation which at once soothed her spirits and appealed to her taste. Madame Cauchat, the landlady, bewailing the continued illness of her *lingère*, Diane had begged to be allowed to take charge of the linen-room of the hotel, not merely as a means of earning a living, but because she delighted in such work. Methodical in her habits and nimble with her needle, the neatness, smoothness, and purity of piles of white damask stirred all those housewifely, home-keeping instincts which are so large a part of every Frenchwoman's nature. Her fingers busy with the quiet, delicate task of mending, her mind could dwell with the greater content on such subjects as she had for satisfaction.

They were more numerous than they had been for a long time past. The meeting at Lakefield had changed her mental attitude toward Derek Pruyn, taking a large part of the pain out of her thoughts of him, as well as out of his thoughts of her. She had avoided seeing him after that one night, and she had heard nothing from him since; but she knew it was impossible for him to go on thinking of her altogether harshly. She had been useful to him; she had struggled to save Dorothea from a great mistake; she had done it in such a way that no hint of the escapade was likely to become known outside of the few who had taken part in it; she had put herself in a relation toward him which, as a final one, was much to be preferred to that which had existed before. She could therefore pass out of his life more satisfied than she had dared hope to be with the effect she had had upon it. As she stitched she sighed to

herself with a certain comfort, when, glancing up, she saw him standing at the door.

The nature of her thoughts, coupled with his sudden appearance, drew to her lips a quiet smile.

"They shouldn't have shown you in here," she protested, gently, letting her work fall to her lap, but not rising from her place.

"I insisted," he explained, briefly, from the threshold.

"You can come in," she smiled, as he continued to stand in the doorway. "You can even sit down." She pointed to a chair, not far from her own, going on again with her stitching, so as to avoid the necessity for further greeting. "I suppose you wonder what I'm doing," she pursued, when he had seated himself.

"I'm not wondering that so much as whether you ought to be doing it."

"I can relieve your mind on that score. It's a case, too, in which duty and pleasure jump together; for the delight of handling beautiful linen is like nothing else in the world."

"It seems to me like servants' work," he said, bluntly.

"Possibly; but I can do servants' work at a pinch—especially when I like it."

"I don't," he declared.

"But then you don't have to do it."

"I mean that I don't like it for you."

"Even so, you wouldn't forbid my doing it, would you?"

"I wish I had the right to. I've come here this afternoon to ask you again if you won't give it to me."

For a few minutes she stitched in silence. When she spoke it was without stopping her work or lifting her head.

"I'm sorry that you should raise that question again. I thought it was settled."

"Supposing it was, it can be reopened—if there's a reason."

"But there is none."

"That's all you know about it. There's a very important reason."

"Since—when?"

"Since Lakefield."

"Do you mean anything that Monsieur de Bienville may have said?"

"I do."

"That wouldn't be a reason—for me."

"But you don't know—"

"I can imagine. Monsieur de Bien-

ville has already done me all the harm he can. It's beyond his power to hurt me any more."

"But, Diane, you don't know what you're saying. You don't know what he's doing. He's—he's—I hardly know how to put it—He's destroying your reputation."

She glanced up with a smile, ceasing for an instant to sew.

"You mean, he's destroying what's left of it. Well, he's welcome! There was so little of it—"

"For God's sake, Diane, don't say that. It breaks my heart. You must consider the position that you put me in. After you've rendered me one of the greatest services one person can do another, do you think I can sit quietly by while you are being robbed of the dearest thing in life, just because you did it?"

"I should be sorry to think the opinion other people hold of me to be the dearest thing in life; but even if it were, I'd willingly give it up for—Dorothea."

"It isn't for Dorothea; it's for me."

"Well, wouldn't you let me do it—for you? I'm not of much use in the world, but it would make me a little happier to think I could do any one a good turn without being promised a reward."

"A reward! Oh, Diane!"

"It's what you're offering me, isn't it? If it hadn't been for—for—the great service you speak about, you wouldn't be here, asking me again to be your wife."

"That's your way of putting it, but I'll put it in mine. If it hadn't been for the magnitude of the sacrifice you're willing to make for me, I shouldn't have dared to hope that you loved me. When all pretexts and secondary causes have been considered and thrust aside, that's why I'm here, and for no other reason whatever. If you love me," he continued, "why should you hesitate any longer? If you love me, why seek for reasons to justify the simple prompting of your heart? What have you and I got to do with other people's opinions? When there's a plain, straightforward course before us, why not go right on and follow it?"

She raised her eyes for one brief glance.

"You forget."

The words were spoken quietly, but they startled him.

"Yes, Diane; I do forget. Rather, there's nothing left for me to remember. I know what you'd have me recall. I'll speak of it this once more, to be silent on the subject forever. I want you to forgive me. I want to tell you that I, too, have repented."

"Repented of what?"

"Of the wrong I've done you. I believe your soul to be as white as all this whiteness around you."

"Then," she continued, questioning gently, "you've changed your point of view during the last six months?"

"I have. You charged me then with being willing to come down to your level; now I'm asking you to let me climb up to it. I see that I was a self-righteous Pharisee, and that the true man is he who can smite his breast and say, God be merciful to me a sinner!"

"A sinner—like me."

"I don't want to be led into further explanations," he said, suddenly on his guard against her insinuations. "You and I have said too much to one another not to be able to be frank. Now, I've been frank enough. You've understood what I've felt at other times; you understand what I feel to-day. Why draw me out, to make me speak more plainly?"

"I am not drawing you out," she declared. "If I've asked you a question or two, it was to show you that not even the woman that you take me for—not even the forgiven penitent—could be a good wife for you. I can't marry you, Mr. Pruyn. I must beg you to let that answer be decisive."

There was decision in the way in which she folded her work and smoothed the white brocaded surface in her lap. There was decision, too, in the quickness with which he rose and stood looking down at her. For a second she expected him to turn from her, as he had turned once before, and leave her with no explanation beyond a few laconic words. She held her breath while she awaited them.

"Then that means," he said at last, "that you put me in the position of taking all, while you give all."

"I don't put you in any position whatever. The circumstances are not of my making. They are as much beyond my control as they are beyond yours."

"They're not wholly beyond mine. If

there are some things I can't do, there are some I can prevent."

"What things?"

His tone alarmed her, and she struggled to her feet.

"You're willing to make me a great sacrifice; but at least I can refuse to accept it."

"What do you mean?" She moved slightly back from him, behind the protection of one of the tables piled breast-high with its white load.

"You're willing to lose for me the last vestige of your good name—"

"I don't care anything about that," she said, hurriedly.

"But I do. I won't let you."

"How can you stop me?" she asked, staring at him with large, frightened eyes.

"I shall tell Dorothea's part in the story."

"You'd—?" she began, with a questioning cry.

"All who care to hear it, shall. They shall know it from its beginning to its end. They shall lose no detail of her folly, or of your wisdom."

"You would sacrifice your child like that?"

"Yes; like that. Neither she nor I can remain so indebted to any one, as you would have us be to you."

"You — wouldn't — be — indebted — to — me?"

"Not to so terrible an extent. If it's a choice between your good name and hers—hers must go. She'd agree with me herself. She wouldn't hesitate for one single fraction of an instant—if she knew. She'd be grateful to you, as I am; but she couldn't profit by your magnanimity."

"So that the alternative you offer me is this: I can protect myself by sacrificing Dorothea, or I can marry you, and Dorothea will be saved."

"I shouldn't express it in just those words, but it's something like it."

"Then I'll marry you. You give me a choice of evils, and I take the least."

"Oh! Then to marry me would be—an evil?"

"What else do you make it? You'll admit that it's a little difficult to keep pace with you. You come to me one day accusing me of sin, and another announcing my contrition, while, on the

third, you may be in some entirely different mood about me."

"You can easily render me ridiculous. That's due to my awkwardness of expression, and not to anything wrong in the way I feel."

"Oh, but isn't it out of the heart that the mouth speaketh? I think so. You've advanced some excellent reasons why I should become your wife, and I can see that you're quite capable of believing them. At one time it was because I needed a home, at another because I needed protection, while to-day, I understand, it is because I love you."

"Is this fair?"

"I dare say you think it isn't; but then you haven't been tried and judged, half a dozen times, unheard, as I've been. I'll confess that you've shown the most wonderful ingenuity in trying to get me into a position where I should be obliged to marry you, whether I would or no; and now you've succeeded. Whether the game is worth the candle or not is for you to judge; my part is limited to saying that you've won. I'm ready to marry you as soon as you tell me when."

"To save Dorothea?"

"To save Dorothea."

"And for no other reason?"

"For no other reason."

"Then, of course, I can't keep you to your word."

"You can't release me from it, except on one condition."

"Which is—?"

"That Dorothea's secret shall be kept."

"I must use my own judgment about that."

"On the contrary; you must use mine. You've made me a proposal which I'm ready to accept. As a man of honor you must hold to it—or be silent."

"Possibly," he admitted, on reflection. "I shall have to think it over. But in that case we'd be just where we were—"

"Yes; just where we were."

"And you'd be without help or protection. That's the thought I can't endure, Diane. Try to be just to me. If I make mistakes, if I flounder about, if I say things that offend you, it's because I can't rest while you're exposed to danger. Alone, as you are, in this great city, surrounded by people who are not your

friends, a prey to criticism and misapprehension when it is no worse, it's as if I saw you flung into the arena among the beasts. Can you wonder that I want to stand by you? Can you be surprised if I demand the privilege of clasping you in my arms and saying to the world, This is my wife? When Christian women were thrown to the lions there was once a heathen husband who leaped into the ring, to die at his wife's side, because he could do no more. That's my impulse—only I could save you from the lions. I couldn't protect you against everything, perhaps, but I could against the worst. I know I'm stupid; I know I'm dull. When I come near you, I'm like the clown who touches some exquisite tissue, spun of azure; but I'm like the clown who would fight for his treasure, and defend it from sacrilegious hands, and spend his last drop of blood to keep it pure. It's to be put in a position where I can't do that that I find hard. It's to see you so defenceless—"

"But I'm not defenceless."

"Why not? Whom have you? Nobody—nobody in this world but me."

"Oh yes, I have."

"Who?"

She smiled faintly at the fierceness of his brief question.

"It's no one to whom you need feel any opposition, even though it's some one who can do for me what you cannot."

"What I cannot?"

"What you cannot; what no man can. *Asperges me hyssopo, et mundabor.* Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean. Derek, He *has* purged me with hyssop, even though it has not been in the way you think. With the hyssop of what I've had to suffer He has purged me from so many things that now I see I can safely commit my cause to Him."

"So that you don't need me?"

She looked at him in silence before she replied:

"Not for defence."

"Nor for anything else?"

She tried to speak, but her voice failed her.

"Nor for anything else?" he asked again.

Her voice was faint, her head sank, her body trembled, but she forced the one word, "No."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

When the City Amuses Itself

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IN the British *Who's Who*, after they have set down the time and place of a subject's birth and the record of his major experiences and achievements, they give space to his recreations. Open it at a venture. A physician's recreations are put down as "yachting, gardening, figure-skating, music"; a bishop's are books and music; an editor collects engravings and pictures; a lawyer plays with photography; a soldier rides to hounds and hunts big game and writes about both; a university professor cycles. On the whole, the record of recreations is the most interesting thing in the book, because it is the one that comes nearest to personal life. But nobody has put his recreation down as "alcohol," an omission that, all things and folks considered, intimates a lack of candor; unless, to be sure, it can be accounted for by the surmise that comparatively few persons whose recreation is alcohol get their names into *Who's Who*.

The readiest division of amusements in New York is between those that are free and those that cost something. In the latter group belong alcohol, carriage exercise, enlargement by automobile, the opera and theatres, horseback riding in the parks, shopping, social entertainments from bridge parties up to balls, eating in fashionable restaurants, stock speculation, horse-racing, coaching, yachting, and politics. To the former class belong walking in the street and in the parks, sitting in the parks or playing in them, visiting the Aquarium, the Natural History Museum, the Museum of Art, the public libraries and reading-rooms, the tuberculosis show—when there is one—or the tenement-house exhibition, or any other instructive spectacle; seeing various parades in the streets or on the rivers as circumstances provide them, being glad you don't live in the country; watching the street-cleaners, the ashmen, the garbage men, the postmen, the

police, and the rest of the population; exploring the town, admiring the brilliancy of the atmosphere, and breathing in the stimulating air on good days, when it does not taste too strong of gasoline. Supplementary in an important degree to these free amusements are others that are cheap but do cost a little, especially and perpetually the use of the cheaper public vehicles—street-cars, elevated railroads, subways, and ferries—and the reading of newspapers, which last amusement is better patronized than even alcohol. Many more street-car rides are sold every day in New York than drinks, but street-car rides belong, as a rule, in the group of necessities rather than of recreations, though a certain proportion of them are incidental to recreation. But newspapers outsell drinks too, being very much cheaper, and they and conversation constitute the biggest items of recreation that there are.

It is immensely important, this matter of the amusements of a great city; important to health, sanity, energy, order; to everything that makes for efficiency and happiness, and, you might even say, for salvation. Here is a huge working population, that gets tired every night, and needs to have its strength renewed by early morning. Food and sleep are the necessities that are vital to that restoration, but they are not enough. There is entertainment and recreation also to be provided every day in enormous measure. It is provided imperfectly, but better than most of us think. The great provision is social. Man, including woman, is the most interesting thing in the universe, and the provision of man in New York is exceedingly liberal. There are people in abundance to talk to, to sit with, to talk about, and to watch, and where there is the least of other recreations there is apt to be the most human society. If there are lonely children in New York, the place to look for them is

Drawn by John Edwin Jackson

DAY AND NIGHT THE RECREATION PIERS ARE FULL OF LIFE



within a block or two of Fifth Avenue, and not in the swarming streets that run east from the Bowery. The ability of the city children to play and be happy under unpromising conditions is a daily wonder. If there is a chance, they find it, and if there is none, they make one. When the hand-organ plays they dance; when the weather is good they play (out of school hours) in the streets they live in, or in any public playgrounds or parks they can reach. When the weather is bad they suffer, but still they play. When they have nothing else to play with they still have one another, and however little they have, it means life to them, and they usually have the advantage of never having had any more.

It is pretty hard to make New York a city fit for children to live in, but many people give themselves to that work, and accomplish much, and aspire to accomplish

much more. That the death rate is low there means a great deal, and the growth of suburban life due to new bridges, tunnels, and subways means a great deal also. Cities ought to be planned for children, and so laid out and built up that the first stages of life may be prosperously passed in them, and where there are the most children the streets should be cleanest and parks most numerous, and the houses most carefully contrived. But actually cities are built mainly for trade, with the prosperity of human life in them for an afterthought, and children intrude on them and get what they can, and are provided for by such adaptation of preliminary plans, or the lack of them, as can be afforded after the cost of many less important things is defrayed.

New York is a habit, easily formed, as a rule, and quickly liked by those who



—JOHN EDWIN JACKSON—

THE RIDE UP FIFTH AVENUE BY MOTOR-BUS



EVENING IN RIVERSIDE PARK

form it. Horatia, who is looking the world over and trying it and tasting it in different places, came there last fall to spend the winter. Horatia's present purpose is amusement. She amuses herself by thinking of things to do in different parts of the world and doing them. One branch of amusement that she patronizes a good deal is the improvement of her mind. She thinks nothing of travelling three or four thousand miles to improve her mental apparatus for a couple of months. She likes New York, of course, and finds it improving. She spoke the other day of her enjoyment of the privilege of seeing so many well-dressed women.

That is one of the standard gratifications of the town, a thing that always impresses newcomers, and never ceases to interest habitual residents. It is a gratification that costs enormously to

provide, but is a free show, one of the details of the great spectacle of Fifth Avenue, which, when it fits one's humor, is the most amusing thing in town. When Mr. Godkin was editor of the *Evening Post*, sometimes one could read the editorial page all through with a continuous smile. So, on favorable days, the philosophical observer may walk up Fifth Avenue from Madison Square to the Plaza with stimulating darts of amusement every rod of the way. And since the high motor-busses with top seats have been put on, it is an interesting variation of that gratification to climb to the top of one of them at Washington Square and ride up the great avenue as far as the busses go, edified all the way, and progressing from that part of the residence quarter of the town which is still a good deal as it was seventy years ago, up through many blocks of new

shops and office buildings to the very latest manifestations of millionaires' houses. Surely that is one of the most remarkable ten-cent amusements anywhere provided. Of course Horatia likes Fifth Avenue. Everybody does who has eyes and can see with them, and likes to vary introspection by looking out and seeing what the rest of the world is doing.

And that other amusement of hers, the improvement of the mind: I don't feel absolutely certain that the facilities provided to that end are always the most effectual means to the end they are provided for. The mind goes up the back stairs sometimes, and gets itself improved by means the most unexpected and farthest from design. Mental improvement, becoming sometimes one of the by-products of living, comes sometimes quite irrespective of facilities. But New York has the facilities, such as they are, in great abundance. You can study anything there and learn it if you have the wit. Lectures and libraries, colleges and classes, masters, teachers, fellow students, and incentives you find there in bountiful abundance and variety. From agriculture to speculation, from organized charity to dinner-giving, in all the branches you can improve your mind if you have the mind, the time, the money, and the necessary energy.

I was going to say that some amusements New York provides for its own population and others for all comers and largely for outsiders. But I hesitated, because it seemed presumptuous to suggest that New York had a population of its own. Its property in what it has is so very limited! The place is mostly doors, and all open. It owns a little of everything, a little even of itself, but not much. I don't know that any one has called it exclusive, but the imperial denizens of the boundless West say that it is oblivious to its relative unimportance, and is intemperate, ignorant, purse-proud, self-conceited, material-minded, frivolous, and incapable of seeing the merits or true dimensions of anything that cannot be seen with a glass from the top of the Metropolitan tower. All that bountifulness of censure implies that there is something individual enough in New York to be scolded, and maybe there is, but the city is fairly pathetic in its hospitalities. There is a

club or two that makes a specialty of a membership that has the flavor of New York, and there is the vestry of Trinity Church which seems to be recruited from representatives of old New York families; but the clubs that covet the New York flavor seem not to flourish better or to stand higher in public esteem than others that are wider open to imported talent; and the corporation of Trinity does not insist upon having a native New-Yorker when it chooses a rector. Nevertheless New York has a resident population for which it makes a provision of amusement that is not quite identical with what it furnishes to visitors. To amuse visitors is one of the great money-making industries of the town. The hotels live on it; the taxicabs flourish by it; to that the theatres and the operas owe a large proportion of their maintenance. But the little air-space and river-view parks and the big remoter parks are almost entirely for New-Yorkers who live in New York; and though Central Park is a show-place, and Riverside Park, including its drive and its tomb, its river and the boulevard that runs far away beyond it, is another, the great use of these parks, too, is to refresh the spirits and recruit the physical energies of the resident population. How wonderfully they serve those ends can only be appreciated by a citizen who gets out of the beaten daily path in which every industrious resident, to conserve his necessary energies, is bound to direct his habitual steps, and inspects the habits and activities of his fellows whose needs are different from his, and their lives otherwise ordered. He will find on auspicious days in the proper time of year playgrounds swarming with active children, recreation piers full of life all day long, from morning when mothers bring their children to them, till evening when the band plays (sometimes) and the shop-working and wage-earning population comes to get the river air. Nine miles north of the Plaza as the crow would fly if there was one, and as the Subway does actually run, is Van Cortlandt Park—a lot of land with great fields, where golfers golf, and ball-players play ball, and tennis-players tennis, and where on Sunday afternoons (and Saturdays too, doubtless) all through the



- JOHN EDWIN JACKSON -

Drawn by John Edwin Jackson

CANOEING IN CENTRAL PARK



AN EAST-SIDE HURDY-GURDY

fall, football-players by the hundred contend in the sport so dear to human catapults, while crowds stand watching them along the side lines. Other multitudes inspect the animals in the great Bronx zoo, and walk through the woods and plantations of the Botanical Gardens. It amazes the more inert observer that so many people will go so far to tire themselves out with healthy exercises and wholesome recreations, but there comes in the energy of youth and the coercive pressure of the alternative. Home in a tenement or a flat is doubtless most attractive to the physically weary, and it is worth while to go out and get tired, and get new pictures in one's head, fresher air in one's lungs, and new topics of discourse, if only to make restricted quarters seem restful when one gets back to them.

And that brings up the immense importance of cheap and rapid transporta-

tion in a great city. Probably it does not pay a rapid-transit corporation to haul a passenger ten miles for five cents. But provided the passenger, whatever his age, is after the kind of amusement that helps him to live, it does pay the city, a part of which he is, to have him carried, as far as he needs, or has time, to go, for such a fare as he can afford to pay.

Sometime, no doubt, the islands in the East River will be parks, and given over to recreation and pastimes, instead of being devoted, as now, to penal uses or the segregation of the insane. Meanwhile the value of Central and Riverside parks as breathing and walking spaces for multitudes of tenement-dwellers is only appreciated by people who spend their summers as well as winters in New York, and learn to know what shifts are used by the real city-dwellers who cannot get away at all, or only for a week or two. It is the problem of healthy life for peo-

ple in that predicament that the matter of the city's amusements enters into most vitally. When the population of a town has passed four millions already and is rapidly becoming five, and with no particular boundary in sight to stay it, it has become sufficiently important that the possibilities of healthy life should be carefully provided and distributed there. It doesn't take much. Du Maurier pretty well covered the ground in his verses:

"A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and so good day!
A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so good night!
A little fun to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so good mor-
row!"

To keep these necessities of life within reach of all tolerably faithful and diligent people does not seem an impossible task, but so long as every political, industrial, or terrestrial convulsion in Europe continues to load up a long succession of steamships heading for New York harbor it will continue to offer considerable difficulties.

Not only does the city owe to the industrious poor the chance to lead healthy and wholesome lives, but a metropolis in which swarms of people are constantly getting rich and other swarms are rich already, and to which throng folk with ready-made money, and very high-class workers of every kind whose wages are high, must provide recreations and exercises for all of these also. To be sure, the well-to-do people provide pretty carefully for themselves and their own welfare, supplying themselves with convenient country places, yachts, automobiles, summer migrations, and journeys of recreation to regions beyond the seas. But they and their children need parks and avenues to drive in, and bridle-paths to ride in, and with these, at least, the city provides them, the rest of the enormous total of amusement in which they share being furnished by themselves or by those who find a profit in entertaining them.

About "society," its dinners, its dances, its clubs, its bridge, and all its activities, whether recreative or wearisome, there need be no anxiety on the part of the altruistic beyond a reasonable concern to see that the streets are paved and lighted, that the police are reasonably efficient, and

that churches are kept open for the spiritual refreshment of such as grow weary of the pride of life. "Society" is much more in danger of too much amusement than too little, and too much is a very weary experience that people take the rest cure for. It is hard work and the hours are late, and the food is superabundant and drink somewhat overplentiful, and the talk and the inspirations of it all seem often an inadequate return for the outlay involved. But all that is controllable by the individual will, and as citizens and taxpayers we do not have to worry over the troubles of folks who have too much fun, however as moralists or spiritual teachers we may be concerned for them. Amusement is like everything else; some people get too much, and most people don't get quite enough, and we could fix it all better for both groups if we knew how and had the power.

And yet, to be sufficiently amused seems so easy and so cheap, provided one has self-control, the right kind of mind, the skill to make a modest living without excessive labor, and that sense of human relationship which makes mankind companionable wherever found! To be the right kind of a human being is so much more important than advantageous environment! There are people who, if you put them down in Paradise, will have made some kind of a sty of it within three weeks, and people who, if you put them down in a sty, will either turn it into a modest Paradise or move. And so, of course, there are people who profit by opportunities of amusement and those who abuse them, but the fact of the abuse must not weigh to make us resigned to having folks deprived of opportunities that are necessary to their well-being. It is as President Eliot said the other day in Boston to an audience of schoolboys: "There should be parks, gardens, and bath-houses to add to the public enjoyment. After all, is life for labor only? Should we be content with working, to live a life for work? We want enjoyment; we need it; and a very important part of the city, town, or household expenditures should be for getting and giving pleasure. We should not be contented with mere working to live, or living to work."

The Presence

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

SLOWLY Ralph Trainor crossed the last stage to consciousness. It seemed to him that for a long time he had been crawling up the sides of a dark stone pit, driving limp fingers into scant crevices, which suddenly yawned into caverns, wavering, with fiery, menacing eyes. When he found himself at last, knew that he was in his own bed at home, he lay with his eyes shut, thinking that he had wakened from a painful sleep. Once or twice before he had dreamed of some poignant separation between his wife and himself, and had wakened jaded and unhappy, only to stretch out his arms and find her there. Now he felt too tired to turn toward her or to open his eyes. It had been such a bitter dream, none the less because it was vague and baffling. Somehow Edith had died and they were trying to keep him from joining her. They told him that she was not dead; that she and Ellen, her twin sister, had gone overseas to visit their mother. They showed him letters that seemed to be in her writing, had her turns of speech, her little secret shorthand messages of love—and yet he was not convinced. He knew that Edith had died and needed him—or else he needed her; he was not clear which, but since they always tenanted each other's souls, what did it matter? They needed each other.

At that he stretched out his arm, but her pillow was empty. It must be later than he thought and she had already risen. He opened his eyes, but all he could see was a murky cloudiness, with darker spots where the chiffonier and table stood.

"What is the matter with me?" he asked, harshly. "Edith! Edith! I can't see!"

There was a sharp rustle of skirts. Some one bent over him; a hand closed on his, and he felt a ring cutting into his feeble flesh. Edith's wedding-ring;

Edith's dear hand—thinner; so she must have been grieving; he must have been ill.

"Have I been ill, Edith?" he asked.

There was the slightest pause, and then a broken answer:

"Oh, very, very ill, Ralph. We thought—"

"But you are well? Bend down your head."

She pressed her face to his, and he passed his hands over her hair.

"You are well, Edith?" he repeated. "I had such a terrible dream. I thought you were dead, and they kept telling me that you were away, that you and Ellen had gone to see mother—"

"Don't talk, dearest dear," she faltered. "Ellen—Ellen has gone to mother. You must save your strength."

"But you will tell—"

"Don't you remember, dearest, the railway journey? We were all going to see mother. And there was an accident." She broke off with a sob.

"I am here," he whispered, "and you are well; are you sure you are well, Edith?"

"Oh, very, very well. Don't talk, dear."

"Don't leave me," he said.

"Oh no—oh no."

She went softly away from him—a black, irregular blur, melting into the shadow that was the chiffonier.

"It seems to me that you are walking as if you were lame," he said, with an effort.

She hesitated. "I sprained my ankle. It is almost well now."

"Ellen— Was Ellen hurt in the accident?"

"No. Don't talk, dear."

He closed his eyes indifferently. He had such a slight hold on life, he felt—as slight as his nerveless fingers had had in the crevices when he was dragging himself out of the black stony pit. Black—perhaps he would never see again. That did not seem to matter. He did not want to live—at least he did not want to take up all the burdens of life again.

He would perhaps be willing to lie on the bed forever, with his eyes closed; but to get up, and breakfast, and meet—what was the burden he had to meet? Oh yes: the hospital—the hospital for children he was to build in memory of their little child that had come and gone, and, going, had made them more than ever each other's, but always with a shadowy third. If only Edith were not so deeply interested in the hospital; then he need not trouble about details. She had been afraid of mismanagement, of misappropriation of the funds, of scant work, and she had wanted this monument to little Lucian to stand a welcoming beacon for little souls, ready to fulfil all promises, all hopes.

Trainor had an access of peevish feeling; he would rather die than wrest his mind to the work of the hospital. Then he thought he felt Edith bending over him, listening to see if he was asleep. He did not open his eyes, but his irritation vanished, and was succeeded by a shame that he did not want ardently to live when Edith was with him. It was only because he was weak, of course. He smiled softly.

"Edith," he asked, "aren't you sitting over by the left of the bed?"

"No, dear," she said. "I am at the table, writing."

"I felt you over there," he insisted.

She laughed that delicious little cooing sound that their friends called the symbol of the Randolph family. The voices, intonations, and laughter of the Randolphs were alike. Edith's mother and sister and brother all had that laugh—a soft, broken ripple, with a lift in the middle and a drop at the end.

"It seems so long since you laughed," he said. "But I did feel you there, Edith; I feel you there now."

"My thoughts are there, if you like; they are all over the room, surrounding you," she said, and added almost fiercely: "Healing you, healing you. You must get well; we need you so dreadfully. You must, you must."

So there was danger yet, he thought; but of course he would get well.

"I hear the doctor on the stairs," she said.

She went out of the room, and yet he did not feel as if she had gone. A

tender brooding stillness seemed showering into his heart—the mood that came over him when Edith sang, or when they walked through the woods in the late afternoon, a peace over the skies and trees, and a gray mist silvering the river.

The doctor came in and greeted Trainor, feeling his pulse, and, he knew, watching his face. Under that scrutiny he realized that he was helpless from the waist down.

"I am rather out of commission," he said. "Will my eyes come back, and my legs?"

"You'll get all you need," said the doctor, cheerfully. "In time you'll be all right, I think. You've been a month climbing up to this, my friend."

"A terrible journey, and I thought I was doing it alone; that Edith was dead."

"She'll help you now," said the doctor. "It depends on yourself, Trainor; your family needs you—Mrs. Randolph, and Ellen, and Tom—all of them, and all of us. You've got to will, and will hard. Hasn't he, Edith?"

"He must! He must!"

"Yes, of course," assented Trainor, wearily, "and Edith wants the hospital finished up. You couldn't let me off that, Edith?"

He hesitated a moment for a reply, and then he said:

"No, of course; I must do it, but I am tired. I suppose if you feel that that business must be finished, I must live, Edith."

Then it occurred to him that he had blundered; he had let her see that he was not eager to live, though it meant their life together. So he said:

"My mind tells me that I want to live, but I don't feel it yet. It is because I am ill, Edith, dearest dear. It's just that if I could take you with me I'd rather die."

"But I refuse to go, you see," she said, with a little broken laugh; "so you must will hard, feel hard that I need, need, need you. Never mind thinking about the hospital, if it bothers you; only get well."

"Yes, I will," he whispered.

Hours and days drifted by him in a meaningless haze—a murky haze, like the cloudiness before his eyes. In some way he realized that he was not gaining. There were conscience-stricken, fretful

moments when he knew that it was his own fault. Edith had said he need not trouble about the hospital, and yet he felt as if she did not mean her words. When she spoke it was to say, tearfully, "Only get well, Ralph." It was when she did not speak, when she was not in his room, that he felt her most keenly urging him to his task. The urging took many forms—like her dear plots when she used to spur him to some deed against which his constitutional languor protested. Sometimes it would seem to him that she sat at the left of the bed, full of brooding sweetness, without reproach—sure that before long he would catch up to his lagging conscience, and do her will. Again he would feel that she was hurt at his inertia; once he thought that she was resentful, but at that his weakness overcame him, and he cried out feebly that he didn't want to live; it was such effort, such effort. Then he felt that she was leaning over him, like a mother over a little backward child. She was all patience, all forgiveness—and yet he knew that she was waiting, waiting.

"Edith, what are you thinking of me?" he cried once, when he felt this mood most strongly.

"She is not here," said the voice of a nurse. "I will call her."

"No, don't call her," said Trainor.

He knew that if she came in and spoke to him that blessed mood would depart, sent away by her words, by that dear voice that urged him to get well, only to get well, and not think of anything else.

"Oh, help me! help me!" he murmured, and sank into a quiet sleep.

Slowly it came to him that there must be something wrong. Edith said he must live for her, and yet he felt that she meant that he must live for their work. Surely it was natural for her to want him for herself first, and for the work second; that was what her voice said, and yet—

"It's just because I'm sick; my sense of values is distorted," he reflected. "I must have patience with myself for what seems wrong."

So he came to accept without guilt a peace in Edith's absence that was disturbed when she was present. When she spoke, held his hand, asked him if he were not getting better, he felt pressing

in upon him all the wearisome round of human duties that he must take up when he got well—driving, riding, business. But when he was alone he sank back upon her patience. When he slept he usually dreamed of her. Sometimes, if he had been urged to exert his will, the dreams were all of the accident that had separated him from Edith: sometimes he was dead, sometimes she, but always they were irrevocably parted. Again he would dream of their life together as it had been—the perfect understanding, the sense they had of each other's need if parted for a few hours, the long hours of wordless companionship, when they would answer in words each other's unspoken thought, and laugh because they made a little world of their own, unhampered by the limits of time and space.

Often he could not distinguish between his sleeping and his waking hours, and gradually the two seemed to merge into one soft wealth of sweetness, enfolding him like doves' wings. He could not tell when from the heart of that tenderness there grew the purpose to live—not that he might be strong and happy again, joyous as of old in his wife's companionship, but just that he live to perform the one act of service he knew she wanted utterly: the temple to their child—the hospital.

He did not picture their future life, nor could he remember distinctly their past together. He simply knew that in her physical presence, when she held his hands, touched his lips, they were divided spiritually; and he knew that when he had carried out that unspoken wish of hers they would be united.

"Do you know that I am growing stronger, Edith?" he asked one morning.

"Dear, the doctor gives us hope at last."

"In a week," he said, "I shall be well enough to see the architect."

"I fancy you need not think of that," she soothed. "They are getting on very well alone."

"But they're not. They want to do away with the sun parlor you had decided on. They want to use the space for another dormitory—"

"Why, how did you know that?" she cried.

"Perhaps I heard the doctor telling you. But they sha'n't. If necessary, we

can make the building larger. The lot next it is for sale. You'd like me to give more money, dear?"

"Yes, yes," she cried. "Oh, what does the money matter now!"

"Matter now?" he repeated.

"I mean, I am thinking so little of money or building now. But I hope you can see the architect in a week, dear."

"I know I can."

More days of peace and sweetness, and on the day he had appointed Trainor saw the architect. The doctor was dubious, but Trainor's head was clear, and he showed a grasp on the plans that amazed the architect, who had come prepared to answer a few aimless questions of an invalid. Trainor had apparently forgotten none of the points they had been over together; he looked at the plans and specifications, suggested corrections, and bade the architect return with the revised work as soon as might be.

"Is that all arranged as you would wish, Edith?" he asked.

"Yes, oh yes; you—you seem to anticipate what I want," she said.

"But you have told me everything," he assured her.

"We—we always have the same ideas," she said.

"When was it you suggested Dr. Bond for the head of the hospital?" he asked. "It seemed to me as if it was an old, old idea of ours, and yet I think that before the accident we had decided on some one else."

"Dr. Bond is very young," she began.

"You say that as if you objected," he said.

"No, oh no; it goes before the Committee, anyway, doesn't it? They will think him pretty young."

"You know, we have decided not to elect permanently the present Committee," he said; "only your brother is to be chairman."

"It's hard to keep in mind all our plans, and you still an invalid, my dearest dear."

He sighed in perplexity. "I think I could sleep now," he murmured. And when he was alone the dear presence enfolded him and he drew in strength for his duty.

"What's this I hear?" his doctor asked him. "You are going to choose

the medical staff for your hospital without consulting your Committee? You'll have your hospital falling about your ears if you don't look out."

"There is no Committee," said Trainor. "I am going to appoint Bond as head, and with him choose the staff of doctors, and nurses, and attendants. Then I am going to get my Board of Directors afterward, with my brother-in-law as chairman."

"Whew! Well, it's a radical proceeding, but it is your own money, and when a man is giving two millions— And do you know, your choice of Bond is not bad. If he is young, he is cautious, and honest, and absolutely self-forgetful."

"That is what we had supposed," said Trainor.

As the quiet days went on he met doctors, and nurses, and directors, turning his clouded eyes from face to face, as if he could see. His decisions sometimes amazed those who followed what he was doing. He refused absolutely a surgeon of international fame; he took one old broken doctor, instead of a promising young one. He passed over a nurse of experience for a young woman scarcely out of training-school. He added to the directors a man once accused of forgery, and ignored the claims of a man famed for philanthropy. To every protest he said:

"I know I am right. If I have blundered, the directors will find it out some day, and the charter empowers them to change within definite limits. But I know I am right."

As the days passed he grew less and less conscious of his body. He was simply a core of mind to do Edith's bidding, a core of soul to enter into communion with her. He had lost sight of the fact that this communion was far more vivid when he was alone; he constantly quoted what Edith thought, Edith felt. He stated her views in regard to details in a way that amazed the architect and doctors, so technical were some of the points involved, so wise the changes suggested.

"When was it, Edith," he asked once, "that you said you thought I had better make my will?"

"Your will, dearest dear?"

"Don't you remember you thought we should perhaps finally endow the hospital

with two-thirds of what we have, and leave the rest to Ellen and mother?"

"Yes," she hesitated. Then she said, with a change of tone, "Ralph, you have made no provision for—for Edith."

"For you?" he said, puzzled. "But how could you live if I died? How absurd, dearest! We have always said that."

"Always, always! There never was such a love!" she cried, in poignant tones.

"You see," he said, dreamily, "now that the work is so near the end, I must have the will made, or else how would they know what to do?"

"What to do?"

"When I died."

"Oh, why need we speak of death—now?"

"I think," he said, in a baffled, tired voice, "that I should like to sleep."

He felt in a bewildered way that his household was not speaking his language any more. So much he said they did not understand; all their projects seemed so remote to him. Their meeting-ground—the work of the hospital—was a half-understanding at best, for plans that seemed to him obviously inevitable seemed to them radical, uncalculated, or even absurd. When he was with them he longed painfully for the end of the work. To explain, to justify, made him feel bound and blind. Only was he free when he could withdraw alone in the shelter of the dear presence.

At length the work was done; the last paper signed, the last servitor chosen for this temple to little Lucian, the last direction given. Trainor felt singularly light, as if his body was lifted, swaying above the bed, in Edith's very arms. It was twilight, and he asked that there be no light, and yet behind his quiet eyelids he saw a world of light, with her dear face, her dear triumphant face, her yearning arms, everywhere, everywhere. Then he heard the sound of steps. When she entered the room darkness seemed to fall. He felt the weight of his limbs, a sickness of his brain. She sat by him and took his hand. The presence seemed to withdraw.

"How tired you are, dearest dear; these last arrangements have been too much for you," she said.

"It has been very hard for you, too, these weeks," he said—"very hard, dear Ellen."

There was a pause, and then she laughed uncertainly.

"Do you know, you called me Ellen just now?" she said.

"Did I?" he asked, indifferently.

"Yes," she faltered. "It was a slip, wasn't it?"

Oh, the dear warmth of Edith's love, the dove-wings of her patience! His wife, his wife, whom he had served, from whom he need not be parted any more! A great surging joy passed through his heart. Again he was lifted, again before his eyes opened the vale of light in which she walked—his waiting, serene Edith.

"I seem now to have known for a long, long time that you are Ellen," he said. "Is that her ring you wear?"

Ellen broke into sobs.

"Oh, my dear, I took it from her angel hand to give you. Then when you were raving—so ill—we wondered how we could keep your loss from you. When you took my hand and thought I was Edith I saw my chance. I blessed your blind eyes that would hide my face from you, and I blessed my hands and my voice, so like hers, for we need you, mother and I."

He held out his hands for the ring, and when she had given it to him, he kept her trembling hand for a moment.

"Poor Ellen; dear faithful sister!" he said. "You couldn't be her soul—no one could. Your love was big enough to help, but our love—we could not be divided. I seem now to have known all along just how it has been."

He was whispering, but his voice seemed strangely loud in his ears, strangely jarring. The dear harmony of Edith—he must receive it, be enwrapped with it, in silence. They were waiting for each other; they must be coming closer to each other, and in the sacredness of that reunion they must be alone.

"I want to rest," he said. "I sha'n't need any one now."

Ellen rose and went softly out of the room, and with her going the dear presence drew down to him, closer, closer. The silence was light and music; their past, their future, was a golden globe that would shine forever. He turned his face to Edith's vacant pillow with happy tears.

When Ellen returned he was truly no longer in need of any one on earth.

Three English Capitals of Industry

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

WHY should the proud stomach of American travel, much tossed in the transatlantic voyage, so instantly have itself carried from Liverpool to any point where trains will convey it? Liverpool is most worthy to be seen and known, and one who looks up from the bacon and eggs of his first hotel breakfast after landing, and finds himself confronted by the coal-smoked Greek architecture of St. George's Hall, cannot deny that it is of a singularly noble presence. The city has moments of lapsing from the promise of this classic edifice, but every now and then it reverts to it, and reminds the traveller that he is in a great modern metropolis of commerce. It does not do this so much as the good and true Baedeker professes in the dockside run on the Overhead railway (as the place unambitiously calls its L road); but then, as I noted in my account of Southampton, docks have a fancy of taking themselves in, and eluding the tourist eye, and even when they "flank the Mersey for a distance of 6—7 M." they do not respond to American curiosity so frankly as could be wished. They are like other English things in that, however, and it must be said for them that they are sometimes unimpressively apparent. From my own notebook, indeed, I find that I pretended to think them "wonderful, and almost endless," and so, I dare say they are.

But they formed only a very perfunctory interest of our day at Liverpool, where we had come to meet, not to take, a steamer. The hotel was a little America which swelled into a larger with the arrivals of the successive steamers, though the soft swift English trains bore our conationals away as rapidly as they could. Many familiar accents remained till the morning, and the breakfast-room was full of a nasal resonance which would have made one at home anywhere in our East or West. I, who was then trying vain-

ly to be English, escaped to the congenial top of the farthest-bound tram and flew, at the rate of four miles an hour, to the uttermost suburbs of Liverpool, whither no rumor of my native speech could penetrate. It was some balm to my wounded pride of country to note how pale and small the average type of the local people was. The poorer classes swarmed along a great part of the tram-line in side streets of a hard, stony look, and what characterized itself to me as a sort of iron squalor seemed to prevail. You cannot anywhere have great prosperity without great adversity, just as you cannot have day without night, and the more Liverpool evidently flourished the more it languished. I found no pleasure in the paradox, and I was not overjoyed by the inevitable ugliness of the brick villas of the suburbs into which these obdurate streets decayed. But then, after divers tram changes, came the consolation of beautiful riverside beaches, thronged with people who looked gay at their distance, and beyond the Mersey rose the Welsh hills, blue, blue.

At the end of the tram-line, where we necessarily dismounted, we rejected a thatched cottage, offering us tea, because we thought it too thatched and too cottage to be quite true, though I do not now say that there were insects in the straw roof, and accepted the hospitality of a pastry-cook's shop. We felt the more at home with the kind woman who kept it because she had a brother at Chicago in the employ of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, and had once been in Stratford-on-Avon; this doubly satisfied us as cultivated Americans. She had a Welsh name, and she testified to a great prevalence of Welsh and Irish in the population of Liverpool; besides, she sent us to a church of the Crusaders at Little Crosby, and it was no fault of hers that we did not find it. We found

one of the many old crosses for which Little Crosby is named, and this was quite as much as we merited. It stood at the intersection of the streets in what seemed the fragment of a village, not yet lost in the vast maw of the city, and it calmed all the busy neighborhood, so that we sat down at its foot, and rested a long, long minute till the tram came by and took us back into the loud, hard heart of Liverpool.

I do not mean to blame it, for it was no louder or harder than the hearts of other big towns, and it had some alleviation from the many young couples who were out together half-holidaying in the unusually pleasant Saturday weather. I wished their complexions had been fresher, but you cannot have South-of-England color if you live as far north as Liverpool, and all the world knows what the American color is. The young couples abounded in the Gallery of Fine Arts, where they frankly looked at one another instead of the pictures. The pictures might have been better, but then they might have been worse (there being examples of Filippo, Memmi, Holbein, and above all the *Dante's Dream* of Rossetti); and in any case those couples could come and see them when they were old men and women; but now they had one another in a moment of half-holiday which could not last forever.

In the evening there were not so many lovers at the religious meetings before the classic edifice opposite the hotel, where the devotions were transacted with the help of a brass band; but there were many youths smoking short pipes, and flitting from one preacher to another, in the half-dozen groups. Some preachers were non-conformist, but there was one perspiring Anglican priest who labored earnestly with his hearers, and who had more of his aspirates in the right place. Many of his hearers were in the rags which seem a favorite wear in Liverpool, and I hope his words did their poor hearts good.

How strange are the uses of travel! There was a time when the mention of Liverpool would have conjured up nothing but the thought of Hawthorne, who spent divers dull consular years there, and has left a record of them which, if it inebriates, certainly does not cheer.

Yet, now, here on the ground his feet might have trod, and in the very smoke he breathed, I did not once think of him. I thought as little of that poor Felicia Hemans, whose poetry filled my school-reading years with the roar of the wintry sea breaking from the waveless Plymouth bay on the stern and rock-bound coast where the Pilgrim Fathers landed on a boulder measuring eight by ten feet, now fenced in against the predatory hammers and chisels of reverent visitors. I knew that Gladstone was Liverpool born, but not Mrs. Oliphant, and the only literary shade I could summon from a past vague enough to my ignorance was William Roscoe, whose life of Leo X., in the Bohn Library, had been too much for my young zeal, when my zeal was still young. My other memories of Liverpool have been acquired since my visit, and I now recur fondly to the picturesque times when King John founded a castle there; to the prouder times when Sir Francis Bacon represented it in Parliament; or again to the brave days when it resisted Prince Rupert for three weeks, and the inglorious epoch when the new city (it was then only some four or five hundred years old) began to flourish on the trade in slaves with the colonies of the Spanish Main in the conjoint and congenial traffic in rum, sugar, and tobacco.

It will be suspected from these reminiscences that I have been studying a page of fine print in Baedeker, and I will not deceive the reader. It is true; but it is also true that I had some wonder, altogether my own, that so great a city makes so small an appeal to the imagination. In this it outdoes almost any metropolis of our own. Even in journalism, an intensely modern product, it does not excel; Manchester has its able and well-written *Guardian*, but what has Liverpool? Glasgow has its Glasgow School of Painting, but again what has Liverpool? It is said that not even above a million of its people live in it; all the rest, who can, escape to Chester, where they perhaps vainly hope to escape the Americans. There, entrenched in charming villas behind myrtle hedges, they measurably do so; but Americans are very penetrating, and I would not be sure that the thickest



ST. GEORGE'S HALL—LIVERPOOL

and highest hedge was insurmountable to them. As it is, they probably constitute the best society of Liverpool, which the natives have abandoned to them, though they do not constitute it permanently, but consecutively. Every Cunarder, every White Star, pours out upon a city abandoned by its own good society a flood of cultivated Americans, who eddy into its hotels, and push out of them by every train within twenty-four hours, and often within twenty-five minutes. They understand that there are no objects of interest in Liverpool, and they are not met at the Customs with invitations to breakfast, luncheon, and dinner from the people of rank and fashion with whom they have come to associate in England. These have their seats in the lovely neighboring country, and even the uncultivated American cannot stay for the vast bourgeoisie of which Liverpool, like the cities of his own land, is composed. Our own cities have a social consciousness, and are each sensible of being a centre, with a metropolitan destiny; but the strange thing about Liverpool and its like English towns is that they are without any social

consciousness. Their meek millions are socially unborn; they can come into the world only in London, and in their prenatal obscurity they remain folded in a dreamless silence, while all the commercial and industrial energies rage round them in a gigantic maturity.

The time was when Liverpool was practically the sole port of entry for our human cargoes, indentured apprentices of the beautiful, the historical. With the almost immediate transference of the original transatlantic steamship interests from Bristol, Liverpool became the only place where you could arrive. American lines, long erased from the seas, the Inman line, the Cunard line, the White Star line, and the rest, would land you nowhere else. Then heretical steamers began to land you at Glasgow; worse schismatics carried you to Southampton; there were heterodox craft that touched at Plymouth, and now great swelling agnostics bring you to London itself. Still, Liverpool remains the greatest port of entry for our probationers, who are bound out to the hotels and railroad companies of all Europe till they have morally paid back their fare.

No comparison can give the impression of their multitude in Liverpool. They swarm. Expresses, panting with as much impatience as the disciplined English expresses ever suffer themselves to show, await them in the stations, which are effectively parts of the great hotels, and whir away to London with them as soon as they can drive up from the steamer; but many more remain, to rest, to get the sea out of their heads and legs, and to prepare their spirits for adjustment to the novel conditions. These the successive trains carry into the heart of the land everywhere, these and their baggage, to which they continue attached by their very heart-strings, invisibly stretching from their first-class corridor compartments to the different luggage-vans. I must say they have very tenderly, very perfectly imagined us, all those hotel people and railroad folk, and fold us, anxious and bewildered exiles, in a reassuring and consoling embrace which leaves all their hands—they are Briarian—free for the acceptance of our wide, wild tips. At Manchester even more than at Liverpool we are imagined in the immense railroad hotel which is indeed perhaps superorganized and over-convenienced after an American ideal: one does not, for instance, desire a striking, or even a ticking, clock in the transom above one's bedroom door; but the like type of hotel is to be found at every great railroad centre or terminal in England, and is never to be found quite bad, though of course it is sometimes better and sometimes worse. It is hard to know if it is more hotel or more station; perhaps it is a mixture of each which defies analysis; but in its composition you pass, as it were, from your car to your room, as from one room to another. This is putting the fact poetically; but, prosaically, the intervening steps are few at the most; and when you have entered your chamber your train has ceased to be. The simple miracle would be impossible in America, where our trains, when not shrieking at the tops of their whistles, are backing and filling with a wild clangor of their bells, and making a bedlam of their stations; but in England they

and make no sound within the vast caravansary where the enchanted traveller has changed from them into a world of dreams.

These hotels are, next to the cathedrals, perhaps the greatest wonder of England, and in Manchester the railway hotel is in some ways more wonderful than the cathedral, which is not so much planned on our native methods. Yet it has the merit, if it is a merit, of antedating our Discovery by nearly a century, and prehistorically it is infinitely older. My sole recorded impression is that I found it smelling strongly of coal-gas, such as comes up the register when your furnace is mismanaged; but this is not strange in such a manufacturing centre; and it would be paltering with the truth not to own a general sense of the beauty and grandeur in it which no English cathedral is without. The morning was fitly dim and chill, and one could move about in the vague all the more comfortably for the absence of that appeal of thronging monuments which harasses and bewilders the visitor in other cathedrals; one could really give one's self up to serious emotion and not be sordidly and rapaciously concerned with objects of interest. Manchester has been an episcopal see only some fifty years; before that the cathedral was simply T' Owd Church, and in this character it is still venerable, and is none the less so because of the statue of Oliver Cromwell which holds the chief place in the open square before it. Call it an incongruity, if you will, but that enemy of episcopacy is at least not accused of stabling his horses in The Old Church at Manchester, or despoiling it of its sacred images and stained glass, and he merits a monument there if anywhere. With the constantly passing trams which traverse the square, he is undoubtedly more significant of modern Manchester than the episcopacy is, and perhaps of that older Manchester which held for him against the king, and that yet older Manchester of John Bradford, the first martyr of the Reformation to suffer death at the stake in Smithfield. Of the still yet older, far older Manchester, which trafficked with the Greeks of Marseilles, and later passed under the

"Come like shadows, so depart,"



THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT—LIVERPOOL

yoke of Agricola and was a Roman military station, and got the name of Mæn-ceaster from the Saxons, and was duly bedevilled by the Danes and mis-handled by the Normans, there may be traces in the temperament of the modern town which would escape even the scrutiny of the hurried American. I thought Manchester, however, as it shows itself in its public edifices, a most dignified town, with as great beauty as could be expected of a place which has always had so much to do besides looking after its figure and complexion. The very charming series or system of parks, public gardens, and playgrounds, unusual in their number and variety, had a sympathetic allure in the gray, cool light, even to the spectator passing in a hansom. They have not the unity of the Boston or Chicago parkways, and I will own that

I had not come to Manchester for them. What interested me more were the miles and miles of little comfortable-looking brick houses in which, for all I knew, the mill-labor dwelt. Very possibly it did not: the mills themselves are now nearly all, or mostly, outside of Manchester, and perhaps for this reason I did not think the slums, when shown them, very slummy, and I saw no such dreadful shapes of rags and dirt as in Liverpool. We passed through a quarter of large, old-fashioned mansions, as charming as they were unimagined of Manchester; but these could not have been the dwellings of the mill-hands, any more than of the mill-owners. The mill-owners, at least, live in suburban palaces and villas, which I fancy by this time are not

“pricking a cockney ear,”
as in the time of Tennyson’s *Maud*.

What extraordinary insolences the people who have greatly made the greatness of England have in all times suffered from their poets and novelists, with few exceptions! One need not be a very blind devotee of commercialism or industrialism not to resent the affronts put upon them, when one comes to the scenes of such mighty achievement as Liverpool, and Manchester, and Sheffield; but how mildly they seem to have taken it all—with what a meek subordination and sufferance! Practically, I know nothing about society in Manchester, or rather, out of it; and I can only say of the general type, of richer or poorer, as I saw it in the streets, that it was uncommonly good. Not so many women as men were abroad, in such weather as we had there, and I cannot be sure that the sex shows that superiority physically which it has long held morally with us. One learns in the North not to look for the beautiful color of the South and West; but in Manchester the average faces were intelligent and the figures good.

With such a journal as the *Manchester Guardian* still keeping its high rank among English newspapers, there cannot be question of the journalistic sort of thinking. Of the sort that comes to its effect in literature, such as, say, Mrs. Gaskell's novels, there may also still be as much as ever; and I will not hazard my safe ignorance in a perilous conjecture. I can only say that of the Unitarianism which eventuated in that literature, I heard it had largely turned to episcopacy, as Unitarianism has in our own Boston. I must not forget that one of our religions, now a dying faith, was invented in Manchester by Ann Lee, who brought, through the usual persecutions, Shakerism to such spiritual importance as it has now lost in these States. Only those who have known the Shakers, with their good lives and gentle ways, can regret with me the decline of the celibate communism which their foundress imagined in her marital relations with the Lancashire blacksmith she left behind her.

I am reminded, (or perhaps instructed,) by Mr. Hope Moncrieff in Black's excellent *Guide to Manchester*, that before Mrs. Gaskell's celebrity the fitful

fame of De Quincey shed a backward light upon his native place, which can still show the house where he was probably born and the grammar-school he certainly ran away from. In my forgetfulness, or my ignorance, that Manchester was the mother of this tricky master-spirit of English prose, who was an idol of my youth, I failed to visit either. The renown of Cobden and of Bright is precious to a larger world than mine; and the name of the stalwart Quaker friend of man is dear to every American who remembers the heroic part he played in our behalf during our war for the Union. It is one of the amusing anomalies of the British constitution that the great city from whose political fame these names are inseparable should have had no representation in Parliament from Cromwell's time to Victoria's. Fancy Akron, Ohio, or Grand Rapids, Michigan, without a member of Congress!

The "Manchester school" of political economy has long since passed into reproach if not obloquy with people for whom a byword is a potent weapon, and perhaps the easiest they can handle, and I am not myself so extreme a laissez-faireist as to have thought of that school with pathos in the city of its origin; but I dare say it was a good thing in its time. We are only now slowly learning how to apply the opposite social principles in behalf of the Man rather than the Master, and we have not yet surmounted all the difficulties or dangers of the experiment. It is droll how, in a tolerably well-meaning world like this, any sort of contempt becomes inclusive, and a whole population suffers for the vice, or it may be the virtue, of a very small majority, or a very powerful minority. Probably the most liberal and intelligent populations of Great Britain are those of Manchester and Birmingham, names which have stood for a hard and sordid industrialism, unrelieved by noble sympathies and impulses. It is quite possible that a less generous spirit than mine would have censured the "Manchester school" for the weather of the place, and found in its cold gray light the effect of the Gradgrind philosophy which once wrapt the world of fiction in gloom.

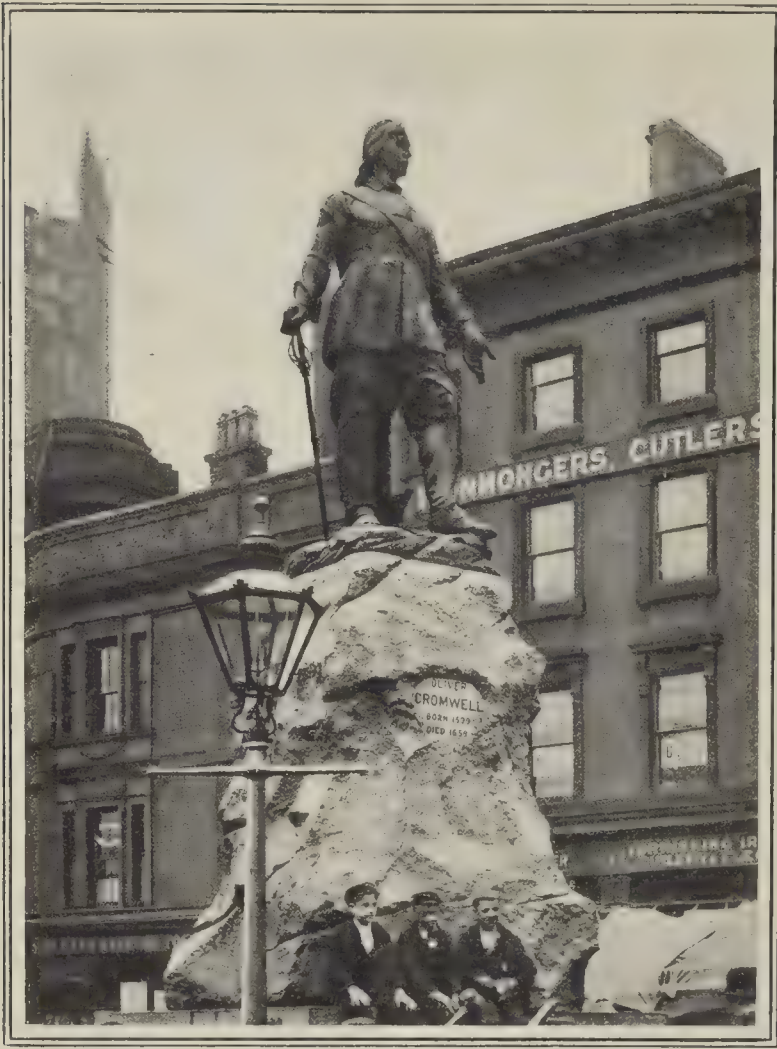
I can only be sure that the light, what little there was of it, was very cold and gray, but it quite sufficed to show the huge lowries, as the wagons are called, passing through the streets with the cotton fabrics of the place in certain stages of manufacture: perhaps the raw, perhaps the finished material. In Manchester itself one sees not much else of "the cotton-spinning chorus" which has sent its name so far. The cotton is now spun in ten or twenty towns in the nearer or farther neighborhood of the great city, as every one but myself and some ninety millions of other Americans well know. I had seen something of cotton-mills in our Lowell, and I was eager, if not willing, to contrast them with the mills of Manchester; but such of these as still remained there were, for my luckless moment, inoperative. Personal influences

brought me within one or two days of their starting up; one almost started up during my brief stay; but a great mill, employing perhaps a thousand hands, cannot start up for the sake of the impression desired by the æsthetic visitor, and I had to come away without mine.

When, by a smiling chance, I fell into the right hands and was borne to the Cotton Exchange I did not fail of a due sense of the important scene, I hope. The building itself, like the other public buildings of Manchester, is most dignified, and the great hall of the exchange is very noble. I would not, if I could, have repressed a thrill of pride in seeing our national colors and emblems equalled with those of Great Britain at one end of the room, but these were the only things American in the impression left. We made our way



THE LIVERPOOL DOCKS



THE OLIVER CROMWELL STATUE—MANCHESTER

there was no uproar, no rush nor push, no sharp cries or frenzied shouting; but from the crowd, which was largely made up of elderly men, there rose a sort of surd, rich hum, deepening ever, and never breaking into a shriek of torment or derision. It was not histrionic, and yet for its commercial importance it was one of the most moving spectacles which could offer itself to the eye in the whole world.

I cannot pretend to have profited by my visit to that immensely valuable deposit of books, bought from the Spencer family at Althorp, and dedicated as the Rylands Library to the memory of a citizen of Manchester. Books, except you have time and free

through the momentarily thickening groups on the floor, and in the guidance of a member of the exchange found a favorable point of observation in the gallery. From this the vast space below showed first a moving surface of hats, with few silk toppers among them, but a multitude of panamas and other straws. The marketing was not carried on with anything like the wild, rangy movement of our Stock Exchange, and the floor sent up no such hell-roaring (there is no other phrase for it) tumult as rises from the mad but not malign demons of that most dramatic representation of perdition. Groups of merchants, alike staid, whether old or young, congregated in groups which, dealing in a common type of goods, kept the same places, till toward three o'clock they were lost in the mass which covered the floor. Even then

access to them, are as baffling as so many bottles of rare wine, which are not opened for you, and which if they were would equally go to your head without final advantage. I find therefore that my sole note upon the Rylands Library is the very honest one that it smelt, like the cathedral, of coal-gas. The absence of this gas was the least merit of the beautiful old Chetham College, with its library dating from the seventeenth century, which claims to have been the first free library in England, and doubtless the world. In the cloistered picturesqueness of the place, its medieval memorials, and its ancient peace, I found myself again in those dear Middle Ages which are nowhere quite wanting in England, and against which I rubbed off all smirch of the modernity I had come to Manchester for.



THE TOWN HALL—MANCHESTER

If I had waited a little till I had got into the beautiful Derbyshire country which lies, or rather rolls, between Manchester and Sheffield, I could as easily have got rid of it in the smiling agricultural landscape. I do not know just the measure of the Black Country in England, or where Sheffield begins to be perhaps the blackest spot in it; but I am sure that nothing not surgically clean could be whiter than the roads that, almost as soon as we were free of Manchester, began to climb the green, thickly wooded hills, and dip into the grassy and leafy valleys. In the very heart of the loveliness we found Sheffield most nobly posed, against a lurid sunset, and clouding the sky, which can never be certain of being blue, with the

smoke of a thousand towering chimneys. From whatever point you have it, the sight is most prodigious, but no doubt the subjective sense of the great ducal mansions and estates which neighbor the mirky metropolis of steel and iron has its part in heightening the dramatic effect. The English, with their love of brevity and simplicity, call these proud seats the Dukeries, but our affair was not with them. I was in Sheffield to see the capital of the Black Country in its most characteristic aspects, and I thought it felicitously in keeping, after I had dined, that I should be tempted beyond my strength to go and see that black opera which we had lately sent, after its signal success with us, to an even greater prosperity in England.



THE MANCHESTER SHIP-CANAL

In Dahomey is a musical drama not pitched in the highest key, but it is a genuine product of our national life, and to witness its performance by the colored brethren who invented it, and were giving it with great applause in an atmosphere quite undarkened by our racial prejudices, was an experience which I would not have missed for many Dukeries. The kindly house was not so suffocatingly full that it could not find breath for cheers and laughter; but I proudly felt that no one there could delight so intelligently as the sole American, in the familiar Bowery figures, the blue policemen, the varying darky types, which peopled a scene largely laid in Africa. The local New York suggestions were often from Mr. Edward Harrigan, and all the more genuine for that, but there was a final cake-walk which owed its inspiration wholly to the genius of a race destined to greater triumphs in music and art, and perhaps to a kindlier civilization than our ideals have evolved as yet.

I myself came away entirely satisfied indeed but for the lasting pang I inflicted upon myself by denying a penny to the ragged wretch who superfluously opened the valves of my hansom for me. My explanation to my soul was that I had no penny in my pocket, and that it

would have been folly little short of crime to give so needy a wretch sixpence. But would it? Would it have corrupted him, since pauperize him further it could not? At the moment of my visit to Sheffield, many works were running half-time, or no time, and many people were out of work. At one place there was a little oblong building between branching streets, round which sat a miserable company of Murchers, as I heard them called, on long benches under the overhanging roof, who were too obviously, who were almost offensively, out of work. Some were old and some young, some dull and some fierce, some savage and some imbecile, in their looks, and they were all stained and greasy and dirty, and looked their apathy or their grim despair. Even the men who were coming to or from their work at dinner-time were stunted and lean and pale. Slatternly women abounded, and little babies carried about by a little larger babies, and of course kissed on their successive layers of dirt. There were also many small boys who, I hope, were not so wicked as they were ragged. At noon-time they hung much about the windows of cookshops which one would think their sharp hunger would have pierced to the steaming and smoking dishes within. The very morning after I had denied

that man a penny at the theatre door, and was still smarting to think I had not given him sixpence, I saw a boy of ten, in the cut-down tatters of twenty, gloating upon a meat-pie which a cook had cruelly set behind the pane in front of him. I took out the sixpence which I ought to have given that poor man, and made it a shilling, and put it into the boy's particularly dirty palm, and bade him go in and get the pie. He looked at me, and he looked at the shilling, and then I suppose he did as he was bid. But I ought to say, in justice to myself, that I never did anything of the kind again as long as I remained in Sheffield. I felt that I owed a duty to the place and must not go about corrupting the population for my selfish pleasure.

Between our hotel and the main part of the town there yawned a black valley, rather nobly bridged, or viaducted, and beyond it in every direction the chimneys of the many works thickened in the perspectives. It was really like a dead forest, or like thick-set masts of shipping in a thronged port; or the vents of tellural fires, which send up their flames by night and their smoke by day. It was splendid, it was magnificent, it was insurpassably picturesque. People must have painted it often, but if some bravest artist-soul would come, reverently, not patronizingly, and portray the sight in its naked ugliness, he would create one of the most beautiful masterpieces in the world. On our first morning the sun, when it climbed to the upper heavens, found a little hole in the dun pall, and shone down through it, and tried to pierce through the more immediate cloud above the works; but it could not, and it ended by shutting the hole under it, and disappearing.

Beyond the foul avenues thridding the region of the works, and smelling of the decay of market-houses, were fine streets of shops and churches, and I dare say comely dwellings, with tram-cars ascending and descending their hilly slopes. The trams were one story, like our trolleys, without roof-seats, and there were plenty of them; but nothing could keep me, I suppose, till I had seen one of the works. Each of these stands in a vast yard, or close, by itself, with many

buildings, and they are of all sorts; but I chose what I thought the most typical, and overcame the reluctance of the manager to let me see it. He said I had no idea what tricks were played by other makers to find out any new processes and steal them; but this was after I had pleaded my innocent trade of novelist, and assured him of my congenital incapability of understanding the simplest and oldest process, much less conveying from the premises any image of it. Then he gave me for guide an intelligent man who was a penknife-maker by trade, but was presently out of work, and glad to earn my fee. He was a most decent, patient, and kindly person, and I hope it is no betrayal of confidence to say that he told me the men in these multitudinous shops work by the piece. The grinders furnish their grindstones and all their tools for making the knives; there is no dry-grinding, such as used to fill the lungs of the grinders with deadly particles of steel and stone, and bring them to an early death; but sometimes a stone, which ordinarily lasts six months, will burst, and drive the grinder through the roof. The blade-makers do their own forging and hammering, and it is from first to last apparently all hand-work. But it is head-work and heart-work too, and the men who wrought at it wrought with such intensity and constancy that they did not once look up or round when we paused to look on. I was made to know that trade was dull and work slack, and these fellows were lucky fellows to have anything to do. Still I did not envy them.

There is not only a vast deal of industry in Sheffield, but there is an unusual abundance of history, as there might very well be in a place that began life, in the usual English fashion, under the Britons and grew into municipal consciousness in the fostering care of the Romans and the ruder nurture of the Saxons, Danes, and Normans. Lords it had of the last, and the great line of the Earls of Shrewsbury presently rose and led Sheffield men back to battle in France, where the first earl fell on the bloody field, and so many of the men died with him in 1453 that there was not a house in all the region which did

not mourn a loss. Which Rose Sheffield held for, White or Red, I am not sure; but we will say that it duly suffered for one or the other; and it is certain that the great Cardinal Wolsey rested eighteen days at Sheffield Manor just before he went to die at Leicester; and Mary Queen of Scots spent fourteen years of sorrowful captivity, sometimes at the manor and sometimes in Sheffield Castle. This hold was taken by the Parliamentarians in the Civil War; but the famous industries of the place had begun long before; so that Chaucer could say of one of his pilgrims,

"A Sheffield thwytel bare he in his hose."

Thwytels, or whittles, figured in the broils and stage-plays of Elizabethan times, and three gross of them were exported from Liverpool in 1589, when the Sheffield penknife was already famed the best in the world. Manufacturers flourished there apace when England turned to them from agriculture, and Sheffield is now a city of four hundred thousand or more. Apparently it has been growing radical, as the centres of prosperity and adversity always are, and the days of the Chartist agitation continued there for ten years, from 1839 till it came as near open rebellion as it well could in a plot for an armed uprising. Labor troubles, patient or violent, have followed, as labor troubles must, but leisure has always been equal to their pacification, and now Sheffield takes its adversity almost as quietly as its prosperity.

One of our free days we went a long drive up out of the town to that Manor where the brilliant, baddish Scotch queen was imprisoned by her brilliant, baddish English cousin. In any question of goodness, there was little to choose between them. Mary is the more appealing to the fancy because she suffered beyond her deserts, but Elizabeth was to be pitied because Mary had made it politically necessary for her to kill her. All this we had threshed out many times before, and had said that, cat for cat, Mary was the more dangerous because she was the more feminine, and Elizabeth the more detestable because she was the more masculine in her ferocity. We were

therefore in the right mood to visit Mary's prison, to which our ascent was mostly through winding and climbing streets of little dirty houses, with frowzy gardens beside them, and the very dirtiest-faced children in England playing about them. All at once we came upon the sight of it on an open top, hard by what is left of the ruins of the real Manor, where Wolsey stayed that little while from death. The relics are broken walls, higher here, lower there; with some Tudor fireplaces showing through their hollow windows. What we saw in tolerable repair was the tower of the Manor, or the lodge, and we drove to it across a field, on a track made by farm carts, and presently kept by a dog that showed his teeth in a grin not wholly of amusement at our temerity. While we debated whether we had not better let the driver get down and knock, a farmerlike man came to the door and called the dog off. Then, in a rich North Country accent, he welcomed us to his kitchen-parlor, where his wife was peeling potatoes for their midday dinner, and so led us up the narrow stone stairs of the tower to the chambers where Mary miserably passed those many long years of captivity.

We went up on the wide flat roof, of lead or stone, whither her feet must have so often heavily climbed, and looked out over the lovely landscape which she must have abhorred; and the wind that blew over it, in late August, was very cold; far colder than the air of the prison, or the bower, below.

The place belongs now to the Duke of Norfolk, the great Catholic duke, and owes its restoration to his pity and his piety. Our farmer-guide was himself a Protestant, but he spoke well of the duke, with whom he reported himself in such colloquies as, "I says to Dook," and "Dook says to me." When he understood that we were Americans, he asked after a son of his who had gone out to our continent twenty years before. He had only heard from him once, and that on the occasion of his being robbed of all his money by a roommate. It was in a place called Massatusy; we suggested Massachusetts, and he assented that such might be the place; and Mary's prison-house acquired an added pathos.

The Garden of Eden

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

IT is not good to mix white blood with any other, and it is no better to mix white with brown than with black or with red. The results may be, and often are, beautiful to the eye, but within—well, gunpowder is, I believe, composed of elements quite harmless and innocent if left to themselves. The grandmother of the girl Vitia had been white, and the girl's father was white, too. Perhaps she never had a chance; perhaps she would not have taken it if she had. In any case, at an age when European misses are being led demurely to and from school, with their hair down their backs and their dresses at their boot-tops, the girl was already wakening in men passion and jealousy and hatred and many other undesirable emotions. She must have been, at the time she murdered the governor, not quite twenty, but already, for half a dozen years, she had had what is sometimes called a checkered career—not badly so called in Vitia's case, I think; the squares on a checker-board are alternately red and black. In short, she was a bad lot, as bad as sin, and alluringly beautiful.

The crime committed, the murderess quite naturally disappeared. The brown world opened to her, closed again, and for the moment the girl was as if she had never been. For the moment. Of course the matter could not rest there. Governors are much too godlike. As well kill an emperor and think to escape. There was hue and cry, a calling together of village chiefs, severest pressure brought to bear, the island searched as a cargo of shell is searched for pearls. Equally of course Vitia had got clean away. It is not as difficult as might be thought, in view of the many schooners that call at chief ports, in view of the fact that native canoes may, in good weather, sail from island to island of a group without impossible risk. In any case, she got away, and then they sent

to Auckland for Boris Matoff, whom newspaper writers were wont to call by fanciful names: "Bloodhound of the Law," "Avenger," and such. He came by the first Union steamer—a big, fair man with blue eyes, a wolf of a man, half Scots, half Russian. He had been in the Pacific for ten years, an officer of the law for four of them, but what lay behind those ten years no man south of the Line knew, and none dared to ask.

Matoff came, took evidence and counsel, and departed again—in a little fifty-ton schooner, with three Solomon Island boys and a Maori bo'sun. Before he left, the dead governor's secretary pressed kodak photographs of the murderess upon him, and told him of an old scar the girl bore upon her temple. But the "Bloodhound of the Law" put him aside, stating briefly that he had seen her, and went on his way.

So began a flight and a pursuit the fantastic like of which had never been seen in the Pacific Ocean and very probably never will be seen again. The girl drove, as it were, before the wind, like a frigate-bird, alighting here and there as fancy or need seemed to dictate. She had not the air of one fleeing in terror from justice; she winged her leisurely flight back and forth, and up and down, in long zigzags or in brief ones, as her whim suited; and those who saw her said afterward—when they learned the truth, for news travels slowly hereabout—that there was in her no least sign of anything unusual. She passed among them as ever, like a splendid and a poignant dream, troubling but untroubled, beautiful, insolent, serene—passed and went her way, and, as ever, they gave her welcome, food, and conveyance. So much for the space of three months. Then she seems to have come upon traces of pursuit, and the flight began in earnest.

She had been in the Cooks—Mitiaro, Monuæ, Aitutaki—and from Niuè she

seems to have gone back there, to Mitiaro, met with a chill and frightened welcome, and learned of Boris Matoff. Indeed, she escaped him by only a very little. She fled on a copra schooner, employing by way of passage-money such blandishments as she seems always to have had ready for mankind, to Papeete, found that gay and dissolute capital unsafe, and turned north to Raiatea, where the pearling-boats go. Matoff was six days behind her. The girl dodged him, went in a canoe to Tetuaroa, and finally took cover in the Paumotus, which are "low" islands, coral-reefed, palm-tufted, and in number like the sands of the sea. They played their grim game of puss-in-the-corner for two months here, and, twice, the murderess, lying perdue, saw Matoff's little schooner and watched it out of sight.

Another man would have given up and gone away about his other business. "As well," the other man would say—"as well search blindfolded among stubble for an especially desired field-mouse as among the Paumotus for an especial brown man—particularly when the brown man is a young woman and beautiful." It is doubtful if the idea of giving up ever occurred to the "Avenger." He was not that kind of man. And, besides, he considered that in the end he was bound to succeed. He was closing door after door upon the fugitive, and in time there would be no more doors open. Captains of schooners, resident agents, traders, missionaries, island chiefs, all were being warned, the last threatened. It seemed to Boris Matoff that he was not doing very ill, and perhaps he was not, for at last the girl seemed to lose heart and dashed north to the Marquesas. Matoff learned of it at Napuka and followed, a week behind.

At Fatuhiva he found that she had landed there from a guano schooner, but was believed to have gone on north to Uapu. As a matter of fact, he was at last upon the same ground with her, for she was still at Fatuhiva, up in the volcanic hills, which rise nearly four thousand feet above the sea. Certain sympathetic kinsfolk of hers were hiding her, but that could not endure long and she knew it. Matoff told his tale, gave solemn warning, and sailed north. He returned

at the end of six weeks, having visited the other islands of the little group and found no trace. But he found one at Fatuhiva. In her utter need Vitia had betrayed herself. For the first—ay, and I think for the only—time in her life the spell of her beauty, that splendid allurements of hers, failed her. In disguise, her face and neck and arms stained darker than they were, she sought from a Yankee skipper passage to Fiji, whither he was bound. The man was elderly and crabbed, refused, and would not listen to appeal. What was more remarkable, he refused her proffered money—would not be bothered with women on his ship. On reflection he seems to have become suspicious and had the girl watched. When Boris Matoff returned there was a tale to tell. His quarry, or some one very like her, had set sail, a month before, in an outriggered canoe. A young native man had gone with her. Matoff asked questions and nodded his head. That night he, also, set sail, heading west by a bit north; in other words, running free before the southeast trade, which does not vary in direction, though so near the Line as this it is fitful and often drops altogether.

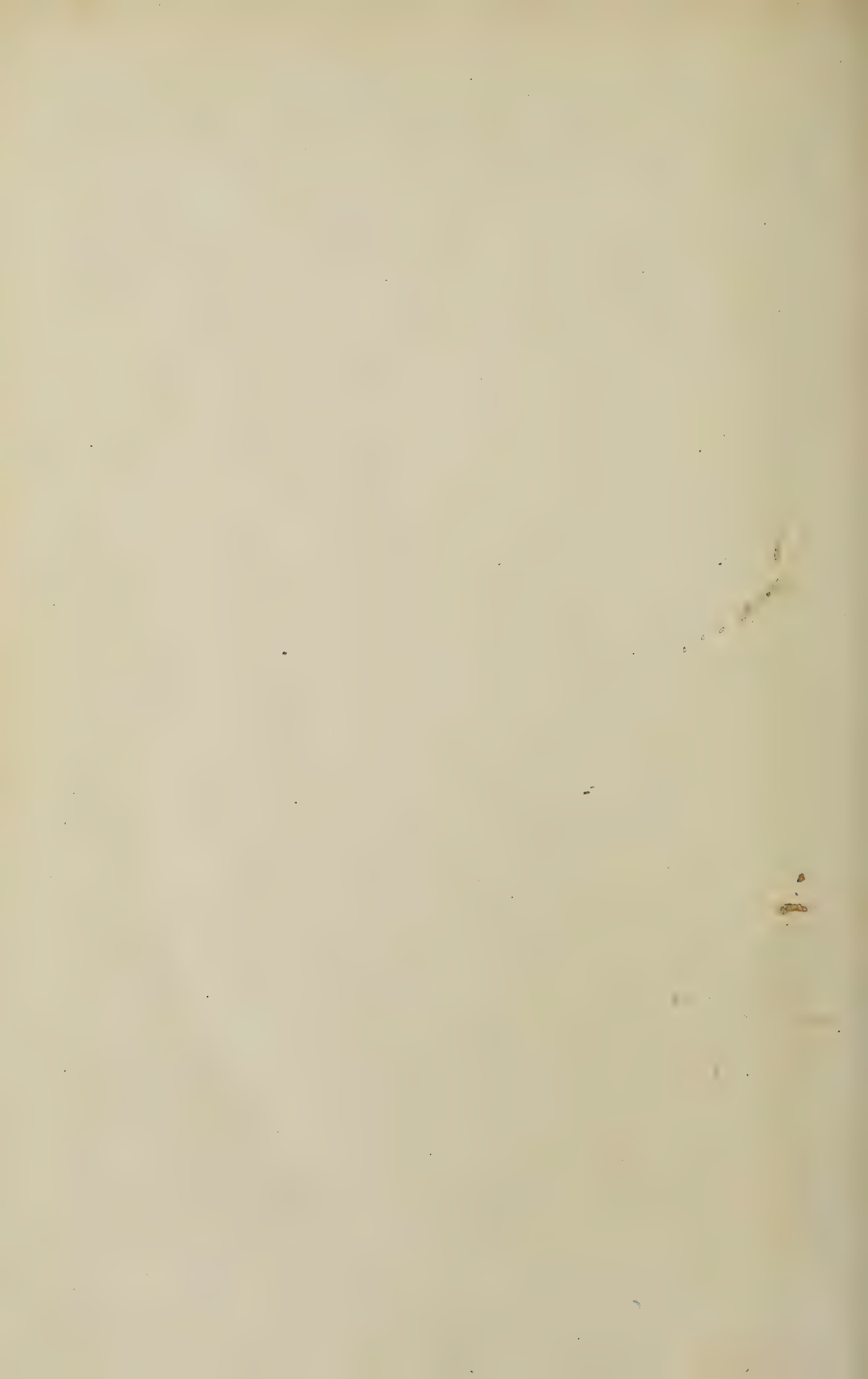
He reasoned that the girl would not dare return south to the Paumotus nor turn north to the other Marquesas. Farther north still, the open sea is unbroken for thousands of miles. East against the trade she could not sail in any canoe. Remained, then, the west—Caroline Island, Flint, Vostok, Penrhyn, a thousand miles away. He set his course, or the trade saved him the trouble, for Caroline Island, distant eleven degrees—lying, in other words, 150 west and 10 south. He crowded on all that the tiny craft could carry—all she had, in fact—driving his black boys like a slave-master; and they snarled wickedly where they had been wont to grin, for they were worn out and had come to hate the silent white man with the hard eyes as they hated nothing else in the wide blue world.

It was, as near as may be, an unsailed sea he found himself traversing. Even the trading-schooners do not go there, for there is nothing to draw them. He had to maintain, both day and night, keen lookout for uncharted reef or bank, ill-calculated current. A hard, squally blow



Painting by Howard Pyle.

VITIA AND THE GOVERNOR



from the south swept upon the little craft and for a day and a night drove it northward. At the end he found himself a couple of degrees out of his course, and the black boys had the worst of his mounting ill humor. The long strain was beginning to tell upon Matoff.

There followed a blistering calm, the doldrums, and they well-nigh died of it, but luckily had plenty of water, and the calm woke at last in light grateful airs. There was an uninhabited island charted hereabout—"V. A.," which means volcanic but enclosed by a coral reef. It was charted uncertainly, with a bracketed interrogation point, which meant that it might be anywhere within a radius of a hundred miles or so. Thus casual are South Pacific charts over ill-known areas.

They lifted it on the second morning after the calm, a solitary upraised peak, a little finger crooked above immeasurable blue, altered their course to bring them up under the lee, and anchored outside the reef toward sunset. It was a toy island, half a mile long, perhaps half as broad—a spear of verdure-clad rock upthrust above a garden, a picture-book island. The reef was open here and there, but narrowly, and a gentle sea broke upon it in a curving, creamy line. Sea birds mewed from the shore.

Matoff called away the boat and put into it fishing-lines, his rifle, and necessities for the night. "I'll sleep ashore," he said. It was in his mind to lay in provision of fresh fish, such fruits as might be found, and cocoanuts from the palms whose fronds stirred against the sky. It was also in his mind to make a search, for he was a thorough man. Two of the black boys rowed him across the still lagoon, leaving one other and the Maori on board.

He disembarked his small stores, laid them on the sand, and set off round the beach. The black boys remained by the boat. Matoff, the rifle across his arm, walked quickly, his eyes everywhere—upon the sand before him, upon the bush inshore, upon the height of rock that towered overhead. He came to a little stream of water flowing into the sea, tasted it, and nodded his head. It was fresh and cold. Most volcanic islands are watered.

Farther on he halted and looked down. Robber-crabs eat cocoanuts, but they do not, after husking, cut off the top of the shell, neatly, as one opens an egg.

The man stirred the cocoanut-shell with his foot and went on more slowly. Once he looked to his weapon. He came to a little indented cove and there examined certain marks in the sand. They were footprints, a woman's. He looked closely but found no larger tracks, so he went on. Somewhat later he rounded an abrupt point where the bush grew high and thick. Then Matoff halted all at once and drew a quick, deep breath, and a single exclamation broke from him—a wordless sound of relief and relaxation and something like joy, for the long search was over.

The girl stood as if waiting for him. She made no movement as of escape; she tightened the knot of her *pareo* in front and stood still. It gave the man a sort of shock to see her so, dressed, native fashion, in the simple kilt of yellow "trade-print" reaching from waist to knee. It was like seeing a white woman in a *pareo*. It seemed rather shameful since she was so nearly white, albeit she bore herself with native unconsciousness.

She had changed little, he saw, in five years: a shade less-slender, perhaps; perhaps there was something in eyes and lips that much knowledge and much vicissitude had written there. Certainly she was no less beautiful—rather more so, if that could be: the splendor of island nights, the music of the island songs, the heady, oversweet intoxication of great island flowers when the wind is still; island dawns and sunsets in her eyes, island pearls in her smooth flesh—faint rosy bronze upon cream. Had she not been the sweet scourge of the Pacific for a half-dozen years?

The man looked beyond her and she seemed to be alone. He dropped the butt of his rifle in the sand and leaned upon the barrel, waiting, and at last she spoke. She said:

"You come for me, Borisi?" And something within the man, shamed, unwilling, stirred at that old name. He nodded, and the girl said a quiet "Oh!"

After a silence she said:

"You — remember, Borisi?" He

dropped his eyes, for he had not forgotten the time in Papeete, five years before.

"That," said he, "was before I went into the police." He spoke with a certain truculence. "I'm a policeman now. I'm an officer of the law. And I've come to take you back; d'you understand?"

"What they goin' do to me, Borisi?" she inquired, and he said:

"Hang you."

"That man!" she cried, with a sudden hard bitterness. "He was a beast! Animal, peeg! He beat me, Borisi!" She held out her little hands. "*Me!*" she said, as if stating a thing incredible, fantastic. "He beat me! . . . So I kill him. . . . Of course. Peeg!"

"That has nothing to do with me," the man said. "That's not my affair. I take you back—savvy? You can tell your story to the judges."

He seemed to remember something forgotten.

"Where's your—your friend? Where's the man who came with you from Fatuhiva?"

"Dead, Borisi. He go out in canoe to feesh, an' a shark got him. Canoe blow away."

Matoff made a clicking sound with his tongue. It seemed to be meant to express pity. And finally he said:

"Poor devil!" But after that he tossed the rifle across his arm once more.

"Well," he said, "we'll be going. Have you anything you want to take on board the schooner with you?"

The girl Vitia looked at him oddly.

"You take me back, Borisi?"

"Of course!" said he. He began to be a little impatient.

"S'pose maybe I don' go? I got a knife," she said. "S'pose I don' go?" And the man laughed shortly, tapping the rifle that lay across his arm.

Abruptly she turned and began to walk along the way he had come, by the beach.

"We see," she said over her shoulder. "I theenk maybe I don' go."

He had come some distance from his landing-place, a half-mile perhaps, and the two returned slowly, for Vitia was in advance, and she chose her own pace. They came at length to a turn in the beach, beyond which the boat should be lying and where they should descry the

schooner out by the reef. Matoff gave an exclamation of anger, for the boat was not there. He said something unflattering about the two black boys and their wooden-headed stupidity, but Vitia looked across at him with a little smile. In a calmer moment he might have remembered that she had once before given him that odd smile.

"I think maybe we don' go," she said, and she pointed out toward the reef.

Suddenly Boris Matoff thrust her aside and ran down to the water's edge with a loud cry. The schooner was under weigh. Even as he looked, her head fell off before the light wind and the sails began to fill. The boat trailed astern at its painter. Matoff threw his rifle up before him and fired twice, but he knew that it was a waste of cartridges, for the lagoon was three-quarters of a mile broad. He could see the four black figures moving about on deck, and one of them waved melodramatic arms over its head. It was the Maori bo'sun. Presently this man turned to the rail and seemed to be about to plunge overboard, but one of the Solomon boys dragged him back and struck him about the head with his fists. Matoff fired once more, blindly, crimson-faced, babbling incoherent words; and the schooner, gathering way, slipped quietly along southward, and disappeared round the island.

After a long time the man turned back. He walked bent over, head hanging. His feet slipped in the loose sand and bore him uncertainly, as if he were worn out. He came to where Vitia stood and halted before her. She said again:

"I think maybe we don' go," and a swift crimson flushed Matoff's face until it was almost purple. His eyes looked red like a dog's, and it is likely that the world turned black about him. He gave a wordless stammering shout, an inarticulate bellow, and again he threw the repeating rifle up to his shoulder.

Vitia came a step nearer and opened her arms. She stretched them out horizontally, so that she made the figure of a cross, and she laid back her head and smiled. The sun was behind the low western cloud-bank, for sunsets are rarely clear in these latitudes, but just at this moment it found a rift in the cloaking vapor and shot a low flood of light across

the sea. Abruptly the world was a gigantic palette of the most incredible colors—blue barred with crimson and gold, lilac upon rose-pink, lemon flushing into burnt orange—a miracle of kaleidoscopic tints. Against them the girl Vitia stood, dark and slender and still, her hair, which was caught into a loose plait behind her, ablaze with red fire, the flesh of her body a sculptured opal. She smiled upon Boris Matoff and was without fear. She said:

"Shoot, then, Borisi! I like you to shoot. Shoot me, now!"

The rifle barrel shook and wavered. After a little time it fell from the man's hands and lay in the sand between the two. The man dropped upon his knees and hid his face. Hard-wrung words came from him out of a tense agony, half articulate, unconnected, indistinguishable.

Near by, the girl watched him in silence. But when a long time had passed he looked up again. His face was white and calm, but the red lights gleamed still in his eyes. He said, very low:

"Get out of my sight! And keep out of it!" He began to breathe in deep inspirations, like one who has been running.

"Keep out of my sight," he said again, "or, by the Lord, I'll kill you with my hands—break every bone in your damned wicked body! *You* sent those boys away, back to the schooner." She shook her head slowly, but he went on, unheeding: "*You* sent 'em back. It's just the kind of trick you'd do. I know." A sort of paroxysm of rage took hold upon him and shook him bodily. The voice rose to a yell.

"Get out o' my sight!" he cried. "Curse you, will you get out o' my sight? By—" He began scrambling in the sand toward the rifle. He was quite beside himself. He caught up the weapon and struggled to his feet, but, as if the transparent air had opened to swallow her, the girl was gone from before him. His dazed and bloodshot eyes did not even heed which direction she had taken, though, doubtless, it was into the thick bush. In a flash she was clean gone, and, though he listened, there was no hint of a sound from her.

Matoff stood alone upon the island

beach and the dusk began to gather round him.

He lived like Crusoe, like those scores of unknown, unsung Crusoes who have been cast away, or have fled from justice, hate, revenge, treachery, to live alone upon some speck of coral, some palm-fringed sliver of rock in the sanctuary of unsailed seas.

He was a man crushed to earth by the wanton cynical brutality of Fate. The eight months' strain of search must have told upon him more than he knew, else had not this final grim blow so unmanned, so prostrated him. He crept about like one wounded to death and stunned by the wound's agony.

There was no great difficulty in keeping alive, so far as that went—none, that is, for a man schooled in island resources. There was good water; there were cocoanuts a-plenty; he found a small variety of banana, oranges in profusion, and wild yams. The black boys in their vengeful retreat with the boat had neglected to take away the few stores he had landed, and so he had a second shirt, matches, fishing-tackle, and a blanket. For a time he used the precious matches with miserly care, but presently found that he could kindle a fire by using his thick watch crystal as a burning-glass. So his bodily needs were cared for and his strength did not suffer.

The second shirt he put to service as a signal of distress. He mounted to the topmost peak of the island, a barren crag save for a single gnarled tree which clung to it. From this tree, with infinite pains, he lopped leaves and branches and to it fastened the shirt by its sleeves. It would be marked, white and strange against the sky, by any vessel that might pass within sight.

So he lived on and the weeks passed over his head and grouped themselves into a month and then two months. But he lived as men may be imagined to live in hell—face to face with utter hopelessness, eaten eternally by the cancer of solitude, compassed about by deadly, unseen fear. The fear became an obsession by day, a never-ending evil dream by night. He went in terror of that silent invisible other presence. She never showed herself, but she was there

somewhere in the wooded tangle of that little island. The day long he felt her eyes upon him from the cover, and knew that nothing he did was hidden from her. Sometimes he came upon her foot-prints in the sand, once or twice upon the ashes of her fires (and he wondered how she had kindled them). Sometimes, as he walked along the beach or clambered up the steep difficult height to where his signal hung, he felt her presence behind him and turned into a sweating panic, but she was never there. He fought with himself, through those first weeks, to refrain from seeking her, calling out to her, making such peace as should end this intolerable solitude. And he had the strength to refrain—a strength born of fear of himself. He was afraid that he would kill her with his hands as he had threatened to do, for he was wont to fall into terrible and mad rages wherein self-control gave way and he raved bestially.

But as time went on the matter took care of itself, for his fear of the girl increased to an insane terror. He was convinced that she lurked in hiding, waiting and watching for a chance to murder him. It might have occurred to him that she could do it quite easily while he slept, but the workings of a crazed mind are beyond logic: they ignore the simplest and most natural courses to seek out the dark and devious.

Hag-ridden by terror, Matoff began at length to confine himself to one small portion of the island—a certain stretch of beach where there was an indented cove and a space of bush behind it. The stream of fresh water crossed his territory, and there were cocoanut palms and wild yam. He could not climb the palms, and so he let the robber-crabs forage for him. He lay still at night while they scrambled up the trees and nipped off the young nuts. What the crabs thought when they backed down again and found their hard-won treasure gone it is impossible to say, but in any case they never gave up hope. So, doubtless, robber-crabs are without the faculty of reason.

By the end of the first month he had begun to talk to himself, and that is a bad sign. By the end of the second he was practically insane. The girl

Vitia, hidden in her coverts, listened to his shoutings, heard his curses and laughter, saw him stride excitedly up and down the beach, rifle on arm, or crouch for hours in the shade muttering to himself. Sometimes at night he screamed in his sleep, and once sprang up, crying her name, and began to shoot at the slender near-by column of a palm tree. The next night she stole the rifle from beside him and hid it. Matoff never seemed to know that it was gone. She stole his rarely used fishing-tackle, too, for she became convinced that if left to himself he would starve; he seemed to eat less and less as time went on. So each morning the man found fresh fish lying on his beach under the shade of a boulder, and he accepted them seemingly without a question as to their origin.

There came a time when he began to sit and stare at the sea, and to think how cool and transparent and green it must be down in those crystalline depths. He thought how still it was and how very peaceful, and how grateful it would be to lie there forever among the beautiful coral forms and the lovely sea growths. There was no scorching sun there, no waste of hot eye-searing sand, nothing to be afraid of. That above all—no terror by day and night! It made him very happy just to sit and think about it, and he grudged the time which had to be spent in profitless sleep, in disagreeable absorption of food. He sat all day long on a certain outthrust arm of rock, and stared down into those still, translucent depths, and the balm of utter peace spread upon him and he was almost happy.

He awoke late one night with a feverish pain in his head. It had been a hot, windless day, and, even with darkness, no life had come into the still air. Matoff turned restlessly from side to side and, after his wont, talked aloud. In the end he rose and walked down to the water's edge. There was no moon, but the great dome of purple sky was thick-strewn with pearls. The lagoon lay still before him, the sea still beyond the reef. A cool breath mounted from it like perfume, the breath of peace and rest and troubles ended.

"I think," said Boris Matoff—"I think I will go down where it is cool

and green." He went forward steadily into the sea, and the chill of it as it crept up his limbs and about his body was delicious to him. He stretched out his arms to its dark embrace. He bent his head to the sweet salt kiss of it.

As the man had gone out from this world gladly, in comfort of body and with joy of soul, so gladly he returned to it, waking by slow pleasant degrees in peace with happiness. Even before his eyes opened he was conscious of unusual bodily well-being. He remembered nothing of the night past; the light between his eyelids brought him none of the familiar dread. Oddly, it was as if, returning from that door through which he had almost passed, he had left upon its threshold the grievous burden his shoulders had so long borne. He opened his eyes, and the girl Vitia hung over him, kneeling, her face very near, her little hands upon his breast. He lay for a long time and looked up at her, wide-eyed, wondering, like a child. He shook his head at last, and he tried closing his eyes to see if she would disappear. The girl laid her face where her hands were, and Matoff was conscious of a slow-mounting thrill which crept up his limbs and body as the cool touch of the sea had done on the night before. It left him tingling. He put out one hand to touch her hair, and Vitia raised her head.

"I don't understand," he said, in a sort of whisper. There was no hatred in her look, nothing terrible, menacing, murderous. There was no fear within himself. Somehow, in that dim borderland between life and death, a miracle had befallen, and his madness was gone from him. Perhaps it was only the sight of her after so long, the touch of her healing hands.

He saw a recent bruise upon one temple near to an old slight scar; another upon one round shoulder. He touched them gently.

"What has hurt you?" His voice rang strange in his ears, like another man's voice. She said:

"You fought with me, Borisi, las' night in the sea, w'en I save you. You wan' to go drown." Then the man began to remember, though the night remained always a vague turmoil in his

mind. He struggled up to a sitting posture and took his head in his hands. The past weeks returned to face him, but cloaked in a merciful haze—terrible but indistinct. The girl knelt apart and watched him, and after a while she crept closer and leaned her head against his arm. Matoff's face remained hidden, but the arm went out with slow awkwardness, bent round her and drew her to him. The man gave a sort of sob.

So entered these two into the Garden of Eden and dwelt there, and were as gods, knowing neither time nor space, neither good nor evil, only peace, beyond the power of any words even to suggest—beyond understanding.

Of the girl's hidden mind and soul in these enchanted days, who shall speak? These primitive women are far from simple—perhaps the most complex of all. And she was a still woman, at best, silent through both bitterness and ecstasy. She used few words. But of one thing I think we may be sure. After long darkness and indirection and travail she seems at last to have come into her own—to have found her man and gloried in him. If there is such a thing in this world as honesty, an open heart, a great love purged of selfishness, I think she offered them up, kneeling, to Boris Matoff—took body and soul into her little cupped hands and laid them in his lap.

As for the man, simpler fabric, as free of indirection as an honest dog, he stretched his big arms to heaven and exulted as our father Adam may well have done—for pure joy of love and life. He had been a hard man, fixed of purpose, ruthless always, sometimes very cruel; his face, square-jawed, tight-lipped, had borne witness to that. But isolation, long suffering, love, had broken him. His lips went parted in these days. His eyes had another light, not cold blue, but the blue of the sea about him, a blue that laughed in the sun, was purple at night. His head he had held high always, with a sort of aggressive pride. He held it high now—or love did—but all sternness was gone out of him. The world was his own, unhampered, uncomplicated by the works of men.

There came at times before the two dim and faded pictures, faint, far-away

sounds, but they were matters untroubling, extraterrestrial. The two looked and listened with a vague and incurious wonder as at strange things heard in the wind, seen in evening skies.

Yet there were nights when Vitia awoke under the stars and went to sit alone for hours together. And there were days when she watched her lover with veiled, inscrutable eyes. She may have had her secret bitteresses, may, perhaps, have dared to look ahead beyond the blue curtain, may have seen terrors there. Women are so. Once only she voiced this secret thought. The two chanced to stand together, had been talking of trivial things. Vitia pressed suddenly into the man's arms, leaned upon him, took his head between her small hands and held it. She said:

"Borisi, you like maybe go back? You like to go away from me if you can? Yes?" Something like a shadow fled across the man's face. For an instant he looked away, over her head, seaward. Then came the crimson flush, the cry of protest, straining arms that robbed her of breath; and the girl was satisfied—or said she was.

It endured for exactly one month. It seems to have been the Maori bo'sun who played God from the Machine. The black Solomon boys, through long immunity, grew careless. Doubtless they would have killed the bo'sun at the start but that he knew a little rough navigation. After a time they foolishly put into one of the northern Cooks for water. The bo'sun deserted, told his tale, and gave, as near as he could, the latitude and longitude of the far-away isle. The black boys were captured, clapped into jail, and the resident agent, a white man who knew Matoff, took command of the little schooner.

Vitia, seated idle upon the peak of the island where once a distress signal had fluttered in the trade, was first to see impending peril—a snowflake upon the horizon, away to the southeast. Matoff was fishing from the sand below. The girl closed her eyes and covered them with one hand, but when she looked again the snowflake was still there. A sword smote deep and true to the heart, and she saw the end of all things. That far-off sail might be any sail, a pearler from

the Societies, a copra schooner driven out of course, a guano boat making out of an unusual quarter for Penrhyn. It might be any sail, casual, harmless—might approach no nearer to her habitation of delight than it was at that moment, but she knew, as women know. She saw the end.

For an hour, perhaps two, she sat there, at times watching, at times with bowed head and hidden eyes. The snowflake grew larger under the cloudless sky. At last she went down to where her man stood fishing, kissed his lips, and told him. He began to tremble very violently. When he could speak he said:

"It may be a guano schooner for Malden or Penrhyn. Probably it will pass without putting in. Even if it sends a boat for water, there's nothing to fear. We won't show ourselves."

She looked up into Matoff's face, but he would not meet her eyes, and she saw that his breath came rapidly.

"It is the end, Borisi," said she, but the man cried out an angry denial.

"Rubbish! Nonsense! Who could know that you and I are here? Those black boys bolted with the schooner. D'you suppose they're going to tell? Rubbish! It's a guano boat, I tell you, or a pearler." But he was frightened, and she saw it. She smiled upon him drearily, being without hope.

The man turned to practical matters. He set about concealing all such evidences of occupation as could be concealed. It was not difficult, save for the footprints in the sand, and even these would be obliterated in a few hours, for the tide was rising, and it was a spring tide. Thereafter he took his binoculars—which had come ashore in his pocket so long ago—his rifle, and the handful of cartridges which remained, and the two climbed the peak to its topmost ledge and settled themselves there. There were hiding-nooks a-plenty if they should be needed later on.

The snowflake had grown to the size of a man's hand. Even by the naked eye it now showed itself a schooner, running before the light trade, headed for the island. Matoff held the binoculars upon it, but as yet they told him little more than his unassisted eye. One schooner is very like another. So the two watched

and waited in a strained silence, but for the most part the girl sat and stared at the ground, hands clasped in her lap. Once she rose and went away, returning after some minutes.

Time ceased to exist as divisions into minutes and hours; it became immeasurable, an undetermined, an undeterminable, space which should end only with the anchoring or the passing by of that white-winged schooner. Hours must have gone, but the two were unheeding. They had taken no food since sunrise, but they felt no hunger—not even thirst.

There came a moment when Boris Matoff began once more to tremble violently. The binoculars dropped from his eyes. He turned a white face, sick with bewilderment and fear, to the face of the girl who crouched beside him.

"It's the *Taupo*!" he said. "My God, it's the *Taupo*!" Vitia looked up at him without expression of any sort. There was neither hope nor fear, neither grief nor any other emotion to be seen in her face. She was beyond all these.

"How? How?" the man cried, desperately. His face went crimson and white and crimson again. His tongue stammered. He said, piteously, like a little child:

"It can't be possible. . . . I don't understand." And he said it over and over again: "I don't understand. I don't understand at all."

The white race must cry out in its agony. It must scream curses at fate, weep tears. Upon the others, yellow, black, brown, falls at the end the cloak of silent impassivity. They are fatalists, one and all. Perhaps they are braver than we.

Vitia moved one hand slightly over the other where they lay clasped in her lap, and her beautiful breast rose in one deep inspiration and shivered a little, but she did not speak. Only when her man had again lifted his binoculars her eyes turned to him and she watched.

The little schooner rounded one end of the island, came up into the wind until her sails fluttered and let go the anchor. Matoff, on his feet, the glasses at his eyes, watched in silence, but abruptly he gave a low cry.

"There's—a white man!" he said. "And I think—I think, my Maori. I think that's my Maori, Tom." He low-

ered the binoculars and turned his head. Vitia looked up at him. His face was the face of a man sore smitten, struck mortally, harrowed to the soul, but upon it she saw begin, as it were unwillingly, a new and strange excitement. She rose beside him, and the two looked each into the other's eyes. Matoff put out an arm and caught the girl to him with an almost rough violence. He stared hard upon her, and his face was wrung with a still agony. But after a moment of that he turned his head again and looked toward the schooner. His arm slackened a little and Vitia withdrew from it. Matoff began to breathe hard, and once she heard him say:

"A white man! A white man!"

After a while she touched his arm and he turned a strange face upon her. She said:

"Borisi, you got rifle. W'en they come on shore you kill 'em, maybe? Then we take schooner an' go." She said it but to draw him. She knew that the deed was out of the question. He did not even shake his head at it; he continued to regard her with the same strange stare as if he had never seen her before. Then his eyes, as if a magnet pulled them, swung back to the reef.

It seemed to the girl that a swift and magical transformation was taking place before her eyes. She seemed to see the man who had loved her, and with her had forgotten the world, altering, feature by feature, line by line, until she no longer knew him, until he was altogether another man. She seemed to see all this occur the while he stood and looked upon the little schooner that lay by the island reef. The new man muttered, under his breath, half-articulate words. His hands strained and twisted beside him.

"Borisi," she said, gently, "you goin' take me back—now?"

He wheeled upon her with an exceedingly bitter cry.

"What can I do?" he said. "God in heaven, child, what can I do? I'm a policeman . . . sworn to service. Yonder is my ship, and there's a white man on board her . . . come to look for me. I can't escape him. . . . I tell you, I'm a policeman! Shall I forswear my duty? Shall I, Vitia? Tell me what to do!"

"You take me back, Borisi?" she

asked again, in her soft and gentle voice, and he wrung his hands like a woman. He was rent to the core—a man hideously in torture.

Vitia went down upon her knees and hid her face. Above her, after a long time, Matoff said, in a whisper:

"They're launching a boat."

Then said she:

"I think—maybe I don't—go." She held out an arm, but her head was bent.

"Help me up, Borisi!" And he raised her. She stood as if bowed with great weariness. She lifted her head, and it drooped back oddly upon her neck. There was in one spot a faint greenish stain upon her red lips. He drew her hand closer in his, and she fell against him and lay there heavily.

"I don't—go, Borisi," she said, smiling.

But the man gave a loud, terrible cry and caught her up closer against his breast. Her arms and head fell back away from him. In his anguish he shook her, calling upon her by name, but the narcotic poison that she had swallowed—whatever it may have been—was gaining upon her swiftly, and she seemed not to hear him. He saw her eyes through half-closed lids, her white teeth through parted lips.

"Vitia! Vitia!" cried the man. "Not alone! Oh, child, not alone!" She hung very heavily in his arms, but her lips spoke his name in a drowsy whisper. He stared desperately about him. His eyes fell to the reef far below, and the boat was drawing away from the little schooner, two natives at the oars, a figure in white drill in the stern-sheets.

Matoff lifted the girl's body in his great arms and began to run down the mountain. He went not to the east where that boat was approaching, but away from it, westward. Despite his huge bulk of bone and muscle, the thing he did was well-nigh incredible, the feat of a madman, a prodigious display of physical strength, for the way was long and steep and rough. But he came, unbreathed, to the westward beach, and as he came there the sun dipped behind the far cloud-bank.

From the other side of the island, from the boat traversing the lagoon, came the sound of a shot fired by way of signal; then another, and a third. Matoff shifted

his hold upon the body of the woman who was dying, so that she hung upright before him, held by his arms, her breast to his. He cried once more upon her, but she was beyond answering. She stirred a little in his hold, and that was all. Still, he knew that she heard him, and he said:

"Vitia, we go together. It is the only way." He began to walk forward, out into the sea.

The chill of the water crept up his limbs, was about his knees, rose to his waist, but this time he did not feel it. Only presently he became aware that the woman was lighter in his arms, and that was the sea bearing her up. He halted for an instant, and she stirred once more, seemed to cling to him. That, too, may have been the sea reviving her somewhat with the shock of its coolness.

Vitia's lips moved in whispers, curved into a smile of content. He knew what she would have, and he loosed one of his arms and laid her two hands about his neck. They drew close and held him.

As once before, on their first meeting at Eden's gates, the sun behind that far cloud-bank found a rift and slanted low across the quiet sea. The light bathed the girl's back-flung head in a golden glory, lay warm upon her smiling face, gleamed in her eyes. She spoke aloud—her lover's name: He bent over her until their lips touched and clung. Vitia's lips were bitter with what she had eaten, sweet with the love that was in her. Bittersweet. That is like life. But it is like death also.

The rift in the western cloud-bank had widened and the still sea was a sheet of molten gold. Alone in it, waist-deep, the two stood motionless, the man and the woman. They made a single black figure bowed over into a strange attitude, for the man had not raised his face from that last kiss of life and death.

So it stood, the strange bowed figure, for a long time still upon the still sea of gold, but at last, without altering its posture, it began slowly to move forward. It grew smaller until it was like a floating head, smaller still until it was only a black speck upon the sea's immensity. In the end it disappeared altogether and the sheet of molten gold lay quiet and unbroken.

On the Chemical Interpretation of Life

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THE new science of radioactivity has had a stimulating effect upon subjects of natural knowledge far removed from physics and chemistry. It has set men thinking that possibly, in branches of knowledge wholly different, long-established doctrines and concepts might not have the impregnability that appeared—that, in fact, it was time for the keepers of the house of natural knowledge to have a general house-cleaning. Radioactivity has to do, primarily, with matter, but as the concomitant term for matter in the mind of nearly everybody is “life,” revelations in the one have inspired reinvestigation in the other, and now in every tongue voices are again calling the questions: What is Life? Whence came it? and, Whither does it go?

But in all this scientific imbroglio there has appeared no basis of agreement whatever. This inability of thinking men to arrive at, at least, some kind of a concordat appears in the very definitions of the life that they discuss. Life is self-movement; life is sentiency; life is the sum of the forces that resist death; life is the principle of individuation or the power that unites a given all into a whole; life is the continuous adjustment of internal to external relations. When one examines closely into these most diverse definitions, one sees that their only agreement lies in an unconscious or subconscious evasion. The minds that formulated these definitions defined the properties and powers of a thing, a *something* which they were unwilling or too tender to postulate. These properties and powers defined above must *inhere* in something, must they not?—must be possessed by something—and this something behind the definitions describing its powers is what men mean by “Life.” But if “Life” is an existent entity rul-

ing over the gross matter which it inhabits there ought to be some evidence for it, something other than “the evidence of things unseen,” and hence any paper dealing with the relation of “Life” to the body ought to proceed first to answer the question, not what is “Life,” but where is “Life”?

Hitherto, this quest has been deemed wholly within the province of the biologist, and through it he has found a beautiful, wonderful mechanism—and nothing more. It seems to be accepted by the great body of present-day biologists that there is in the living body no evidence of an inner god, and this doctrine, under the name of mechanism, now blares its challenge through all the uncouth terminologies of modern science. But a mechanism appears to imply a mechanic, and so a few believe that though they cannot see him, there abides secretly in the living being a maker and worker of the machine—a master mechanic—called “Life.” Now chemistry looks deeper than biology, and it may be, then, that through chemistry, and within the mazy configuration of the body’s very atoms, we may behold the face of the workman.

The first obvious thing about any “living” being is the substance of it—the pounds of material of which it is composed. Is there anything about the “make” of this matter or material that is esoteric; anything that might show the action or the presence of this “Life”? There is this about the substances that constitute a “living” being: there is the bewildering complexity of them, and their lability or irritability. These two characteristics of “living” matter are so salient as to appear at first sight transcendental. But this is not so; the complexity of these substances is due chiefly to the carbon atoms that in such large measure comprise them. There is noth-

ing transcendental about this power of the carbon atom; it is a long-known, perfectly recognized fact of general chemistry—"vitality" has nothing to do with it. As for the lability of "living" matter, it is due in the main to the nitrogen atom, the most powerful, mutable entity in nature. There is nothing occult about it; in fact, the restless character of the nitrogen atom is much more pronounced in guncotton, nitroglycerine, and in gunpowder than it is in the proteids of the animal tissues. There is thus about the two most salient characteristics of "living" matter nothing that is mysterious, ultra-knowledgeable, or extra-scientific. As for the intrinsic nature of these substances, there is this to be said: that when the chemist can make in his laboratory bodies identical in composition and in property with substances of vegetable or animal origin, there is no longer any mystery in these substances *per se*—i. e., except in so far as everything is mystery. He has been able to do this, and every year brings its increasing swarm of synthesized natural products. To take a few examples: he has recently made in his laboratory the indigo of the indigo plant; vanillin of the vanilla pod; chrysin of poplar buds; apigenin of parsley; luteolin of the broom plant; ficetin of yellow cedar; quercetin of sumac; kämpferol of the blue larkspur; galangin of the galanga root; camphor of the camphor tree, and even nicotine of tobacco. Others have been made in the laboratory that are the products of the animal organism—dozens of compounds—such as cystein and cystine, leucine, indoleacetic acid, and even turacin, the red pigment of the feathers of the plantain-eating birds. Searching through the nooks and crannies of living things, and, of course, taking the easier ones first, the chemist is gradually building up by the artificial means of his laboratory the natural substances of the animal and the plant.

For the synthesis of many substances the difficulties for the nonce are too great. He does what he can. Thus, if he cannot synthesize the substance, he may determine its constitution, and if he cannot determine its constitution he may at least isolate it. Thus, with the proteids, those indefinitely complex and

mobile constituents of living tissue; these substances are not the beautiful, precipitable, separable, crystalline substances of the inorganic world, but are, on the contrary, "messy" gelatinous mixtures called "colloids." Out of the muck of this enveloping and interpenetrating mixture he drags his quarry, some one chemical substance, and having it once free from defiling impurity, he has all the reasons of his past successes for believing that he will ultimately analyze it and synthesize it. With the proteids success proceeds apace. Emil Fischer of Berlin, his students, and his emulating colleagues the world over, have succeeded not only in isolating proteid bodies, but in splitting them down into determinable "cleavage products," and have, as a matter of fact, actually succeeded in synthesizing one or two of the simpler type. Just so surely as the years pass, so surely will chemistry devour the mystery of living matter. For, what is the teaching of these thousands of laboratory syntheses? Just this: that there is no substance in plant or animal that does not lie prone under the domination of chemical science; that there is visible in these substances *per se* no entity, no principle, no power called "Life."

There is a certain objection that will be, has been, urged against this conclusion of science. According to the objector: "You have pointed out certain atomic configurations existing in a living being that you can reconstruct in your laboratory, and I am willing to admit that you may accomplish this to an indefinite extent, but *are your laboratory methods those of Nature? And if not, may not Nature's methods be due to a presiding entity?*" This objection has force; *it is true*: the laboratory methods of organic synthesis have little relation, have barely an analogy with the processes that go on in the living organism. The chemist uses violent reagents, and he uses fire; the plant, on the contrary, proceeds to the elaboration of its complex compounds in the smoothest, mildest way, and within a degree or two of temperature. The action of the plant seems transcendental. But not at all; if the chemist cannot imitate the plant process, he has clues, several of them, to the mystery.

One of these clues is catalysis, the discovery of which is transforming the face of chemical science. There exist in the bodies of plants and animals substances that bring about chemical reactions by their mere presence—by merely being there; substances that dictate what reactions shall, or shall not, take place therein; these substances are, for the most part, called enzymes. Thus, there is diastase from barley malt, which, like the ptyalin of the saliva, has the power of transforming starch into sugar; there is pepsin in the gastric juice which decomposes insoluble albuminous food products into a soluble form; there is invertase from "yeast," which has the power to transform 200,000 times its weight of sugar into invert sugar, quite a different substance; there is rennet, which will transform 400,000 times its weight of soluble casein. Such substances, the most of them, remain quite unaffected by their valuable exertions. All the kinks and corners of the bodies of plants and animals have these efficient little chemical substances, which, at the right time and the right place, exert their powerful "personality" upon the juices of the organisms to their consequent reaction. Very remarkable are some contemporary discoveries of this type. There is the substance secretin, which, formed in the lining of the small intestine, passes into the blood, and when, in the course of its circulation, it comes into the pancreas, it causes by its mere presence the secretion of the pancreatic fluid, which itself contains an enzyme; secretin is the enzyme of an enzyme. There are other substances elaborated in the body of the prospective mother, which, introducing themselves into the blood, determine, again by their mere presence, the changes necessary for the proper emplacement of the unborn child. There are still others which, formed in the tissues of this child, will, when they pass into the blood of the mother, evoke in the mother's breast, at the proper time, the nourishment for the child when born. Organic substances such as these enzymes that do not, apparently, enter into a reaction, but, instead, cause it, are known as catalysts, and the process as catalysis. The presence of these influential substances in

the "living" organism is one of the factors that explain, in large measure, the ease with which reactions take place therein. This action is, at first acquaintance, so mysterious that it seems peculiarly a "vital" action; one thinks that, because it is outside the possibility of representation by chemical equations, it falls outside the scope of chemical inquiry. On the contrary, though, catalysis is as wide as chemistry. To illustrate this: An extract from the supra-renal glands has an astonishing power to augment the blood pressure. Out of this extract there was isolated a definite substance named adrenalin; its constitution was next established; then its laboratory synthesis; and now, made out of coal tar, it may be bought in the markets of the world with a physiological value equal to that of the natural product. This blood-pressure-raising principle, so valuable to the modern surgeon, is not a transcendental mystery; it is a thing to study.

The catalytic action of recognizedly inorganic substances having no relation to life it would take a dictionary to chronicle; they have even a wide industrial application (*vide* article on Catalysis, by the writer, in *Harper's* for January, 1906).

If the chemist does not yet understand the innermost heart of catalysis (which he certainly does not), he nevertheless understands fairly well the rules of its action, and to such an extent that it is rapidly being brought under the mathematical formulation of natural laws. Naturally, then, he does not regard these "vital" transformations with the awe of his scientific forebears—they are Chemistry, not "Life."

But there are substances known to general chemistry that act in the reverse way to a catalyst; these are negative catalysts, whose mere presence will retard or bring to a full stop many chemical reactions. When, then, corresponding to these substances already known in the outside world, the chemist finds in the "living" body anti-rennet, anti-pepsin, anti-diastase, anti-trypsin, and other negative catalysts, he feels himself by no means in the presence of a transcendental entity; he is in the presence of a chemistry that is as wide as matter.

Were it not for the limitations of space, we should discover that just as the search for "vitality" through certain activities of "living" matter has led us to chemical catalysis, so should we be led through others to photo-chemistry, and through still others, such as excitability, reproduction, and nervous action, to general physical chemistry. Wherever we look at a point in all the vast expanse of special properties connected with "living" matter that point resolves itself into a chemical mechanism, and into nothing else.

One of the phenomena of "living" matter, peculiarly "vital" in the hyper-mechanical explanations afforded for it, is "response," the power of an animal or a plant to respond to a stimulus. The muscles move in response to a nerve, the retina responds to light, the sensitive-plant to a touch, and so on. This power to respond, or irritability, is one of the signal manifestations of "Life." It has been discovered that one of the best methods of measuring this response is electrical in its nature, and through the elaboration and perfecting of this method some surprising information appears. Just as animals and plants respond to a stimulus, so do metals and other inorganic substances. Furthermore, just as animals and plants become fatigued, and refuse to respond under a stimulation that is continuous, so do metals. Living beings and metals are alike, too, in their action under stimulants, substances that have the faculty of exalting this power of response; they are alike in temporarily losing this power under the action of anæsthetics; they are alike in the diminution of the intensity of this power under the action of depressants like potassium bromide; they are alike in losing it permanently under the action of poisons; and in a multitude of other similitudes, it has been shown that this whole business of the power of an animal or a plant to respond to stimuli is a function, not of "Life," but of matter, and with the out-and-out proof of this has passed away the necessity of postulating for it any unknowable and arbitrary "vital" force.

But outside the substances of "living" things and their special activities, there

are the *forms* of them—so different from the substances of the mineral world that they seem of a wholly different order. Persistent investigation, however, tells a different story. The difference between the organic and the inorganic worlds is by no means so accentuated as appears. Thus, from crystallography, we hear of "sterile" liquids containing substances in solution that require the presence of a crystalline "germ" to bring about the "birth" of crystals—curiously biological language for crystallography to indulge itself in unnecessarily. We hear of veritable artificial tissues that simulate in a marvellous way the cellular tissues of the living plant, even to their division and segmentation. We hear of multitudes of mineral forms, artificially constituted, that betray the most manifold likeness to the beautiful forms of the smaller organisms—artificial amœbæ, diatoms, radiolaria, and many others, made out of mineral silicates. The studies of the relations of mineral forms to the forms of living organisms constitute a new science—*plasmology*. This science is very new, but already it tells us, and in no uncertain tone, that the form and structure of "living" things are due solely to the interplay of physical and chemical forces, and that they are in no fashion the expression of an inner "Life"; that even man, in form and action so divine, is, speaking physically, just as much so, and no more than the veriest water-worn rock of ocean.

Then, again, there is the energy of the "living" body. If there is in the body any presiding entity it must be, from the very definitions of this "Life," a working entity, and hence there is entire propriety in expecting evidence of its existence in some difference between the income and the outgo of bodily energy. It may be that "Life" would add to the bodily energy, it may be that it would subtract it, but simple reasonableness demands that if it is as "energetic" as defined, it ought to alter it. But refined experimentation denies the evidence. Professor Atwater's investigations into nutrition have shown in the most convincing manner that the body derives all its energy from the food consumed, or, if the food is insufficient,

from its own body-tissue. The outgo of energy is exactly equal to the income, and it may be regarded as established by his experiments with the respiration calorimeter that the law of the conservation of energy holds for the animal body. Rubner is still another investigator who has done yeoman service in proving this same fact. There is, therefore, in the employment of energy by the "living" body no hint whatever of the existence of a "Life." It is positively what it ought to be, were the body solely a mass of matter undergoing chemical change.

Finally, there are other functions of a living organism, general functions, such as movement, reproduction, assimilation. May it not be that one or some of these are extra-chemical? For example, there are the parallel processes of constructive and destructive metabolism, the mysterious weaving and unweaving of our bodily garment. Out of the depths of our physical being there arise, unceasingly, complicating molecules of substance; there are islands of atoms, kingdoms of atoms, and finally, as worlds of atoms, these protoplasmic molecules break into their disintegration products; all this over and over again, and so we "live" in the stream of energy produced there-through. The inorganic world has many analogies to this; crude little analogies, but such as are sufficient to show that this upbuilding and unbuilding in a stream of energy are by no means peculiar to the "vital" process. It may be that the light that is shining on this page is emitted by a gas-mantle. This mantle consists of 999 volumes of thoria to 1 volume of ceria. This speck of ceria is absolutely essential to the light emissivity of the mantle. Its powers, apparently, lie in this, that in the burning lamp the ceria is constantly taking up oxygen from the air which it hands over to the gas for burning, producing thereby the incandescence of the enveloping thoria; oxide and peroxide, oxide and peroxide, the ceria is incessantly building and breaking throughout the life of the lamp. If this explanation of its powers is true, it gives us the simplest example of this constructive and destructive metabolism.

The great mystery about this process has always been the constructive phase

of it, the growth of "living" matter through assimilation. I shall take space to examine this assimilation, for it has always been the *bête noire* of the mechanists. Since assimilation is a phenomenon of all "living" matter, it simplifies things to examine one of the elemental forms of "life." There is an acknowledgedly "living" thing—a bacterium—which, for convenience, is called A, and it is examined at the time T. At this *precise moment* it consists of n substances chemically defined. It exists in a liquid medium, beef broth, which contains m substances, also chemically defined. Is there anything more? Nothing that we know of. Between these $n + m$ substances certain reactions take place, and at the end of an instant, T_1 , the bacterium A is changed; it now consists not of n , but of n_1 substances. Now, behold a miracle: At the end of a certain time this changed bacterium undergoes a succession of further changes, and finally divides into two bacteria, B_1 and B_2 , each of which at the time T_1 consists of n substances, the same substances as are contained in A at the time T but doubled in quantity. Nor is this the end of the process, for, remaining in the same medium, these two bacteria B_1 and B_2 change just as A did, and, at a given moment, they too divide, so that there result four bacteria— C_1 , C_2 , C_3 , and C_4 —also at a given instant containing these same n substances as A at the time T but quadrupled in quantity. Finally, as the result of the indefinite successive division and redivision of C_1 , C_2 , C_3 , and C_4 , we have the broth swarming with myriads upon myriads of bacteria, each containing at a given instant the same n substances as are contained in A at the time T. How curious is all this to the chemist! That a mass of chemical substance, having a certain composition at a given time, should change and grow, and in that change and growth should suddenly reduplicate itself, and this over and over again, until this multiplication of the initial substance is extreme. Ah well, this is assimilation, the one phenomenon beyond all others that has led man to believe in the existence of a transcendental "Life" governing matter. But re-examine the phenomenon described. This beef broth in which the

bacteria are now swarming has changed profoundly from its original condition. There has been a large evolution of carbonic acid, and many new substances have appeared in it that are discoverable through chemical analysis. Evidently these swarms of bacteria are due to chemical interaction with the broth. In fact, this "assimilation" seems to resolve itself into this: That in the original bacterium A there were certain substances that can react with the medium to reproduce themselves up to the chemical destruction of the broth. This is a curious chemistry, and a new chemistry, but I fail to see anything in it *but* chemistry. Just why these plastic substances react with the medium to reproduce their identical substance nobody knows; but neither does anybody know, one whit more, why oxygen and hydrogen react together to produce a substance wholly different—water. Of course, chemistry knows more with every passing sun, but in the mean time it is satisfactory that this mysterious "assimilation," this multiplication of plastic substance, may be represented in the form of an equation. There is the plastic substance a , and the medium Q , and the products of the reaction R , and, hence, $a + Q = Xa + R$, where X is a number greater than 1. No "Life" figures in this equation; nothing superchemical—nothing hyper-mechanical; nor is there any visible reason why there should.

And as with "assimilation," so with the other functions of living matter—even with the mysterious phenomena such as contagion, immunity, the actions of anti-toxins, venoms, etc.; in no phenomenon of living matter is there to be found the necessity of postulating anything other than chemistry.

The search has proved unavailing; instead of living and lifeless matter there has been found—just matter; we have sought for "Life" and we have found "Law."

It is true that there have been here examined but the sparsest few of the known facts of natural knowledge. This has been done in order to make these few significant, and with the idea of saying in this place advisedly and plainly that all the related facts of contemporary science declare the same story, that

there is no supernatural entity visible in the activities of living matter. Further, it is true that that which we know is as nothing to what remains to be known; that science knows the secrets of "living" matter would be as preposterous a statement as man could make. There exist in the living body whole regions of activity of which science has no faintest glimpse, though we are sure that the secrets therein are chemical. Our knowledge is but a pinhole in the veil of our ignorance, but through this pinhole this much may be seen, that the complex mobile mass of matter undergoing chemical reaction that passes as a "living" being proceeds in substance, action, form, and motion as much under the laws of chemistry as any piece of zinc in a test-tube of sulphuric acid. We have seen the master workman at his work, but the face disclosed is Chemistry, not "Life."

We come, then, to the conclusion that every bodily action takes place through the operation of, and in accordance with, natural laws. If by Life is meant a transcendental entity that acts in place of these laws, or transects them, there is no evidence of its existence in living matter; the body is a mechanism through and through.

And yet, however unreasonable it may appear, and unnecessary and even absurd, this law-ridden living matter does not consist of matter alone. There are tangled up in it, somehow—associated with it—strange things called perceivings, thinkings, willings, feelings, and consciousness, things that are not matter at all. There are, thus, the two parts of us, the matter part of us and the not matter part of us. What is the relation between them? In this, of course, is asked the riddle of the world. The answers are not so many, and they are as old as thought.

It may safely be said that many, perhaps most, men of science—physiological chemists, biologists, and psychologists—are agreed upon one. "There is no 'Life' apparently necessary to, or visible in, the body: there is no 'Life.'" Upon this assumption they believe and they teach that all our feelings, thinkings, and willings, our very consciousness, are the products of the play of the physico-chemical processes in the brain. They

believe that were it possible to understand, completely understand, the nervous system of any man, it would be possible to account completely for his conduct: that man is an automaton, the most delicate mechanism in the world, composed of differentiated structures exquisitely sensitive to the play of physical and chemical forces, and wholly accounted for by them. They believe that mind is wholly a product of matter (collateral product, they call it), that consciousness simply "holds a candle" to our activities, and that the power of the will is illusory. In other words, there is no entity called "Life." This belief, which is, of course, very old, is now under a new name, *mechanism*, blowing about the world from corner to corner. But the men who are militant in preaching this creed are men of science, men whose philosophy is essentially an avocation; and consequently the question arises as to how acceptable this creed is to modern philosophers, men whose sole business it is to study these high matters. It is safe to say that there is, today, in America, no teacher of pure philosophy of any prominence who is a mechanist, nor, indeed, any of the highest standing in Europe. This fact seems very significant, and it leads one to ask why men of science are so generally mechanists, and why philosophers are not?

The belief of the man of science, when carefully considered, seems to depend, not on reason, but on motive. The positive function of science is to arrange all phenomena in an orderly causative array; its ultimate ambition is to find for all the happenings of the universe one single vast equation, in which figures every past and every future event; the object of science is to destroy chaos. In dealing with matter the man of science finds himself most encouragingly successful in his efforts, and to such an extent that when confronted with mind he obtains an intense desire, in order to facilitate this great business of setting his house in order, to tag it on to matter *as a product*, thus bringing mind into the causal array of an exact mechanical sys-

tem. This is the so-called "legitimate materialism of science."

But this materialism is really illegitimate. The philosophers have shown that it takes its rise in a pure assumption, that it is self-contradictory, that it is unimaginable, that it does not explain, and that it is the result of a prejudice for an orderly universe at the expense of a significant one.

The great fundamental assumption of the mechanist lies apparently in placing in a logical sequence the two statements: There is no "Life" visible—There is no "Life"; the hyphen between them is actually a chasm of illogicality. That the body is a mechanism in which every muscle and gland and nerve functions through chemical law, and through nothing else, is a conviction that grows with every passing day; furthermore, if by "Life" is meant a spiritual entity that is interfering with these chemical processes, its existence may with reasonable safety be denied. But if by "Life" is meant a spiritual entity that abides within the body, and to a limited extent guides and directs its activities *without interfering with its energetics*, we cannot possibly deny its existence; our only means of detecting such an entity is through interference. That there may be in the body a resident entity that guides without interfering is not by any means contra-scientific. For example, it may be that the relation between the chemical nerve processes and the psychic processes is one of induction, crudely analogous, let us say, to electro-magnetic induction, and it is possible even to-day to draw a parallel between the two processes to a very persuasive degree. With the ever growing establishment of the fact that biology is nothing but a branch of chemistry it is not forbidden us to imagine that ultimately in the far future it may be possible through a new science, chemical-psychology, to correlate the chemical processes of nervous action with the psychic processes of a spiritual being enveloping them in such a way that it will appear, demonstrably, that "we, also, are His children."

The Sheltering of Cecilia

BY ALTA BRUNT SEMBOWER

DERING followed the maid's instructions to go up to Miss Gay's sitting-room; from the staircase he could see his old friend sitting before an open fire, with a bandaged ankle, and a face which took more of its tone, apparently, from the March rain that fretted against her windows than from the flames that crackled and chirped to keep her company. She welcomed the sight, or rather the sound, of a visitor with joy. She began speaking before Dering could be clearly made out in the gloom of the hallway.

"Here you are, at last—on two legs, to make me envious. A sculptor might grieve to lose an arm, but it is nothing to the hardship for a gossip of being deprived of the use of her feet. I haven't been anywhere for a week. This happened to me"—she had her two hands by this time upon the young man's outstretched one—"after the Staffords' ball, and not a soul that has anything worth a row of pins to say has been near to discuss it. Not even Cecilia—who has sent instead angelic messages. And you, Philip—you are off, as usual, to the wilds somewhere. One might break twenty bones and you would be nowhere near to prevent. Off!—off in the midst of the season, when everything here is at the top of its gayety, and all other places—such as those you've been to, doubtless—are dull! It is insanity, or worse."

"Worse," Dering laughed, with an indulgence which was none the less pleasant to see because it was addressed by youth to maturity instead of the more usual opposite direction, "if you call rationality worse. Weston telegraphed me to come to Gloucester for a stay, and I went—quite sanely, as I thought. He had some stories and some good tobacco. Was that dull? If I could have saved your twenty bones by staying here, you know he would have telegraphed in vain. But I couldn't foresee that,

could I? There was nothing else to stay for."

His friend did not follow up her attack at once.

"Nothing to stay for!" A laugh, whose reproach was lost upon Dering as he drew his chair near hers to the fire, broke significantly from her. "Doesn't it occur to you that that is odd talk from an engaged man? Nothing to stay away from Gloucester for, in the winter, when there can be nothing there but ice and fishermen's tales of storms at sea. Nothing in Boston! Nothing—with Cecilia here?"

Her repetition caught the young man's ear still as lightness, as she saw with her sober glance. She watched him flush a little—evidently by the gleam in her eyes she drew some satisfaction from it; but his laugh was frank and steady. "Cecilia? Yes, Cecilia is here. But Cecilia—angel as you say she is!—gets on quite happily in her smooth, saintlike way, with one less earthly presence. Cecilia wouldn't have let me miss Weston and his fishermen's tales, if I had asked her."

Miss Gay looked across the fire screen into the fire. "I said she was an angel, but I didn't say she was a saint. Saint Cecilia!—is that what wealth and care and beauty are to make of her? I hope not—yes, I do; I hope not. I am decidedly an earthly person; I believe that there is a very fine kind of earthly happiness, and I want—my friends—to have it. It was about that that I was thinking when I sent for you this afternoon. I want to talk about it, and about Cecilia."

If she had wanted to talk about things less attractive in themselves, Dering's square, boyish face, with its look of trust in her, announced that it would find no fault.

"I am to talk to Cecilia herself in half an hour," he volunteered as a preliminary to the conversation. "A note came from her at almost the same time

as yours. It asked me to come to see her at—”

“Her note? Then she has written?” Miss Gay’s voice betrayed excitement.

“Well, she does write, sometimes,” he smiled, a little dryly. “Are you going to find that strange, Miss Amanda? You are bent upon being mysterious to-day.”

The word determined Miss Gay’s purpose. “No, that is just what I am bent upon not being—mysterious.” She sighed with her little ironic laugh, then sighed without it. “You know, Philip, that I adore Cecilia. Her aunt, of course, is my old friend; we’ve brought her up together. Abbie Drayton has her faults; she is a selfish woman; if it had not been for her selfish wish not to be left alone, Cecilia might have been married—happily, I hope”—Miss Gay’s keen eyes dwelt on Dering for just an instant—“long ago. But there are things in Abbie Drayton that I’m faithful to. And there is more than that in Cecilia. She is a good child who has run the gauntlet of all kinds of coddling, and has not been spoiled by it. Abbie Drayton thinks she has lavished herself upon Cecilia: Cecilia is, in fact, the slave of her very love. No matter—no more of that regret now! We are all committed. Cecilia has been sheltered thus far: we are bound to carry it on. I, for one, am pledged to myself, beyond all other things, to think of her happiness.”

She paused with earnest eyes upon Dering. His face was a study for her. Finally he took her last statement simply. “I am pledged to it, too.” He hesitated; his wistfulness tried to be bold. “Do you doubt it, Miss Amanda?”

She shook her head without looking at him. “No, I do not doubt it, Philip. And yet—and yet,” her voice was still determined, “hasn’t it lain with you?”

“I haven’t met it, then, in your opinion.” The young man’s lips were painfully drawn.

“Well—*have* you met it?”

Her tenacity drove him to helpless anger. “What is it that you mean, Miss Gay? What have I failed in? Do you think I do not see how delicate, how fragile, Cecilia is? How she is to be guarded—how every one—any one—is to be sacrificed to keep her happy?”

Miss Gay’s quick sigh was hopeless, too, with protest. “Oh! More guarding! I have certainly told you that she has had an abundance of that. Leave us womenkind to do it. You—you—”

“I—what *can* I do to please you?”

His friend’s look was a reproach from her sex to his. “You might have loved her, Philip.”

It was what he had seen in her eyes for a long time; it was what she, for a longer time, had seen in his; but it had never been expressed before between them. Dering sat tremulous and silent before it for an instant; then his color flamed. “I think you ought—I think—”

“You think I am a mischievous old woman.” Miss Gay’s eyes turned from his face in a recoil from her self-imposed task. “I think I am that, and worse, too. Don’t mind me. Let it pass—all I have said.”

But Dering’s face had found a pride which refused her mercy. “I think you ought to know, Miss Gay, that I do love her. I cannot remember a time, since we were children, when Cecilia did not seem to me the fairest, the gentlest, the finest person in the world. I never thought myself half good enough for her.”

“No, not half good enough—there was the trouble.” Miss Gay was recovering her whimsicality. “It is more hopeless than thinking yourself too good. Men may love a woman who is a little lower than the angels. They cannot breathe the air with one who is quite at that height. No—your mother and Abbie Drayton made *that* match.”

“We thought we loved each other,” said Dering, with the most hopeless assent that he had yet made to his friend’s accusations.

“You both thought so—you mean! Ah, yes, I thought so too, once, looking at you. But I saw when you, Philip, didn’t think so any longer. And now I have hopes—hopes!—that Cecilia—” Miss Gay broke off with a curious expression. “Cecilia is dear to me, as I have told you—and yet, you are my boy. Listen, Philip—” Dering’s friend bent over to him with a sudden sharp decision. “Are you sure about your feeling for that pretty rose-brown girl—such a sad little gipsy—that we met in the West? Are you sure? It was

a strange thing that you, both living here, should meet at the ends of the earth there, and suddenly crowd in each other's minds all the rest of us poor world out. Cecilia with the rest of us!" Miss Gay became aware of the young man's face, strained in amazement. "Oh, you didn't know I knew it? Dear boy, how could I help but know it? She is winning, I admit it, though I warn you. Philip, that, for perhaps no fault of hers, I must hate her. Do you ever see her?" She challenged him in her old capacity. "Tell me the truth."

He told it. "I never see her. Once I passed her in the street." He added, after a moment, "She wouldn't let me come to see her."

The woman nodded. "Ah, she knows you are engaged. That is honest!" As a reward her interest lingered for a moment longer with the girl. "She works somewhere here—I think somebody told me—in a library. You know that?" She was watching him shrewdly, with no attempt to disguise what she was looking for.

He was gazing with a rigid face. "Don't think I ever told her. I am honest, too—in a degree. But—you remember the storm at the curve on Pike's Peak; when we were all so scared and thrown about. I saw her face then, and she saw—me."

"Oh, poor children!"

Her pity steadied him. "But we have never seen each other, alone, since that. It has been months."

"I know how long it has been, exactly. I sha'n't forget that trip, if it is not so remarkable perhaps for me as for you. I sha'n't forget that snow-storm, either. It was the very snow-storm—how strangely things fit together!—that young Mackellar made his name by, as he calls it. Don't you know how the Boston papers liked his account of it? Mackellar—do you remember him, Philip? Do you see much of him now? Do you like him, Philip? I have a reason for wanting to know."

"I know him," said Dering, staring at her vehemence. "I know Mackellar—everybody knows him. At least, he knows everybody, and everything, I believe. That, he says, is necessary to his business—a journalist must put his fin-

ger in everybody's pie. It may be true; though I know one or two who don't. It's the thing, I suppose, that I can't accept in him. It's practically prying, and he's very free with what he gets. He hasn't any secrets—as the fellows used to say at school—with himself."

"You mean he is ingenuous?" said Miss Gay, with keen attention to all of these details. "But isn't that a virtue? People think so, I know. Women in particular, I believe, find such transparency attractive."

"Women?" Dering's smile took on more naturalness as the discussion left his trouble behind. "Do you mean any woman in particular? Not you, Miss Gay?"

"No, not I—exactly. I wasn't attracted by him on our first acquaintance with him on the trip. He was so omnipresent. His voice was always vying with the scenery for our interest. But I think he is innocent. I think perhaps I can like him." At Dering's little gleam of surprise, Miss Gay's deliberate accents broke into a run. "I don't believe there's any gradual way to tell it, Philip, but I sent for you to say I believe Cecilia is interested in him."

"Cecilia?" His friend's insinuations came to Dering in a mass which crushed him under it. He half rose from his chair, then sank back heavily. "Oh, not Cecilia! He isn't good enough to breathe the air—"

Miss Gay's glance pierced him. "A dog in the manger, Philip—you?"

The accusation did not change him. "He isn't good enough," he repeated, stubbornly.

Miss Gay leaned forward as far as her straitened position would allow. Her lips had closed for a struggle; but as she studied his face her tone changed from sternness to entreaty. "If you don't want her, Philip, don't dare to touch her faith in any one who does. Men are not perfect. If he loves her—Oh, who is good enough? You say yourself that you are not."

"No"—Dering shook his head—"no, I'm not good enough." There was a suggestion of many things in his tone.

His friend shook her head with sadness, with her mind evidently made up to



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

"CECILIA IS THE ONE TO BE CONSIDERED, FIRST AND LAST"

one thing. "Ah, you *don't* want her." She resigned herself to this in a moment's silence. But her tension was unrelaxed. "Let this go on, then—help it on! For Cecilia's happiness, as well as yours."

Dering came out of his absorption. "What do you want me to do?" His tone was sharp with trouble. "Do you want me to tell her to marry a fellow I despise?"

Miss Gay's face and tone were lofty. "I want you to set her free to marry the man she loves." As Dering started, with a protest, she laid a gentle hand upon his arm. "Oh, I know you won't refuse it, if she asks. But the thing I doubt is, whether she will ask. She could not bear to hurt you. She doesn't know—poor babe, so blinded by the gifts which we all have showered upon her!—she has never seen, I fancy, that the greatest of them has not been yours to her. She will not have the courage to tell you that she has changed. But she will show it. You must help her. You must watch to see her slightest efforts. Do you understand? Will you promise?"

She was bending toward him with an earnestness which had no doubt of its desire. Dering moved helplessly. "Oh, I can promise." He rose and walked the floor from his chair to the window and back again. "What makes you sure, Miss Gay? Can't you tell me everything? I don't know how to act upon suspicion."

"There is nothing in the world I want so much," said Miss Gay, relaxing, "as to tell you everything. It's what I've waited for. I've lain awake over it, while the doctor scolds my wretched foot for my fever. It has been my secret for a week; it came to me at the Stafford ball; it was in my head, I suppose, when my foot slipped on the carriage step and incapacitated me for further investigation. Unfortunately it did not incapacitate me for thought. I have been racked with the problem as to what my duty was, until the news of your arrival home resolved me to the simplest thing—you must know, *you* could act. If you had been at the ball—but no more scolding! Cecilia was there, very lovely, as always, with her pearls. Mackellar was there; he is, as you say, everywhere, either in an official capacity or in his own. He

was devoted to her. I didn't know he knew her; that was why I noticed it. My romantic soul, as many people are pleased to call it, has been condemned so often that I myself frowned it down when it suggested that you had a rival. But I couldn't be mistaken any longer when at last he came and sat with me. Our talk was of the Western trip, and that led—as our talk of it has led to him—to you. Nothing was said, of course—nothing; but it was unmistakably significant."

"But he must know—" Dering broke in, perplexedly.

"About your engagement?" Miss Gay had a genius for unexpressed meanings. "Yes, he must know it. Yet one could scarcely blame him if he did not. These long, quiet engagements are really—forgive me!—almost as good as none. At any rate, he wanted more evidence, apparently, than the ring Cecilia wears. And he had set about getting it. Oh, he is in earnest, if that ought to excuse him. His face was full of anxious, nervous purpose. Well, they vanished during one dance into the conservatory. After that they came back. Cecilia came—after a time—and sat with me." The story ended, as it were, no less decidedly because the end was vague.

"She—told you?" Dering asked, a little pale.

His friend transfixed him. "Told me? What was there to tell? Isn't Cecilia the very flower of honor? Could she have told me that she loved him, when she was bound to you? Could she have betrayed that he had revealed himself, and that he had said what he shouldn't have, even with the least suspicion that she was not free? No, she told me nothing. She just sat there and *shone*. It was almost unearthly. It wasn't like happiness exactly: her face was too pale and uplifted for that. Yet there was joy and realization in it, too. And oh, her gentleness!"

Dering's voice was deep. "Oh yes, I know her gentleness!" But his face betrayed that he did not yet see the situation in as simple a light as Miss Gay saw it. If vanity had to do with his slowness, he was not sufficiently aware of it to try to conceal it. Miss Gay had her own opinion, apparently. Her severity did not relax as her appeal increased.

"What does it matter if he is a little horrid? If she can care like that? Haven't you seen women care so, when you have been begrudging the moment that you have had to spend with their paragons? I am not thinking of Mackellar, nor of you, even, Philip—I refuse to. Cecilia is the one to be considered, first and last."

"First and last," Dering repeated, with a fervency which did not hesitate. But his brows were still in knots of resistance. "You are a good advocate, Miss Gay. But this is strange—strange, I mean, that it hasn't shown." He caught a look in his friend's face that made him pause with a laugh. "Of course you have made it plain to me often that I am as slow as any tortoise that ever looked out with wonderment from his shell at the world. And of course I've been away." With a sudden thought he thrust his hand into his pocket and spread out a letter before her. "There is Cecilia's note—I wonder if you will find something strange in that."

Miss Gay's eyes scanned the note. "... A friend" (she read) "has asked me to come to see some books at the Boston Library at five. I wonder if you would mind coming there a little earlier? I know you are just back in town. I had a fancy not to wait until later in the evening to see you. My fancies you are kind to always, so I shall expect—"

Miss Gay's eyes left the page to fix her friend with hopeless scorn. "Strange?—you question it? It is so strange that if you had flown there and waited you might have been spared this interference of mine. It is all coming out—she has the courage, after all. After all, a woman has it, when it means her happiness. Mackellar, of course, is the friend. Don't you see that he is revolutionizing all her ways? I remember she told me he had taken her once to see some pictures somewhere. He is one of those people who discover your own possessions for you. He will be taking her to explore the Public Gardens next. He'll have her sitting on a bench. Poor, happy things!" Miss Gay began unconsciously to hurry her visitor away. "Don't wait to stir the fire—the maid can do it. Did she say five? Tell her—no, you can't give her a message. But I

shall tell her, as soon as I can get a word with her, that, frankly, I rejoice—"

She had forgotten Dering, and he was glad. He put the thought of his own future far from him as he eddied about in the whirlpool of emotion which she had aroused. One thing was plain to him; he made his way toward it. He must see Cecilia; until that, thought and emotion must wait. He took a car, standing outside on the platform while the rain floated against his face. The feeling most nearly distinct with him was one of helplessness. To be snatched from the depths of resignation—in which there is a security that is not unblest—is sometimes little less appalling than to be snatched from hope or despair. Was that to come? Dering breathed a silent petition to his inner self that it should not prove unequal in this interview to whatever was to come.

There was no carriage waiting in front of the Library. He climbed the wide, wet steps with the certainty that he should not find Cecilia. But he found her, after his swift climb of the yellow staircase, seated in the darkened room about the ceiling of which Galahad moves on his sombrely gorgeous quest. Cecilia was bent over one of the bethumbed, printed pages which guide to the understanding of the painted story. He went toward her with a smile.

"You came in all this rain?"

"I came in all this rain!" He was used to brightness in her, but there was an eagerness, a keenness, in her tone to-day which sounded quickly as a new note to him. He prepared himself for others. This was to be an interview in which, thanks to Miss Gay's aid, he was to anticipate all the effects which the girl should—perhaps painfully—lead up to. He felt an honest impulse to cry out to her tenderly. "Don't try to be so careful. Strike out. I sha'n't be hurt." But a second thought was scarcely needed to reduce that impulse to its place among impossibilities.

"I came in the rain," Cecilia went on, with lightness, "and I came without the carriage. What is your opinion of that? Aunt Abigail's opinion is that I have gone insane. And I proved to be in the worst stage of madness—quite unmanageable. Before her eyes I walked out and

hailed a car. It has occurred to me lately, Philip, that I am getting old."

"You are getting old?" repeated Dering. He was trying to grasp an impression which tantalizingly held off from him. What was the difference in this Cecilia from the Cecilia that he knew so well? Was it true, as she was already hinting simply, that there was a shade more of experience in her face? There was a difference somehow in her—somewhere. Was it a difference of age—in a month? What influence had made it? Miss Gay's words came pounding at the gate which had refused them admittance before. Mackellar's influence—?

"I'm getting old," Cecilia re-echoed. "At last I'm beginning to see, a little, some of the things that I've missed." Her cheerful tone sank suddenly. "I have a notion, Philip, all at once, to see the world. I've been like the little tailor that stayed at home and killed his seven flies. I've accepted myself as a great thing in my way. I think I should like to do things as other girls do them—that is, as many girls do, who walk, and work, and live harder than I. That's why I came down here in the rain, instead of having you come out for tea. I've sat here thinking—looking at that lonely Galahad. Have you seen these pictures, Philip?"—she directed his eyes to the frieze. "I never have before. They seem to me to represent a great deal of passion and pain pursuing itself around this quiet place."

Dering's thoughts were not upon the pictures. "Passion?" he agreed, with an absent glance at them. "Well, a white passion, as far as earthly things go, shouldn't you say? Renunciation perhaps."

"Renunciation?" Cecilia's tone was alert. "You don't think that is pain?"

"Well, negatively, yes." Dering was roused to thought by her persistence. "You forget the end of the story." He directed her glance in turn, with a smile, to the pictures. "There is glory at the end of it."

"Do you think it—glory—compensates one?"

Her earnestness perplexed him. A sudden gleam—a watchful spark—in her eyes sharpened his senses. Suddenly he saw—how blind, how laboring he was, for

all his preparation. Renunciation!—the word was a key to her purpose. She meant his own renunciation. He had almost lost his chance to help her. With a bound he seized it before it had quite slipped away.

"Yes, it does compensate one. Helped, at least, by many things that make up for loss. One has something to renounce—one has had a great deal, perhaps, of a fine thing. Then one puts it by, and probably gets on quite peacefully without it." He wondered if he had been too plain. He added hastily, with a slightly confused laugh, "With glory besides all this, at the end." His tone, in fact, had to make an effort not to be buoyant. He had not realized how easy the task of helping her would be.

"You think, then," Cecilia hung on his words with a breathless attention. "that the woman up there—what is it that they call her, *Blanche-fleur*?—is more blessed, sending Galahad away, than those poor pious women who kneel beside his horse; who never had a claim to him. They do not give him up. She gives him up. Does she forget him?"

Dering thought quickly. "Why should she forget him? May she not remember him, and be happy? There are many things to live for." In spite of his content to help her he felt a tinge of shame at the double situation. More than before he longed to cry out: "Cast me off. I sha'n't mind it." But he could only compromise by making his tone as simple and straightforward as his wish. "We make life—don't you think?—a matter too much of one or two emotions. There are many—simple worthy ones to live for. Doesn't it distort life to make it all a matter of one?" A vision of a rose-brown face appeared before him, stopped him, challenged him. Through a blur he saw Cecilia's own delicate features intent upon him. He broke through the mist, smiling, with an effort. "We are talking of great things to-day."

"Yes," said Cecilia. She, moreover, to judge by her eyes, was seeing things now very clearly. The doubt and trouble was gone from her face. "We are talking of great things." She laughed softly, gazing at Dering so intently that he prepared himself for the words to come. "I have been thinking of great things lately.

At least to me they are great. Perhaps you will think I am crazy, too—my aunt will think so. But to-day I've run away from her. I've run down here, Philip, because—because—” now that the moment had come she faltered. She lowered her eyes, gathering resolution. Then, with a swift glance around at the absorbed whispering persons near them, she slipped something in her hand toward him; her glove was off. “I can't prepare you for it any longer, Philip. It is your ring—won't you please take it?”

He took it dumbly. Now that the moment had come, he too was faltering. He saw no way to help. His part seemed to be only to submit. He could do that, but he was doing it, he felt, without any particular grace or dignity. His emotions were so fleeting that he grasped the first one which lingered long enough to show its face to him. It amazed him by being something like irritation. It was at least surprise that Cecilia, with all her gentleness, should express herself in this situation with no more tact than to let him see how much the bond had oppressed her; how eager she was to escape from it. It was some moments before he realized that Cecilia—not having had the advantage of an illuminating half-hour with Miss Gay—was not unreasonable in expecting him to show—to feel—some surprise. In the sudden stage fright which this necessity to play a part threw him into he was grateful for the one emotion which was real with him, even though it was nothing more worthy than wounded vanity.

“You want to be released?” he heard himself saying, under the stress of it. The words were cold in sound. They

carried his feeling, of itself, into a second stage. “I should scarcely have dared to think, of course, that I could make you happy.”

Cecilia looked as if she were going to give a little cry. It translated itself into



“I WANT YOU TO BE HAPPY IN YOUR OWN WAY”

a swift movement of her hand toward him, followed by a swift withdrawal. Her eyes were piteously wide. “Oh, it was not a question—never a question of you! You were—you were *kind*.” She paused. “You would have made me quite as happy as you—could. But I have found—” her voice dropped again, in spite of her apparently, into a wistful note. “I must be happy, Philip, in my own way.”

“In your own way,” Dering repeated, feeling as he did so that he had done nothing but repeat things all the afternoon. Was the time ever to come when he might say things independently? If he should assume that the time had come now, he knew that he could not have kept

from his lips the question as to whether she was sure that Mackellar was her way. He could not have kept it back. He was too much concerned, aside from all vanity, in her being sure. She was too real a treasure, as she sat there in her dainty worldly garments, with her dainty unworldly face, to be squandered on a callow, selfish enthusiast. He realized now that his position in being bound to her, even though his heart had slipped out of the bond, had not been an unvalued one in the knowledge that he had had that he was guarding a treasure. It took him a full moment after this realization—with a sudden smiting appreciation of what Miss Gay must think of his attitude—to see how presumptuous, how magnificently self-righteous, that attitude had been. "Better me without love than a lesser man with it," he heard himself inaudibly saying to Cecilia. "Better the husk of me, unloved, than the substance of a lesser man, beloved"—that was what the attitude had become now. He rose with a sudden tenderness toward Mackellar, a feeling which bore greater witness to his humility than the self-contempt which accompanied it. "I want you to be happy in your own way, dear Cecilia." The tender word had not for a long time risen so sweetly to his lips. "In any way, with me or without me, just as you see fit."

"Without you, then." Cecilia caught the phrase up, with a little broken smile. She lifted the printed card and studied it intently for an instant or two; then she looked up determinedly again. "And now that I have asked so much, Philip, I want to ask a little more. I want to ask that you won't think me quite foolish in having asked you here to tell you this, instead of telling you at home, where we have been so—so happy. I want you to think, if you can, that I acted with an honest feeling; that I wanted to do this in a simple, practical way, and that, melodramatic as this way seems, it seemed the nearest way to getting me out of the old attitude and into a new courage. Then—I want you to forget it, quite. I want you to be happy"—she paused, then added, "too."

"Oh, I can promise that," said Dering, choosing words at random in his earnest concern. If that concern had not been

so real and absorbing, he might have yielded to a momentary anger at circumstances which would not let him off without further playing of his double part. Cecilia herself seemed transformed indeed, since delicacy laid no restraint upon her assumption that he would care so much. This thought he smothered before the pained gaze of her eyes. She was very white and motionless. "You must go," said Dering, with an assumption of his old gentle authority with her. "You must let me see you safe home." He was growing so contained himself that he yielded to a lightness. "Haven't you sufficiently tested what it is to be a carriageless and chaperonless being?"

"No," said Cecilia. She proved surprisingly equal to this. "No, I haven't found out yet what that is like—what is the secret? No, I must stay and see." She recovered, as if with a gasp, her color and brightness. "You must not wait, though. You are too much a protector yourself. Don't you remember that I am to have an afternoon? The carriage is to hunt me out, and carry me back presently. Meantime, there are some books to be seen, and there is—the friend I spoke of, you remember. He will surely be here soon. It is Mr. Mackellar—did I mention him to you?"

"You didn't mention him," replied Dering. He was silent for a moment. "You know Mackellar well?" he asked at last.

His voice was strained; he was not surprised that Cecilia, at the sound of it, gazed up at him with a sudden question in her face. She did not speak: Dering felt himself to be under a look which, if not as suspicious as Miss Gay's friendly scrutiny had been, was quite as searching. He stood his ground inwardly. He could bear suspicion from Cecilia too, if that must be, for her good. But all at once her tone relieved him of responsibility. She showed a face whose gentle loftiness announced that she was able at last to protect and to indulge herself. "Know Mr. Mackellar? Oh, I know him—yes. He has been very, very—kind."

There was no appeal from this. She understood. She made her choice. She took her chance. Dering stood for an instant longer. Then he took up his hat. "Good-by."

Cecilia did not put out her hand. Instead she clasped one on the other, pressing both upon the edge of the table, as she looked up with a smile. "Good-by. And don't forget your promise; to be happy—too."

The word rasped on his nerves distinctly this time; it suggested so transparently the alien influence. He felt an impulse to say something quick and cold; but he resisted it, after all, before her little dauntless smile.

"Good-by"—he turned away, with a helpless, half-impatient air. "The promise must take care of itself."

Cecilia still gazed up at him with keen sweetness. "It must! It must!"

Dering's tone was heavily gay. "Well, then, perhaps it will." A schoolgirl across the table glanced up with a sudden interest; but she could not read the signs of the situation. Cecilia's eyes dropped from Dering to the printed page. There was no more to add to her dismissal; Dering left her with the sense, at least—if he had done no more—of not having said a word to spoil the completeness of that.

But if his feeling was self-congratulation, it gave his face an uncertain expression as he paused on the landing of the stairs and gazed into the rain which made a gray-walled cistern of the inner court. The fountain in the court was idle, in deference to the elements. A smooth black turtle creeping by turns laboriously up the slippery side, and falling back again, recalled to Dering Miss Gay's unflattering tribute to his own agility; it seemed to him, indeed, the living symbol of his present mental attempts. Dering resumed his burden, shook his umbrella, buttoned his gloves, tightened his rain-coat, and prepared to plunge down the staircase into the rain.

He turned to face a person who had just come in out of it; a person with no rain-coat, properly so called, but with a dripping little umbrella, whose trail of water on the staircase her glance turned from the person beside her to fix upon. The slanted profile of a slender brownish face caught and held Dering's heart high in his throat. His eyes drank in the details of the face; its oval lines, its pallor—the rose-brown of the mountain and prairie air indoor work had made

short shrift of. The tired droop of the slim lithe figure was a concession to the same necessity. But Dering's heart had but a moment to exult—which it did, in spite of its tender indignation—in all these details. Another moment sent his blood and all his forces flying to his brain—opened the doors of his understanding, and let light glaringly in. There were two persons on the staircase. The second figure drove, for Dering, all other interests out—his interest even in the slender face which, with eyes not lifted to his own yet, bent with clearly marked repugnance away from the man who climbed the stairs with her.

The second person was Mackellar—Mackellar, radiant as a sun-flash on a stormy day. Before his eager face, his leaning attitude, his oblivion to possible observers, his determination, revealed in every line and movement, to have something granted him on the instant, here and now—Dering felt the doubts that had clung to him through his interviews with Cecilia and Miss Gay loose their hold and disappear. The light let in upon him, the free way that he saw in front of him, were overwhelming; but they were there—he saw them. Cecilia—Miss Gay—Mackellar—some one had blundered. Some one—Miss Gay?—Cecilia?—for kindness, for love, for something, had deceived him. It was not Cecilia that Mackellar had determined to make his!

In the flash that revealed—without the joy of revelation—the way to Dering, he saw the whole thing plain; he saw many things, and their bearing upon the predicament, many persons and their attitude toward him and toward one another. But among them all he saw no one—in the light of further events it may be remembered in his behalf—so plainly as he saw Cecilia. He saw her sitting in that upper room. He heard her words, "You must be happy—too." Her happiness! He felt an impulse to rush back to her. What was there to say? That Mackellar had been mistaken in what he must have blunderingly revealed to her? No, no—there was to be no further concealment of the truth from Cecilia. Well, then, that she must take him—Dering—back, and let him prove to her that he had not pined for his freedom; that she must let him serve her; that she must

let him patch up the delicate fragments of her feeling for him; that she must let him make her happy, first of all. When had his intention ever wavered from that? Cecilia—Cecilia was to be considered

the blunder, whosoever was the mistake—Miss Gay's, Mackellar's—now, if there was one thing that shone like a star down into Dering's understanding, it was the fact that the others might indeed have

been mistaken, but that Cecilia had made no mistake. She knew. She knew!—alone, unused to the way of pain, humiliation, and necessity for sacrifice, she had come upon the knowledge of all of these in one view. She had recognized them; she had dealt with them. She had been watched and tended for a lifetime, but the storm was on her now.

Dering took one step in her direction. A second would have sent him swiftly up the stairs to her. But his step had caught the attention of the two on the staircase; they had been too engrossed before to see him standing there. Mackellar was the first to glance up; his face showed a crimson dash of irritation, which passed swiftly and transparently before Dering's eyes into a quickened determination to have a word from his companion before she should reach the top of the stairs. Transparent as the young man's face was, too, Dering saw more in it than irrita-



"I AM COMING TO-NIGHT TO SEE YOU"

tion—more, and less. For there was no guilt in Mackellar's face. There was vexation in it, acknowledgment that Dering had been a factor in his plans, and an uneasiness. But it was merely the uneasiness of desire, the anxiety of a man who is never certain or overscrupulous about his means; it was

first and last. How many times he had beaten that into his own consciousness, long before Miss Gay had put the necessity into words! Cecilia was to be watched and warded, sacrificed for, without her knowing even that sacrifice existed, kept from the knowledge of struggle and pain! And now—whatever was

selfish anxiety, but it was not the anxiety of conscious guilt. Mackellar had not let the truth out to Cecilia with malice; it must have crept out through his questions at the ball; he had only made use of her, as he might have read a finger-post to find out his road. As a matter of fact, he had blundered in doing so; the finger-post had come to life, and had faced about to point the other way. It was some vague hint of this fact—Dering felt very quickly—that explained the alarm in Mackellar's questioning glance.

It was not his angry glance, however, with its question, that held Dering with his foot upon the upper stair. It was another gaze, caught in the amazement of a pair of clear, grayish-brown eyes. The girl with Mackellar had lifted her head, obviously to welcome whatever had interrupted his flow of speech. She raised her eyes with a relief which yet was pathetically weary, as if she could not hope for a long respite from the persistence which seized upon even chance encounters to force a definite word from her. She raised her eyes to welcome a stranger, but they fell upon the face of a friend. A friend? May Dering be forgiven if his face was more than that. It was half turned from her; it was set toward that goal of the upper room. But across the slanted distance between them, with his eyes, moreover, half hidden as he glanced down—the feeling in them burned through. The girl's gaze, before his, wavered; her lips parted; it seemed for an instant as if she would cry out. But her eyes, surprised out of concealment, became, like his, witnesses for truth. They leaped to meet him; in an instant they had given up their secret with utter helplessness. It was his—they revealed—in this as in all such painful situations for her, divinely his, to save.

She was not aware of having revealed so much, but Dering was aware of it. It flashed upon him, though it affected him more as sound than as something he could see. It sang to him; the answer which in his mind began throbbing to it was one word—free! free! He felt but one thing; he was free to let love have its way. It had its way; it gave him that deep, buoyant sense of strength with

which primitive man, no doubt, replied to love in a woman's eyes; it made him careless of disturbing details. He asserted his rights without shame and without delay. He took the few steps downward instead of up, and was beside the girl with an eager, determined hand outstretched. She put hers into it. Mackellar was for them both a thousand miles away.

"I am coming to-night to see you," said Dering, in a low, vibrating voice. "That is, if you say I may. If you'll tell me where—just where—you live. I've never known, you know—before!"

The "before," the appeal to her understanding, something—it may have been nothing more audible than the keenness of his tone—expressed to her his miracle of freedom. She had no impulse to reply with scruples. Something new, something wonderful, had happened! She gazed at it—beyond him—with her flush fading to pallor; then she took it from him as she would have taken a gift.

"I may come?"

"Yes, yes—" she freed her hand with gentle lightness. But she hovered for an instant with a kind of frightened honesty. Dering's eyes were still deep with their question. She could not ignore it any longer with truth. "Come," she breathed, in a voice that shook with understanding—then she moved quickly to the stairs, away from him. Mackellar followed her more haltingly. Persistence still showed in his manner, but he had become a negligible figure.

Dering strode down the staircase, out into the rain. He was drawn up in his swift walk at the crossing by a carriage; it forced itself gradually into his consciousness as a familiar thing. It was one which had never had anything but friendly suggestions for him. Strange to say, it had no other suggestion now. Cecilia's carriage brought no doubts to him. Cecilia's face, if he could have seen it—as he did, perhaps, see it with his heightened fancy in that upper room—had no reproach to cast upon his exaltation. It was a face of beneficence and understanding. It drew from him—whether as an adequate appreciation or not it is perhaps needless for any one to judge—a murmur which acknowledged his debt to it—"Cecilia—Cecilia—"

Shakespeare's "King Henry V"

BY F. WARRE CORNISH

THE play of *King Henry V.* is Shakespeare's portrayal of a hero-king of England, and has as its protagonist a matchless heroic figure. *Henry V.* is a "one-man" play. The King alone fills the stage; the other characters move around him and make the action, but do not interfere with our contemplation of the central personage. All the dramatic energy proceeds from the King or illustrates him; and if the renown of the house of Lancaster is the theme of the trilogy which is concluded with this play, that renown is summed up in the person of Harry of Monmouth.

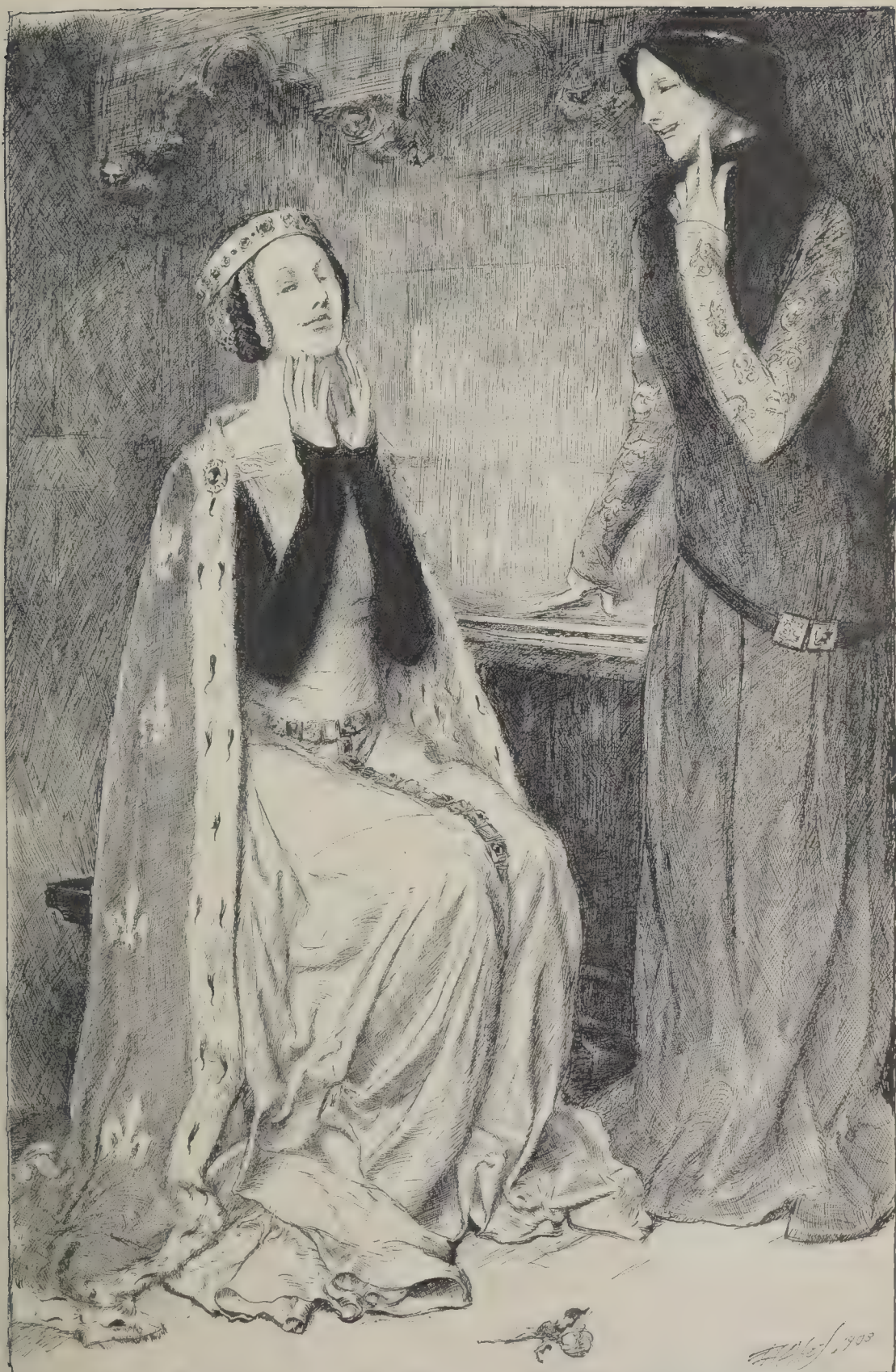
We will not theorize as to Shakespeare's design in writing his plays, nor do him wrong, as a German might, by hinting that he dealt with "qualities" or "types," and intended to set forth in his *Henry V.* the characteristics of a typical hero-king. To construct a man from his qualities inward, or to refer him to a type, is to make waxwork puppets, not men. Henry V. is a man, not a theory; like the rest of Shakespeare's characters, a person, not an impersonation. Personality was all-important to Shakespeare. You may take the story of one of his plays and let the personages play it out, as in *Much Ado* or *Twelfth Night* or *The Merchant of Venice*; or you may take the central figure, Othello, Lear, Hamlet, and see how it works in with the story. Whatever else may be on the page, the glory of England, the power of fate, ambition, jealousy, love, madness—all is subordinate to personality. The play is built on the characters, not the characters drawn out of the play. It matters not whether the story is good or bad; Shakespeare can make a good acting play of any material. The slightest narrative would give him situation; he could never lack rhetoric; he cared little for the working out of a plot; he could no more help putting his characters into dramatic relation with each

other than he could prevent them from being original and individual. We go to Shakespeare for character first; situation is secondary—for construction, perspective, proportion, though he held them in the hollow of his hand, *leviter curare videtur*. The conscious artifices by which a dramatist like Schiller makes everything subordinate to the dramatic moment are as alien to Shakespeare as are the typical personages and situations of the rhetorical stage, tragic or comic, Terentian; Spanish, or Italian.

We shall, then, not be wrong if we look for the unity of Henry's character in the two plays which lead up to this; for though *Henry V.* is a self-contained drama and a good acting play, whether considered from the point of view of incident, situation, oratory, character, or even spectacle, and though Shakespeare would, we may be sure, have laughed at the idea of its standing in pre-established relation and psychological order to other of his plays—since a play must stand alone, as a play, whatever its place may be in a trilogy or tetralogy—there is yet something to be learned by comparing it with other plays in which the same personages appear.

The Henry of the third play is no royal figure picked up at random out of the Chronicle. Shakespeare knew all along the boy and youth who was one day to be the hero of Agincourt, as he knew his father, Bolingbroke; and the earlier plays outline the portrait completed in that of which he is the principal actor.

Shakespeare did not stumble upon Henry V. by accident. Historical plays were in the fashion. England, rich in glory from the Armada and the wars in the Low Countries and on the Rhine, was then imperial-minded, and liked to view her past and present greatness in the glass of the stage. The playwrights wrote for the stage, and not for a theory,



Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey, R. A.

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ACT III. SCENE IV

KATHERINE AND ALICE—THE LESSON IN ENGLISH

nor according to chronological order. *Henry VI.* came before *Henry IV.*, *Richard III.* before *Richard II.* But the two *Henry IV.* plays and *Henry V.* form a consistent Lancastrian trilogy; and the poet, without diverging from the plain road marked out by Holinshed's Chronicle, found ready to his hand material for a story of epic grandeur.

If it were lawful to wish anything in Shakespeare otherwise than as it is, we could wish that he had given us a *King Edward III.* There we should have seen Shakespeare's conception of the heyday of chivalry, and his Black Prince would have been a splendid counterpart to his Prince Henry. Cressy and Poitiers made Agincourt possible; the French against whom Edward III. fought were a stronger race than their grandsons; the scene was vaster, and the two Edwards larger figures than the two Henrys.

But Shakespeare did not write a *King Edward III.*, though it is probable that he may have added some touches to the play which under that title held the stage at this period; and a prince, whose fame five centuries and a half have not dimmed, *caret vate sacro*.

Shakespeare had touched upon his hero-king already in *Richard II.* as the

young, wanton, and effeminate boy

As dissolute, as desperate: yet through both I see some sparkles of a better hope;—

had understood his father Bolingbroke's distrust of him, which comes out in the two succeeding plays, again and again chased away by the winning frankness of the Prince, but returning to roost in the suspicious mind of the gloomy "politician." The "smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers" do their work, and find the King still willing to listen to them. The Prince takes his rating patiently, not submissively. For one moment he melts, when the father's "foolish tenderness" checks his speech—"I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord, be more myself." But he is stung that "your unthought-of Harry" should be lowered to a comparison with Harry Percy—

this same child of honour and renown.
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,

and disdains to clear himself when called
"degenerate"—

Do not think so: you shall not find it so;
And God forgive them, that have so much
sway'd

Your Majesty's good thoughts away from
me!

So rooted in the King's mind is this suspicion that Harry's exploits at Shrewsbury do not chase away his father's mistrust; and when the Prince saves his life in the battle, he only says:

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;
And show'd, thou mak'st some tender of my
life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
Prince. O heaven! they did me too much
injury.

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.

Harry returns to his jolly companions. War blazes up again—when or how matters little to Shakespeare—but the Prince is not there; his brother John of Lancaster leads the King's forces.

By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt.
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak: Falstaff,
good-night.

"The cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father" is warmed by the alarm of war. But it is Prince John who is in favor, not the Prince of Wales, who is only mentioned in a tone of regret by his father, speaking as one who has lost a prized jewel by ill guardianship.

... Omit him not; blunt not his love:
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace.
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's
flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well
observ'd.

The famous scene with the crown follows: stagy, perhaps, but truly dramatic, because situation illustrates character. The politic old King, unwilling to stand aside for his heir or share the power which he must soon lay down; no sharing

for him, who has never trusted any friend but himself; the son, free at once from the wish to go on living his merry life, and from any foolish dazzlement of royal splendor, yet resolved to be full sovereign and grasp his heritage entire. This is true human nature. Here is no masquerade of a transformation scene, "exit madcap Hal, enter the hero-king"; they were all along the same. There was no "conversion," no miraculous change from madcap to hero. If Hotspur had killed the Prince, he would have killed King Harry in him. There is no weakness in Prince Hal's merri-ment. The severity is foreshadowed in the license: the stern soldier can unbend. If Shakespeare had not drawn him, our critics would have made out—nay, they do so in spite of Shakespeare—that the "madcap" stories belonged to some one else, or are pure invention, and that Henry V. was always staid and majestic; and when the Germans credit Henry V. with "many-sidedness of character," we reply that Henry is not many-sided, but harmonizes contrasts in comprehensive greatness. Shakespeare conceived him one and complete.

Henry V. is a simple character. His simplicity enables him to deal plainly and directly with all problems. He has no compunctious visitings, no pangs of conscience like his father. He grasps the crown in all good faith. He makes no question of his right to France, when the Archbishop has once affirmed it. He assumes all the royal authority at once, and as easily as if he had had the serious and conscientious training of Prince John. He sends Scroop to the scaffold, reinstates the Chief Justice, turns Falstaff away, all without a moment's hesitation. He is "terrible in constant resolution." Compare him with Richard II., compact of opposites. The outburst of wrath which commanded the killing of the prisoners is of a piece with the severity of the summons to Harfleur:

... as I am a soldier
(A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best),

If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
With conscience wide as hell.

This is the feeling of the soldier who knows that war cannot be played at. War is no "civil game": and when great issues are at stake "he's flint." His good-humored jesting with Williams and Fluellen is the counterpart of his soldierly fire. The "terrible warrior changed into the merry bridegroom"* is no change at all: for Henry's wooing goes hand in hand with the Treaty of Troyes, and has as much to do with war as with love. As in his careless youth he excelled his unworthy associates, so now he excels the noble Englishmen whom he commands. The contrasts are great, but intended, and are commended by truth of nature as well as dramatic propriety.

If the relation between the Prince and his father is consistent throughout, so also is the relation between the Prince and his companions. His "reformation" is always in view; he spends himself, but does not give himself away. Early in the first play, after he has consented "once in his days, to be a madcap" and when the Gadshill sport is toward, comes the soliloquy, neither hypocritical nor vainglorious, nor yet of deliberate purpose, but simple and natural:

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd
at. . .

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes. . .
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I
will.

The soliloquy is of course a stage artifice, and meant for the audience. It has dramatic value, giving the key to character: and it is placed at the beginning of the first play, to interpret at the outset what is to follow.

Observe how he holds himself aloof and above his companions. Falstaff himself fears him, and though he takes liberties, is always under check. He

* Gervinus.



Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.

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ACT IV. SCENE I

KING HENRY. *O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts*

promises Bardolph a halter, and keeps Poins (who is something of a gentleman), Peto, and the rest at distance. When it comes to real work, Falstaff is nothing to him. One of the fine touches is the dialogue between the Prince and Falstaff after the challenge to Hotspur:

Falstaff. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Falstaff. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death.

The speech is rather kindly than merry. He is still kindled by the greatness of the moment, and Falstaff is neither here nor there. Once or twice again they meet—"What, stand'st thou idle here?" . . . "What, is't a time to jest and dally now?" and again when Falstaff is down, "What, old acquaintance!" (he does not say "old friend"),

could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.

He never was in love with vanity; his character was always serious and weighty. You may say this is heartless. It is no more heartless than the Duke of Wellington's remark upon Lord Uxbridge's leg at Waterloo. The moment is supreme, the person is neither here nor there. In the same way Henry may be defended from the charge of ingratitude when he finally sends Falstaff about his business. There was no place for Falstaff in a reign the key-note of which was reformation. Let him amend himself, and he and his should have advancement. If not, let him go down: and if Bardolph earns the gallows, to the gallows he shall go.

The greatness of Falstaff is a measure of Henry's greatness. No one else could have so dealt with Falstaff. Falstaff turns all the world round his finger, even the Chief Justice, who, half in anger, half in amusement, retires from him baffled. But not the Prince: and the Prince's favor withdrawn, he can but die. "The King hath killed his heart." It is

his unfitness for the change of times which makes us feel that Falstaff would have been out of place in the play of *Henry V.* His part is played out. He had staked all on good-fellowship, and lost. Did he expect to win? His unwonted activity and self-assertion when the change was imminent make it doubtful. Dramatically, Falstaff counts for much more than Henry V. He is the greatest comic figure in literature. His action in the second part of *Henry IV.* displays his whole character; genius, ascendancy, readiness, wit, audacity, depravity. How wonderful is the art which without any preaching or moralizing sets its character upon Gargantuan vileness, merely by shedding upon it the daylight of a heroic nature:

For no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness.

Henry, though he amused himself with Falstaff's company, was never his friend. The sympathy between them was little more than an intellectual pleasure in the contest of wits. His friendship went out to men like his brother John of Lancaster, of whom he has no jealousy, though there was cause enough for it in his father's preference.

By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster.
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.

O, this boy lends mettle to us all.

Happy Lord John, to be so praised by such a brother! The same generosity makes him give the "grace of a lie" to Falstaff for slaying Hotspur; and to his brother the "high courtesy" of disposing of the Douglas. It is like Fairfax at Naseby, waiving the exploit of taking the King's standard: "Let be, Charles; I have honour enough."

With the play of *Henry V.* a new scene opens, and new *dramatis personæ* walk the stage. The horizon is wider. The theme is epic, and the construction epic. Epic and drama are combined, partly by the use of rhetorical passages of an epic color, such as the Harfleur and Agincourt orations, full of Homeric stateliness, partly by the common expedient of a Chorus, to supplement drama by epic machinery and combine narrative with



Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey, R.S.A.

ACT IV. SCENE III

KING HENRY. I pray thee, bear my former answer back;
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones

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action; solving with ease the problem how to give historical movement to drama. And not movement only; the Chorus in Shakespeare's hands represents dignity as well as movement, and invests the march of time with majesty. Movement in time is essential to an historical play, which does not depend upon situation so much as a tragedy or a comedy. There, character added to incident makes the situation: the situation does not exist without the character. Here, the plot is written by the chronicler, and dealt out by the Chorus. There is little comedy, far less than in *Henry IV.*; no tragedy, as in *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, and *King John*. The incidents are of the simplest kind; the humors of Fluellen and Pistol and the other soldiers are the only things not taken from the book.

Henry V. is, as we said above, a one-man play. The action of the drama is England against France, and Henry stands for England. The frivolous chivalry of the Dauphin who "longs to eat the English" is as well contrasted with Henry's sober valor as is the timidity of the French King with Henry's speed in action. The minor characters all set him forth. Fluellen and the English captains in their humble service; the common soldiers in their simple talk, laying all "upon the king," bring out his grandeur and seriousness, his high conscience and humility, his courtesy and brotherly-mindedness—

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother;

and his human kindliness:—

I think the king is but a man, as I am;
the violet smells to him as it doth to me. . .
all his senses have but human conditions.

There is hardly a character in the play which does not exhibit some spark of Henry's spirit, or some unlikeness to provoke a contrast. The low personages, Bardolph, Nym, and the rest, bring his nobility into relief, "like bright metal on a sullen ground." His princely valor outshines but does not eclipse the kindred gallantry of Fluellen, whom we love and admire while we laugh at his absurdity. Henry is the life of the play; we feel him in every line; he is the atmosphere which we breathe.

There is but one point of chivalry lacking in Henry V. He has personal valor, magnanimity, piety, solemnity, sternness, royal greatness of every kind. But he is not a lover. Throughout the roistering scenes of the earlier history there is no love-making. His wooing of the French King's daughter is of the good-humored superior sort: the soldier's wooing, by capture, not by tenderness, much less by worship. It is the wooing of a conqueror, not a suitor; heroic, this too. So Hotspur, we may be sure, courted Lady Percy, though with more ardency; so Desdemona listened to Othello; and Rosalind, like Imogen, "chose an eagle," the conquering Orlando. Not so did Antony woo Cleopatra:

C. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

A. There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Katharine, to be sure, did not choose; she was little more than one of the articles of the peace; and Henry V.'s wife, whoever she might have been, would have been a Katharine or a Lady Percy. He would not have loved Rosalind or Beatrice: he was made for men, not women.

With this exception, Henry V. is the mirror of chivalry in its graver aspect. There are many types of manly courage in Shakespeare. Mercutio is a good example of a form of courage much in vogue in Shakespeare's time, of the fashion of Italy and France—that of the duelist and street brawler, "sudden and quick in quarrel," from the high-born professor of the duello like Lord Herbert of Cherbury or the heroes of Brantôme, to the hired "*spadassin*" or "*tueur*." Pistol is the counterfeit of this. Hotspur and Faulconbridge are "sudden and quick in quarrel," but are barbarians compared with Henry. Richard III. in his last transports of rage comes nearest to him:—

A thousand hearts are great within my
bosom.

Elsewhere we have the wild-beast fury of the desperate Macbeth, the magnificence, governed by no steadfastness, of Antony, the arrogant championship of Ajax and Achilles. Henry's warlike virtue is more than courage. Courage may be mere high spirit and masterful-

ness; discipline and deliberate courage make the soldier; courage and counsel the general; courage, counsel, and policy, and something loftier still, the king, as Shakespeare conceives him. The king may risk himself on a worthy occasion; but he must not present his life, like the Admirable Crichton, to any bravo who comes by. There is no nobler portrait of royal valor than is painted here. Henry is a king, and a king of England too; he is, above all, the English hero, and stands for the English nation. Hence foreign critics complain of his being insular and Chauvinist; but to us English, who cannot help feeling a pride in "these Gallia wars," he must always rank with the Black Prince and Nelson as a national hero.

Behold then the hero-king, fully furnished. He must be valorous as Achilles, magnanimous as Scipio, politic as Cæsar, rigid as Brutus, religious as St. Louis; no knight-errant to adventure himself in single combat, as at Shrewsbury. "Upon the King" weights all his thoughts and actions:—

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children,
and
Our sins, lay on the king;—he must bear
all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness!

His merriment, his clemency, his justice and severity, must all be kingly; there is no room for sudden changes of personal motives; "being so majestical," he must move slowly; and it is only at moments when the royal state gives fuel to the soldier's fire that, as in the Agincourt speech, the cresset which was Henry's emblem blazes in the front of war.

Whilst in this mood of greatness the thought of his father's unrighteous usurpation comes to him:

O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them not with fear. . .

Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day—think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.

Of all the miracles of Shakespeare's art none is greater than his power of transmuting a plain story into romance, and raising it from the flats of actuality to the highest region of imagination by the "heavenly alchemy" of a single character. He thus exalts the simple stories of Lear and Othello to the loftiest pitch of tragedy, and with no material but the homespun Chronicle weaves a golden vesture for the prince of warriors, and enriches our English memories with the ideal presentment of the hero-king, the victorious Harry, the rose of Lancaster.

Mater

BY CHARLOTTE LOUISE RUDYARD

ONCE I snared a homing bird
And I knew it had a nest;
And the dawn was when I heard
In the nest the mated bird,
And I dreamed that something stirred
Underneath a mother-breast.
Once I snared a homing bird
And I knew it had a nest.

A Poetess in Spring

BY ALICE BROWN

JERRY FREELANDS felt that the day was not suitably ended if, after tidying up the kitchen and practising *The Harp That Once and Oft in the Stilly Night* on his fiddle, he did not go across the fields to Marietta Martin's and compare the moment's mood with her, either in the porch or at her fireside, according to the season. They lived, each alone, in a stretch of meadow land just off the main road, and nobody knew how many of their evenings they spent together or, at this middle stage in their lives, would have drawn romantic conclusions if the tale of them had been told.

In his youth Jerry had been a solitary, given to wandering "by the river's brim," as he liked to say, thinking of poetry and his fiddle. Marietta, even at that time, had been learning tailoring to support her mother, and she looked upon Jerry with unstinted admiration as too distinctly set apart by high attainments ever to be considered a common earthly swain. But Jerry did all his duties as if he were not gifted. He carried on the small farm and, after his sister married and went away, nursed his mother until her death—"as handy as a woman," so the neighbors said. Yet he knew that all this tribute to the lower life was only something mysteriously decreed, perhaps to ballast the soul lest it soar too high. The real things were fiddle-playing and writing verse, sometimes inspired by nature and again by love or death, and publishing it in the county paper. Jerry had one consolation, one delight, besides and above Marietta. This was the poetess, Ruth Bellair, and it was of her he was thinking as he crossed the field, this darkening twilight, to Marietta's house. There was a warm spring wind, and frogs were peeping. Jerry knew, although it was too dark to see, that down by the brook the procession of willows walked in a mist of green. It was a broken sky,

with here and there a star between soft wafts of cloud, and the newness and beauty of the time smote upon him as he hurried on, and made him young again. He walked faster than usual, a tall, lightly moving figure, his head under his soft felt hat thrown forward and his loose hair blown back by the swiftness of his going. Time seemed to have fallen away from him at the call of some new anticipation. He was not a man nearing fifty as the morning's sun had found him, but a youth with the mountain-top splendidly near and the rising sun to light his steps.

Marietta lived in a little, low-browed, gambrel-roofed house with a vegetable garden in the back, a flower garden in front, and an orchard at the west side. She had sold the adjoining meadows and also the woodland, because she said it was better to lessen care as you grow older and she was a poor hand to keep up a farm. Marietta was of those who are perhaps not calm by inheritance, but who have attained serenity because life proves it to be desirable. To-night she saw Jerry coming and met him at the door, a plump, fresh-colored woman with sweet brows, thick white hair, and blue eyes full of a wistful sympathy. She was younger than he, yet her acquired calmness had given her a matronly air and made her the one to assume protection and a gentle way of giving. As she stood there in the doorway, lamp in hand, she looked like a benignant mother waiting to greet a returning child.

"Well, Marietta," said Jerry. He stopped a moment before her on the doorstep and drew the quick breath of the haste of his coming. Then he took off his hat, stayed for one look at the night behind him, and followed her in. Marietta put the lamp on the high mantel, and moved his chair slightly nearer the hearth. There was no fire, but the act seemed to make him more intimately wel-

come. Then she seated herself on the sofa between the two side windows and folded her hands for an evening's intercourse. Jerry took out his pipe, held it absently for a moment, and laid it down on the table. Marietta hardly liked that. He must be moved indeed, she knew, if he meant to forego his evening smoke. Jerry sat forward a little in his chair and let his long hands, loosely clasped, hang between his knees. He gazed straight out through the dark window as if he could see the lovely night pulsating there, and his bright gray eyes seemed to hold gleams of an extreme anticipation. Then he remembered the world where he found himself, this clean exquisite room with its homely furnishings, where he had become as familiar as if it were a secondary shell that fitted him so completely he hardly noticed it, and turned to her with an effect of winking his eyes open after a dream.

"Marietta," said he, "who do you suppose has come?"

She shook her head in an attentive interest.

He kept his gaze on her as if it were all incredible.

"Ruth Bellair," he said, solemnly.

Now she did start, and her lips parted in the surprise of it.

"Not here?" she exclaimed. "You don't mean she's come here?"

He shook his head.

"No. She's at Poplar Bridge. The paper said so to-night."

"What's she there for?"

"She's come to board. The paper said so. 'The well-known poetess, Ruth Bellair, has arrived to spend the summer at the commodious boarding establishment of L. H. Moody.'"

He looked at her in a pale triumph, and she stared back at him with all the emotion he could have wished.

"I can't hardly believe it," she said, faintly.

"That's it," he nodded at her. "Nobody could believe it. Why, Marietta, do you suppose there's been a night I've sat here that I haven't either read some of her pieces to you, or told you something I'd seen about her in the papers?"

"No," said Marietta, rather wearily, yet with a careful interest, "you've scarcely talked about anything else."

He was looking at her out of the same solemn assurance that it had been commendable in him to preserve that romantic loyalty.

"She begun to write about the time I did," he said, tasting the flavor of reminiscence. "I used to see her name in the papers when I never so much as thought I should write a line myself. She's been a great influence in my life, Marietta."

"Yes, course she has," Marietta responded, rising to the height of his emotion. "I guess she's influenced a good many folks."

"Well, I've got my chance. She's here within ten miles of us, and come what may, I'm bound to see her."

Marietta started.

"See her?" she repeated. "How under the sun you going to do that? You don't know her, nor any of her folks. Seems if she'd think 'twas terrible queer."

"She's used to it," said Jerry, raptly. "She must be. People with gifts like that—why, of course folks go to see 'em."

He was removed and silent after that, and had scarcely a word for Marietta's late-blooming calla that had held her in suspense through the winter when she had wanted it, to unroll its austere deliciousness now in the spring. She brought him the heavy pot almost timidly, and Jerry put out his hand and touched the snowy texture of the stately bloom. But he did it absently, and she understood that his mind was not with her, and that there was little likelihood of his inditing a set of verses to the lily, as she had hoped. He got up and carried it to the stand for her, and there he paused for a moment beside it, coming awake, she thought. But after that period of musing he took up his hat from the little table between the windows and stood there holding it.

"Marietta," said he, with a simple and moved directness, "what if I should carry her one of these?"

"One of my lilies?"

"Yes."

She brushed a bit of dust from a smooth green leaf, and the color rose to her face. She seemed to conquer something.

"When you going?" she asked, in a subdued tone.

"I thought I'd go to-morrow."

"Well, you can have the lily, all three of 'em if you want—have 'em and welcome."

He was at the door now, his hand on the latch. Marietta, watching him still with that flush on her cheeks and a suffused look of the calm blue eyes, noted how he stood gazing down, as if already he was planning his trip, and as if the anticipation were affecting to him. He straightened suddenly and met her glance.

"You're real good, Marietta," he said, warmly. "I'll call in the morning and get 'em."

"What time you going?"

"'Long about ten, I guess. Good night."

When she heard the clang of the gate behind him she went slowly in and stood by her lily for a moment, looking down at it, and not so much thinking in any definite channel as feeling the queerness of things. Marietta often had longings which she did not classify, for what seemed such foolish matters that, unless she kept them under cover, folks might laugh. The lily was not only a lily to her; it suggested a train of bright imaginings. It was like snow, she thought, like a pale lovely princess, like the sweet-smelling field flower that twisted round a stalk in a beautiful swirl. It seemed quite appropriate to her that Jerry should cut the flowers and carry them to Ruth Bellair. He would know, and the poetess also, what wonderful thing to say about anything so lovely, all in measured lines rhyming to perfection. She sighed once or twice when her head was on the pillow. It seemed to her very wonderful to be gifted as Jerry and his poetess were, and very stupid to be as dull as she.

Jerry, that night, hardly slept at all. He sat by his hearth, fiddle in hand, sometimes caressingly under his chin, sometimes lying across his knees; but he was not playing. He had opened both windows, so that, although the spring air was cool, he could get the feeling of the night and hurry the beating of his excited heart. Jerry was in no habit of remembering how old he was, and to-night age seemed infinitely removed. He was thinking of poetry and of Ruth Bellair. She had always been what he called his guiding star. Once he wrote a set of verses by that title, and put under it, with a hand trembling at its own audacity, "To R. B." That had never been published,

but he had read it to Marietta, and she had said it was beautiful. Ruth Bellair had always seemed very far above him, for although he wrote poetry the county paper accepted in prodigious quantities, she did verse of a sort that appeared in loftier journals. She had written *The Hole in the Baby's Shoe*, which mothers had cut out and pinned on the window curtain and children had spoken on Last Day, to the accompaniment of tears from assembled parents. Then there was her sonnet *Shall I Meet Thee There?* which Jerry had always supposed to have been inspired by a departed lover, and many, many others that touched the heart and were easy to remember, they ran so steadily with such a constant beat. Jerry knew exactly how she would look. She would have golden hair and blue eyes, and what she had called in one of her poems the "tender gift of tears." He had always, in fancy, seen her dressed in blue, because that was his favorite color, though he reflected that he might as easily find her clad in white. It was only toward morning that he slept, his fiddle on the table now, but very near, as if they had shared a solemn vigil and it still knew how he felt in dreams.

It was about ten o'clock when he stopped at Marietta's gate with the light wagon and sober white horse he had borrowed from Lote Purington, "down the road." Marietta was ready at the door, a long white box in her hand.

"I been watching for you," she said. "I went up attic, where I could see you turn the corner. Then I snipped 'em off, and here they are."

Jerry took the box with a grave decorum, as if it represented something precious to him, and disposed it in the back of the wagon under the light robe.

"I'm obliged to you, Marietta," he said. "This 'll mean a good deal to me." He stepped into the wagon again and took up the reins. Then the calm and beneficence of the spring day struck him as it had not before, in his hurried preparations, and he looked down at Marietta. They always had a good deal to say to each other about the weather, and he knew she would understand. "It's spring, Marietta," he said, with a simplicity he had never thought it desirable to put into his verse.



Drawn by Arthur Becher

THINKING OF POETRY AND OF RUTH BELLAIR

"Yes," she answered, as quietly, yet with a thrill in her voice. "I don't hardly think I ever saw a prettier day."

There was such a mist of green that the earth seemed to be breathing it out in clouds and billows. It was impossible to say whether there were more riot and surge in the budding ground or in the heavens, where clouds flew swiftly. The birds were singing, all kinds together, in a tumultuous harmony. Jerry felt light-headed with the wonder of it, but Marietta had an ache at her heart, she did not know why, though she was used to that kind of thing when the outside world struck her as being full of tremulous appeals without any answers. Though Jerry had the reins in his hands, he did not go. Instead, he continued looking at her standing there in her freshness of good health and the candor of her gaze that seemed to him, next to his mother's face, the kindest thing he had ever known. The blue of her eyes and the blue of her dress matched each other in a lovely way. He felt that he had something to say to her, but he could not remember what it was. Suddenly a robin on the fence burst into adjurations of a robust sort, and Marietta, without meaning to, spoke. She had always said since her childhood that a robin bewitched her—he was so happy and so pert.

"Jerry," said she, "what if I should get my hat and ride with you as far as the Ferny Woods?"

"So do," said Jerry, with a perfect cordiality. "So do."

"It's a pretty day—" Marietta asserted again, but he cut her short, advising her to get ready, and she ran in, a flush on her cheeks and lightness in her step. When she came out she had made no conventional preparations for a drive. She had only pinned on her broad black hat and taken off her apron. She carried a little oblong basket with a cover, and this she set carefully in the back of the wagon with the lilies. Jerry alighted gallantly to help her in, and when he had started up the horse it was Marietta who began speaking. Usually she was rather silent, following Jerry's lead, but to-day the warmth and beauty and song had liberated something in her spirit, and she had to talk back to the talking earth.

"You know the Ferny Woods are much

as a mile this side of the Moodys'," she was saying. "You can just leave me there, and then you can go along and make your call."

"It seems pretty mean not to take you with me," Jerry offered, haltingly. Yet he knew, as she did, that he had no desire to take her. This was his own sacred pilgrimage.

"Oh, I wouldn't go for anything," she answered, eagerly. "You've looked forward to it so long—well, not exactly that, for you didn't know she was coming. But it means a good deal to you. And I don't care a mite. I truly don't, not a mite."

Jerry flicked at the horse's ears and spoke out of his maze of dreamy anticipation.

"Seems if I should know her the minute I put eyes on her."

"Well, I guess you will," she encouraged him. "Maybe she's the only boarder they've got, so far."

"No, no, I don't mean that. Seems if I knew exactly how she ought to look."

"How'd you think, Jerry?" she inquired, confidentially, as if his fancies were valuable and delightful to her. That was the tone she always had for him. Jerry would have said, if he had needed to think anything about it, that Marietta was the easiest person to talk to in the whole world. But he never did think about it. She was a part of his interchange with life, as real and as inevitable as his own hungers and satisfactions.

"Well," he said, while the horse slackened into a walk, with the grade of Blossom Hill, "I guess she's light-complexioned. Don't you?"

"Maybe," nodded Marietta, kindly. "You can't tell."

"I guess she don't weigh very heavy," said Jerry, in a shamefaced bluntness, as if he wronged the absent goddess through such crudities. "You can't seem to see anybody that's had the thoughts she has and the way she's got of putting 'em—you can't see 'em very big-framed or heavy, can you? I can't, anyways."

"No," said Marietta, looking down at her own plump hands folded on her knee—"no, I don't know's you can. Only see, Jerry! I always thought this little rise was about the prettiest view there is betwixt us and the Rocky Mountains."

They were on the top of Blossom Hill, and Jerry drew the horse to a halt before winding down into the valley. All the kingdoms of the earth seemed, in Marietta's eyes, to be spread out before them. There was the rolling land of farms and villages, and beyond it the line of haze that meant, they knew, the sea. Tears filled her eyes. Then her gaze came home to an apple tree by the side of the road.

"You see that tree, Jerry?" she asked. "Well, I've always called that Mother's Tree. Once, the last o' May, we borrowed Lote's team and climbed up here, and here was that tree in full bloom. Mother had a kind of a pretty way of putting things, and she said 'twas like a bride. 'Some trees are all over pink,' she says, 'but this is white as the drifted snow.' And the winter mother died I rode up over this hill again, to get her some things to be buried in, and I stopped and looked at that tree. It snowed the night before, and 'twas all over white, and sparkling in the sun. I spoke right out loud. 'Mother's tree,' I says."

"Sho!" said Jerry. "You never mentioned that before. Anybody could almost write something out o' that."

"Could you?" asked Marietta, brightening. "I wish you would. I should admire to have you."

Jerry's excitement of the night before had waned a little. Suddenly he felt tired and chill and, although the purpose of his journey had not been accomplished, as if the zest of things had gone.

"Marietta," said he, starting on the horse, "do you think much about growing old?"

"I guess I don't," said Marietta, brightly, and at once. "That's a terrible foolish thing to do. Least, so it seems to me."

"But you don't feel as you did fifteen years ago, do you, Marietta?" He asked it wistfully.

She was ready with her prompt assurance.

"I don't know's I do. Don't seem as if 'twould be natural if I did. Take a tree, take that apple tree back there—I don't know's you could say it had the same feelings it did when it sprouted up out o' the seeds. We're in a kind of a procession, seems if, marching along towards—well, I don't know what all.

But wherever we're going, it's all right, I say. It's all right."

They were silent then for a time, each scanning the roadsides and the vista before them framed in drooping branches and enriched by springing sward.

"You seem to have a good deal of faith, Marietta," said he, suddenly. "But you ain't much of a hand to talk about it."

"Course I got faith," she answered. "It ain't any use for anybody to tell me there ain't a good time coming. I don't have to conjure up some kind of a hope. I know."

"How do you know?" asked Jerry.

She gave a sudden irrepressible laugh.

"I guess it's because the sky is so pretty," she said. "Maybe the robins have got something to do with it. Days like this I feel as if I was right inside the pearly gates. I truly do."

They were entering the shade of evergreens that bordered the ravine road, where there were striated cliffs, and little runnels came trickling down to join the stream below.

"I guess there ain't a spot round here that means more to folks in our neighborhood than this," said Marietta. "Remember the time somebody wanted to name it 'Picnic Road'? There were seventeen picnics that summer, if I recollect, all in our set."

"Yes," said Jerry. He remembered his poem about the "awesome amphitheatre nature wrought," and wondered if Marietta also recalled it and would quote some of it. But she only said:

"That kind of a round where we used to eat our suppers is about the prettiest spot I ever see. That's where I'm going to set up my tent whilst you're making your call. When you come back you can poke right on in there and 'coot,' and I'll answer."

Jerry's mercurial spirits were mounting now. The past few minutes had given him two beautiful subjects for poetry. He could make some four-lined verses, he thought, about the tree that was a bride in spring and the next winter robed for burial. He could hear the cadence of them now, beating through his head in premonitory measures. Then there was the other fancy that life was a procession to an unknown goal. Jerry had read very

little, except in the works of Ruth Bellair and her compeers, and the imaginings he wrought in had a way of seeming new and strange. The talk went on, drifting back irresistibly by the familiar way they were taking to the spring of their own lives, not, it seemed, in search of a lost youth, but as if they had it with them, an invisible third in all their memories.

"Here we are," said Jerry, at length. He drew up at the bars that led into old Blaisdell's sugar-camp, and Marietta, not waiting for him, sprang out over the wheel. "You're as light as a feather," said he, admiringly, but with no sense of wonder. They were still in that childhood land where everybody is agile for one long, bright day.

"Light as a bun," returned Marietta, flippantly. "Here, you wait a minute till I get me out my basket. When you come back you be sure to coot."

Jerry drove on a step or two, and then drew in the horse. Just as she had set her basket over the bars and was prepared to follow, he called to her:

"Marietta, I believe I'll leave the team here."

Marietta understood. She came back readily.

"Well," she said, "I think 'twould look better myself."

"I can hitch to the bars, same as we used to," Jerry continued. "Remember how Underhill's old Buckskin used to crib the fence? Here's the very piece of zinc Blaisdell nailed on that summer we were here so much." He had turned and driven back, and while he tied the horse, Marietta took out the box of lilies.

"I guess you better hold these loose in your hand," she said, tentatively. "Seems to me 'twould look more appropriate."

Jerry nodded. They both had a vision of the poet going on foot to the lady of his dreams, his lilies in his hand. Marietta lifted the cover of the box and unrolled them deftly. She looked about her for an instant, and then, finding feasible standing-ground, went to one of the runnels dripping down the cliff and paused there, holding the lily stems in the cool lavage of the fall. Jerry, the horse tied, stood watching her and waiting. The bright blue of her dress shone softly

against the wet brown and black of the cliff wall, and the pink of her cheeks glowed above it like a rosy light. Marietta had thought her dress far too gay when she bought it, but the dusk of the ravine road had toned it down to a tint the picture needed for full harmony. Jerry, though the familiar spot and her presence in it soothed and pleased him, was running ahead with his eager mind to the farm where Ruth Bellair stood waiting at the gate. Of course she was not really waiting for him, because she did not know he was coming, nor even that he lived at all. When he had mailed her the package of autumn leaves Marietta had pressed, he had not sent his name with them. Yet it seemed to him appropriate that she should be standing, a girlish figure, by the Moodys' gate, to let him in. After that they would walk up the path together, she carrying the lilies; and perhaps in the orchard, where the trees were in bloom, they would pace back and forth together and talk and talk. Jerry knew it was too early for apple trees to be blossoming, even in this weather, but the orchard where Ruth Bellair walked would be white and pink. So he took his lilies in his hand and walked away, and Marietta watched him. At the turn of the road he stopped and waved his hand to her.

"Good-by!" called Marietta. "Good luck! Good-by!" Then a little sob choked her, and she stamped her foot. "What a fool!" said Marietta, addressing herself, and she walked to the bars with great determination, let down one, "scooped" to go through, and, picking up her basket, went on to the amphitheatre. Jerry need not have wondered whether she remembered his ornate poem. She did, every word of it, and as she walked she said it to herself in a murmuring tone. When she was within the beloved enclosure she paused a moment before setting down her basket and looked about her. The place was not so grand as her childish eyes had found it, only a great semicircle of ground brown with pine needles and surrounded by ancient trees; but it was beautiful enough. Strangely, she had not visited it for years. Her own mates no longer came, because they were doing quiet things at home, farming and household tasks, and Marietta would

have had no mind, if she had been invited, to make one of a serious middle-aged rout taking its annual pleasure with a difference.

"I'd rather by half be alone," she said aloud, as she looked about her, "or maybe with one other that feels as I do."

Then she put down her basket and went, by a path she knew, to the spring cleaned of fallen leaves by the first picnickers of every season. There it was, the little kind pool with its bottom of sand and its fringing grasses, the cress she had planted once with her own hands and now beginning to show brightly green. Marietta knelt and drank from her hollowed palm. The cup was in the basket. When Jerry came back he should have it to slake his thirst; and presently she returned to the amphitheatre and lay down on the pine needles, to look up through the boughs at glints of sky, and think and think. Perhaps it was not thought, after all. It followed no road, but stayed an instant on a pine bough as a bird alights and then flies out through the upper branches to the sky itself. Marietta could not help feeling happy, in a still, unreasoning way. She had not had an easy youth. It had been full of poverty and fears, and her later life had been lived on one monotonous level of satisfying her own bare wants and finding nothing left for luxury. But something, some singing inner voice, was always, in these later days, bidding her take hope. She was not expectant of definite delights; she only cherished an irresponsible certainty. When the door opened to let in spring, it seemed to show her heaven also, and she gave herself up to the gladness of it. If Marietta had been able to scrutinize her inner being, she would probably have owned that she found Jerry Freelands' influence upon her a great and guiding one. It was, she knew, a precious privilege to know a poet, and to see the natural and spiritual worlds through his discerning eyes. It would have seemed to her wonderful to be a poet herself. Ruth Bellair, waiting in unconscious sovereignty for Jerry to seek her out and lay lilies at her feet, was, she knew, the happiest woman in the spring world. Yet the soft air moved the pines to wavelike murmurings, and Marietta too was happy.

It was nearly three o'clock when Jerry came back, and before that Marietta had roused herself to open her basket and spread a napkin on the big flat stone that made the picnic-table. She had laid a pile of fine white bread and butter on the cloth, a paper twist of pickles, because picnickers, according to tradition, are the better for consuming pickles, and some of her own superior sugar gingerbread. The cup was there waiting for Jerry to take it to the spring. Then she listened for him. He did not give the expected coot, but came through the forest glade silently and with a halting step. When Marietta saw him her heart ran forward, before her feet. Jerry looked an older man; his years were so apparent to her that it seemed for a foolish instant as if his father were advancing toward her out of the past where she and Jerry had been young together. She hurried forward.

"What is it?" she besought. "What's happened?"

His dull eyes turned upon her absently. He took off his hat and dropped it at his feet.

"Why," said he, "nothing's happened that I know of."

The part of prudence was to halt, but anxiety hurried her on as if it might have been to the rescue of a child in pain.

"Didn't you see her?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Yes, I saw her." He passed a hand over his forehead and smoothed his hair in a way he had, ending the gesture at the back of his neck.

"How'd she look, Jerry? What was she doing?"

"Why," said Jerry, narrowing his eyes, as if he recalled a picture he had found incredible, "she was playing croquet out in the front yard."

"But how'd she look?"

"Why, she's a kind of a dark-complexioned woman. She wears spectacles. She's"—he paused there an instant and caught his breath—"she's pretty fleshy."

"Was she nice to you?"

"Yes, she was nice. She meant to be real nice and kind. She made me"—a spasm twitched his face, and he concluded—"she made me play croquet."

They stood there in the wood loneliness, dapples of sunlight flickering on



Drawn by Arthur Becher

HE SPOKE AS IF RECALLING A PICTURE HE HAD FOUND INCREDIBLE

them through the leaves. Marietta felt a strange wave of something rushing over her. It might have been mirth, or indignation that somebody had destroyed her old friend's paradise; but it threatened to sweep her from her basis of control.

"You sit down, Jerry," she said, soberly. "I'm going to the spring to get you a cup of water, and then we'll have our luncheon."

When she returned, bearing the full cup delicately, he lay like a disconsolate boy, face down upon the ground, but she touched him on the shoulder and said, in a tone of the brisk housewife:

"Luncheon's ready."

Then Jerry sat up, and ate when she put food into his hand and drank from the cup she gave him. Marietta ate only a crumb here and there from her one bit of bread, for, seeing how hungry he was, she suspected that, in his poet's rapture, he had had no breakfast. She tried to rouse him to the things he loved.

"Only look through there," she said, pointing to a vista where a group of birches were shimmering in green. "I don't know's I ever see a fountain such as they tell about, but this time in the year, before the leaves have fairly come, seems if the green was like a fountain springing up and never falling back. Maybe, though, it's the word I like, the sound of it. I don't know."

Jerry turned his eyes on her in a quick, keen glance.

"Marietta," he said, "you have real pretty thoughts."

"Do I?" asked Marietta, laughing, without consciousness. She was only glad to have beguiled him from the trouble of his mind. "Well, if I do, I guess you put 'em into my head in the first place." The feast was over, and she folded the napkin and swept away the crumbs. "Want some more water?" she asked, pausing as she repacked the basket.

Jerry shook his head.

"Marietta," said he, "seems if it wa'n't a day since you and I used to be here picnicking."

She laughed again whimsically.

"Well," she said, "when I travel back over the seams I've sewed, looks like a good long day. I guess there's miles enough of 'em to stretch from here to Maine."

Jerry seemed to be speaking from a dream.

"And the others have married and got children growing up," he mused. "Seems if we'd missed the best of it."

They had risen and stood facing each other, Marietta with the basket in her hand. Jerry took it gently from her and set it on the ground.

"Marietta," he said, "I guess I'm kind of waked up."

Her face quivered. He thought he had never seen her look exactly that way before.

"I'd work terrible hard," said he. "I guess I could make you have an easier time." Then his appealing eyes met hers, and Marietta, because she had no wish to deny him anything, gave him her hands, and they kissed soberly.

When they walked back to the road, Jerry drew her aside to the birches on the sunny knoll.

"You mustn't lay it up against me," he said, brokenly.

"Lay what up?" Her lips were full and lovely, and her eyes shone with the one look of happiness.

"It's spring with these." He pointed to the birches. "It ain't with us."

"I don't know." Marietta laughed wilfully. "Ain't you ever seen an apple tree blooming in the fall? Or a late rose? Well, I have. So, there!"

To Jerry, looking at her, she seemed like a beautiful stranger, met in the way, and he kissed her again.

When they were driving home in their sober intimacy that had yet an undercurrent of that rushing river of life, Marietta turned suddenly to him.

"Jerry," she said, "when you played croquet, who beat?"

His eyes, meeting hers, took the merry challenge of them and answered it. They both began to laugh, ecstatically, like children.

"She did," said he.

Mark Twain

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

I've a theory that every author while living has a projection of himself, a sort of eidolon, that goes about in near and distant places and makes friends and enemies for him out of folk who never knew him in the flesh. When the author dies this phantom fades away, not caring to continue business at the old stand. Then the dead writer lives only in the impression made by his literature; this impression may grow sharper or fainter, according to the fashions and new conditions of the time.—*Letter of Thomas Bailey Aldrich to William Dean Howells, December 23, 1901.*

DESPITE the average American's complacent and chuckling satisfaction in his country's possession of that superman of humor, Mark Twain, there is room for serious doubt whether a realization of the unique and incomparable position of Mark Twain in the republic of letters has fully dawned upon the American consciousness. On reflection, the number of living writers to whom can justly be attributed what a Frenchman would call *mondial éclat* is startlingly few. It was not so many years ago that Rudyard Kipling, with vigorous, imperialistic note, won for himself the unquestioned title as militant spokesman for the Anglo-Saxon race. To-day, Bernard Shaw has a fame more world-wide than that of any other literary figure in the British Isles, and his dramas are played from Madrid to Helsingfors, from Budapest to Stockholm, from Vienna to St. Petersburg, from Paris to Berlin. Since Ibsen's death, Tolstoi exerts unchallenged the profoundest influence upon the thought and consciousness of the world—not so much by his intellect as by the passionate integrity of his moral aspiration. But, in a sense not easily misunderstood, Mark Twain has a place in the minds and hearts of the great mass of humanity throughout the civilized world which, if measured in terms of

affection, sympathy, and spontaneous enjoyment, is without a parallel.

The robust nationalism of Kipling challenges the defiant opposition of foreigners; while his reportorial realism offends many an inviolable canon of European taste. With all his incandescent wit and radiant comic irony, Bernard Shaw makes his most vivid impression upon the upper strata of society; while his legendary character is perpetually standing in the light of the serious reformer. Tolstoi's works are Russia's greatest literary contribution to posterity; yet his extravagant ideals, his unrealizable hopes, in their almost manicacal mysticism, continue to detract from his fame. If Mark Twain makes a more generally popular appeal, it is because the instrument of his appeal is the universal solvent of humor. That *eidolon* of which Aldrich speaks—a compact of good humor, robust sanity, and large-minded humanity—has diligently "gone about in near and distant places," everywhere making warm and lifelong friends of folk of all nationalities who have never known Mark Twain in the flesh. The stevedore on the dock, the motor-man on the street-car, the newsboy on the street, the riverman on the Mississippi—all speak with exuberant affection of this quaint figure in his white suit, ever wreathed in clouds of tobacco smoke. In one day an emperor and a *concierge* vie with each other in tributes of admiration and esteem for the man and his works. It is Mark Twain's imperishable glory, not simply that his name is more widely known than that of any other living man, but that it is remembered with infinite and irrepressible zest.

Not without wide significance in its bearing upon the general outlines of contemporary literature is the circumstance that Mark Twain served his apprenticeship to letters in the high school



Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn

MARK TWAIN

of journalism. Rudyard Kipling awoke the world with a start by the crude, almost barbaric cry of his journalese; and Bernard Shaw acquired that trenchant and forthright style, which imparts such an air of heightened verisimilitude to his plays, in the ranks of the new journalism. "The writer who aims at producing the platitudes which are 'not for an age, but for all time,'" says Bernard Shaw, "has his reward in being unreadable in all ages; while Plato and Aristophanes trying to knock some sense into the Athens of their day, Shakespeare peopling that same Athens with Elizabethan mechanics and Warwickshire hunts, Ibsen photographing the local doctors and vestrymen of a Norwegian parish, Carpaccio painting the life of St. Ursula exactly as if she were a lady living in the next street to him, are still alive and at home everywhere among the dust and ashes of many thousands of academic, punctilious, most archæologically correct men of letters and art who spent their lives haughtily avoiding the journalist's vulgar obsession with the ephemeral." Mark Twain began by studying the people and period he knew, in relation to his own life; and in writing of his time *à propos* of himself, succeeded in telling the truth about humanity in general and for any time. If it be true that the intellectual life of America for the most part takes its cue from the day, while Europe derives hers from history, then Mark Twain is a typical product of American literature as defined by Johannes V. Jensen: "journalism under exceptionally favorable conditions." Whatever modicum of truth may lurk in this definition, certain it is that Mark Twain is the greatest genius evolved by natural selection out of the ranks of American journalism. Crude, rudimentary, and often coarse as much of his early writing was, it bore upon it the fresh stamp of contemporary actuality.

While Mark Twain has solemnly averred that humor is a "subject which has never had much interest" for him, it is nothing more than a commonplace to say that it is as a humorist and as a humorist only that the world persists in regarding him. The philosophy of his early life was what George Meredith

has aptly termed the "philosophy of the Broad Grin"; and Mark Twain has had a great struggle to "live down his past." Mr. Gilbert Chesterton once said that "American humor, neither unfathomably absurd like the Irish, nor transfiguringly lucid and appropriate like the French, nor sharp and sensible and full of the realities of life like the Scotch, is simply the humor of imagination. It consists in piling towers on towers and mountains on mountains; of heaping a joke up to the stars and extending it to the end of the world." This partial and somewhat conventional foreign conception of American humor is admirably descriptive of the cumulative and sky-breaking humor of the early Mark Twain. Then no exaggeration was too absurd for him, no phantasm too unreal, no climax too extreme. After a while he learned on the platform that the unpardonable sin is to "sell" an audience, and in the study that "comic copy" will never win real fame.

In spite of these wholesome lessons learned through actual experience, Mark Twain has had to pay in full the penalty of comic greatness. The world is loath to accept a popular character at any rating other than its own. Whosoever sets to himself the task of amusing the world must realize the almost insuperable difficulty of inducing the world to regard him as a serious thinker. *C'est une étrange entreprise que celle de faire rire les honnêtes gens,* says Molière; and the strangeness of the undertaking is no less pronounced than the rigor of its obligations. Mark Twain began his career as a professional humorist and fun-maker; and the man in the street is not easily persuaded that the basis of the comic is not uncommon nonsense, but glorified common sense. The French have a fine-flavored distinction in *ce qui remue* from *ce qui émeut*; and if *remuage* was the defining characteristic of *A Tramp Abroad*, *Roughing It*, and *Innocents Abroad*, there was much of deep and genuine emotion in *Life on the Mississippi*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and *Pudd'nhead Wilson*. Think of that admirable passage in which he portrays the marvellous spell laid upon him by that mistress of his youth, the great river:

The face of the water in time became a wonderful book—a book which was a dead language to the uneducated passenger, but which told its mind to me without reserve, delivering its most cherished secrets as if it uttered them with a voice. And it was not a book to be read over and thrown aside, for it had a new story to tell every day. . . . There was never so wonderful a book written by man. . . . When I had mastered the language of this water, and had come to know every trifling feature that bordered the great river as familiarly as I knew the letters of the alphabet, I had made a valuable acquisition. But I had lost something, too. I had lost something which could never be restored to me while I lived. All the grace, the beauty, the poetry, had gone out of the majestic river. . . . A day came when I began to cease from noting the glories and the charms which the moon and the sun and the twilight wrought upon the river's face: another day came when I ceased altogether to note them.

Even to-day, though long since dissociated in fact from the category of Artemus Ward, John Phœnix, Josh Billings, and Petroleum V. Nasby, Mark Twain can never be sure that his most solemn utterance may not be drowned in roars of thoughtless laughter. "It has been a very serious and a very difficult matter," Mr. Clemens lately remarked to me, "to doff the mask of humor with which the public has always seen me adorned. It is the incorrigible practice of the public, in this or in any country, to see only humor in a humorist, however serious his vein. Not long ago I wrote a poem, which I never dreamed of giv-

ing to the public, on account of its seriousness; but on being invited to address the women students of a certain great university, I was persuaded by a near friend to read this poem. At the close of my lecture I said: 'Now, ladies, I am going to read you a poem



Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn

IN THE PERGOLA—STORMFIELD

of mine'—which was greeted with bursts of uproarious laughter. 'But this is a truly *serious* poem,' I asseverated—only to be greeted with renewed and, this time, more uproarious laughter. Nettled by this misunderstanding, I put the poem in my pocket, saying, 'Well, young ladies, since you do not believe me serious, I shall not read the poem,' at which the audience almost went into convulsions of merriment."

Humor, it must be remembered, is a

function of nationality. The same joke, as related by an American, a Scotchman, an Irishman, a Frenchman, carries with it a distinctive racial flavor and individuality of approach. Indeed, it is open to question whether most humor is not essentially local in its nature, requiring some specialized knowledge of some particular locality. After reading George Ade's *Fables in Slang*, Mr. Andrew Lang was driven to the desperate conclusion that humor varies with the parallels of latitude, a joke in Chicago being a riddle in London! If one would lay his finger upon the secret of Mark Twain's world-wide popularity as a humorist, he must find that secret primarily in the universality and humanity of his humor. Mark Twain is a master in the art of broad contrast; incongruity lurks on the surface of his humor; and there is about it a staggering and cyclopean surprise. But these are mere surface qualities, more or less common, though at lower power, to all forms of humor. Nor is Mark Twain's international reputation as a humorist to be attributed to any tricks of style, to any breadth of knowledge, or even to any depth of intellectuality. His hold upon the world is due to qualities not of the head, but of the heart. I once heard Mr. Clemens say that humor is the key to the hearts of men, for it springs from the heart; and worthy of record is his dictum that there is far more of feeling than of thought in genuine humor.

Mark Twain has a remarkable feeling for words and their uses; and the merit of his style is its admirable adaptation to the theme. And though Mr. Henry James may have said that one must be a very rudimentary person to enjoy Mark Twain, there is unimpeachable virtue in a rudimentary style in treatment of rudimentary—or, as I should prefer to phrase it, fundamental—things. Mark Twain has always written with utter individuality, untrammelled by the limitations of any particular sect of art. Style bears translation ill; in fact, translation is not infrequently impossible. But, as Mr. Clemens once pointed out to me, *humor has nothing to do with style*. Mark Twain's humor has international range, since, constructed out of a deep compre-

hension of human nature and a profound sympathy for human relationships and human failings, it successfully surmounts the difficulties of translation into alien tongues.

Mark Twain is a great figure, not because he is an American, paradoxical and even unpatriotic as this may sound, but because he is America's greatest cosmopolitan. He is a true cosmopolitan in the Higginsonian sense in that, unlike Mr. Henry James, he is "at home even in his own country." Above all, he has sympathized with and admired the citizens of every nation, seeking beneath the surface veneer the universal traits of that nation's humanity. It is a matter, not of argument, but of fact, that he has made far more damaging admissions concerning America than concerning any other nation. He disclaims any "attitude" toward the world, for the very simple reason that his relation toward all peoples has been one of effort at comprehension and identification with them in feeling. Lafcadio Hearn best succeeded in interpreting poetry to his Japanese students by freeing it from all artificial and local restraints, and using as examples the simplest lyrics which go straight to the heart and soul of man. And his remarkable lecture on *Naked Poetry* is the most signal illustration of his profoundly suggestive mode of interpretation. In the same way Mark Twain as humorist has sought the highest common factor of all nations. "My secret, if there is any secret," Mr. Clemens said to me, "is to create humor independent of local conditions. Though studying humanity as exhibited in the people and localities I best knew and understood, I have sought to winnow out the encumbrance of the local. *Humor, like morality, has its eternal verities*. Most American humorists have not been widely famous because they have failed to create humor independent of local conditions not found or realized elsewhere."

It must be conceded that the history of literature furnishes forth no great international figures whose fame rests solely upon the basis of humor, however human, however sympathetic, however universal that humor may be. Behind that humor must lurk some deeper and

more serious implication which gives breadth and solidity to the art-product. Genuine humor, as Landor has pointed out, requires a "sound and capacious mind, which is always a grave one." There is always a breadth of philosophy, a depth of sadness, or a profundity of pathos in the very greatest humorists. Both Rabelais and La Fontaine were reflective dreamers; Cervantes fought for the progressive and the real in pricking the bubble of Spanish chivalry; and Molière declared that, for a man in his position, he could do no better than attack the vices of his time with ridiculous likenesses. Though exhibiting little of the melancholy of Lincoln, Mark Twain has much of the Yankee shrewdness and bed-rock common sense of Franklin; and commingled with all his boyish and exuberant fun is a note of pathos subdued but unmistakable. That "disposition for hard hitting with a moral purpose to sanction it," which George Meredith pronounces the national disposition of British humor, is Mark Twain's racial hereditament; and it is, perhaps, because he relates us to our origins, as Mr. Brander Matthews has suggested, that Mark Twain is the foremost of American humorists. It is impossible to think of him in his maturer development as other than a moralist. His impassioned and chivalric defence of Harriet Shelley, his eloquent tribute to the Maid of Orleans, his philippic against King Leopold and the atrocities in the Congo, are all, in essence, vindications of the moral prin-

ciple. *Was It Heaven or Hell?* in its simple pathos, and *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*, in its shrieking irony, present that same transvaluation of current moral values which marks the age of Nietzsche, of Ibsen, of Tolstoi, of Zola, and of Shaw. In her unfinished biography



Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn

CONTENTMENT

of him, Mark Twain's little daughter Susy credited him with being "as much of a philosopher [*sic*] as anything"; and insists that "he is more interested in earnest books and earnest subjects to talk upon than in humorous ones." Mr. Clemens' first essay on a philosophical subject—doubting the existence of free will and declaring that every man was under the immitigable compulsion of his temperament, his training, and



Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn

STORMFIELD IN WINTER

his environment—was too heretical for the Hartford Club of orthodox religionists to which he belonged; and so was never read. But in the last thirty years he has amplified his original conception into a philosophical and ethical system; and to-day his injunction for right living is best concretized in these words: "Diligently train your ideals upward and still upward toward a summit where you will find your chiefest pleasure in conduct which, while contenting you, will be sure to confer benefits upon your neighbors and the community." As Lassalle once said, "History forgives mistakes and failures, but not want of conviction." In Mark Twain posterity will never be called upon to forgive any want of conviction.

Mark Twain is a great humorist—more genial than grim, more good-humored than ironic, more given to imaginative exaggeration than to intellectual sophistication, more inclined to pathos than to melancholy. He is a great story-teller; and he has enriched the literature of the world with a gallery of portraits so human in their

veracious likeness as to rank them with the great figures of classic comedy. He is a remarkable observer and faithful reporter, never allowing himself, in Ibsen's phrase, to be "frightened by the venerableness of the institution"; and his sublimated journalism reveals a mastery of the naïvely comic thoroughly human and democratic. He is the most eminent product of our American democracy; and, in profoundly shocking Great Britain by preferring Connecticut to Camelot, he exhibited that robustness of outlook, that buoyancy of spirit, and that faith in the contemporary which stamps America in perennial and inexhaustible youth. Throughout his long life he has been a factor of high ethical influence in our civilization; and the philosopher and the humanitarian look out from the twinkling eyes of the humorist.

But, after all, Mark Twain's supreme title to distinction as a great writer inheres in his mastery in that highest sphere of thought, embracing religion, philosophy, morality, and even humor, which we call sociology. Mr. Bernard Shaw once remarked to me that

he regarded Poe and Mark Twain as America's greatest achievements in literature; and that he thought of Mark Twain primarily, not as humorist, but as sociologist. "Of course," he added, "Mark Twain is in much the same position as myself: he has to put matters in such a way as to make people who would otherwise hang him believe he is joking!" And Mark Twain once said that whenever he had diverged from custom and principle to utter a truth, the rule has been that the hearer hadn't strength of mind enough to believe it. There is a "sort of contemporaneous posterity" which has registered its verdict that Mark Twain is the world's greatest living humorist; but there is yet to come that greater posterity of the future which will, I dare say, class Mark Twain as America's greatest sociologist in letters. He is the historian in art of a varied and unique phase of civilization on this continent that has passed forever. And it is inconceivable that any future investigator into the sociological phases of that civilization can fail to find priceless and unparalleled documents in the wild yet genial, rudimentary yet sane, boisterous yet universally human writings of Mark Twain.

It is a far cry from the steamboat on the Mississippi to the Italianate villa, from the overalls of the river

pilot to the gray and scarlet of the Oxford gown. And in recalling the various vicissitudes of his varied life the mind irresistibly reverts to that day when Mark Twain, at the age of sixty, accompanied by his wife, set forth to retrieve his fallen fortunes. When the publishing-house in which he was interested, against his advice and through no fault of his own, continued a policy which led to ruin, Mr. and Mrs. Clemens discovered that even if they sacrificed all their effects they could pay the creditors only about forty cents on the dollar. But Mrs. Clemens' passion for morals manifested itself, and they agreed together that at any cost they must pay nothing less than dollar for dollar. With her courageous company, Mr. Clemens began his career a second time, setting off on a tramp abroad which has ended in "Stormfield" and autumn peace. With obligations satisfied, business integrity magnificently maintained, and fortune made, Mr. Clemens has earned that dignified and honorable leisure for congenial work and humanitarian service it was the tragic fate of Sir Walter Scott never to realize. Nothing can disturb the even tenor of his care-free existence—not even that direst of all terrors to the man of letters, the expiration of copyright. For he has incorporated the very name of *Mark Twain*!

Mark Twain at Stormfield

THE HOUSE OF MANY BEATITUDES

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

IT was the late afternoon of a June day that Mark Twain first saw his new home at Redding—a day such as those who were responsible for that home had hoped for, and would have prayed for, perhaps—if they had had time.

For there had been a great getting ready—a multitude of last things to do—a marshalling and counter-marshalling of workmen and tradesmen of every sort, in order that the last touch might be

added, the last bit of furnishing be put in place—that the cat might indeed be "purring upon the hearth-rug" when he entered the door, according to his desire: for here be it remembered that Mark Twain had never seen that house before, had never even seen Redding until that day, and had no more than a hazy notion of the place and habitation which awaited him.

Redding recognized the occasion as

historic, and June 18, 1908, became a sort of holiday. When the train with Mark Twain aboard stopped at the Redding platform (it had been a through express train up to that time) there was a varied assemblage of vehicles and gala array to offer a gallant country welcome. It was then a little before six o'clock of that long June day, still and dreamlike, and to the people assembled there was something which was not quite reality in the scene. There was a tendency to be very still. They nodded, waved their hands to him, smiled and looked their fill, but a spell lay upon them, and they did not cheer. It would have been a pity if they had done so. The picture was perfect. A noise, and the illusion would have shattered.

His carriage led away on the three-mile drive to the house on the hilltop, and the floral turnout fell in behind. There had been drouth, but two days before a rain had laid the dust and washed the verdure clean. No first impression of a fair land could have come at a sweeter time. Hillsides were green; fields were white with daisies; dogwood and laurel shone among the trees. And over all was the blue sky, and everywhere the fragrance of June.

He was very quiet as he drove along. Once with gentle humor, looking over a white daisy field, he said:

"That is buckwheat. I always recognize buckwheat when I see it. I wish I knew as much about other things as I know about buckwheat. It seems to be very plentiful here; it even grows by the roadside;" and a little later, "This is the kind of a road I like; a good country road through the woods."

The water was flowing over the mill-dam where the road crossed the Saugatuck, and he expressed approval of that clear, picturesque little river, one of the most charming of Connecticut waters. A little farther on, a brook cascaded down the hillside, and he compared it with some of the tiny streams of Switzerland. The lane that led to the new home opened just above, and as he entered the little leafy way he said:

"This is just the kind of a lane I like," thus completing his approval of everything except the house itself and its location.

The last of the procession had dropped away at the entrance of the lane, and he was alone with those who had most anxiety for his verdict. They had not long to wait. As they ascended higher to the open view he looked away, across the Saugatuck valley to the nestling village and church spire and farmhouses, and to the distant hills, and declared the land to be a good land and beautiful—a spot to satisfy one's soul. Then came the house—simple and severe in its architecture—an Italian villa, such as he had known in Florence, adapted now to American climate and needs. The scars of building had not all healed yet, but close to the house waved green grass and blooming flowers that might have been there always. Neither did the house itself look new. The soft gray stucco had taken on a tone that melted into the blue sky and foliage of its background. At the entrance his domestic staff waited to greet him, and then he stepped across the threshold into the wide hall and stood in his own home for the first time in seventeen years. It was an anxious moment, and no one spoke immediately. But presently when his eye had taken in the soft, satisfying harmony of the place and followed on through the wide doors that led to the dining-room—on through the open French windows to the most wonderful vista in America—he said, very gently:

"How beautiful it all is! I did not think it could be as beautiful as this."

They showed him the rooms; the great living-room at one end of the hall—a room on the walls of which there were no pictures, but only color harmony—and at the other end of the hall the splendid, glowing billiard-room, where hung all the pictures in which he took delight. Then to the floor above, with its spacious rooms and a continuation of color welcome and concord, the windows open to the pleasant evening hills.

And when he had seen it all—the natural Italian garden below the terraces; the loggia, whose arches framed enchanting vistas and formed a rare picture-gallery of myriad and eternal things; when he had completed the round and stood in the billiard-room—his especial domain—once more he said, as a final verdict:

"It is a perfect house—perfect, so far as I can see, in every detail. It might have been here always."

He was at home there from that moment—absolutely, marvellously at home, for he fitted the setting perfectly, and there was not a hitch or a flaw in his adaptation. To see him over the billiard table, five minutes later, one could easily fancy that Mark Twain, as well as the house, had "been there always."

There were guests that first evening—a small home dinner-party—and all so perfect were the appointments and service that one not knowing would scarcely have imagined it to be the first dinner served in that lovely room. A little later, at the foot of the garden of bay and cedar, neighbors set off some fireworks, and he stepped out on the terrace and saw rockets climbing through the summer sky to announce his arrival.

"I wonder why they all go to so much trouble for me," he said, softly; "I never go to any trouble for anybody"—a statement which all who heard it and all his multitude of readers in every land stood ready to deny.

That first evening closed with billiards—boisterous, triumphant billiards—and when with midnight the day ended and the billiard cues were set in the rack, there was none to say that Mark Twain's first day in his new home had not been without a flaw.

He had named it "Innocence At Home" before he saw it—a pleasant name, suiting his first week's occupancy, for his guests (there are usually guests) were two members of his "Aquarium," a society of which he is the founder and patron saint, composed of "Angel Fish"—that is to say, girls in their early teens. For Mark Twain is fond of children. He loves to see them on the premises, to provide entertainment for them, and to mingle with their games. That first week—a rare week in June—was idyllic, and had there been always fair weather and Angel Fish the house on the hill-top might have remained "Innocence At Home."

But by and by summer storms gathered over that rock-bound open hill with its wide reaches of vine and shrub—wild fierce storms that bent the birch and cedar and strained at the bay and huckle-

berry; glaring lightning and turbulent wind and thunder, followed by the charging phalanx of the rain. Standing with head bared to the tumult, his white hair tossing in the blast, and beholding the wide splendor of the spectacle, he recalled one of his later and briefer titles and rechristened the place "Stormfield."

Yet, within, the house is a house of beatitudes. No gentler westering sun ever illumined the afternoon of life than sheds its tranquil peace at Stormfield. There are those whom time embitters and hardens. There are others who, like rare and genuine art productions, grow mellow and more precious with the years. So tenderly have the seasons with their sweetness and their sorrows laid their kindness on Mark Twain that to-day there is benediction in his very presence. He is seventy-three, but he is not old, and he never will be. He could not be old if he tried. His manner, his speech; his movement, his point of view—they are all young. His complexion is of exquisite coloring; he runs lightly up-stairs; he skips like a lad of ten. One never feels that he is old—that he ever could be old. His hair is snow-white, but then so is his dress, and there is as much of freshness and youth and joy in the one as in the other. He is the embodiment of eternal youth, with youth's eternal charm.

How peacefully the days go by! There are no special morning regulations at Stormfield. One may have his breakfast at any time and at almost any place. He may have it in bed if he likes, or in the loggia or living-room or billiard-room. He may even have it in the dining-room, or on the terrace, just outside. The company—there is likely to be company—may suit their convenience in the matter; they are under no restrictions—no published restrictions—though on the mantel of the billiard-room there is a card of requests, to burglars. But other guests—invited guests—may rely upon their conscience and judgment for guidance. This applies mainly to the forenoon; in the afternoon there are games—that is, billiards—provided one knows billiards—otherwise, hearts. These two games are Mark Twain's safety-valves, and while there are no printed requirements relating to

them, the unwritten code of Stormfield provides that guests of whatever age or previous convictions shall engage in one or both of these diversions.

The master of Stormfield himself is likely to spend his forenoon in bed, with his reading, his letters, and his literary labors, and he comes to the green table of skill and chance eager for the onset. If the fates are kindly, he approves of them generously. If not—well, the fates are old enough to know better and must take the consequences. Sometimes, when the weather is fine and there are no games (this is likely to be on Sunday afternoons), there are long drives among the hills, and along the Saugatuck, through the Redding Glen.

The cat is always "purring on the hearth" at Stormfield—several cats—for Mark Twain's fondness for this clean, cunning, intelligent domestic animal is one of his happiest characteristics. He is naturally gentle and tender-hearted toward all animals, and the grace and beauty and playfulness of the cat make a peculiar appeal to his nature. There are never too many cats at Stormfield, and the "hearth" takes in the entire house, including the billiard table. When, as is likely to happen at any time during the game, Sinbad or Danbury or Billiards may decide to hop up and play with the balls, the game simply adds this element of chance, and the uninvited player is not disturbed. The cats really own Stormfield; any one could tell that from their deportment. Mark Twain will continue to pay the taxes and to keep up the repairs, but it is Danbury and Sinbad and the others that hold the place in fee simple and trouble themselves not at all with the blight of tribute and the waste of wear and tear. They possess themselves of any portion of the house or its furnishings at will, and they never fail to attract attention. Mark Twain is likely to be preoccupied, and indifferent to the comings and goings of other members of the household. But no matter what he is doing, let Danbury appear on the horizon and he is observed and greeted with due deference, and complimented and made comfortable. Mark Twain has been known to rise from the dinner table and carry certain choice food out on the terrace to Tammany—

now late and lamented—and to be satisfied with almost no acknowledgment in the way of appreciation. One could not imagine any home of the great humorist where the cats were not supreme.

At the close of the day, particularly when there are no guests and he wants only the repose of meditation, Mark Twain likes music. A great orchestrelle at the end of the living-room supplies this need, and lying on a couch or in an easy chair, with eyes closed and cigar dimly alight, he listens half unconsciously to the stately measures of Chopin and Schubert and Beethoven, and mingles unusual philosophies and majestic speculations with long, long backward dreams.

Mark Twain came to his new home in Redding expecting to pass only the summer and autumn there. He changed his mind on the day after his arrival.

"I am sorry on one account that I did not see the place before," he said. "Had I done so, I should have brought everything I possess to this house, and I never would leave it again. It is a perfect home."

He has passed a full round of seasons in the house since then, but his verdict of those first days has not changed. Harmonious and gratifying throughout, amid surroundings that cannot be surpassed in all the beautiful hill country of New England; arranged in every detail for comfort and use and welcome, it is still the perfect home to him, and will so remain. It has been said that Mark Twain has had many homes, and that he tired of them all—that he would soon tire of this one. The statement is not well founded. Mark Twain has lived in many places, but he has had only three homes: the first in Buffalo—a house of sorrow which he abandoned soon; the second in Hartford—a beautiful home that sheltered him during the period of his most active literary labors, those rare early years of his married life. The stress of circumstances made it impossible for him to remain there, and still more impossible for him to return. Stormfield is the third of Mark Twain's homes, and it is likely there will be no other. It is a quiet and beautiful harbor, despite its name, and it is not likely that its owner will slip the moorings again.

A Tragedy of First Love

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON

NOT only was it first love, but it was love at first sight. As a rule, the favor of Miss Lorrilard had to be sought long and assiduously. And it must be admitted that, for the most part, it had its price. Yet there were cases where costly offerings had been known to fail. The rejected suitors were wont to ascribe it to caprice, while Miss Lorrilard's family inclined to put faith in the doctrine of the marvellous instinct of babes—despite the fact that none of those upon whom this one had quite literally turned her back had ever before or after been convicted of any act or word subversive of the welfare of society.

When Erskine appeared, however, he was smiled upon at once. And he, in his turn, smiled into the face which was on a level with his own because his foot was still upon the first step and Miss Lorrilard sat upon the porch.

"You can come to my tea-party," he was told. Six cups and saucers, six plates, a teapot, and a sugar bowl—all of which he could have taken into the palms of his two hands—were set out upon the top step. There was also one larger plate with a slice of cake.

"Thank you," said Erskine, and seated himself. "Is any one else invited?" he inquired.

"My dolls are."

Large and small, whole and battered, they sat in a row against the railing of the porch. Erskine looked upon it as an inclusive introduction, and bowed to them.

"Now may I ask your name?"—he hinted delicately at an oversight in the formalities.

"Miss Lorrilard," his hostess answered. "But you can call me Betty."

"You are gracious, Betty. It would be much simpler if preliminaries were always disposed of after this wise."

"Do you want some tea?" She guided the conversation away from abstractions.

"Thank you," he repeated.

Miss Lorrilard took up the teapot and held it above one of the cups.

"It is think tea," she volunteered, as she gave it to him. Erskine took the saucer between his thumb and finger.

"Put but your lips against the cup," he made light of the material.

Miss Lorrilard mistrusted irony. There was a faintly doubtful inquiry in her brown eyes, but after an instant's pause she decided to let it pass.

"There's *truly* cake, though," she added. And she broke him a piece which all but covered one of the dishes. Then she served the dolls and herself. After that she turned her attention back to Erskine. He was eating his cake, a crumb at a time.

"Is Miss Gallatin coming to the party?" he asked.

"Aunt Viola?"

"I dare say," he agreed.

"No," said Betty, shortly.

"Don't you think you ought to ask her?"

"She's dressing herself. I guess perhaps there's a suitor coming."

"Oh!" said Erskine.

"Do you want some more tea?" Betty was attentive to her duties.

"I think possibly I should be tearing myself away. Of course nothing could give me greater pleasure than to stay. But the fact is I had a previous engagement with Miss Gallatin."

"Oh!" said Betty, in her turn. "So it's you." And if such a supposition had not been unworthy, her guest would have thought that a shade of pique was to be detected.

"I don't care," the eternal feminine at once took means to remove any such misconstruction from his mind. "I can play with my dolls."

"To be sure you can," Erskine acquiesced, as he rose and went to the front door, ringing the bell. She had

half expected that he would pat her upon the head, or pull her curls—either of which courses she would have resented intensely. But he only gave her a farewell nod as he vanished from sight.

Betty played tea-party with the dolls for a while longer. But it was not much fun. To be sure, she could have had companionship. From the next garden her youngest sweetheart, Freddy Smith, hailed her, requesting that she come and play. She vouchsafed no answer.

"Then I'll come over there," he proposed.

"I don't want you," discouraged Betty.

"Why not?" was the wistful query.

"Because I don't."

"The advantage of five over twenty-five," observed Erskine. The suggestions and their prompt rejection had reached the drawing-room.

Miss Gallatin smiled. "No—it is only a question of degree and of form. Twenty-five has its manner of expressing the same things."

"But Miss Betty concedes nothing, and refuses to complicate existence for the satisfaction of having a variety of strings to her bow."

"Betty knows no motive whatever, save that of her own sweet will."

It was in obedience to this that the subject of their remarks presently appeared at the drawing-room door. But the simplicity of her purposes was already beginning to yield to the pressure of tradition and of those feminine policies which long ages have made instinct. For the first time she was in the grasp of a preference so strong as to have a reactionary force. She had come as far as the door because she wanted to. But also because she wanted to come farther she did not do it. When the paradox of motives has reached this point there is need of an impulsion from without. Meanwhile her indecision could not cloak itself with pretence. She stood with her finger in her mouth and twisted the toe of her sandal into the rug. It was behavior so unusual that Miss Gallatin was surprised. Usually when Betty desired to come into the drawing-room she came, regardless of who might be there. And when she had anything to

say she said it, whether it were interrupting the speech of her elders or not.

"What is it, darling?" asked Miss Gallatin. "Come here to auntie." Betty remained where she was, unanswering, her eyes upon Erskine's face. Miss Gallatin held out her hand. "Come, dear, and tell Mr. Erskine what you learned at the kindergarten to-day." Betty stood still.

Then Erskine spoke. "Come on, Betty," he commanded.

Betty obeyed. But when he reached out his arm to draw her beside his chair she sidled off to Miss Gallatin.

"Betty and I are great friends," that young lady explained. "Indeed, the attachment is so extreme as to be occasionally rather detrimental to discipline."

Betty felt that something which she did not understand was being said about her. They need not think she didn't know she was being discussed, just because they used long words. Distrust darkened her eyes as she turned them from Erskine to her aunt and back again.

"Miss Betty and I had a flirtation out on the porch," said Erskine. "Didn't we, Betty?" She nodded.

But a silent and abashed little girl, even though very pretty indeed, was only less interesting than would have been one obtrusively loquacious. And the conversation forthwith proceeded, literally and figuratively, above her head. For a time she continued to lean against Aunt Viola's knee, with Aunt Viola's arm around her. She was passionately and sometimes obstreperously devoted to this charming young relative. Aunt Viola was her refuge in hours of emotion or of trial. Yet now this feminine influence was upon the wane and a masculine one was in the ascendent. The more Betty stared fixedly at the visitor, the more did she desire to have his arms around her rather than Miss Gallatin's. And so it came about that before long she had gradually edged over beside his chair, and his fingers were playing unheedingly with her curls.

When Erskine was ready to go he took her up on his knee. "Are you going to give me a bear hug, Miss Betty?" he suggested.

Betty sat unresponsive.

"Her favor is not easily won," Aunt



Drawn by Paul Meylan

"IS MISS GALLATIN COMING TO THE PARTY?"

Viola explained. "She must first be served, long and faithfully."

But Betty was not prepared to let consistency stand in the way of inclination. With an abrupt turn she scrambled up, and throwing her arms about Erskine's neck, she embraced him with all her strength.

After this it was understood that she was Erskine's sweetheart. He had told her so himself. He had also informed her that his first name was Tom.

"Aunt Viola can call you Tom, too," she had conceded, in a moment of expansiveness. But Miss Gallatin did not avail herself of the privilege.

In the beginning it could not be said that Erskine was very assiduous in his attentions to his sweetheart. He came to the house only at intervals of some length. But gradually his ardor waxed. His visits grew to be almost an everyday affair. Betty expected them as part of the routine of life. When she heard that he was in the drawing-room she would at once leave her play and go down. It contented her to stand beside him with her hand in his, or to sit on his lap, listening to what he and Aunt Viola had to say. Once or twice she learned that he had been at the house without her having been informed of it. And her displeasure was expressed.

But the disappointment was in a manner atoned for when he presented her with a beautiful doll, which could speak and close its eyes. He had sent boxes of candy before this, to be sure. But Aunt Viola had always appropriated them, only doling out a piece occasionally. The doll, however, no one else attempted to claim, and Betty could cherish it for its own sake and that of the donor. Yet she began to grow a little restive under the treatment which the rest of the family accorded to her affairs. There came a time, for instance, when they spoke at the breakfast table of Erskine's presence upon the evening previous. "Was Tom here last night?" she asked, pricking up her head and turning sharply to her mother. Mrs. Lorrillard nodded. "Why wasn't *I* told?" Betty could be crushingly dignified. But they laughed. Her face flamed and she got down from her chair with a haughty "'Scuse me, please," and left the room.

Nor would she be prevailed upon to come back and finish her toast and egg.

Perhaps it was because he wished to make amends for this oversight that he brought her presents frequently after this. He sent Aunt Viola flowers and books and things, to be sure, but what were they compared to doll's-house furniture and wonderful mechanical toys? She had loved Erskine before, and for himself alone, but it would not have been human nature if she had failed to have her affections strengthened by such visible tokens of his own.

The day when adoration and felicity overwhelmed her heart, however, was when he drew from his pocket and slipped upon her finger a shining gold ring set with five little pale-blue stones. Betty sat long in contemplation of her treasure. At length she looked over at Aunt Viola. Aunt Viola had also a new ring. Betty did not know where it had come from. She had not taken the trouble to inquire. In fact, she did not admire it especially. It looked like white glass. Now for the first time she spoke of it. "My ring's prettier than yours. It has *five* pieces—and they're blue."

This was the crowning hour of her romance. But it was short-lived. For that very night the pangs of jealousy rended her soul.

She had been put to bed in the nursery soon after dark. And, as usual, she had fallen asleep at once. But after a time, which she had no means of measuring, she awoke. This was almost unprecedented. Probably, however, it was to be ascribed to the excitement occasioned by her new possession. Under the coverlid her right hand stole over to the left one and felt the circlet of gold with its five little stones. And very naturally she began to think about Erskine. Presently she felt that she wanted to see him. It became an overmastering desire. Perhaps he was downstairs in the drawing-room at this very moment. She knew that he came very often in the evening now, when she was not informed. It was a fact she had had to accept. And if he were there, of course he would want to see her. Was she not his sweetheart?

So it was that a little figure in white came out from the dark nursery into the

dimly lighted corridor, went down the stairs and across the entrance hall to the drawing-room door. There she paused. And a sight which at first she could not comprehend met her dazed, wide-open eyes. Erskine, her own Erskine, was indeed there, as she had felt that he would be. But the arms which she had wanted to have take her up and hold her close were enfolding Aunt Viola. Aunt Viola was letting him kiss her. And she could hear him say, "Good night, sweetheart."

Silent and unperceived, Betty went back up the stairs, groped her way into the nursery, and crept into her bed. And when Aunt Viola came tiptoeing in a few minutes later to see if her little niece were well covered for the night, Betty was sobbing with her head under the sheets.

"What is it, dearie? Have you had a bad dream?" her aunt asked, gently. But Betty would not answer.

The next day a heavy weight oppressed her spirits. All the happiness seemed to have gone from life. She did not care about the doll's house. She did not care about the speaking doll. She did not want to play. As for the new ring, the gold had lost its lustre and the blue stones were dull. Her misery was too deep for speech, but it became so apparent that even the uncomprehending, unimaginative grown-ups began to understand that it was not merely a case of sulks.

"I believe the poor little thing is really unhappy," she overheard Aunt Viola say—Aunt Viola, whose advances she had repulsed unrelentingly. "Perhaps she has her own premonitions."

"I think she ought to be told," Mr. Lorrillard's voice made reply.

"I'm sure *I* don't want to break it to her," Aunt Viola's voice spoke again. "She has always been so devoted to me."

"It is Mr. Erskine who has her allegiance now," Betty's mother interpreted.

"But she must know sometime before long, and it may save complications to have it out at once."

Betty wondered what they were talking about; but she was not very curious. Nothing mattered especially. The world was a dreary, uninteresting place. Her mood of silence and lifelessness continued even when she had had her nap and was

being dressed for the afternoon. Her mother had come into the nursery to-day to comb the long, thick curls—sending nurse herself down to attend to other things. And she was being so careful and gentle as to have given no single occasion for an exasperated "Oh!"

Betty's toilet went on for a time, with no speech upon either side. Then Mrs. Lorrillard mustered courage to begin.

"Betty dear," she said, "should you mind very much if Aunt Viola were to go away and leave us for a while?"

Betty did not at once reply.

"Should you, dear?"

"No," came flatly.

"But you love Aunt Viola very much, don't you?" Mrs. Lorrillard tried again.

"No." Betty was implacable.

"Well—mother is sorry that you don't. But she thinks you will when you are in a better humor. And, anyway, dearie, you must be nice to her while she stays with us now. It won't be much longer, because Aunt Viola is going to be married to Mr. Erskine and be taken ever so far away."

For a long minute Betty sat immovable, giving no sign. Then reaching up one hand to detach a curl from the comb, she turned with great deliberation and looked her mother in the face.

"May I ask," she demanded, in measured tones, "if Tom knows anything about this?"

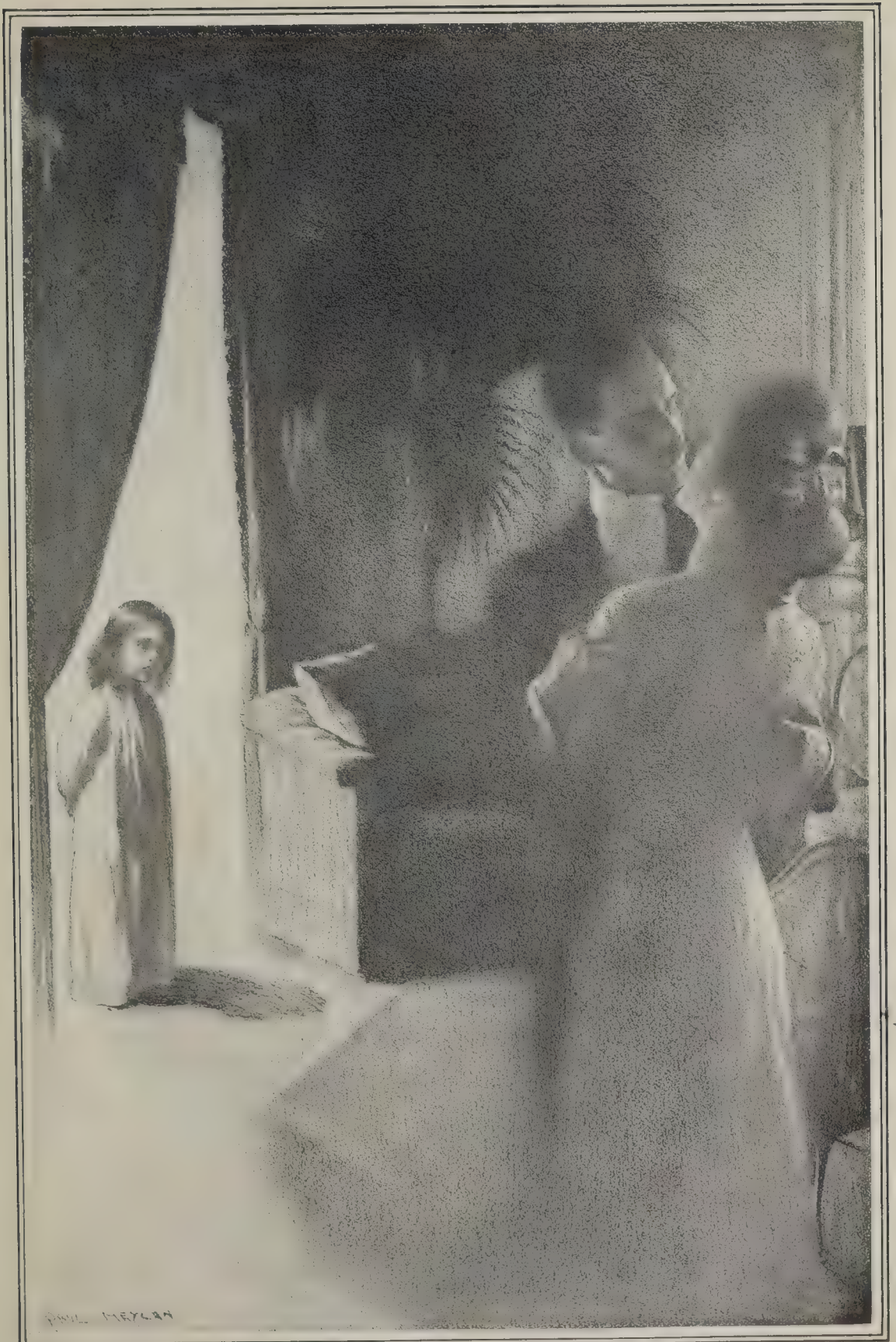
It was not to be said of Betty that she failed to take with proper pride what she evidently felt to be a betrayal, a breach of faith. Tom had been hers, her especial property. He had said that she was his sweetheart. And now he had changed his mind. He liked Aunt Viola better. But Betty uttered no reproaches.

It befell that she did not see Erskine for several days after the news had been broken to her. Then she and Freddy Smith were going through the hall on their way up-stairs. Erskine came out from the library.

"Hello, Betty!" he greeted her, in his usual cheerful voice. "It is a good while since we have met."

"How do you do?" she answered, distantly.

"Are we on formal terms? Aren't you coming to kiss me?"



Drawn by Paul Meylan

A SIGHT WHICH AT FIRST SHE COULD NOT COMPREHEND

Betty did not hesitate. Unsmiling and unmoved she walked over to him, laid her hand in his, and lifted her face. Erskine knew that at the best it was only acquiescence.

"What is the matter with my little sweetheart?" he asked, detaining her as she tried to withdraw.

"I'm not your sweetheart," said Betty, calmly.

"She's mine," triumphed Freddy Smith.

She threw him a look of disdain. "I'm not, either," she denied.

The next time Erskine came he produced from his pocket a little box, which upon being opened displayed a tiny heart-shaped locket.

"Thank you," said Betty, showing no delight.

But, except for the studied reserve which was not to be overcome, her life went on upon its even tenor. She played with her dolls and her toys and romped with Freddy Smith.

"She isn't pining, at any rate, poor little girl," Aunt Viola said.

"She has proper pride," Erskine commended, "and she is not going to eat out her heart for a faithless man."

Betty certainly gave no evidence that concealment of any grief was gnawing on the damask of her round cheeks. She showed a quite normal curiosity over all the preparations for the wedding, and was to the last degree pleased and excited over the part she herself was to take in it. For she was to attend the bride, carrying the ring. She saw Aunt Viola as a minor factor in that mysterious ceremony about which every one was talking. And she could not wait for the day to come. "When will it be the tenth of June?" she inquired, persistently. But at last it was to be the day after tomorrow, and finally it was to-day.

Betty walked into the room in time to the music precisely as she had been trained, serene in the consciousness of her new frock and ribbons. "Isn't she a darling?" "The precious little thing!" "Isn't she just too sweet?" the comments followed her. She divided admiration with the bride herself.

"That's right, Betty. You are doing beautifully," her father whispered, at the

first opportunity. She had forgotten nothing and her behavior was exemplary. Yet he felt it would be as well to stand by and prompt her. So, as the moment approached when she was to carry forward the ring upon its silver salver, he spoke again.

"Be ready, Betty. Listen for the words."

The words were spoken.

"Now, Betty." Betty gave no sign. "Now, Betty," he repeated, urgently, "the ring, take them the ring." Betty did not move.

"*Betty!*" It was a sharp command.

At this trying juncture Mrs. Lorrilard came to the rescue. She was afraid that her little daughter had suddenly become self-conscious, rooted to the spot with fright. But neither self-consciousness nor fright showed in the fixed brown eyes and the stubbornly sunken chin. Erskine had turned his head slightly and was signing to her to come forward.

"Betty dear," her mother pleaded, "don't be a naughty girl and make us all ashamed of you."

The plea had its effect. Yielding to the moral suasion and to the pressure on her shoulder, Betty walked over to Erskine and held up the salver, upon a level with her chin. Erskine took the ring and the ceremony proceeded.

"Betty," Mrs. Lorrilard's low voice came again under the rhythmic words, "come back now."

Betty gave no intimation of hearing. She stood where she was, staring up at the bride and at Erskine with a wide, pathetic gaze. Gradually her eyes began to fill with tears. A sense of woe swept over her. She had been a naughty girl. Her father and her mother were angry with her and ashamed of her. She would probably be punished. And nobody would like her now. Nobody would think she was pretty—for bad little girls were never pretty. And over and above it all, Aunt Viola was going away and Tom didn't love her. She was no one's sweetheart any more.

She did not know what the clergyman had said, she had no knowledge of anything that was happening, until at last she realized that Erskine and her aunt had turned to face the room, that there was a general flutter and stir, an ending

of the tense silence. It bore itself in upon her with a sharp sense of finality, of something important having come to a close.

Then she knew that Erskine was looking down into her brimming eyes, was reaching out his hand to her, smiling.

"Come and kiss Aunt Viola," he said, "—and Uncle Tom."

Nothing more was needed to break down her self-control. The tears began to roll along her cheeks, and all at once, with a wail of sharpest anguish, she threw herself at the feet of the bridal couple, sobbing out the grief which had been so long restrained.

It was in vain that she was taken up into the bridegroom's arms, in vain that Aunt Viola spoke soothing words. Nervous and tired and overwrought with the unwonted excitement, she grew hysterical and tempestuous.

"Let me go, let me go," she gasped, struggling to be free. "You don't love me. You don't love me. I'm not your sweetheart any more."

So unseemly an interruption of the festivities was not, of course, to be tolerated. Betty was delivered over to her father, who bore her, still wailing, to the top of the stairs, and speaking to her with cutting severity, gave her into the nurse's care with instructions that she be put to bed.

And this was the end of the wonderful day to which she had looked forward for so long! She did not believe that they would ever forgive her, her father or mother or Aunt Viola—or even Tom. As the afternoon deepened she lay there in the nursery alone, her breath still coming in short catches and long quiverings. Her tear-burned lids were closed.

But after a time she became aware that some one was near her. She turned slowly and looked up. There stood Aunt Viola, bending over the little bed, her eyes shining through the dusk with soft radiance.

In the few short minutes which followed, Betty's troubled soul found peace.

Regardless of the new gown in which she was to go away, Aunt Viola knelt upon the floor and gathered her to her breast. And Tom, who had followed into the room, patted her forgivingly upon the head.

"I was so *awful* naughty," Betty murmured, tremulously.

"Never mind, dearie. Every one will forgive you this time. But what was the matter, little girl?"

"It was because"—there came a catch in the breath—"because you are going away—and because I'm not Tom's sweetheart any more."

Then Aunt Viola, comprehending at last, threw herself upon the generosity of the rival she had supplanted. Betty loved Aunt Viola, did she not? And Betty wanted Aunt Viola to be happy? But Aunt Viola would be very *unhappy* indeed, so unhappy that perhaps she might die, if she were not Uncle Tom's sweetheart herself.

Betty gave it consideration. It was an appeal to which her nature responded. Her arms closed more tightly about Aunt Viola's neck.

"I'll tell you what we will do," her new uncle spoke, pursuing the path of his bride's diplomacy. "We will let Betty decide. Will you make Aunt Viola unhappy, or will you let me have her for one of my sweethearts—and you for the other one?"

The fervor of renunciation rose high in Betty's soul, and magnanimity ruled supreme.

"She can be your *only* sweetheart." Then, with a very feminine touch of the sense of power and of choice, "I will take Freddy Smith."

And so it was that, at rest with her own conscience and with the world at large, Betty only stirred drowsily when, a few minutes later, she heard a carriage driving away to the sound of good wishes and farewells. And as the roll of wheels was lost in the distance she gave a long sigh of contentment, tucked her hand under her grief-stained cheek, and drifted off into smiling sleep.

Editor's Easy Chair

THE question whether our blessings come up from the ground or down from the sky is apt to remain for our consideration after we have ascertained that they are really blessings. The fact as to their true nature can be established only by the will of the majority, and never so finally established but there will be a minority to dispute it. We are accustomed, upon the verdict of the vastly greater part of civilized mankind, to think and to say that monogamy, indissoluble matrimony, sobriety, peace, liberty, equality, fraternity, representative government, private property, manhood suffrage, vaccination, hygienic plumbing, arbitration of international differences, and the reference of private grievances to the law courts, and wounds to personal pride or dignity to courts of honor, are all the beneficent effects of a divine purpose humanly working toward universal truth and right. But this verdict has been by no means unanimously accepted by the civilized world. In all ages, quite down to our own, there have been sincere and serious people to contend that polygamy is the true solution of the sex question, that divorce ought to be easy, that alcohol is a good creature in its manifold forms, that war is useful in keeping down a surplus of population, that there never was and never can be and never should be liberty, equality, and fraternity, that a benign despotism is the only good government, that private property is a robbery of the public, that manhood suffrage is a fallacy as well as a failure, that vaccination is the prolific mother of diseases, that the good old surface drainage is the only sewerage, that arbitration is impossible, and duelling is right and wise. Cannibalism is the one practice of the past which has not been openly defended, but there is no telling how many have secretly continued it into our own time. As for such a thing as womanhood suffrage, there are some,

by no means the worst men or women in the world, who hold that it would be the greatest harm that could happen. Pending the decision of the majority on this point, the Easy Chair will provisionally rest in a supposition to the contrary, for the sake of that inquiry into the origin of the present world movement, which to be useful must be friendly rather than unfriendly. That is to say, we must regard the actual disposition of men to give women an equal share in their common civic affairs, as of beneficent promise before we can profitably ask whether it is of terrestrial or of celestial origin.

Is it the far result of collective woman's indignant sense of the injustice done her, eventuating in the formidable rebellion of the sex against the unfairness of the existing conditions, or has it eventuated from the inspiration of some clear intellect shocked by the secular spectacle of the wrongs of women through men's laws? This psychological problem is peculiarly tempting at the present significant stage of the proceedings, and we hope it will interest those enlightened spirits that monthly throng about the Easy Chair and invite it to its bold divagations. In the apparent fact we have that essential duality which confronts us in every human fact, and that interaction of the divided verities which constitute one truth. Probably the dumb sense of women's wrongs began very long ago, though the recognition of them is so recent. For centuries the victims of the arena suffered before men's eyes, until at last some spectator realized that the atrocious cruelties he beheld hurt those who bore them as they would have hurt him in their place; then the beginning of the end came, not through the sensibility of the immediate sufferer, but through that of some comfortable witness. -It was not because Mary Wollstonecraft had been worse wronged than other women that

she saw how all women were wronged, and was moved to write the epoch-making book from which all the modern agitation of the woman question dates. She too had fought with beasts at Ephesus, but it is much more imaginable that it was from a spirit awakened in her by the sufferings of others that she spoke than from her personal experiences.

A like strain of impersonal interest of sympathy in the reformer runs through the tale of oppression since the world began. It was not some wretch who had been the victim of prison abuses, but a man knowing of them in a magisterial way, and with only a brief casual sense and sight of them at close range, a man rich and well placed in life, who took up the cause of the forgotten captive and the friendless convict. A poor printer in Newburyport, who had never been near Richmond or Charleston or New Orleans, conceived of slavery in its abomination, and could not rest till emancipation became part of American history. It was not a negro captured in a midnight foray, driven over burning sands, hustled aboard a slaver, and after the horrors of the middle passage, sold into lifelong bondage in another hemisphere, who spurred the conscience of the world to the suppression of the slave-trade, but it was an elderly English invalid who, after a youth of idle gayety, devoted himself to its extirpation. The great social and political changes have started from a like impulse, from the compassion and the indignation of those not immediately or not most to be helped by them. The French Revolution did not begin with the peasants who ate grass, but with the philosophers who at their little suppers realized that famine with horror. We ourselves would very likely have gone on using stamped paper and drinking taxed tea to the present day if it had not been for the publicists who could well have afforded to pay the imposts, but who inspired us to rebel against the English violation of the abstract principle involved. Socialism itself, so far as we can trace its origin, is not the dream of the overworked and underpaid laborer; he is still concerned in getting more pay for his work; but it is the

vision of the soft-handed scholar Plato, persisting through the religious commonwealth of the first Christians to the Utopia of the English gentleman, Sir Thomas More.

The cause, then, of women's rights is not different in being the sympathetic effect through women who have not felt women's wrongs the most. The English suffragettes who have violated the decorum of ministers and legislators, and had themselves carried kicking and screaming out of insulted Parliaments, and willingly served their sentences in jail, like common criminals, are not women who have endured peculiar hardship through the unequal laws. They are mostly women in very comfortable circumstances, in good society, often of gentle birth and even noble blood, favored and flattered by the conditions, rather than oppressed by them. They may be right or they may be wrong in their conception of the situation; but what is certain is that they believe themselves right, and that they are willing to suffer all things if they may only do something to break the bonds enslaving one-half of the human race, or in very highly feminized populations, three-quarters or two-thirds.

Still more interesting is the fact that they are demanding complete civic equality in a country where men's laws are juster toward women than the laws of any other country, where already women have so nearly their full share in civic affairs, that they may vote at all elections except for members of Parliament. Only the women of Colorado and Wyoming are more fully represented in the management of their public business than the women of England. It is apparently because they so nearly have their rights that the suffragettes will have the last right due them, and it is for the same reason, though with a milder might, that the suffragists in this country are urging their cause in the vast majority of the States where they are not yet enfranchised. In the mean time it is very interesting, it is even a little edifying to note how the sympathy of the primary thinkers who originated the movement has penetrated from the secondary thinkers far more personally and vitally concerned in it,

to those tertiary thinkers who do most of the intellectual work for the polite world. Twenty years ago, George William Curtis was the only man in "good," or fashionable, society who believed in the cause, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was the only woman. Of course there were many other gifted and excellent people in the "best," or cultivated, society who believed in it, and one may typify these by the names of Frances Willard and Elizabeth Cady Stanton without dread of the ridicule which such a little while ago would have attached to the mere mention of their names. We hope we are not saying that it ought not still to attach to the respectful treatment of their memories, but if we are to confine ourselves to the facts we may say that they can be named now without exciting universal derision. Indeed, these women, if they were still alive, would not now be shut out of "good" society or shut up to the "best." In good society they would find many women, rich and fashionable, as well as cultivated, who would be glad to welcome them comrades in the common cause. If they had been at the great suffragist meeting in Carnegie Music Hall last December, they would have seen the boxes filled with ladies in Directoire dresses and hats of planetary circumference, but perhaps not one woman present in that bloomer costume which within the memory of men still living was once supposed the distinctive garb of mothers, sisters, and wives believing they had the same right to vote as their sons, brothers, and husbands. As the eye of impartial observance roved round that brilliant assemblage, an illusion of well-nigh opera-house splendor filled it, and it would not have been necessary to suppose that all that young beauty and mature dignity was there "solicitous to bless" the cause of woman suffrage. Of course there were many present out of curiosity, and some doubtless out of antipathy, in the vain hope of folly or scandal in the demonstration; but these, if such there were, must have suffered a grievous disappointment, for no public meeting could have been more harmonious or impressive: if there was anything that surpassed the importance of the occasion it was the absolute decorum.

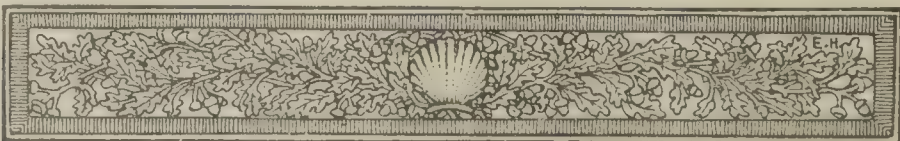
We are obliged to make these admissions in the impartiality which the Easy Chair hopes always to preserve in questions of right and wrong, since it is rather the business of such a piece of furniture to take sides only in matters of taste. What we wish to affirm merely as a part of history is the fact that not one lady was carried kicking and screaming out of the vast assembly, that the interference of the police was at no moment invoked. We have no means of knowing how many forgotten husbands and forsaken children were left pining in the homes deserted by the wives and mothers who were affirming their claim to the right enjoyed by every kind and color of male citizen: that right to vote which in a republic seems logically to go with the duty to pay. But we wish the reader to observe that we only say seems, and for the present we recognize that it seems actually not to go. It is possible that the extreme propriety of the great suffrage meeting was the recovery of the suffragists from the attempt of some of their number to enter into argument with the anti-suffragists at an anti-suffrage meeting earlier in the day.

Whether the pros or cons were in the majority in this business, so far as it has been brought home to the bosom of good society, he would be bold indeed who would dare to say. Some observers, not friendly to woman's cause, and conjecturably embittered against it the more by the favor shown it in the good society from which they are themselves excluded, have reminded the suffragists that good society is apt to have fads, and that womanhood suffrage may be one of them in the present hour. They recall the universal acceptance of bicycling at one time, of pingpong at another, of tennis at another, of bridge and golf now, and of motoring, as a precedent which should bring pause to the lowlier suffragists in their highest hopes; and there is something in the suggestion, but not everything. Very likely good society will get tired of the suffrage cause, but in the mean time the cause will have been helped on with the myriad votaries of the society page in the Sunday paper, who will continue to believe that it is still in high favor with fashion when it

has long been cast out and forgotten. This multitude will continue to embrace and cherish it with ardor, and if it is really a good and desirable thing, they will have the merit and the reward of it. Their voices will count equally with those of the exclusive ladies whom they worship afar, in their village parlors or their basement dining-rooms, and perhaps, because they are shriller and less gently modulated, will carry further. But not these votaries of good society alone will benefit by the provisional interest of fashion in the suffrage; good society itself will be the better for having been a moment in earnest about a serious thing. More than one charming woman may find herself stranded on a loftier plane when the flood tide of interest has ebbed away, with the ennobling memory of generous and unselfish emotions. Long after she has returned to the familiar frivolities of her wonted experience, she may recall with a glow of self-approval and self-reproach the hour when the arguments of the anti-suffragists converted her to the suffrage cause, and she realized herself sister of those devoted wives, mothers, and daughters in the ranks of the thinkers and workers who wished to supplement the civic insufficiency of their husbands, sons, and brothers. She will never be able to renounce altogether her interest in the cause, but if she should eventually turn against it, the apostasy of a woman of fashion will help it on with those who despise good society.

We are urging these ideas in defence of good society, which is by no means so useless and vapid as its enemies suppose, and we are saying nothing, we hope, in advocacy of womanhood suffrage. This is altogether too grave a matter for us to deal with, being one of those questions of right and wrong which, as we have said, we rigidly avoid any part in. We wish the reader to share with us the delicate equipoise of the passions and the prejudices which it is our constant endeavor to preserve in all such affairs,

and we would remind him that though in New Zealand, which is the typical field of the accomplished fact in womanhood suffrage, there is no longer gossip, much less scandal, talked where men and women meet together, but only questions of public interest, yet it has been shown, on the other hand, that the true sphere of woman is the home, and that if a woman has no home of her own, as a great many women have not, it is logically her duty to break into some other woman's home, and share it with her, or turn her out of it. The situation has its difficulties, but the way is always clear to the use of that influence with men which every good woman, and even a pretty one, may exercise. It is indeed held by some that such an influence is always pernicious, and in the last analysis sexual, since a man yields to it because a woman uses it, and not because it convinces his reason as the logic of a man would. But here again is one of those questions of right and wrong which we always refuse to meddle with. Abstractly speaking, we should say that till women had the right to vote, they had no right to influence votes, and that if they tried to do so outside of the strict limits of that home sphere to which their empire should be confined, they are dangerously near the confines of incivism, to say no worse. There is also a question of taste involved, and with this we may make a little bolder. We know that Englishwomen go about electioneering with their husbands when their husbands are "standing" for Parliament, but the fact does not convince us of its propriety. There are some grounds for believing that till women vote, the electioneering in all its primary and secondary forms is best left to the men, even to the politicians, even to the heelers. The example of Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, is against our precept: she kissed a butcher to gain his vote, but there can always be the doubt whether butcher were not better left un-kissed.



Editor's Study

OUR human retrospect does not reach so far back as that which science gives us of other species of organic life, but it is long enough to serve for a comparison between ourselves and those other during our historic period. What most impresses us in that comparison, next to the extraordinary series of mutations in humanity itself, and intimately connected therewith, is the exclusively human habit of "playing a part," of assuming, also, whatever investment or other accidental belonging may be necessary to the full dramatic complement.

It is the habit of the creative imagination in man. Spontaneous as it is, it seems hardly proper to call it an instinct, since it becomes more definitely manifest with the progressive specialization of consciousness—a specialization which seems itself to be a kind of dramatic procedure. Indeed, it may be said that man thinks a part before he plays a part, either in his life or in a representation. Instinct is creative, but only dimly conscious; and it enables some animals to avert or hinder aggression by taking on the color of surrounding objects. But the dramatic habit of the human imagination serves no such relative purpose; it is something inseparable from man's psychical nature and destiny. It has no physiological explanation. One of man's earliest assumptions, that of an erect position, if we accept the scientific hypothesis, belies his physiology.

Whatever course we may suppose evolution to have taken, this dramatic habit of the imagination, which no other creature has, must have belonged to man distinctively as long as he has been distinctively man. We do not help ourselves to any clear comprehension of it by derogatively accounting for it as due to some original sin whereby he set himself up against all the rest of creation, gaining for himself a distinction, at once vainglorious and pitiable, as the great

Dissimulator, the Wearer of Masks, the Author of Fictions.

We should distinguish between a guise and a disguise in that imaginative investiture which man has been wont from the beginning to assume for himself and to put upon the world outside of him, visible and invisible. Children do not "make believe" from any insincerity or from any predisposition toward falsehood or vain show. This imagining seems to them more real and more worth while than the bald, obvious facts of their existence. So it was in the childhood of the race. We would not, in this scientific age, so willingly give up the old guises if the veritable truths had not proved stranger than fiction, and we are apt to make these truths the basis of new fiction.

Things as they are, in their naked actuality, never did, do not now, and never will fill out the content of the sensibility of a race that above all else has cherished the faith and romance which have set it apart from the apparently fixed circles of all natural operation. We have our routine of practical or conventional activities—physical, mental, and social—but beyond that lies the imaginative play for which we are attired in our æsthetic best, and meet a company, strange or familiar, near or far, in such guise and pose as we ourselves give it, whether gay or sombre. Our hopes and fears, our desires and solicitudes, invite and invest this company, whether it be in our dreams or our art. Without this play life would seem barren. The Hebrew rebelled constantly against the renunciation, enjoined by commandment, which made every form of representative art impossible for him. We do not wonder that ten of the twelve tribes managed somehow to get lost. The fidelity of even the smallest remnant is an inexplicable mystery. But the Hebrew was a child of the desert and for a long time was content with the tent and tabernacle and a hasty rite; Solomon and his temple

were alien to his loftiest imagination, which, in the Prophetic strain, transcended the imaging of God—save as man was the image—and looked forward to His human incarnation, to be finally consummated in a divine humanity. Such an imagination defies historical classification; it blends with no other ancient strain, and there can be conceived none that in the extremest modernity attainable can outreach it.

The Pagan development of the imaginative play, in life and art, was spontaneous. It was a development in life before it was one in art. It had its first guises in language, for words were not meant to describe or define objective reality, but to veil it. To designate anything was to give it place in the play for what it was felt, and so feigned, to be. The subjective sensibility masqued the world; never reflecting upon itself, it was yet in this way effectively reflected. In more complex states of human thought and feeling, the veils were multiplied and the drama became subtler, more varied, and even more subjectively urgent. Then mythology gave form, character, local habitation, and distinct careers to the invisible actors in the play—the creations of a collective imagination.

Here, for all moderns whose culture has a classic background, the Hellenic imagination takes the foremost place.

It is well known to every reader who has given any attention to the subject that the Greek drama—comedy as well as tragedy—grew out of the Eleusinian mysteries, as the Elizabethan drama was cradled in the medieval Mystery Play. The Elizabethan drama had lost every lineament of its sacred ancestry. While intimating a Christian civilization, it was in no sense religious, though the Reformation was its immediate historic background. On the other hand, Greek tragedy, which in its very name suggested a sacrifice, was inseparable from the altar, around which the chorus danced and sang. Sterner than the old mythology, whose lighter features only had been reflected in the Iliad, it brought men face to face with a mysterious Destiny which Zeus himself could no more resist than the royal Atridae could, but which was nevertheless closely linked with human

and divine responsibility. This aspect of the Æschylean drama would have suited even the play-hating Puritan. The chorus, with its solemn dance and tense lyrics, performed a function as solemn as any Eleusinian rite. We call attention to these features as showing how intimately associated with the deepest concerns of the spiritual life of man the dramatic imaginative habit was when for the first time it became an art, taking the form of stage representation in the Dionysian temple-theatre. One cannot conceive of Greek tragedy in that earliest stage as having for its object popular entertainment, and yet its audience included virtually the entire free population of Athens.

What a chasm separates that stage of the art from the present! Our concern with the subject, in these pages, lies in the evolution of the art as a form of literary expression, though we cannot fail to note a recent revival of interest in the drama for its own sake and as having possibilities of appeal—social, ethical, and psychical—beyond those which can be realized in literature off the stage. A new theatre has been established in New York for the restoration of higher standards of the art by the production of the best old and better new plays—at least to give these a chance against commercial tendencies which favor inferior styles and examples. The Educational Theatre for Children, with which Mark Twain has been so prominently associated, is a freshly familiar instance of the revival; and during the present season—present at the time we are writing—lectures are being delivered in that theatre on the Dramatic Instinct in Childhood and the Dramatic Instinct in Adolescence—the latter by so eminent a psychologist as Dr. G. Stanley Hall.

Ibsen has led the way to a new drama, as distinctive in its realism as the new literature. Thus, doubtless, was prompted Ben Greet's revival of such quaint old English plays as *Everyman* and his production last winter of Mrs. Trask's play, *The Little Town of Bethlehem*. *The Servant in the House* and *The Witching Hour* are recent impressive examples of spiritual values in stage representations—noteworthy also as

tempting reproduction in book form without transmutation, or novelization; thus emphasizing the close parallelism in our day between the technically dramatic and other forms of imaginative literature.

The temptation now offered to an author to become a playwright is unusual, and need not be deemed a merely mercenary lure. It is no new thing. It was always an open question with a brilliant and versatile Elizabethan like Robert Greene whether he would write a novel, a play, or an exquisite lyric. Now it is not a matter of versatility but of opportunity, with a wider range of tempting possibilities. We are not surprised that the challenge is accepted by so many of our best fiction-writers, or even when we hear that one of them proposes to become an actor, following the famous examples of Æschylus, Plautus, Shakespeare, and Molière.

There is much to be said in favor of the comparatively stronger appeal of stage representation, though, if we had only that, we should miss many of the finest art and thought values of our modern imaginative literature. It would be a sad surrender, but we should also, in really good drama, be relieved of much that we would willingly let go. Perhaps we owe something to past drama for its help to general literature as to form and structure. Many of our story-writers might be advised, if not to join the list of playwrights, at least to take lessons from them. Even Browning was less obscure in his plays, though they were not meant to be acted, than in his long narrative poems. The drama has been shorn of its ancient majesty, which, in the old order, was its sincere guise, but, assumed now, would be a disguise—as vain a show as we are treated to by the recent craze for the revival of old pageantry. But the art still holds its own in its new guises, in so far as these are sincere and genuine investments of the modern spirit. It is still the most concentrated of all literary forms. On the stage it is the immediate presentment, personation, and visualization of human thought and feeling; and it is certainly a tribute to the charm and efficiency of the dramatic form that Plato should have chosen it for the embodiment of his speculation

and so many poets for compositions to be read and not acted.

The time is not very far back when, for any general audience, this form was the only one in use. Indeed, the existence of a considerable audience which could be otherwise addressed by an imaginative writer marked the beginning of the new order of imaginative expression itself. This new order could only come with the general expansion of individual culture. It is therefore—in its maturity, and in so full an illustration of its distinguishing features, if not of its greatest possibilities, as to furnish a complete contrast to the old order—not merely modern, but ultra-modern. Even before the new audience appeared, it was inchoate in the early reaction of Western Christendom against both the Pagan and the denationalizing tendencies of the Renaissance; and it was clearly preintimated in the post-Renaissance drama. Among its major prophets were Cervantes, the first great novelist; Shakespeare, the first great master of individual characterization; and Molière, the first great master of modern comedy. We might, indeed, go farther back and find the prophetic analogues of this new order in whatever of literature, ancient and medieval, was most reflective of humanity, and count among the convenient apostles of our modernest culture Menander, Euripides, Plautus, Terence, and Dante.

In this chronologically remote but really near vestibule of our modernity it is noticeable that the masters of comedy hold an almost privileged place. The stress which our extreme modern realism puts upon contemporaneity—upon what is next to us, however commonplace—as the surest means of realizing a natural intimacy and even a mystical kinship, is a characteristic feature of the new order. This it has in common with comedy—which is of necessity contemporaneous as to theme, character, and every detail.

Tragedy, however modern, so far as it follows its earliest type, belongs to the old order. It is farthest removed from the common course of human life. Lady Macbeth, no more than Clytemnestra, may be surprised in any domestic attitude or function. This kind of remoteness,

though essential to the high tension of the art and to its romantic investment, belongs to the scheme only—to the theme and the world of outward circumstance it moves in—but not to the appeal; *that* at least must be intimate, intimate beyond the suggestion of ordinary circumstance or incident.

Shakespearean tragedy, prophetic as it was of the new, belonged to the old order, but was so vast a departure from it, in representation and especially in its masterly portraiture of individual character, that it fails to serve as an illustration of that order save in a few general features: in the fact that it appealed to the old kind of audience, though one of inferior average intelligence to the Greek and of far inferior æsthetic sense; in the fact that it belonged to an aristocratic régime—there had never been any other—and more or less remote, but always stately, personages occupied the stage; and in the exclusion of even the most stirring contemporaneous events.

Even when we revert to Greek tragedy, if we would find the unique and extreme example of the old order of imaginative expression we must confine ourselves to Æschylus. He not only created and organized Greek tragedy, but gave it its deepest inspiration and its loftiest projection. Between him and Homer had arisen no high peak of poetic genius; and when we pass from him to Sophocles it is from inexplicable majesty to the elegance of a finished art. Euripides was to him what Praxiteles was to Pheidias.

The development of lyric, elegiac and gnomic poetry and of philosophical speculation—almost entirely outside of Athens—was but a preparation for the emergence of Æschylus; they do not account for him. In order to comprehend his advent and that marvellous half-century of tragic drama which he inaugurated we must look to something nearer at hand—the Great Event, which in the old order was always the prelude to some new and wonderful manifestation of genius. What the stimulus of the Heroic Age had been to Homer, what the discovery and exploitation of a new world and the Reformation were to Marlowe and Shakespeare—that the combat of Hellas with the insolent Persian invaders was to Æschylus—also to

Athens, the protagonist in that conflict, who thus suddenly became the leader of all Greece. Æschylus himself was a soldier at Marathon.

We have already alluded to the grandeur of the Æschylean scheme of tragedy—a superhuman grandeur. In such a presence and atmosphere it is easy to see how impossible it would have been for the dramatist to blend comedy with tragedy as Shakespeare freely did. What chance was there for individual characterization in the face of an inevitable doom? The guise was sincere and modulated by magnificent restraint, but the tension was awful. Only as sustained by the exaltation of that supreme hour of civic pride and triumph which carried it beyond itself could the Athenian audience have borne the strain, which Sophocles was not able to maintain even if the audience would have suffered it.

But Sophocles was more human in the new guise he created—to us as well as to the Greeks he gave Antigone. Euripides would have joyfully dispensed with all the solemn and imposing accompaniments of the old stage—including the chorus—for the sake of the thrilling human scene. So every ancient cycle of life and art, after its peculiar fashion and dramatic guise, tended to a kind of modernity of its own, and it is the essence of all modernity to reflect a deeper humanity.

Ancient tragedy passed, its type was broken. Shakespeare could not restore it, but he gave us another type. For one instance—he created *Romeo and Juliet*, which no Greek could have created. We ultra-moderns have still another type, in the novel and on the stage and in our lives. We are satisfied that our art should reflect our life, but still we demand the imaginative guise, asking only that it be sincere.

The old type of tragedy did not pass into the modern drama, but into the tragic opera. It was Wagner's distinction that he gave it not only a modern musical investment, but a worthy Teutonic background—mythological but mainly heroic. It is the finer human comedy that as the high servant of Truth holds its own in our imaginative literature on or off the stage.

Editor's Drawer

The Indiscretion of the Best Man

BY ANNE ALDEN

IF the best man had been discreet he never would have taken the maid of honor out to lunch on the very day of the Carr-Herkemer wedding. But the best man was not discreet; the maid of honor was charming; the lunch was elaborate and protracted. It was two o'clock when he bowed his temporary adieus to her on the maid of honor's door-step; he then had to call at the jeweller's for the ring—left there to be engraved—send a few telegrams, buy white ribbons and gloves, go home, change his clothes, call for the rector of All Angels, and appear with him at the bride's home by three.

Mortal man could not accomplish all this. The carriage came for the best man while he was still fumbling with buttons and studs. After a rapid calculation of his remaining time, he sent word to the driver to call at Ardville Court for the Reverend John Honeyman and then return for him. He knew that he took a risk in adopting this course, for the rector was notoriously absent-minded, and had been known to forget engagements even after he had started out to keep them. But the best man reasoned that his family would be on the lookout for the carriage, and would put Doctor Honeyman into it; then, by the time the coachman had come back,

he himself would be ready and his reputation saved.

The rector's daughter was on the lookout for the carriage. Seeing one drive up, she ran to tell her father, assisted him into the proper overcoat and hat, saw that he had his handkerchief and his gloves, his surplice and his prayer-book, and escorted him to the door.

Ardville Court was one of those pretentious apartment-houses so plentifully dotting the city of Washington. Beneath that spacious roof which sheltered the rector of All Angels lived also the Hon. Samuel Nixon, member of Congress from Texas, whose wife was entertaining a visiting cousin with a round of official gayeties. They had planned to devote that afternoon to calling, but Mrs. Nixon had a headache and it was de-

cided that Jeannette must go alone. A carriage was ordered, and Nixon Jr. flattened his nose against the window to watch for it while his cousin made herself ready for the fray.

"Here's the carriage, Jeannette! It's at the door now! It's stopped!"

"All right, Bobby. Run and give the driver this list and tell him I'll be right down," replied his cousin, busy with hat and veil. Bobby hastened to hand the calling-list to the coachman and to deliver his message. The man took the list and hoped the party would hurry. His horses didn't like to stand. Bobby ran back to tell his cousin.

At this moment the Reverend Honeyman emerged from Ardville Court, advanced to the carriage, and climbed in, waving his hand to his smiling daughter on the porch. The driver looked puzzled.

"Ain't the lady going, sir?"

"The lady?" repeated Doctor Honey-



HE SENT WORD TO THE
DRIVER TO RETURN FOR HIM

man. Then, thinking the man meant his daughter: "No; she is coming later. It is all right. Drive on, my man."

And the rector of All Angels was borne away into the unknown.

Miss Honeyman, on her way into Ardville Court again, passed Jeannette coming out. They chatted a moment, and the rector's daughter wished the other a pleasant afternoon.

There was no carriage waiting when Jeannette reached the street, but one drove up just as she appeared. The coachman had a white flower in his buttonhole. It looked rather wedding-y, she thought; but, of course, if he wanted a boutonnière, she didn't object. She tripped down to the curb, saying, "Is this the carriage from Browney's?" Being assured that it was, she entered it and closed the door. The carriage did not move.

"Go on, driver. No one else is going," she said.

"Beg pardon, miss, but I thought I was to take the rector," answered the man.

"The rector?"

haven't you? You know where to go? Drive on."

The coachman drove on.

Jeannette occupied her time in sorting her cards, her cousin's cards, and her cousin's husband's cards into little piles ready for delivery. She regretted that she had not made a duplicate calling-list, so that she would know how many cards to leave at each place. "It would have been better to keep the list myself," she thought. "I could have told him where to go each time just as well." She decided to ask her Jehu for the list at her first stopping-place.

This place was reached in due course. Jeannette, gathering up card-case and muff, was preparing to get out, when a young man burst open the door, called out "Go ahead," and entered without ceremony.

It would be hard to tell which was the more surprised—Jeannette, at his intrusion, or our best man on beholding instead of the portly doctor a vision in gray and pink. The vision congealed perceptibly in spite of its fox furs, and awaited an explanation.

"Beg pardon," blurted out the intruder. "But where's Doctor Honeyman?"

This was the second time that the rector had been insisted upon, so to speak, as a travelling companion for Jeannette. Wondering, with wrath,

why people should suppose she went about with that old man, she replied that she did not know anything about Doctor Honeyman: that she had hired that carriage and was going calling. The best man pushed open the slide and communicated with the driver. That worthy's answer seemed to reassure him. He sat down and explained to his *vis-à-vis* the reasons for his presence in that carriage.

They were good reasons, Jeannette had to admit. She decided that she liked this young man, and gave her own explanation. The two explanations did not, however, explain the main point—how they both happened to be in the same vehicle. Suddenly the girl gasped: "The list! Ask him if he has my calling-list!"

No, the driver had no list. The two young people looked at each other. Jeannette laughed hysterically.

"It's my mistake. I'm in the wrong carriage. The rector must have taken mine and gone off in it. And I didn't have but one list. What shall I do?"

"But think of me!" her companion reproached her. "You are all right. You can call up your cousin and get another list. But there's only one Doctor Honeyman, and I've lost him."

He looked so worried that Jeannette tried to console him. "I dare say we are both nervous about nothing," she said. "As soon as Doctor Honeyman finds out the



"AIN'T THE LADY GOING, SIR?"

"Doctor Honeyman, miss."

"Why, no; you were to take me," said Jeannette. "I ordered this carriage."

Here the elevator-boy chimed in, with the information that Doctor Honeyman had gone to a wedding.

"He isn't going with me," declared the young lady. "You have the addresses,

The Question of the Day

MY soul is worn with you are. Then I'll get into my own coach and go on. Don't let us worry before we have to."

The best man echoed her hopes, but his conscience troubled him, and premonitions of evil would not down. And with good reason, for when they reached the bridal mansion the rector had not arrived. The best man parleyed with some other young men at the front door, then came back to Jeannette with furrows on his brow.

"No luck. They have been phoning around, and he left Ardville Court some time ago. Ought to have been here long before this."

"Mercy! What do you suppose has happened?"

"Oh, I know what's happened," gloomily responded the best man. "He's forgotten all about this wedding, and your man's driving him about the city. Do you suppose you could remember your calling-list?"

"I'll try. I do remember the first place. Perhaps we can find him," she said, breathlessly.

"Here, Walter, catch this," called the best man to a youth at the gate. "This" was a little white box containing the wedding-ring. "Tell them not to worry. I'll find the dominie, if he's above ground. If I don't return, Walter, you might look for me in the river."

He sprang into the carriage and they were off. The search for the Reverend John Honeyman had begun.

Upon leaving his home, Doctor Honeyman leaned back comfortably and resumed the interrupted thread of the scathing discourse which he was to hurl at his congregation next Sunday. The halting of his conveyance recalled him to mundane things. He looked around absently, noticed his surplice bag and prayer-book, and remembered that he was to officiate at something. His daughter having left the book-mark at the marriage service, he recollected that it was a wedding. Gathering together his possessions, he dismounted and approached the house.

A sudden bereavement had cancelled the first reception on Jeannette's list. After a talk with the lackey at the door, the Reverend Doctor returned to the carriage and remarked that the driver had made a mistake.

The next house wore a festive air. Awnings were stretched from curb to door; people were coming and going. Doctor Honeyman entered with several others, was relieved of bag and book, and found himself shaking hands with an elegantly gowned dame before he realized what was happening to him. He did not know his hostess, nor she him, but she murmured the name he had



"TELL THEM NOT TO WORRY. I'LL FIND THE DOMINIE"

given to the butler and passed him down her receiving-line.

The rector of All Angels eschewed all purely social functions: he was amazed and confounded on finding himself at a tea. He declined refreshments, repossessed himself of satchel and book, and went out to remonstrate with his coachman.

Jehu waxed indignant. He grumbled out that he could read, and he'd been told to go to these places, and if the gentleman'd tell him where he did want to go he'd take him there. He handed Jeannette's list to his passenger.

The rector was appalled at its length. He could not understand why he should be expected to go to all these places. He did not recognize a single name, until, at the bottom of the slip, he spied Mrs. William Bell's. She was one of his parishioners—she had a daughter—yes, he recollected something about her being engaged—that must be the place. If not, he would have to telephone to his daughter and admit his

predicament. He gave the driver Mrs. Bell's address, and again they went their way.

Before Mrs. Bell's home were more carriages, more automobiles, more guests in fine attire, but Doctor Honeyman had learned caution. He inquired if Mrs. Bell was expecting him. The colored man on duty at the door, knowing him by sight, grinned an affirmative answer; whereupon the doctor asked to be taken to a dressing-room. The man, surprised, spoke to another servant, who led the rector up-stairs to a dressing-room, and lingered until he saw that gentleman begin to don his robes of office.

The servant descended to the parlor and informed his mistress that Doctor Honeyman was up-stairs getting ready to preach. The lady turned pale, thinking he had gone insane—at her house—at a reception, of all things! "Go and stay with him, James," she said, "and tell them to send Mrs. Brown to me. She is in the dining-room."

Mrs. Brown was another parishioner. She left her coffee-urn, and heard her friend's whispered story with alarm. "Oh dear! Do you suppose his mind has turned? We must not have a scene here. I'll go and try to get him away quietly. To think of his ending like this!"

Mrs. Brown, going up-stairs, met the rector coming down. He did not look insane, and greeted her so cordially that she felt sure there was a mistake somewhere. A few questions straightened the matter out. Mrs. Brown laughed till the tears came.

"The Carr-Herkemer wedding!" she exclaimed. "Mercy! it was to take place at three. I am going to the reception myself at five."

"My good lady," replied the relieved Doctor Honeyman, "I require two things of you—Mrs. Herkemer's address and the promise that you will let me finish the ceremony before you arrive for the reception."

The amused Mrs. Brown granted both requests, and again the rector went his way. He reached Mrs. Herkemer's three-quarters of an hour late, but the marriage vows had been spoken by the time the first guests arrived to congratulate the happy pair. The bride's brother supported the groom through the ordeal. The best man was not present.

Meanwhile Jeannette, rolling away from Mrs. Herkemer's door in quest of the rector, scribbled down all the names she could remember. There were nine. "I had fourteen names, but these will do for a starter," she said. "If we don't find him, I'll telephone to Mary for the rest. I don't know any of these people very well, but they came to my tea last week."

"So you are going over the free-lunch route," remarked her companion, glancing over the list. "All the newcomers do it, but it gets to be an awful bore after a while. We'll have to look up these addresses in the directory."

They looked up the names and hastened away to their first stop. Jeannette had remembered which one that was. At the door

they were you? You know where to go? celled entertainment, ... man had called.

"You see I was right. We will chase him all the afternoon," said the best man, with bitterness of soul.

"All right, then, we will," declared the young lady. She had become thoroughly interested in the adventure, and determined to see it to a finish.

Alas! Jeannette had not remembered the order of her goings. The rector was not at the next house, nor yet the next. The best man called up the bride's home, but Doctor Honeyman had not come, and the remarks made by the person at the other end of the line filled him with indignation.

"I'm doing my best to find him. I don't know what else I can do," he said, discouraged. "Do you think we could be quicker about it, Miss— Would you mind telling me your name?"

"Jeannette Mills. Would you mind telling me yours?"

"Howard Carr. Pardon me for not introducing myself sooner," apologized the best man. "I'm the groom's cousin. It's a good thing I am, too. He can't cut my acquaintance, no matter what happens."

"Never mind, Mr. Carr. You are doing the best you can. We'll find him," said Miss Mills, trying to comfort the unhappy youth.

They planned their attacks upon the various "at homes" with the idea of saving time. At each house Jeannette would leave her cards and go down the receiving-line, glancing about meanwhile for the rector. She would then rejoin her escort, who had been interviewing the servant at the door, and they would dash off for their next stop.

At last they came to Mrs. Bell's and met Mrs. Brown coming out. She heard them ask for the rector, and had her second good laugh that day.

"He came here and I sent him away long ago. The ceremony is over by this time. Come back to the reception with me, you naughty Mr. Carr. You, too, Miss Mills. Our best man will need all the protection we can give him when that crowd gets hold of him. Come on, both of you."

Mrs. Brown was right. A troop of joyous young people swirled out to meet the best man, escorted him into the house, and presented him to the bride and groom. They laughed, they guyed him, they compelled him to make a speech; he attracted more attention than the principals. The bride said she did not believe she would speak to him again; the maid of honor wouldn't.

"You are the only friend I have in the world," the harassed young fellow declared to Jeannette as she prepared to continue her journeyings. "I'm not going to stay here one minute after you leave. I'm going with you to pay the rest of your calls, and then I'm going to see you home. You might just as well let me, Miss Mills. I'm going, anyhow."

Confronted with such determination, what woman could have said him nay?

The Question of the Day

MY soul is worn with a futile fret,
 My heart is bowed with a carking care;
 I try to rise above it—yet
 Of some things one can't be unaware!
 Incessant trials my heart-strings tear—
 Continued failure my spirit grieves;
 And I ask myself in a wild despair,
 What shall I do with my last year's sleeves?

Instead of a long, straight, tight, tucked
 net,

I see a hopeless balloon affair;
 Here a medallion, and there a rosette,
 Ending in frills of a hideous flare,
 Leaving my forearm shamelessly bare;—
 With mortification my bosom heaves,
 As the other women covertly stare.
 What *shall* I do with my last year's sleeves?

I buy each pattern that I can get.
 (Oh, those perforations—round and
 square!)

Those notches I vainly try to set!
 That fulness that won't go *anywhere*!
 Ready-made sleeves are a trap and a
 snare.

A lace lower half no one deceives.
 (And the real ones cost \$12.98 a pair!)
 What shall I do with my last year's sleeves?

L'ENVOI

Poet, you sing to a lightsome air
 Of last year's roses or snow or leaves;
 But I gnash my teeth, and I tear my hair!
 What shall I do with my last year's
 sleeves? CAROLYN WELLS.

His Way

AN eleven-year-old boy, living very near
 Chicago, had contracted a bad habit of
 swinging his feet while at the dinner table.
 One night his mother said very seriously:
 "Northam, you must not swing your feet
 like this. Why do you?" The lad an-
 swered: "Mother, I swing my feet when I
 feel contented and happy. It is my way of
 wagging my tail."



MRS. MONK. "Well, good-by, dear Mrs.
 Hippo. You must come up and see me some-
 time."

Necessity, Not Choice

A YOUNG man engaged board in a private
 family who were extremely devout. Be-
 fore each meal grace was said. To their
 dismay, the new boarder sat bolt upright
 while the others reverently bowed their
 heads. When the second day passed, and
 the young man evinced no disposition to un-
 bend, the good lady of the house could en-
 dure the situation no longer.

"Agnostic?" asked she, sharply.

"No, madam," humbly responded the
 young man—"boil."



The Pied Piper

Why Doth a Pussy Cat?

WHY doth a pussy cat prefer,
When dozing, drowsy, on the sill,
To purr and purr and purr and purr
Instead of merely keeping still?
With nodding head and folded paws,
She keeps it up without a cause.

Why doth she flaunt her lofty tail
In such a stiff right-angled pose?
If lax and limp she let it trail
'Twould seem more restful, Goodness
knows!

When strolling 'neath the chairs or bed,
She lets it bump above her head.

Why doth she suddenly refrain
From anything she's busied in
And start to wash, with might and main,
Most any place upon her skin?
Why doth she pick that special spot,
Not seeing if it's soiled or not?

Why doth she never seem to care
To come directly when you call,
But makes approach from here and there,
Or sidles half around the wall?
Though doors are opened at her mew,
You often have to push her through.

Why doth she this? Why doth she that?
I seek for cause—I yearn for clews;
The subject of the pussy cat
Doth endlessly inspire the mews.
Why doth a pussy cat? Ah, me,
I haven't got the least idee.

BURGES JOHNSON.

Familiar

A LARGE touring-car, containing a man and his wife, met a hay wagon fully loaded in a narrow road. The woman declared that the farmer must back out, but her husband contended that she was unreasonable.

"But you can't back the automobile so far," she said, "and I don't intend to move for anybody. He should have seen us."

The husband pointed out that this was impossible, owing to an abrupt turn in the road.

"I don't care," she insisted; "I won't move if we have to stay here all night."

The man in the automobile was starting to argue the matter, when the farmer, who had been sitting quietly on the hay, interrupted.

"Never mind, old man," he exclaimed, "I'll try to back out. I've got one just like her at home."

Sun Spasms

JANIE couldn't get the knack of double consonants and vowels, persisting in pronouncing all letters separately, until her teacher's instructions were perilously emphatic.

One morning the lesson in the first reader was a poem beginning, "Up, up, Mary, the sun has arisen!" and the little maid serenely read, "Double up, Mary, the sun has arisen!"



The Intercepted Message



MR. RABBIT. "I can't say that I am keen for automobiling."

A Bad Cough

ARRIVING at a small Western station out West last fall, where a number of cowboys had gathered after the regular round-up, a young tenderfoot asked permission to ride a certain horse which belonged to a cowboy present.

"Why, sure," said the owner, and helped the young fellow to mount.

It wasn't long, however, before the pony started to buck and the tenderfoot was thrown.

"What threw you?" asked the owner of the horse, helping the young man to his feet.

"What threw me?" said the tenderfoot, surprised. "Didn't you see her buck?"

"Buck h——!" said the cowboy. "Why, she only coughed."

Hiding It

AS Mrs. Brown was going away for the day, she told her colored maid Ella that she might have a holiday too, but that she must lock the house up securely and put the silver away in a safe place.

When Mrs. Brown came back in the late afternoon, her feelings may be imagined as she read the following note pinned to the front door:

DEER MRS. BROWN,—I hid the silver secure under yure bed. Lovingly,

ELLA.

No Objections

A YOUNG man had been calling with great regularity upon a charming young woman for a year, and he had early discovered that a box of candy helped the evening along not a little. The last time he called he was admitted by the small brother, who observed a box of a familiar size and appearance under the young man's arm.

"More candy for s?" he remarked. "Gee! Wish I was a girl!"

"Does your sister like to have me bring it every time I come?" the youth queried, seeking inside information.

"You bet she does!" Johnny responded, "and I heard the fellow sneakin' to marry tell her he didn't mind it—it saves him that much toward what they goin' to start housekeepin' with."

She'd Mind Him

HOPE was three years older than her baby brother, and felt herself equal to assuming the responsibilities of big-sisterhood. When, therefore, her mother asked her to "keep an eye" on the baby and see that he didn't fall out of bed, Hope answered:

"Yes, mamma, I'll mind him; an', if he falls, I'll call you the minute he hits the floor."



The New College Course

Reggie flunked in aeronautics.

A Really Good Man

WHEN a certain dusky citizen of Richmond took steps to obtain admission to a Masonic lodge in that city he found, to his dismay, that many obstacles were being interposed by those hostile to his initiation into the said organization.

He sought and gained from the proper officers an opportunity to refute certain statements regarding the character of himself and members of his family. In a fine burst of indignation the applicant said, among other things:

"Gents, I am a good man. All my people is good people. Why, my brother-in-law is sich a good man that he got outter the penitentiary eight months befo' his time was up!"

Willing to Change

WHILE little Bess was being put to bed a thunder-storm set in, and she began to shiver at the thought of being left alone.

"Oh, there's nothing to be afraid of, dearie," said her mother. "I must go down to stay with papa; but God is right here with you, and He won't let anything harm you."

For the moment the child was pacified, but presently there came a clap that made the windows rattle.

"Mamma!" piped a tremulous little voice from the upper landing.

"Yes, dearie?"

"Won't you *please* come up here and stay with God, and let me go down and stay with papa?"

Company for the Dog

IN the north of England, where rabbit-coursing is a great sport, swift, well-trained dogs often win large sums in prizes; consequently the owners of these animals bestow much attention on them. An old Yorkshire collier, well known for his success in the coursing-field, recently surprised all his friends by marrying a very unprepossessing woman.

"Why hast thou got spliced, lad, at thy age?" one of his friends asked him.

"Oh, that's not much of a tale," answered the old man. "I agree wi' ye 'at Betsy yonder is no beauty; if she had been, I shouldn't have wed her. But that there dog o' mine, he was simply pining for some one to look after him while I was away at the pit. I couldn't bear to leave him in the house by hisself, so I hit on the idea of marrying Betsy. She's not 'andsome, but she's mighty good company for t' dog."

A Convenient Name

EDITH was very fond of a diminutive kitten appropriately known as Dick. At length the time arrived when it seemed to the children that the kitten should be duly christened, and shortly afterward Edith was excitedly relating the event to her mother.

"How did Dick enjoy it?" she inquired.

"He didn't like the water very well," Edith replied: "but, you see, he isn't Dick any more, for we decided to name him just Fuzzy; and then, when he grows up, he can be a father cat or mother cat, just as he likes."

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